



*Endless*

# HARMONIES

THE DARKEST NIGHTS SERIES

JENN BULLARD

# ENDLESS HARMONIES

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DARKEST NIGHTS SERIES

JENN BULLARD

Endless Harmonies

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*Trauma has an interesting way of sneaking up on you. To anyone who has ever walked through Hell, this book is for you.*

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## FOREWORD

Endless Harmonies is the last Darkest Nights book. If you haven't read Darkest Chord and the other books, please close this book and start from the beginning. This series surprised me. It was my descent into the darkness and left its mark on me. It's also very polyamorous in nature as well because the guys will claim Orion as their own in this book in a very hot way. There is MM content in this book and in the entirety of this series. If you've gotten this far, you know this.

Lennon and the boys live rent free in my mind, and I knew after the Lost Melody that there needed to be a happy ever after book. This doesn't mean that it's all rainbows and hearts as she is still dealing with some mind control and hurt over her past traumas, it simply means that this book wraps up a lot of the things that I couldn't in TLM.

Thank you for taking a chance on a newer author. I have really been enjoying writing, going on an adventure with you all, and being equally surprised as things unfold.

If you love this book, please consider reviewing. I read them all. A little pixie author literally squeals when you do.

## CONTENT WARNING

Endless Harmonies is a *dark romance*. There is PTSD, primal chase, torture, graphic killing, slut-shaming, and mind control in this book. You're going to scream at me for some of the things I write in this book, and that's okay. Please understand that your mental health is very important to me, and I never want anyone to be triggered. For a complete list of triggers, please email Jenn at [jennbullardwrites@gmail.com](mailto:jennbullardwrites@gmail.com).



## PROLOGUE

Sitting on the porch as I snuggle the twins, I smile into the darkness. The frogs are talking to each other in the backyard, and the twinkling lights strung along the porch offer a soft glow around me.

The twins are two weeks old, and the warm weather is a balm for them. They love being outside, and with their sleep schedule not syncing with nighttime hours, this helps. They're little though, so I didn't expect them to sleep through the night any time soon anyways.

"Ya doing okay, Little Valkyrie?" Roark asks, slowly stepping outside as if his movements will wake Devlin and Saira. I wouldn't be surprised if they did, but they're happily snuggled against me, so I think they'll be asleep for a bit.

"Aye," I murmur. "They had their milk and then passed out."

Their lips twitch as they lay on my breasts. It's two in the morning, and I'm home. The last thing I care about is anyone seeing my boobs. As long as the twins are fed and happy, I will gladly let them sleep on them.

"Good," he breathes, tip-toeing toward me. "They're like their Daddy O. They love their milk too." My lips twitch at this giant of a man walking like this, and I struggle not to

giggle, especially in light of the truth of his words. Orion does love sucking on my breasts to drink his fill of my milk. There's more than enough for him too.

"Is Turner still asleep?" I ask softly, slowly gliding back and forth in my rocking chair. I love this house so much.

"Mmhm. Derek and O will be home soon too. Greg texted me that they're finishing up their mission," he explains.

When they told me that Greg needed them for a job, I didn't blink. I have more than enough help with the twins. Tori and Tesa and the guys live next door as well, so we are more than taken care of. Greg also finished the underground tunnel to connect our basements. We have our own village.

"Good," I breathe softly. I know Orion and Derek can take care of themselves, but I still worry about them.

There's a sex trafficking bitch that didn't cover her trail well enough that they are ending painfully on Greg's orders today.

Staring down at the blonde babies in my arms, I feel a rush of emotion. Roark runs his fingers through my lavender waves, kissing my temple. His presence grounds me, reminds me of the horrors behind me, and is a promise to always find me.

Orion and Derek kill so others can have a happy ending the way we do now.

We'll fight for it every day, but not everyone is free from the hell of their cage. We have a long road ahead of us, and we won't be able to help everyone, but we can try.

Blinking back tears as I think about everything the last year has brought, I sigh softly. We owe it to others to help them.

# CHAPTER ONE

---

Orion

I fucking hate people sometimes. I want to get back to my girl and kids, but first I have to get rid of some scum. Lennon is incredible, and shooed us out the door at six in the morning when we told her about Greg's mission.

*"The warehouse is beginning their shift change. Y'all ready?"* Greg asks in my ear comm.

Grunting, I glance over at Derek who is checking the cameras on his cell. Greg upgraded both our phones and is streaming the hacked feeds to us.

"Yep," Derek mutters. "Let's go fuck up their day."

My lips twitch as this gorgeous man looks over at me with a feral grin. We flew two hours out of South Carolina this morning to Lansing, Michigan, where Greg has been tracking a sex trafficking ring. He knows these are people we enjoy killing, and asked us to take care of dismantling it.

The darkness has been asking to be fed, and Lennon recognizes it. I believe this is why she told us to go.

"We're on it, boss," I say to Greg before moving through the alley to a back door that is currently open. We're both wearing military utility pants tucked into black boots and black long-sleeved shirts. This is the uniform for this group as well.

Hustling, we catch the men walking to change shifts, easily snapping their necks and tossing them into the awaiting dumpster. Neither of us is out of breath, we are in perfect form too. Derek may not have started out as a natural killer, but his piece of shit father awakened it inside of him nonetheless.

“Are you here to fill in for Monroe and Richards?” a man named Marcus asks, glaring at us with eyes as dark as midnight as we approach the door.

“Yeah, Ms. Melodie asked us to come in,” I explain gruffly. Greg disguised his voice with a voice changer and called out for the two men that we just killed. Everything about this mission is precise and on a very thin timeline.

If anyone had seen them come in, we would have been fucked. Greg has the cameras on that side of the lot on a loop along with the parking lot. Monroe and Richards were also roommates, so that helped things immensely.

“Names,” Marcus says, looking down at his clipboard. He’s built like a linebacker with wide shoulders and has sandy blond hair. I’m sure he’s a real ladykiller.

“Clark and Lloyd,” I tell him. Derek is focused, and I don’t want to trip him up. Plus, there’s no reason for us both to speak right now.

“Go on,” Marcus mutters, not bothering to look up. “Be sure to see Ms. Melodie before you start working.”

“Of course.” I smirk, not worried he’ll see me since he’s so engrossed in his work. He just handed the head of their organization to us on a silver platter.

How did they manage to last this long?

Striding through the open bay of the warehouse, I force myself not to snarl at the scared women, men, and children that are curled up in crates in the space. I’m not angry at them, I’m angry at the people responsible for their presence here.

“Keep it together,” Derek murmurs under his breath, reminding me of how close we are to ending all of this.

“Yes,” I growl softly. He’s right, and I follow the directions to the office posted on the wall. I’m on alert, because this all feels far too easy.

“Hey!” Marcus roars behind me and I force myself to look relaxed. Fuck me, that’s what I get for borrowing trouble with my thoughts.

Turning with an eyebrow raised, I wait with an open look. I’m not about to slaughter you all, promise.

“Yes?” I drawl lazily.

“Ms. Melodie is upstairs, not in her office. There’s no reason for you to walk in the wrong direction and piss her off,” he explains, nodding to the stairs to the right. “Up these stairs, hang a right and walk to the end where training is. She’s in the middle of breaking in the stock. She needs assistance.”

Smirking, Marcus looks us up and down. “I’m sure you’re just the men for the job.”

Stock, breaking in... Fuck me. I guess there will be a few more witnesses to our murders than planned. My dick isn’t going near anyone I’m not fully committed to nor without consent.

My blood roars for Ms. Melodie’s death while I cruelly smile. “We’re more than up for whatever she needs,” I chuckle. I’m a man’s man right now, easily slipping into the role needed.

Derek looks bored as he waits for our next move, making Marcus bark out a laugh.

“Off you go then, don’t keep the boss lady waiting,” he says.

Nodding, we walk up the stairs as directed. Derek and I have knives hidden all over our person, wire wrapped in our belt, and are more than capable of dealing with whatever is waiting for us.

Greg will handle any fallout or witnesses left behind, though I expect we'll remind them of fallen, vengeful angels. No one will be left alive who is part of this organization.

"Headed upstairs," I mutter under my breath to Greg.

"I heard," he grunts in return. "Kill everyone upstairs, we'll take care of anyone left downstairs, unless you want me to keep some for you?"

"Marcus," Derek says so softly I almost don't hear him. "Keep him for us, please."

Fuck, yes. My man wants to play. Game fucking on. He's always gorgeous when he's dripping in blood.

"You got it. Make sure Melodie is the ring leader in all of this when you torture her, and then make it hurt when you kill her," Greg states. "You've got an hour and then we're coming in."

"Yep," I mutter without moving my lips as we hit the top of the stairs. Following Marcus' directions, I knock on the steel door waiting for me.

There's silence up here until the door is opened. A wave of despair washes over me, and I can hear pain and crying from behind the bottle blonde standing in front of me.

"Yes? Oh, you're pretty," she purrs, pulling us into the room. "I have buyers waiting for this stock. The auctions will be happening next week and I need docile slaves who know how to be fucked. I don't care about where they're from, they're nobodies. They are here to make me money."

“Yes, Ms. Melodie,” I murmur with a slow grin. “We can do that for you. It sounds as if you’ve already started?”

“Yes, but I need men with bigger cocks,” she complains. “I think you’ll work out just fine. Let’s start, shall we?”

My blood is boiling. I force myself not to look around yet, outside of tracking how many men are in the room, because I don’t want to lose control. There are six, and multiple people in crates and cages. Soon, Derek and I will unleash our wrath for taking what isn’t theirs.

“There are three new girls who were brought in this week,” Melodie explains as we walk together through a door into a separate room. She shuts the door behind us, and Derek and I shift our bodies so that she’s no longer at our backs.

There are three girls who aren’t even eighteen yet in cages, quietly sobbing. They have to have people, and even if they don’t, they do now.

“We keep them separated because of the damn crying,” she groans, picking up a rod that I can see has electricity running through it.

Walking quickly, she begins to push the rod through the bars, but I kick it out of her hands. Derek fists the careful bun she has at her nape, pulling her head back. Scooping up the rod, I turn to face her.

“I think we need to have a chat,” I growl. “This is over now.”

Melodie laughs wildly, struggling even as Derek holds her wrists tightly behind her back. “You don’t make the rules here. I do. This entire organization exists because I created it. These things are significant. There are people who need their warm



cunts and tight assholes.” She sneers. “The animals in these cages don’t have rights or—”

Lips pursed, I’ve had enough as I shove the electrical cattle prod into her side. “I beg to offer a difference of opinion,” I snarl. “You seem too dumb and blonde to be in charge of this entire operation. Isn’t there a man behind you?”

I let her breathe as I pull the prod away. There isn’t enough electricity in this thing to conduct into Derek, so he’s completely unaffected as he watches us.

“A man,” Melodie spits out. “Why would I need one of those outside of training these dumb animals that I sell? These idiots in the cages were picked up because they’re too dumb to live. They don’t deserve to be free. I’ll use them for every drop of their innocence, and then someone will kill them.”

“Charming,” Derek grunts. “Why sex trafficking? No one grows up deciding to do this?”

“When you’re poor and broke, this makes the most sense. I am in control here, I... ahhh!” she screams as I get tired of her prattling on and stab her with the prod again.

“So you decided on a greedy power trip that selling people was the best use of your time?” I ask, rolling my eyes. I just need her to confirm she’s in charge before I kill her.

“Yes, yes,” she gasps, tears swimming in her eyes. They do nothing for me, emotional responses aren’t something I understand in people I don’t care about.

“Perfect,” Derek grunts before he snaps both of her wrists and releases her.

“My knives are thirsty,” I growl, pulling them from their holsters. “Tell me everything you can think of about this disgusting organization.”

“You’re just going to kill me anyway,” she wails, and Derek rolls his eyes as he pulls out a knife and drops to his knees to where she dramatically dropped to the ground.

“Maybe, maybe not,” he sing-songs, his lips peeled back in a psychotic grin. Damn my man looks hot when he drops the civil veneer he holds close on any other day.

Fisting her hair, he slashes his knife down her cream shirt to rip it open. When Lennon can have sex with us again, I plan to do this with her, but that is not the happy ending that Melodie will be receiving.

Dropping to my knees, I grab her ankle and begin peeling her skin from her body. Derek mirrors me, but instead starts at her neck. We still need her facial muscles to work for a bit longer.

“Please, please, help!” Melodie screams, but I scoff under my breath. Each of these rooms are lined in steel, so it’s impenetrable to sound. Idiot.

“Hush,” Derek commands, his tongue sticking out of the side of his mouth as he continues to slice the skin from her body. “I’m working here. Are you going to tell me what we want or am I cutting out your tongue next, Melodie?”

“What do you want from me?” she whimpers, causing me to smirk as I continue to pull her flesh from her bones. Derek and I have become very adept at this. Most people prefer to be dead before we get too far. Pity.

“Who else is involved in your operation?” I ask, continuing my path up her leg.

“Argh!” she screams, making me hum in response. Derek slices off a long enough piece that he can simply pull straight

down to her sternum, making her almost pass out. The bitch has a high tolerance for pain.

“I... his...” Melodie pants, the tears streaming so fast, I doubt she can see. Her body will be fed to a pig farm, and I think I’m going to ask Greg to make sure she’s still breathing when he throws her in. “Nicolai Hansen. He’s my bookkeeper,” she forces out.

“Continue,” I grunt.

The next thirty minutes are spent extracting information while keeping her on the knife edge between pain and unconsciousness. I file away all of the information, though I know Greg can also hear everything.

“Was that so hard?” I coo, squeezing her cheeks together roughly until her lips open. Grasping the bitch’s tongue I pull hard on it until I have the angle I want. My lips twist into a satisfied smile before I remove it from her mouth. “There, there. We are out of time for any more confessions.”

Derek pulls rope from one of his pockets to hogtie her before standing once he’s done. Watching the blood pour out of her mouth, I huff, running my lighter under the handle of my knife as I hold onto the blade until it’s very hot before shoving it into her mouth to cauterize it. I don’t care about her being comfortable, I just don’t want her to die yet.

That would be inconvenient.

Looking at the girls in cages, I lift a bloody finger to my mouth. I needed to make Melodie an example, and our gloves would have tipped her off. Once we started, there was no reason to put them on. Standing, Derek and I wash our hands as well as possible, using a bit of bleach to clean them off.

Drying them, I can't even bring myself to ask why they would have an industrial sized sink in this room.

"We'll be back with help," I growl softly as I force myself to make contact with the girls. "Do not make a sound. We have people to kill. You don't want to make our jobs harder, correct?"

The three girls push their lips together as if to seal away their sobs, shaking their heads.

Taking this as their assent, I move with Derek as one to the room adjacent to us. Melodie is a bit of a mess, a large mass of skin missing from her body as well as her tongue. There will be no quarter for her, no rest, until she's fed to the pigs to devour alive.

Silently, we slip from the room, the men fucking the girls completely lost to the world. This is what "training" and "conditioning" looks like in the sex trafficking world, and I pull a man away from a girl right before I cut his dick off. Derek slices the throat of another man, failing to miss the girl that he was fucking so she's sprayed as well.

The girls whimper and scream in panic, no doubt worried they're next, scrambling to a corner as soon as they're free to do so. Ignoring them outside of making sure they aren't a threat to us, we kill every one of the men in the room. Emasculation, castration, throats cut, knives to the chest. Not one of these men die easily, but they are all quick deaths unfortunately. We are running out of time.

Checking the clock, I see that we are still within the hour parameter that Greg gave us.

"We're clear upstairs," I say out loud for his benefit. "Feel free to fuck shit up downstairs. Just leave Marcus to us."

“Do you want him gift wrapped? I am rock hard from the screams. Well done,” Greg teases. This man is infuriating, but he’s a good friend as well. “I’ll throw him into a room for you to play with and move in sooner since you’re all wrapped up there.”

Our comms go silent, and I’ve done this with him enough times to know that he’s coordinating with his other soldiers outside. It doesn’t feel as if it’s almost one in the afternoon, which is a testament to how smooth this is all going.

We staked out the space until everything was in place, and then executed our plan perfectly. Forcing myself to look at the women around me, I blow out a breath.

“There are people coming to help you start over, whether that means going back to your family or beginning new lives,” I explain.

“I don’t want to go back,” a voice rasps. She was one of the women I pulled a man from before his tiny dick was cut off. She has dark brown hair, large, determined sad caramel eyes, and holds herself protectively.

Eyes finding her, I nod. “What’s your name? I’ll make sure to tell the agent who is leading this mission.”

“Adrianna Herrera,” she whispers. “That’s who I was until my father sold me.”

Eyes narrowing, I force myself to breathe. “Do you want to end his life or may I have the honors?” I ask.

“I want to,” she says so softly I almost don’t hear it. Her voice is full of anger and hurt. “I appreciate the offer, though.”

Nodding, I jerk my head at Derek to keep moving. “Do you know where the keys to the cages are?” I ask.

“Ms. Melodie or Marcus have them,” another girl explains.

Striding back into the room where the bitch is at, I roughly check her clothes, backhanding her when I find them. I hate this woman so much.

Returning to the main room, I toss the keys to the girls. None of them are wearing clothes, something we will correct soon.

“Release everyone, but don’t leave this room for now. It’s about to get very messy and bloody out there,” I tell them. “If you think one of the girls will freak out, leave her in the cage until we can sedate her. I promise it won’t be long. We need to make sure no one involved leaves here alive.”

Once I get agreement from them, Derek and I leave the room, closing the door behind us quietly. Surprisingly, our gloves hide blood well since we put them on after dealing with Melodie, as do our clothes. I hear a yell downstairs, and I chuckle darkly.

“Looks like the party has arrived, baby. Let’s join them,” I say to him.

“We had to hurry before,” Derek complains as we walk toward the stairs. “I feel like playing with my toys this time.”

My cock thickens in my pants, making me groan. “Let the blood flow, then.”

## CHAPTER TWO

---

Derek

Greg and his men slowly slip through the doors of the building, and Melodie's men are paying attention to us instead of the other threat that will end them all.

"Already done?" Marcus snickers, not understanding that death is walking down the stairs.

"Just for now," I speak up with a shrug. "Ms. Melodie said there was new hire paperwork to fill out or something? I don't know how you do things here."

"Oh." He frowns. "I didn't realize you were that new. Yeah, man, we have minimal shit for you to fill out. Come with me."

I took a shot in the dark that would work, and Orion hides a smile from Marcus as we follow him down a darkened hall. I swear they're allergic to light in this cesspool of despair. I leave Greg and his crew to massacre the men working in the main warehouse while we take care of Marcus. Funny how fate is smiling on us today.

"Here's my office," he says with pride as he steps inside. "Let me find what you need to fill out. None of it hits the state, it's all for our records..."

As Marcus prattles on, I pull a gag from one of my many pockets. Damn, these pants really are the best.

"Of course, we understand completely," O says, moving so that he's in Marcus' view as I step behind him and pull the gag tightly into his mouth as he opens it to speak.

"Mmmhm mm fucker!" Marcus screams around the fabric as I huff out a noise as I tie it behind his head.



Seamlessly, Orion grabs the asshole's arms and drags him onto the desk after dumping the paperwork to the floor.

"Now, now, mind your words," I murmur as I pull rope out and tie his arms behind his back. He's a big man, but so am I. Crowding him, I move with Marcus as he bucks his body and attempts to kick me.

Orion pulls a knife from one of his many hideyholes with a smirk, pulling back Marcus' hair. "Did you know we are looking at one of the men responsible for bringing in new stock?" he asks conversationally.

Eyes narrowing, I shake my head. "I believe that's new information," I growl.

"Your comm is off, baby," O tells me with a shrug. Blinking, I realize he's right. I have a bad habit of doing that. Touching the ear piece, I tap it back on.

"Derek, you with me again?" Greg asks. I can hear yelling in the background, and can tell the slaughter is becoming.

"Yeah, sorry," I grunt. "I was focused somewhere else."

"That's why we have O," he says simply. Orion hyperfocuses, and reminds me of things while I get to fuck people up. Greg's voice sounds strained for a moment before a gunshot sounds. I know they were attempting to go as silent as possible. "Sorry about that. I found a sniper I had to take care of. We're sweeping through the warehouse now for any stragglers. What are your plans?"

He sounds as if I'm taking a leisurely stroll, and my lips twitch in amusement. "We're going to torture Marcus for a bit, have a little fun. I couldn't fully enjoy my time earlier. Melodie is upstairs and hogtied. There are girls up there that

are scared but we asked them to stay put for a bit. Can you check in with them, please?" I ask.

I know he's got a laundry list of things to do, but he'll make sure to do it.

"Yep," Greg says, and I can hear him moving. "Marcus moonlights for the sex trafficking organization as a not for profit group that works with young girls. He meets them at shelters, on the street, malls, and offers them a better life. Make it hurt, guys. I'll pop back in later. I'll make sure no one bothers you."

Succinct as always.

Tapping my comm unit off again, I grin at Orion as I begin tearing off Marcus' clothes.

O still has a hold of the asswipe's hair, staring at him for a second before beginning to saw off his scalp.

"We may not see any charm in you," Orion muses as Marcus screams. "However, your looks appear to be perfect for luring in young, impressionable women who have nothing, so I'm going to make you so ugly your own mother won't recognize you."

"Good," I grunt, yanking off his pants and boxers. My eyes wander through the small office, a bubble of happiness running through me as I see a forgotten taser. "This will be fun."

"What will?" Orion asks, roughly sawing through Marcus's scalp as he removes his hair. Yeah, he's getting uglier by the second. Blood runs down his face, while dots of it sprinkle across O's face.

My man looks gorgeous.

“A taser,” I explain easily, showing it to him.

“Yeah, that’ll be perfect. I’ve almost got this off,” he mutters. Marcus is thrashing around, and I pull the belt from his pants, folding it in half to beat him with it. If he wants to scream, I can give him a reason to.

Between the two of us, we work him over. By the time O tosses Marcus’ scalp to the ground, he’s passed out cold. Wuss.

“Wakey, wakey,” Orion chuckles, stepping away from the man, so I can press the trigger on the taser.

Marcus’ body spasms under the voltage, making me grin. There’s darkness inside of me that is being very well fed. Screams begin as the dicksicle awakens.

“Oh, and sleeping beauty awakens,” I sneer, leaving him to spasm as I turn off the taser.

“Marcus was way too pleased about breaking in new girls,” O muses, kicking the head manager of the organization in annoyance. “I’ve always wanted to blow up a penis. The only thing is he may not live through it.”

Glancing at the time, I see that we’ve been here for forty minutes already. Greg won’t care, but we still need to finish torturing Melodie before taking a trip to the pig farm to watch them eat her alive. Why do I have to be an adult and prioritize?

“He’ll live long enough,” I decide. Touching my comm, I say, “Hey, boss? You got a second?”

“I’m playing with your new friend,” Greg chuckles darkly. “She sings real pretty. Did she tell you about her brother?”

Thinking back, I nod. “She mentioned him before we had to move on. Is he involved?”

“Did you notice all the young boys downstairs?” he asks.

“I was trying not to,” Orion admits beside me with a sigh.

“I don’t blame you, but her brother is a priest who is funneling these boys to her. She couldn’t tell me that since she doesn’t have her tongue, but I found the emailed correspondence,” Greg explains, making my blood run cold.

“Get all the information you can from her, and then we’ll take her to the pig farm to watch them eat her. I know you’ll make it hurt, try to keep her alive?” I ask.

“You act like I’m an amateur,” he scoffs. “Was there a reason you rang?”

“I need explosives, please. Clamps to hold onto a limp dick too. We’re going to blow it off while enjoying his screams,” I tell him.

“You two are the kind of insane I love,” Greg tells me, a smile in his voice. “Hold tight, I’ll get it brought down to you.”

“Thank you,” I say, turning off the comm again. O never turns his off, but it just bugs me to hear background noise. “Baby, help me flip him?”

“Yep,” he says with a nod. Orion’s green eyes gleam even as blood dots his face, and I course correct to pull him to me and kiss his lips.

“You looked too gorgeous not to.” I grin wildly. “Fuck, I’m so hard it’s not funny. It’s honestly unfair for someone to be this beautiful.”

Orion barks out a laugh. “If you’re in the room, my dick is hard. Flip so we can finish up and get home to our girl,” he demands.

Together, we flip Marcus, his dick limp and eyes wild. Even flaccid, the man’s cock is large, and I’m excited to blow it up. He’ll never touch anyone else with it.

“Lennon has weeks before she’s cleared to have sex,” I remind him, ignoring Marcus’ crying. “Dude, I don’t want to hear it. You’re the criminal. We’re just reminding you of your sins and punishing you for them.”

“Greg wants to know if we want to help bring in the brother,” O says, listening to his ear comm.

“Yeah, but not right this second, right?” I whine.

“No, baby boy,” Orion chuckles. “It’ll be a few weeks as they track him down and lay the trap. We’re still going home. It may not be until early tomorrow morning with travel...”

“That’s fine,” I counter. I don’t like being gone for long, though these short trips help keep me sane and stable. It means I enjoy baby snuggles and even changing soiled diapers with a dopey smile the entire time.

A knock on the door alerts me to a visitor, and I walk over to open it. Crew’s brows raise as he hands me explosives. “You have been busy, haven’t you?”

“Why do you say that?” I ask, leaning back so he can see Marcus splayed out on the desk.

Knowing everything the spineless asshole has been up to, he growls. “You should check a mirror later. The two of you are covered in blood. Now I know why Greg always keeps a ‘go’ bag filled with clothes for you,” he tells me.

I didn't think anyone else would notice that Greg always keeps an extra bag for us. Oh well. There's a certain joy in being covered in the blood of enemies. We'll have to hose off later.

"Boss just loves us." I grin, knowing he'll be able to hear us. Crew's lips curve up as he backs away.

"Enjoy your new toys. Don't blow us up along with his tiny dick," he admonishes.

Maybe he shouldn't have given me so many explosives?

Closing the door up tight, I string up his cock carefully, being careful not to use too much. "The explosives keep his dick upright," I jeer as Orion strikes a match. "Any last words?"

There's still a gag in his mouth, so I really don't care if he does have any. Marcus' eyes are wide, his head shaking as he tries to shake his pelvis so the explosives will fly off of it. It's honestly hysterical and pathetic.

O touches the lit match to the explosives, dropping it onto Marcus' exposed skin. The asshole screams while Orion and I walk quickly across the room to watch. There's no way he's shaking them off before they explode. His cock bursts, and with lightning skills, O grabs a clipboard to keep it from getting on us as we cackle.

"Did you see how his dick went boom," Orion wheezes as I hold onto him as I laugh. Dropping the clipboard, we walk over to check on our handiwork. Marcus is still alive, there's a hole where his member was, and there's still time to enjoy our new toy.

"It's a pity for you that you didn't die. I want to work on my skinning technique," I muse, picking up a knife.

We have to wake him up several times by tasing him before his heart finally gives out.

Orion

This was a damn good mission. As we leave after changing our clothes, I watch the warehouse explode from the SUV as we speed away. Derek and I managed to clean up in a bathroom before redressing in new clothes, and Melodie is curled up in a steel box as we drive to a pig farm.

“Damn that was fun,” Greg says as he takes a turn. He hides his crazy really well, but he’s just as bad as we are. The rest of his crew is at the scene or following other directives while we take care of Melodie. I have to say that Greg has really great men and women on his team.

“It really was though,” I agree. “The people in the warehouse...”

“They’re all on their way to being interviewed and relocated,” Greg explains. “I made sure they were all given clothes and moved as we executed people. There’s no reason for them to live through more horror than necessary. We need to figure out who wants to go home, who needs new identities, and if there’s anyone else involved.”

A spark of memory at his words spurs my next words. “Two things, Nicolai Hansen is deeply involved in the organization, Melodie told me. Did she spill any more secrets? There was also a girl in that outer room named Adrianna Herrerra who says that her father sold her. She can absolutely not go back home,” I growl. I feel something odd for this girl, is this protectiveness?

Emotions are stupid and confusing.



“Melodie mentioned Nicolai in her notes to herself for the stock for the auctions in her office,” Greg confirms. “I sent someone to pick him up, but he’s already fled. I’ll be working on finding him. He won’t be allowed to get away with this. As for Adrianna, I will make sure she doesn’t go home unless she wants to and it’s to kill her father.”

Relaxing, I nod. I understand revenge well.

The rest of the ride outside of the city and into the farmlands is spent dissecting every aspect of the mission. We find it difficult to leave it behind until everything is covered.

Stepping out of the car, I tilt back my head to breathe in the night air. Damn, time is really getting away from us today.

“You’ll be back with the babies by morning feedings,” Greg says knowingly as he opens the trunk.

“I know.” I sigh. “Lennon has a literal village for help, the hours just slipped away so quickly is all.”

“It’s better than having them drag,” Derek says sagely as he helps Greg pick up the steel trunk and then drop it on the ground.

The grunt and strangled scream from inside is everything.

“There’s a lot of people who use this farm between its proximity to Lansing and the airport,” Greg explains, staring down at the trunk smugly. “Melodie is missing most of her skin at this point, so I think it’s best to carry the trunk to the pig pens to toss her in to avoid a blood trail.”

Nodding, I grab a handle of the trunk as Greg grabs the other and lifts. The action means that I gently nudge Derek out of the way. The pig pens aren’t far at all, and he can very well help Greg himself, I just don’t want him to.

“Who says chivalry is dead?” Greg teases as we talk. Derek huffs out a laugh while I simply smirk. I’m not great at romance and shit, but I can do little things like this.

The pigs snuff quietly under the fluorescent lighting. The rest of the farm is pitch black around us since the place is closed up for the night. Dropping the trunk with Greg, I glance at my watch. Damn, it’s almost ten.

“May you rot in hell, Melodie,” I mutter as I open the trunk. She doesn’t even look human anymore, and I don’t treat her as such as I lift the rope tying her up. She can’t run or move from the pigs, she’ll just have to endure it all until she dies.

It feels like a fitting end for someone who didn’t see the humans she was buying and selling like cattle as people.

The muscles of my arms bunch as I throw her into the pen. The pigs move aside for the new inhabitant in their home before moving in to feast. My lips twist into a wicked smile.

“Good job today, boys,” Greg murmurs as he watches as Melodie twists and screams. The pigs don’t care, merely darting in for more. “These damn rings keep popping up, they’re like fucking vermin.”

“The skin trade is profitable,” Derek grumbles as his eyes never stray from the pen. Adjusting my cock, I wince since I’ve been hard most of the day. Maybe he’ll suck me off on the flight home.

“People’s greed never manages to surprise me,” I agree as I purse my lips. “We make a difference, in our own, bloody way.”

Shoving his hands in his pockets, Greg is silent for a moment. “So working for me is working for the both of you?”

he asks.

Greg doesn't make idle chatter, so my eyes narrow.

"Yes," Derek and I drawl, waiting him out.

Snorting, Greg shakes his head. "I didn't completely give you a choice initially," he says. "There's safety working for me, I can clean up kills easier. I know when the darkness needs to be scratched, because I'm the same way. I'm not bothered by bones crunching and screams at all."

"You had a point when you said I've been lucky." I shrug. "I enjoy being able to help others and still scratch the itch, as you said."

"Good," Greg grunts. "You feel the same, Derek?"

"Yep. These people reminded me in a way of my father. They only care about their bottom line, regardless of the lives they destroy," he says.

In agreement, we watch as the pigs devour the now dead person in the pen. Twelve minutes later, I gather up the rope and toss it in a fire bin a few feet from the pigs. It'll burn into ash by morning, taking with it any evidence.

Now, I'm more than ready to go home. Humming a *Darkest Nights*' song under my breath, we get back into the car to head to the airport.

# CHAPTER THREE

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Turner

The twins are sleeping peacefully in their cribs adjacent to the bed and I'm snuggling Lavender this morning as Roark snuck out of bed to start breakfast. Derek and O are on their way home, so he wanted to surprise them with food.

It's truly his love language, despite being a little tired. Holding back a yawn, I bury my face in Lavender's neck, eyes slowly drooping closed.

The sound of the front door opening wakes me up, and I groan softly. Once the sun rises, I am such a light sleeper.

"Good morning, baby," Lennon murmurs, turning in my arms to kiss my jaw. "I love you."

"Hmmm, I love you, beautiful. The boys are back," I chuckle. "I'm pretty sure the babies will be up soon too, I can feel how hard your boobs are."

"Does that mean I get breakfast?" O teases, popping his head in. He's so quiet, I honestly didn't hear him come up the stairs.

"They hurt," Lennon pouts, turning to look up at him. Her hazel eyes sparkle with mischief, and Orion pounces onto the bed with us, tugging down her shirt.

"Yum, come to daddy," he growls, sucking on her breasts and squeezing. Moaning needily, Lennon surprises me as she threads her fingers into his hair.

She's not allowed to have sex. I know that, O knows that, and yet my cock hasn't gotten the message as it swells. Goddamn, she's a vision.

“I missed you, little love,” Orion murmurs as he rises from his position suckling her tits. Milk runs freely from her nipples, and there’s some on his lips too.

I chuckle as Lennon pulls him to her, kissing his lips. “I missed you too. I’m glad you’re home,” she whispers.

A soft cry escapes from one of the cribs, making me smirk. I totally called it. Orion and I stand, moving to check on the twins. When one cries, the other is sure to follow. Saira looks fit to be tied, face pinched and angry as she demands her milk. Devlin twists in his sleep, his little fists raised as if to fight off whatever is angering his little sister. These two will be a force of nature, I can already tell.

“Little Saira,” O coos, making me melt as he picks up our daughter. “Such a big voice for a little girl. Tell me all about how mad you are at Daddy O for stealing your milk.”

I can’t help but chuckle at his antics as Devlin’s blue eyes pop open as if he can feel that his sister isn’t near him anymore. His body twists, as he searches, beginning to cry softly.

“I got you, buddy,” I say softly as I pick him up. “Your sister is having her breakfast. Fancy joining her?”

Lennon is propped up against the pillows, cuddling Saira to her as she nurses. Her gray eyes track me as I walk, checking on Devlin.

“He’s fine, just looking for his sister,” I tell her with a smile.

“Such a good wee protector,” she says with a smile. She’s been reading too many Irish romances.

“He is,” I agree, transferring him to her other arm and helping him to latch since her arms are full. I’ve become a pro

at this, but honestly the twins search well for their food too.

Relaxing, she sighs happily as they eat.

“I’ll get you coffee,” I tease her, because I can tell she’s in that in-between state of being awake and half asleep. “O, keep her hydrated please?”

“Yes,” he says, grabbing her jug of ice water and bringing it to Lennon’s lips.

Content in knowing that she’s well taken care of, I amble downstairs. Depending on how comfortable Lennon is, I may suggest we move breakfast upstairs.

Derek is helping Roark with an easy smile, looking relaxed. Orion and he always look looser after working with Greg. I know we live with killers, and it doesn’t phase me a bit. They would never hurt us, and it really is that simple for me.

“Good morning,” I greet Derek, wrapping my arm around his waist to tug him closer to me. Things are easier with Derek, because Orion is still finding his way between us. Roark pushes him, I push him, and he turns scarlet, unsure what to do. It’s a lot of fun.

We need to have a chat soon to see what he wants.

“Good morning yourself,” he sasses as I claim his lips.

“Someone wants to be spanked,” I growl, pushing him against the island as I grind my hard-on against him. Orion sucking on Lennon’s tits kind of did it for me.

“Fuck, why does that sound so good right now,” he whimpers.

“We’re all a bit wound up.” Roark chuckles. “I’ve pulled Turner into the shower with me several times since the twins

were born, and I'm still a horny bastard.”

“O and I fucked around on the plane,” Derek confesses. “Killing people does it for us. So I sucked him off on the private flight back.”

“You took his mile high club card, nice.” I grin as he flushes. “Adorable.”

“Shh, for fuck’s sakes, don’t tease him,” Roark says, hiding a smile. “Let’s get food to everyone. I need trays...”

“Why don’t we have breakfast down here?” Lavender asks with a grin. She’s wearing both babies in one of those baby wearing wrap contraptions against her and they’re fast asleep.

I tried to use one a few days ago, and Roark fell over laughing when I fucked it all up. I don’t think I’ll attempt it without help again.

“Good idea.” I smile warmly at her. I’ll do whatever she wants if she wants to have breakfast in our sunny breakfast nook.

Derek walks over to Lennon as if he can’t stand to be without her a moment longer, and carefully hugs her.

“We don’t break easy, baby,” she says, laying her head on his shoulder.

“I want you to be able to eat and not wake up the twins,” he counters, his finger pushing her chin up to look up at him. “You look beautiful. I really fucking missed you.”

“I love you,” she says, her eyes bright with happiness.

Derek’s hurt her in the past, and then she was taken. Lavender had to do some work in order to be able to say those words to him. Even though she felt it, allowing herself to say them was difficult.



Derek lights up as he brushes his lips with hers. “I love you,” he says with a smile. “Hungry?”

Her stomach growls at the perfect time, making us all chuckle as he escorts her to sit down. Orion helps Ror and I get plates and food to the table, and I make sure Lavender gets coffee.

Lavender moans as she takes her first sip, and my dick jumps in my pants, making me wince.

“The four of you are wound up very tightly,” she observes. “Can I make a suggestion?”

“No, I can’t fuck your ass,” I say immediately, groaning as my forehead hits the table. “God, I think I’ve fucked my hand too many times in the last couple of weeks thinking about that. What is your suggestion?”

My cheeky girl’s eyes dance with mirth as she watches me. “Your poor cock, baby.”

“This shouldn’t be so difficult,” Roark groans. “We have other outlets!”

“It’s okay to want me.” Lennon shrugs. “I sucked Derek off in the shower on Monday.”

His eyes grow wide, making me choke on my laughter. “Is that so?”

“I will never tell her no if she’s dropping to her knees,” Derek says, his eyes pained as if he’s worried we’re going to kick his ass.

“Little Love, continue,” Orion says regally, though his lips also twitch.

“You four need to fuck,” she says as she takes a bite of her food, humming appreciatively. “I am practically drowning in

testosterone. My vagina is out of commission for another few weeks until the doctor clears me, so I have a proposition.”

Oh this’ll be good. She looks way too proud of herself right now. “Mmhmm. Do tell, Baby Girl.”

“You and Ror fight and then fuck. It helps keep you two chill and it’s something that you need. So... what about a hunt? Chase each other down and fuck each other,” Lavender suggests as if it’s the most natural thing in the world.

“Lennon,” Orion says in a choked voice, eyes wide. There’s a blush rising up his neck, and I hide a smile. A primal hunt is a bit much for the serial killer it seems.

“O,” Lennon sasses. “I know you’re interested in Ror and Turner. They’re sexy, aren’t they? Anything keeping you from running through the woods and letting them chase you and fuck your tight ass while I listen from the porch?”

“Fooking hell Little Valkyrie,” Ror groans, rubbing his face.

“They both tease, and I’m interested... I’m not good at this.” Orion sighs. “It’s all so new but confusing.”

“I think you’re adorable, sexy, and really fucking hot. I’ve never been around someone so focused before, O,” I explain. “I didn’t know what to do with you. First, I wanted to make sure you had Lavender’s best intentions at heart. Now...”

“Yeah?” Orion rasps, raising an eyebrow in surprise.

“We’re keeping you.” I smirk. “Sometimes at night when Derek gets up for something, you cuddle against me. I want to hold you, but I don’t know if I should. There’s a lot of dynamics, feelings, and I always want to make sure you’re comfortable.”

“Maybe I shouldn’t be comfortable,” he rumbles. “Relationships and feelings are confusing to me. When I kill someone with Lennon and Derek, I want to sink my cock into one of them and claim them. Fuck, even when I’m not in a kill room, they’ll say or do something, and my heart feels like it’s going to explode. The first time that happened, I thought I was having a heart attack.”

Roark snorts while Derek simply smiles at O. “Definitely not a heart attack,” I reassure him. “Are you saying we should push more? I find it really hot when Derek casually makes out with you in the mornings. Devlin and Saira’s sleep habits mean that we’re all living in zombie mode, but it doesn’t mean I can’t enjoy it.”

The tips of Orion’s ears turn red, and his lips press together. He really is gorgeous with his tousled blond hair as he pushes his hand through it as he processes this awkward conversation. Lavender is right in pushing this, though.

“Yes, you can push more,” he decides. “The idea of being chased and fucked also makes me feel wanted and excited. I’ve never been normal though...”

“Name one person you know that’s normal at this table,” I remind him. “Even the babies are perfect but abnormal.”

“Our babies are perfect,” Lennon agrees with a smile, looking down on them to gently brush back their blonde hair. We are so damn blessed. “So, it’s not conventional, but neither are we. Normal is pretty boring, O.”

“I’ll give you that.” He sighs. “I’ve spent so long hiding, it’s hard to stop. Derek and Lennon understand my darkness, so I don’t think about it around them.”

“O, you didn’t go to Michigan to braid people’s hair and basket weave yesterday,” I tease him. “You had a mission to kill people with Greg. He sounded pretty pissed off when he called you two days ago, so I’m sure they deserved it.”

“Sex trafficking cock suckers,” Derek mutters. “They definitely deserved it. O and I even got to blow off someone’s penis.”

Lavender’s eyes light up in excitement, and I have to keep myself from cupping my dick. She likes my cock too much to do that to me.

“That’s fun,” she squeals softly. “Apparently there was a gas leak in a warehouse in Lansing. They have no idea why. Freak accident.”

We all share a smile, knowing Greg and his team were behind it.

“Alright, less cock blowing unless it’s the kind that gives me an orgasm, yeah?” Roark rumbles. This entire conversation is becoming more and more insane.

“Today is Wednesday, my sister is coming into town on Friday and leaving at the end of the weekend before going back on tour,” Lavender muses as she continues to eat. Following her lead, I finish my breakfast. “We have a break from touring until the end of next week, so when are we doing this?”

“Now that the gloves are off, I want to show O what it means to have Ror and my attention,” I say seriously. We’re a lot, and I won’t apologize for it. Derek hides his mouth with his coffee cup, and I know he’s remembering our fucked up dating period. “Minus the punching and death threats that double as flirting.”

Roark snorts, shaking his head. “Derek was being a dick to our girl, so that was different. Turner and I wrestle, bet on ridiculous things so the loser can fuck the other, chase each other as a form of flirting.”

“It’s really hot when one of you loses.” Lennon sighs happily. She’s just as fucked up as we are. “I don’t think Orion will have an issue with any of this. Do you, baby?”

“Not at all, kind of excited for it to be honest.” O smirks. “Bring it on.”

That a boy. This’ll be fun.

“We aren’t touring for long this next stint. Just a couple of days,” I murmur. “We have the on-call nanny, right?”

“Eh, I didn’t really like her,” Derek complains. It’s true, he was extra grumpy when we interviewed her. “Orion and I aren’t working during the tour, can’t we hang out with the twins while you’re performing?”

“I’m an idiot. I didn’t even think of that,” Lennon breathes, eyes wide and beginning to fill with tears. “I’ve been so busy making sure the kids are taken care of and everyone gets enough breaks...”

Hormones are fun. Her emotions have been a bit wild lately.

Standing, I move over to tilt her head back to look at me. “They’re our babies, Lavender. There’s more than enough hands to help, we don’t have to hire help if we don’t want to. You don’t need to plan for every little thing, okay?”

Brushing my lips against hers, I breathe in her lavender scent. She smells like home and perfectly mine.

“Plus, we want to,” Derek insists. “Can you teach me how to use one of those carrier thingees?”

I huff at his words in amusement after my earlier thoughts that I’d never use one.

“Yes, I can. Thank you, I don’t even know why I’m crying,” she sniffles.

“I do,” I murmur, kissing her nose before rubbing her back. “The yo-yo of emotions is totally normal. You just had twins, lack of sleep, and breastfeeding. You’re good. We’ve got you.”

Orion yawns as he leans forward on his forearms. “Wanna come nap with me? I need snuggles and some sleep, Lennon,” he says with a pout.

“How well did you shower after your fun?” Roark asks, wrinkling his nose. “Please scrub before you get in our bed.”

Derek snickers with a nod. “It was a whore’s bath,” he admits. “We’ll go shower. I don’t need a nap, and need to get some computer work in. What do you say, Little One?”

Those words used to enrage Lavender, and are now met with a soft smile.

“They should sleep in their cribs, right?” I ask, chewing on my lip. “I don’t know how transferring from that contraption works.”

Lennon struggles not to laugh because it jostles the babies. “Yes, they’re fed so they should sleep really well. It’s when the sun goes down that they tend to be awake a little more. The baby books say that newborns sleep a lot. They lied,” she says, wrinkling her nose.

O covers his mouth to keep his water from spitting out, and I raise my brow. He doesn't usually react in humor. It looks like we're not the only ones changed by our gorgeous girl.

Lennon

Even though I was okay with Orion and Derek going on a mission, I feel so much better having them home. There are dangers with bringing down sex traffickers, as I well know.

The second O jumped into bed with me in his joggers, all warm and snuggly, I relaxed and passed out. Now his soft lips tickle my neck as I open my eyes.

“Hey gorgeous,” he murmurs. “Your sister called us three times during our nap.”

“Is she okay?” I gasp, turning in his arms. She’s been having trouble with Mav and Atlas on the tour, and I’m about to go psycho big sister on them if they fail to pull their heads out of their asses. Or they need to let her go.

His eyes drink me in before he winces slightly. “Physically she’s fine. Roark and Turner talked to her and she needs some advice. She’s flying in tonight instead,” he says.

“It’s bad to kill your best friends, right?” I growl. “I swear Mav and Atlas are getting on my last damn nerve.”

“It is bad,” he slowly says, lips curving. “You’re so cute when you’re in big sister protective mode. It’s very sexy, Baby.”

Orion kisses me, making me moan as my fingers dive into his blond hair, pulling him closer to me.

“You didn’t answer,” I breathe against his lips. My breasts are heavy against his chest as he presses against me.

“Baby, I would burn down the world for you at your call,” he reminds me before carefully squeezing my breasts, making



me whimper. I was napping for a while. The boys must have fed the twins a pumped bottle, or they have finally decided to sleep too.

“You have burned the world down for me.” I grin. “I don’t hear the kids, are they awake?”

“Nah, they have been asleep for the last two hours along with us. Dev is just starting to twist and turn,” he murmurs as he turns toward the crib.

Little noises come from it, making my nipples hurt. Ouch.

“I need a baby or two, stat, please,” I whimper in pain, trying to wiggle up and out from underneath him.

“I just so happen to have two,” he teases me as he stands.

Soon, I have both babies in my arms, and I sigh happily. I needed the sleep, but now I need this.

“Will you call Lay back for me and put her on speaker, please?” I ask.

O is already grabbing my phone to do just that, and I lean back on the pillows.

“You’re out of water, so I’m going to grab you more, and put together a snack,” he says, slipping out the door.

“*Lenny?*” Layla answers, making me frown at the tremble in her voice.

“It’s me, tell me what’s going on,” I urge her. “It’s just me and the kids, that’s why you’re on the speaker. No hands.”

“*No, that’s fine,*” she says, blowing her nose. “*It’s so dumb, they’re so fucking dumb.*”

“Boys tend to be,” I agree, waiting to find out more.

*“So I’m at the airport in Rochester, because I didn’t want to drive back with the assholes. They ignore me one moment, and then the next...”* Layla cuts herself off as if remembering they’re my friends too.

“Don’t censor yourself because I’m friends with Atlas and Mav,” I admonish. “I already asked O if it was wrong to kill them.”

Layla has a feeling I may be serious, but still sputters out a laugh. *“They’re fucking each other but won’t touch me,”* she hiccups.

That’s an interesting development. I had no idea they were involved with each other, though it kind of makes sense. They haven’t dated or hooked up with anyone in awhile.

“They’re worried about your age.” I sigh. “You’re the same age I was when I started dating Roark and Turner and they know it. That’s why they won’t touch you. I didn’t know they were also involved with each other though.”

*“Lenny,”* she hisses. *“It’s like they fuck to get away from me. After our concert last night, emotions were high, I was um, horny, and they kissed me. I really thought I’d lose my virginity last night.”*

I may still kill them. Closing my eyes, I force myself to take a breath. I may need a therapy session because my emotions keep sliding all over the place. The scent of my babies help me ground myself, with their little wiggles as they nurse.

“What happened after they kissed you?” I ask calmly. “I promise, this conversation doesn’t bother me. I want to see how badly they fucked up before I give advice.”

I can hear Layla attempting to settle herself as she takes a breath. *“I really want wine,”* she whispers.

“Done. We have wine, scotch, whatever,” I promise. “If you have wine, Ror may insist you eat something, though.”

Giggles escape even as she cries. I can hear the anger from here. I’m glad she’s coming home.

*“Okay, will there be cookies?”*

“Aye,” Roark says, surprising me as he leans against the door frame. “I have time to make whatever you want, Lay. I can even make the cookies into bats if you fancy that. Or little peens you can violently bite into.”

*“I miss you guys so much,”* she confesses. I called it. My sister is homesick.

“I want to talk about adjusting our tour schedule, Layla. Are you open to that? You’re on the road so much without us...” I sigh.

*“Okay, let’s see how a weekend with you goes first, and then go with that,”* she grumbles. *“Don’t get me wrong, I love touring, it’s been a dream for so long, but they’re ruining it. I’m so confused. They got me all worked up, and then Mav dropped me on the couch and shook his head and took off for the bedroom with Atlas. Soon after that... Lenny, why does this hurt so much? I don’t want to want them if they want nothing to do with me.”*

Roark’s face is horrified, the skin flushing red as he hears how hurt Layla is.

“Lass,” he says softly. “It’s so much worse than I thought. I’ll have cookies, lasagna, and set up the backyard with a ton of shit for you to fook up using the metal bat I have. Pretend it’s their faces.”

*“Thank you, Ror.”* She sniffles. *“You’re the best.”*

“I’ll see you soon, okay?” I tell her, my heart heavy. “I love you.”

*“Love you, Lenny.”*

The phone disconnects, and I groan. “Our best friends are dicksicles.”

Roark snorts softly, taking a breath. I know I just fucked up his zen. “Aye, they’re something alright. I started dating you when you were about her age,” he mutters. “Sure, I was older and so was Turner, but it was a nonissue. I knew I wanted you to be my forever.”

My eyes are leaking again, and I blink rapidly, trying not to cry on the babies heads. “Mav and Atlas have been around for most of our relationship, too. There has to be something else, but right now they don’t deserve her. Will you dial Uncle Jordan for me please?” I ask.

“Lenny,” he warns.

“No,” I bark softly. “You can’t do that. Two men that we adore are having sex loudly in the tour bus my sister has to live in. Don’t you get that? It’s not like when you and Turner fuck in the bus. I’m not being left out, you’re just enjoying time together. Those two are flaunting their relationship in my sister’s face, essentially telling her that they don’t want her. I will not have that.”

Roark stares at me for a moment before he growls. “Fuckers,” he mutters. “You’re absolutely right. This isn’t fair to her. I don’t want her on that goddamn bus.”

Grabbing my phone, he dials Jordan and hits the speaker button.

*“Lennon? Okay, don’t freak out but Layla—”*

“We know she’s coming home, but the question is do you know why?” Roark asks, his tone almost a snarl.

*“I understand she has a crush on Mav and Atlas and it’s not going well,”* my uncle says softly. *“I’m trying very hard to stay out of it, but she left crying and I want to beat someone.”*

“Layla is twenty-one,” I remind him. “She can consent to whatever she wants, and can have sex with whoever she wants. Don’t worry though, there’s been none at all.”

*“None...”* Jordan says softly. *“They’re being weird because she’s a virgin. Okay, if Layla isn’t happy, what’s the game plan?”*

“I want her off the damn bus,” I demand. “She can travel with you to venues, as long as you’re not breathing down her throat it’ll be fine. Lay is welcome to travel with us if we’re going between locations, though I’m unsure what our schedule is.”

*“One concert per month,”* Jordan says, surprising me. I was doing more than that when I was pregnant. *“I feel as if it’s asking a lot for you to travel with newborns to begin with, so that’s what I told the label. If you want to work on a song while Lay is home with you that’ll shut them up, you are welcome to it.”*

My lips twitch at his words. “You’re the best. Thank you for taking care of us,” I breathe. “I just wanted to make sure you knew what was happening. Those two need to get their heads out of their asses or leave her alone. In fact...”

*“Jesus, Joseph, and Mary please save me,”* Jordan prays, making me giggle. *“Out with it then, Len.”*

“As soon as my hands are free, I’m going to start working on a dating profile for Layla,” I tell him. “She wants to live, enjoy herself, and for God’s sake, have sex. Everyone keeps her in a box, and it’s not fair.”

“*Ugh, online dating? Lennon,*” Jordan groans.

“I’ll let you run any prospects through a background check?” I try again.

“*Yep, that’ll do it. I love you, please stay out of trouble. Or... at least give me a heads up,*” he grumbles.

“I love you too. I am so pissed off at them,” I complain. “Men are so stupid.”

“*They are. Uh, there’s one more thing,*” Jordan says, and I can practically hear the wince.

“Yeah?” I ask, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

“*Your father wants to come see you. He’s finally decided to acknowledge you,*” he says, and if I was holding the phone, it would be shattered against the wall.

“What did you say?” I ask.

“*I told him that I’d tell you, but that you were washing your hair until the end of time,*” he snarks.

“Damn straight,” Roark rumbles.

“Thank you for telling me. I’ll keep you updated.”

“*Bye, Lenny.*”

The phone disconnects and I look down on my now sleeping babies. Orion pops in with food and a snack, making me grin. He was giving me time to finish my calls.

“Perfect timing,” I praise, making him blush. Roark gently picks up the twins one at a time to place them next to me on

the bed. I'm not going anywhere and it's not like they can roll yet.

Fixing my shirt, I take my cup and drink with a hum.

"I'm going to get the house fixed for Layla. No, not a word. It'll be good for her to have comfort food and something to smash up," Roark tells me when I open my mouth. "Relax."

He's right. There will be girl talk and anger when Layla gets here. I schedule a therapy appointment for myself to help with the rollercoaster of emotions, and then eat my snack. I can't fix everything but I can work through it.

A beep on my phone comes through, making me huff as I see it's my group text with Atlas and Mav.

Atlas: I'm really sorry. We fucked up.

I don't reply. They can stew, my priority is my sister right now.

# CHAPTER FOUR

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Roark

Layla looks tired, her blue eyes red and puffy when I pick her up from the airport. If my best friends were here, they would be meeting my fist right about now.

“Lay, my girl, I’ve missed you,” I say heartily, giving her a tight hug. It may not fix everything, but I still attempt to infuse her with strength. It’s almost nine at night, but that doesn’t mean much when you have tiny people who wake up often for milk. “How was the flight?”

“Fine,” she says with a tight smile. “It just gave me too much time to think, honestly.”

“Fair enough, let’s get you home, lass. Lenny is more than excited to see you, and there’s food at home. Hungry?” I ask.

“Starved,” she agrees, slipping into the car. At least I can feed her.

Layla perks up a little as we pull into the driveway. “How are the babies doing? I didn’t think I’d miss something so tiny until right this second,” she confesses.

Layla’s sisterly instincts are on point today. As soon as I’m stopped, she leaves me in the dust. Chuckling at her enthusiasm, I watch as she runs up the porch stairs.

Turner greets her as he opens the door, squeezing her tightly before letting her through. I follow slower, knowing she’s in good hands and most likely searching for her sister.

“Roark,” someone calls out, and I turn, recognizing Tori’s voice at the door between our properties. It’s never locked anymore, just latched so it stays shut.

“Hey, Tori,” I greet her as she pops her head in. “How are you at wine and breaking things?”

“Loaded question,” she teases as she crosses the lawn. “Who has anger issues?”

“Lennon’s sister flew in. She’s having boy issues, fook, I can’t even call them boys when they’re grown men,” I grouse. “The backyard is set up with bats, shit to fuck up that I picked up from a thrift store, and goggles. Want to go break things and gossip with them?”

“Fuck yeah I do.” She grins. I figure this is an activity best done in a group, and I can snuggle the babies with one of the guys while they go nuts. Layla also knows Tori and Tesa so it may help her.

“Please don’t let Tesa give anything to Layla,” I wince. “I may be pissed off at Mav and Atlas, but having the shits on tour is the worst.”

Cackling, Tori shakes her head. “No promises there, big guy. I’ll be back!”

Fuck, maybe that was a mistake. Oh, well. Fuck around and find out, I guess.

Walking inside, I find Layla cooing over her niece and nephew. They are awake and looking up at her in wonder, reaching up to try to snag her blonde hair. Lay was right to come home.

“They’re already so big,” she gasps. “Hi babies, are you being good for your mommy and daddies?”

I snort because that’s relative when you’re that little. They sleep, eat a boob, shit, and look adorable while doing it. Other than the lack of sleep, they’re perfect.

“They’re two weeks old,” I tease her. “They’re doing everything they should be at this age.”

“I don’t know anything about babies,” she says with a shrug. “These two are everything though.”

“They really are,” Lennon sighs happily, leaning into her sister’s side.

“Tori and Tesa are coming over for some girl time,” I tell them. “I ran into Tori a second ago. Are you okay with that?”

“Can we sing break-up songs and fuck shit up?” Layla asks, glancing my way.

“Yep, anything in particular you want me to play, or are you writing with Lenny tonight?” I ask her with a smirk.

Lay gets shy about songwriting around her sister, insisting that Lenny is better at it. Art isn’t a competition, it’s about sharing your soul.

Blushing, she shrugs. “Let’s go with Gayle and songs along those lines to begin with, and see how it goes.”

“Good enough, let’s get some food into you first, did someone warm up the lasagna?” I ask.

“I did,” Orion reassures me with a smirk. “I’m pretty sure I didn’t fuck it up.”

Shrugging, I’m sure he didn’t. Turner and Derek take the babies from Layla and she sighs as she stares at them.

“Okay, I really am hungry. Have I missed anything crazy? Give me the gossip,” she teases as she stands.

There’s a lot we can’t talk about with Layla because it’s not normal. Greg’s missions for O and Derek is one of those things.

“I spoke to Jordan,” Lennon says gently, following us to the kitchen. “He says he didn’t know how bad it was and he’s going to move you out of the tour bus. It’s not fair to you to deal with their bullshit.”

Nodding slowly, she leans on the island as she processes that. “It’s not fair, I agree. I don’t think I want to stay on their bus anymore. I never cared about sleeping on one of the tiny bunks, but it’s the rest I can’t deal with.”

“They’re bigger than the bunks the crew sleeps on, right?” Derek asks, following us with a baby in his arms. Turner follows, because they dislike being apart.

“Barely,” I acknowledge. “Mav and Atlas’ bus is set up differently, and we don’t use ours unless we’re on the road. God, I’m so damn mad at them right now. I’m sorry, Lay.”

Shrugging, she smiles sadly. “They flirted with me, gave me butterflies, you know? Mav and Atlas were protective of me, but I didn’t think the age thing would be an issue for long. I’m twenty-one for God’s sake.”

“I was a lot younger when I was tending bar.” Lenny winces. She doesn’t like to bring up what she had to do to get by when she left Farrelsville.

“I don’t know what their deal is, I just can’t do the back and forth anymore. Part of me is embarrassed and ashamed about how I followed them like a little puppy—”

“Nah,” I deny, pulling out the bubbling lasagna from the oven. “You may think that’s how you acted, but they fed into it. I don’t think you did anything but follow through on mutual attraction.”

Orion and Lenny grab plates, as we’re all used to eating at crazy hours. I can practically hear her stomach growling now,

even though she had a snack a few hours ago. Part of the joy of feeding twins.

Soon, we're sitting in our breakfast nook, eating as I pour glasses of wine. Lenny abstains, but only because she says a sip is a tease.

"I had to be misreading things," Layla decides, taking a healthy sip of her wine. "There's no way I kept falling on my face otherwise."

"I watched the way they would touch you," I tell her with a sigh. "They were interested. They're being dumb, and truthfully they don't deserve you."

"I want to be with someone that gives a shit about me romantically," Layla complains. "I feel like I'm wrapped in bubble wrap, and I know the world is dangerous..."

"I know you know that," Turner says with a nod. "You're smart. You still want to live, as you should. Lay, your time is also very limited with touring. Where are you going to meet someone?"

Layla deflates as she thinks about that and I glare at Turner. This isn't a very good pep talk.

"What Turner means," Lenny says as she rolls her eyes, "is you're going to have to think outside of the box. How do you feel about online dating?"

"Really?" Lay asks, wrinkling her nose.

"Yes, the touring schedule is slowing down in a month, and you'll be based out of Georgetown. It's the perfect time to date," Lenny gushes. "Mav and Atlas also don't have roots here, so they'll go wherever, until we all hook back up again to record."

It's true, whenever we take breaks, they take off to travel and let loose some steam. We haven't taken a break really in way too long, and the band is due for one.

"Jordan is trying to make sure we have a healthier touring schedule," I add. "Burned out artists aren't very useful or creative."

"Alright." Lay sighs. "How the heck is this going to work anyway?"

"Wanna see your dating profile?" Lenny teases her.

Layla squeals, making me chuckle. The twins are completely unbothered as Lennon and she giggle and talk. Maybe she really does need to move on from the guys.

Pulling out my phone, I message them.

I'm currently undoing as much of the damage you've caused as possible. Layla is going to break things in a bit while pretending it's your faces, while I dream of ways to fuck up your day the next time I see you.

Atlas: Do your worst, we'll deserve it all. We aren't good enough for her.

I mean, I guess you fuckers will never know now, will you? She's setting up an online dating profile.

My phone begins to ring, and I turn it off, focusing on the conversation. I guess I didn't have to wait very long to fuck up their day after all.

Lennon

My sister looks sad at the prospect of moving on from Atlas and Mav. They're damn good men, have protected me for years, but are acting badly at the moment.

Layla's cheeks are flushed from the wine, and I grin at her.

"Getting a little tipsy?" I tease her. I don't want to wrap her in wool. I'm all about her living and enjoying herself.

"Getting there," she giggles. "What if it's me? Maybe guys just don't want me."

"Absolutely fucking not," Tori says, stalking into the kitchen carrying her own protective goggles. The guys left us when they texted that they were at the door. No one rings our doorbell anymore because of the twins.

There's even a note:

*Upon pain of death, do not ring  
this bell. This tired mama will hunt  
you down.*

I thought it was cute.

"*Mija, los hombres son pendejos,*" Tesa snarls, making my lips twitch. "Okay, most men are assholes. There's a very small percentage of the population who aren't."

"Even then, sometimes we need help pulling our heads out of our asses," Derek snarks, popping his head into the room.

“I’m going to catch a nap, so I’ll be up for the night feeding and diaper change. Enjoy breaking things.”

“We will,” we chorus as he leaves again.

“Wine, ladies?” I ask, opening another bottle as they nod. Just because I’m not drinking doesn’t mean they can’t.

Grabbing travel glasses, we head outside. Roark strung up fairy lights through the trees and on poles surrounding the back yard to illuminate it. It looks beautiful, and I stare at it in awe.

“He really didn’t have to do all of this for me,” Layla breathes. “Wow.”

“You’re just as much their family as you are mine,” I remind her. “Roark and Turner claimed you already. No take backs.”

Chuckling, she takes in all of the stations that Ror set up and the tarp laying on the ground so that he can easily clean it up later.

“This is masterful,” Tori says, admiring. “This would have been awesome when the guys fucked up years ago.”

“Aye, Tori!” Miguel yells over the privacy fence, making her sputter in laughter.

“Stalker!” his sister yells back. “We’re going to sing break-up songs and be ridiculous. Don’t get your feelings hurt.”

“Tesa, I’m going to come over and spank that ass,” her husband grumbles, making her blush.

“Griff, honey, you know she’ll like it,” Tori calls back over.



It's a good thing we don't have any other neighbors. That would be awkward to unpack while throwing away trash.

The music Lay requested begins to play before our yelling gets too crazy, and I grin as "*abcdefu*" plays. Singing loudly, I take a sip of my water as I pull down my protective lenses. The girls cheer and sing with me, skipping to pick up bats, and Tori even finds an ax.

I had a conversation earlier with my therapist, and she reminded me that my shifting emotions were normal. It's good to recognize how quickly they're moving, and find healthy forms of release. Picking up a bat, I shrug.

If it's therapist approved, why the fuck not. Singing loudly, I smash a vase, pretending it's Atlas' face. I can absolutely be angry for my sister. He's been my safe place for years, how dare he behave badly with one of the most important people in my life.

Fuck him.

"Ah!" Layla screams, smashing the corner of an old wardrobe Roark found. It's god awful and ugly. It deserves to die a noble death at her hands. "Stupid dicks!"

"Amen, sister!" Tori yells, slamming the ax into a cabinet. "I really think all the blood leaves their brains, and when it returns, they get the worst ideas."

"True story," I agree, shaking my head. I've had my fair share of Derek being a jerk to me. While I know his truth wasn't the right version, it colored all of our interactions.

"I just want to have sex," Layla yells, breaking another vase. There's a lot of sexual frustration, I'm adding vibrator shopping to my list.

“I sense blue clit happening,” Tesa says sagely as she takes a sip of her drink.

“It’s so blue it may very well fall off,” Layla grouses.

“I’m buying vibrators for you while the kids are up late tonight,” I announce. “I know where the best ones are. No sister of mine is allowed to be sexually pent up.”

“Lennon,” she laughs as she lifts her glass. “I don’t know if you should be buying me vibrators.”

“Why not, *mija*?” Tesa laughs. “I bought some for Tori when she broke up with an ex. *Dios mio*, he was a psychopath. It’s absolutely done. Especially after a break-up. Orgasms help the process.”

She says it so matter of factly, I have to hold back a giggle. I fucking love these girls.

“How do orgasms help? I’ve never had one.” Lay sighs.

Brows raised, my hand rests on my hip. “Oh they’re assholes,” I say in disbelief. “I know they know where a clit is. I’ve heard more stories than I ever needed to from their conquests. God, they really are this pen-de...”

“*Pendejo*,” Tori and Tesa chorus, choking as they laugh.

“Yeah, that.” I nod. I’m not even drinking, but Spanish has always been a difficult language for me. I’m pretty sure I failed it in high school.

“Ugh, somehow the knowledge that they’ve given other people screaming orgasms makes it worse,” my sister yells with a huff.

“So tell me about it,” I encourage. “Give me a lyric.”

Lips pursed even as another song plays loudly around us, she bobs her head as she thinks.

*“Condescended and shoved aside  
All I wanted was a tiny ride  
You take my heart. Then push me  
away.  
Now I’m gone what do you have  
to say.  
Apologetic words leave behind  
confusion and dysmorphic thoughts.  
I wanted the world and got the  
Wish version, why couldn’t things be  
different?”*

My lips twist at the words and I continue the song. Roark must be listening because he cuts the music and comes out with a small travel drum set. Soon, we’re creating lyrics, making music, and breaking things together.

Tesa and Tori dance and weave as they swing and destroy things with us, and it’s the most fucked up form of therapy that I’ve ever seen.

But you know what? My sister is grinning, her initial tears as she began to sing are gone, and she’s feral as she makes

music. The lines are drawn in the sand, and nothing is out of line. Her pain becomes a song rich with frustration, confusion, and vindication.

Layla Campbell isn't waiting around anymore. I can't wait to see what my best friends have to say when they realize it.

# CHAPTER FIVE

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Turner

“There’s nothing like the creativity of a woman scorned,” Orion observes as he holds Dev in his arms and watches the girls whoop and sing in the backyard.

“Tori was very creative when we hurt her,” Greg mutters. He walked across to our house using the underground tunnel when things started exploding. “Those boys are idiots. Are you going to record the song?”

“Why not? It’s actually really good,” I rumble with a shrug. “I’m not really concerned with Mav and Atlas’ feelings at the moment. They screwed up, they can be uncomfortable for a bit.”

“Aye, I feel the same,” Ror mutters, watching as Layla smashes a glass vase. It was actually really smart of him to lay down tarps on the ground.

I have no idea how he managed to pull this together so quickly.

“They are interested in her, I can see how they look at her,” he grumbles. “If they’re going to act like this, then they don’t deserve her. At least, not right now.”

“Fair.” Greg nods. “We didn’t deserve Tori for a long time. Maybe they’ll be lucky enough to be able to make it up to Layla.”

“Doubtful,” O murmurs as Layla sings another poignant song lyric. Fuck me, that’s sad. I really want to lay down the track and have Lay and Len sing it together.

“They hurt her pride and her heart,” I sigh. I heard some of what happened. The fact that they would rather fuck each

other, knowing she was listening to them...

Goddamn it.

“You’re growling,” Roark comments with a smirk. “They riled Lay up, felt guilty, and then went to the back bedroom of the tour bus to fuck each other instead.”

“Damn,” Greg grunts, blinking hard. “How much do you like these assholes? I could make them disappear with very little effort.”

Snickering, I shake my head. “I’ll take a rain check on that,” I tell him. “It’ll hurt them more when she moves on without them. I don’t know how this is going to affect the band. It’s truly fucked.”

“One step at a time,” Orion murmurs. “I think they’ve almost broken everything they can. If they decide to record this, do Atlas and Mav need to be here?”

“It depends.” I sigh. “Len and Layla will need to write the music together and then decide if we need a keyboard or a second guitarist for it. This is going to get complicated, but we’re professionals. We’ll show up for our craft and so will they.”

I sound so sure, they simply nod. The truth is, it’s all I can hope for.



LENNON WHIMPERS IN HER SLEEP, and I frown, turning to brush her forehead. I know she had a therapy appointment, but sometimes they bring up shit for her and she has a nightmare afterward.

It happens to Roark too. He doesn't go as often, but he says it usually helps in the moment when he feels out of control. Unfortunately, the subconscious is a fickle beast.

"Lavender, wake up, baby," I say softly as she twists in her sheets. Roark looks over my shoulder, and leans over, ripping down the offending material that's trapping her.

"Tiny Valkyrie, it's not real. Wake up," he insists.

"Wait," O says, half asleep. "Don't wake her up yet. What is she saying?"

"You can't," Lennon mutters, turning in her sleep. "Don't. Please stop touching me!"

Fuck. Blinking hard, I try to hold back the tears. I can only imagine what she's dreaming about. Our girl has survived so much over the last year, and she seems so *normal* from day to day.

The truth is that there's no normal for how to deal with trauma. Sometimes it takes you by surprise.

Gasping, Lennon sits up, but her eyes are still closed.

"She's stuck," Orion grunts, crawling over us to Len. Holding her face tightly, he talks to her as if she's the only person in the room. "Hey, Sweet Girl, come back to us. They don't have a hold of you. We will always find you. Always. Open your eyes."

As if pulled by a string, she opens her eyes, sagging as she recognizes Orion.

"O," she breathes.

"Hey, want to tell me who had a hold of you in your dreams, Little Love?" he asks, smoothing back her hair.



The babies start to cry, and Derek leaps up with Roark to pick them up.

“I... it was dark, and it was bits and pieces. I was drugged and people were touching me, doing things I didn’t want to do,” she whispers, pain and shame heavy in her words.

“You didn’t do anything wrong in that memory,” I rasp, realizing what she was dreaming about. Dr. Xav sold her to the highest bidder while she was at the hospital.

“I don’t think I’ve ever dreamed about it,” she confesses, her arms slightly trembling as she takes Saira from Roark. O supports her as she holds the baby, making sure she’s steady.

“You know what, sit up,” he mutters. Looking confused, she does as he asks, and Orion wiggles behind her to support her better. I’m sure the snuggles don’t hurt either. “Much better.”

“I love you too,” she says, her lips twitching as she starts to feed Saira first and then situates Devlin. “I’m safe, I’m here, and I’m so damn loved.”

“Yes,” I rumble, drinking in my gorgeous girl.

“Lenny, remember how I proposed?” Roark asks, chewing on his lip.

“Aye,” she teases, laying her head on Orion’s chest as she looks up at him. “I do recall that.”

“You’re such a brat,” he chuckles.

“I am, Daddy. What are you going to do about it?”

Orion’s shoulders shake as he silently laughs and Lenny giggles.

“I want us to marry you,” Roark confirms. “I mean, I want us all to figure out some kind of commitment ceremony, since it won’t be legal, and I want it to be soon.”

“I would love that,” she agrees with a smile before biting her lip. “Um, how soon?”

“Do you remember who you’re related to?” I grin. “Jordan Miles is going to make the best wedding coordinator, don’t you think?”

The quiet laughter is something I would rather have any day of the week instead of Lavender’s panicked noises.

“Anyone have any idea what coast that man is on right now?” Roark asks. Knowing him, he wants to call him right now.

Glancing at the time, I see it’s four in the morning. Eh, either way it’s possible he may be awake.

“I don’t know, should we chance it and call?” Derek asks, excitement sparking in his eyes. I know he was worried he would be left behind.

“Yes, but before we do, I want to make something clear. This right here, in this room, you’re ours. It doesn’t matter who has had sex with who, how far our relationships are, we are in this together. So this marriage is all of us against the world, understood?”

Orion’s wide green eyes meet mine in shock.

“This is why I’m saying this,” I insist leaning my forearms on my raised legs. “Joining our little family doesn’t mean you’re less important. O, you pulled Lavender out of her nightmare like a pro. She was lost and you helped her wake up. You, Derek, you’re important to us.”

“And comfy,” Lenny says sleepily, making me snort. “I love you guys. I can’t wait to get married to you, and you’re right. Jordan will probably have kittens when he hears that we want him to help us plan and coordinate our wedding. Our lives are too hectic to do it without him.”

Orion wraps his arms around our girl, so she and the babies are secure if she does fall asleep, as I reach over Derek to grab my phone.

“Ready, fiancé?” I tease him as I grin wildly at him. My face may split from how happy I am now.

“Does this mean I get a ring and a proposal?” he sasses, making O bury his face in Lavender’s hair to cover his reaction.

Fuck, I didn’t think that far ahead. Roark rolls his eyes, turning to dig into a drawer.

“Aye, Derek, way to ruin my surprise,” he snarks, lifting three black boxes.

“You’re literally the most prepared bastard on the planet,” I breathe in awe. I definitely wasn’t ready for that.

“I knew this day would come,” Roark says nonchalantly. “We’ve fought for our happiness, and still continue to. We have two beautiful babies. Why wouldn’t I propose to the people I love?”

“Damn, there’s so much game happening here,” Derek says in awe. “Continue, Daddy Ror.”

Rolling his lips inward, he attempts to stifle his smile, but it’s no use. “Fook, I can’t keep a straight face. Derek, you came into our lives like a battering ram, faced off with good ‘ole Sally, and refused to back down. I hope you continue to fight to be in our lives just like that.”

Derek looks gobsmacked as he stares at Roark, sitting back on his heels in the bed. He's wearing joggers without a shirt, and I have to admire how gorgeous he is even while shocked.

"O, even as new as you are to our little family, you fit," Roark continues. "You know what Lenny and Derek need, you're really damn patient, and we're slowly changing you as much as you change us. The way you blush at the smallest things is also damn sexy." Orion flushes at his words and Lennon turns her face to his jaw.

"You are part of the darkness, and refuse to blink when it stares back at you. You don't judge, even if you have trouble understanding things, and those are all things I want in our family. Our time together will come, Baby Boy, don't you worry. In the meantime, will you marry us?"

"Yeah," O breathes before shaking his head. "I mean, holy shit yes."

"Good, because we weren't letting you go," Lavender says with a sleepy smile.

"Turner, you're my soulmate, and I'll never discount that. We floundered without our Little Valkyrie, but we managed to find our way back to each other," Roark rasps, pushing me to move to the side of the bed that he's at.

There's no way I'm letting him do this alone. Reaching out, I squeeze his hand, lending him my strength. Tears are already starting to leak from my eyes, and they're really fucking happy tears.

"I didn't have a ring for you when I proposed on the bus all those months ago, but every time we went out, I'd visit a jewelry store in the hopes that I'd find something as right as you are for me," he explains.

It's true, every time we'd go out in a city, Roark would disappear. Now I know where he was going, and my chest feels tight.

"I know I'm the caretaker, the one who—"

Cutting him off, I shake my head. "No, big guy, you are our glue. So much so that I missed when you were struggling, and I'll never forgive myself for that. It makes sense that you would have this incredible proposal with our babies in bed," I tell him.

"In the middle of the night because time is meaningless when you have newborns," Derek chuckles. "This is incredible."

"You're obviously stuck with all of us forever," Lavender sasses.

"You're so lucky you're out of commission for a bit, Lenny, or your ass would be red and you'd be begging me to let you come," Roark rumbles.

Fuck me, and now I'm rock hard. Derek groans, shifting to adjust his cock in his pants. I force myself not to look or I'll want to pull them off and suck him down like my favorite treat.

"Now that we're all emotional or rock hard, I guess we're going to call Jordan?" Orion jokes, wincing slightly.

Lennon simply sighs. "We've called him in weirder ways," she reminds him.

Standing, I kiss Ror's pouty lips. "I love you. Now which ring is mine?"

"I love you," he says with a sexy grin, handing me a box. Opening it, my brows raise as I take in the band. It's rose gold

and tungsten, with Celtic knots blackened into it.

“Wow,” I breathe.

“They’re all the same, but I couldn’t take my eyes off of them when I saw them,” Roark says sheepishly. I was initially joking about the rings, but he put so much thought into these.

“They’re perfect,” I tell him, and Derek and Orion find their voices to say the same.

“Do we wear them now, later? I don’t know how this works,” O says with a blush. So fucking adorable.

Derek leans over and steals a kiss, careful not to crush Lavender or the babies.

“I don’t fooking care about tradition,” Roark shrugs. “Wear them now, less people to beat off you all.”

Derek smirks, but he can’t stop staring at the ring as he puts it on. I am a true brat, so I put on my ring, take a photo, and send it to Jordan. If he’s awake he’ll...

Yep, and there’s the phone call. Swallowing back a laugh, I answer the phone, crawling back into bed with everyone to get comfortable.

*“I swear to everything that’s holy. If you married my niece without me, I’ll be shoving that bat up your ass!” Jordan roars.*

Oops.

“Hi Uncle Jordan!” Lavender sing-songs over his voice. “I’m happy to announce that I am still unmarried, but Roark proposed to the guys beautifully.”

*“Roark... oh thank fuck. It’s about damn time, I know he was looking for rings,”* her uncle says, calming down.

Ror's eyes widen, and I roll my eyes. Jordan is such a know it all stalker.

"Okay, stalker," I tell him. Jordan doesn't take offense and simply waits for me to continue. "You know how busy we all are, and Roark wants to get married sooner rather than later. We all do. So, want to help us make that happen?"

"Please be our wedding coordinator, Uncle Jordan!" Lennon says, happiness in every word.

*"Are you serious?"* Jordan asks in shock.

"We wouldn't do anything without your support, anyway. You know our schedule, when things need to be done, and it couldn't ever happen without you," I remind him with a shrug. "So, what do you think?"

"I kind of want to get married on a beach if you're taking requests," Lavender says.

"Huh, that would be really pretty," I muse and Derek nods.

"Myrtle Beach isn't far, but fuck we could even do Florida," Derek says. "With Jordan's help, a destination wedding wouldn't be a big deal."

*"I love hearing that. It makes me feel like a superhero,"* Jordan says. I can hear the awe and happiness in his voice. He didn't even know Lennon was his niece until earlier this year, and now that he does, it makes this all so much better.

*"Alright, I have a direction,"* he continues to muse. *"It's September, a late wedding in Florida should be doable. Warm, beautiful, and perfect blue skies. Now that I have my notes for that, expect to get messages often because you need a dress, Lennon, but that's for another day. Did your sister get in okay?"*

“She did,” Lennon confirms. “I don’t know how the rest of this tour is going to go, Jordan. They really fucked up.”

*“Mav and Atlas are hiding from my calls,” Jordan growls. “I don’t know if they’re going to South Carolina after everything. The assholes blocked me from the bus’s itinerary too. So, they’ll pop back up when they crawl out of whatever hole they dig themselves into eventually. How do you want the rest of the tour to go? There’s three last performances and they’re all next week.”*

“I think we should perform,” Lennon sighs. “After that, Layla and I can record with the guys, and we can decide what to do with Atlas and Mav. Who knows if they want to be part of Darkest Nights after this? It’s just damn uncomfortable, and if they weren’t sure what they wanted, they shouldn’t have shit where they eat.”

Lenny is heated and I don’t blame her. “Layla and Lennon got some lyrics down for a song,” I report. Her eyes grow large and I shrug. “It’s really fucking good. Anyone who has ever had some kind of heartache will love it.”

“I need to put it to music, but it is really good. We broke shit in a rage room kind of set up that Ror made us. It was the best therapy. I’m not even riled up, and it was amazing,” Lavender says with a feral grin. I love her so much. Stabbiness and all.

*“I’m glad she’s okay,” Jordan says. “This is such odd territory for me. I’m stuck between wanting to fuck them over with unpaid parking tickets and staying professional.”*

“For now, Layla is okay,” Lavender says firmly. “We agree she shouldn’t stay in their bus anymore. She also wants to online date which I support. Between all of the computer hackers in this family, it’ll be safe.”



*“Yeah, it should be,” Jordan grumbles. “Congratulations, I’m glad I got up early because I’ll be bouncing with excitement the rest of the day. Kiss the babies for me. I’m going to pop in on Monday if that’s okay?”*

“You’re always welcome.” I smile. “Good night.”

A series of good nights fill the room, and I snuggle into bed. Roark and Derek carefully unlatch the now sleeping babies to settle them back into their cribs, and we all pass out for the rest of the night.

# CHAPTER SIX

---

Lennon

“So if we’re going to do this dating thing,” Layla sighs as she eats chocolate drizzled popcorn on the couch, “what are my prospects? Have you posted the profile on the website yet?”

Sipping my water, I grin at her questions. She pretends that she’s not excited, but there’s a brightness to her eyes.

“I did. I found a photo I love of you for it, too,” I gush, pulling out my phone.

“I’m officially scared,” she winces. “Let’s see this photo, then.”

“I’d never post a photo where you don’t look absolutely gorgeous,” I tell her, rolling my eyes as I hand her the phone with the dating app open. Roark saw me setting it up, and kissed my forehead and told me to have fun. No jealous questions were necessary.

“Oh wow,” Lay murmurs as she looks at the photo. I took it when she was over recently. Her head is tilted back in laughter, and her hair looks amazing. “When did you take this?”

“Remember when you were here during the summer between concerts? We made wind chimes for the babies’ room, even though they don’t sleep in there,” I giggle. I love having the kids in our room. It’s exhausting to think about having to travel to get them every feeding.

“I do remember.” She grins. “We made two even though at the time we thought it was just one baby. I love this photo, it’s perfect. Wow, there’s a lot of matches!”

Smirking, I nod. “Personally, I think the IT guy is cute. There’s something really sexy about a guy who is smart,” I tell her.

“You have a type,” she teases me. Lay isn’t wrong. Derek and O definitely know their way around a computer, and all the illegal shit they can get into is fucking hot.

Not that this is at all what an IT specialist does.

“He is cute, though,” she agrees as she looks at Tyler. He has light brown hair that’s longer on top, black-rimmed glasses that add to his sexiness, and what appears to be caramel brown eyes.

“How do you feel about meeting him?” I ask with a shrug. We go back on the road together on Wednesday, and then have shows Thursday, Friday, and Saturday to wrap up the tour.

We could technically squeeze in a date before we leave.

“Aren’t I leaving tomorrow?” Layla asks, nose scrunching in confusion.

“Nope, Jordan moved some things around. You’re leaving with us on Wednesday morning instead. If you don’t mind traveling with the twins, you can just come with us on the bus?” I ask. I’m enjoying my time with Layla, and I honestly want to extend it.

I’m being selfish, but I don’t care if she doesn’t.

“Ooh. Remind me to give him an extra squeeze when I see him,” Layla grins. “Clearly, I’ve been missing things. I love my niece and nephew, and I don’t care about being woken up by them when we travel. So I will gladly take you up on the ride in the bus. So what else have you been planning behind my back?”

Giggling, I know she doesn't mean it in a bad way. "Turner, Roark, and I will be performing with you for the last three shows of the tour this week, and then that's it for the year. After that, we're pretty free outside of recording and some social media spotlights."

"Ooh. A break sounds fantastic. I don't usually look at the schedule past the next couple of days to be honest."

"We're the same way," I reassure her. "It overwhelms me to look at it all together. That's where Jordan comes in to remind us to look at the things that need our attention. He's also popping in on Monday for a visit."

"So you're telling me that I should accept Tyler's invitation for drinks tonight?" she asks.

"Tonight? The man works fast," I tell her with raised brows.

"Right? I kind of want to say yes," Layla says shyly. "Do you think it'll be a big deal if I suggest Bear or Miguel's club for it? Just for safe ground."

Knowing Bear, he'll give Tyler the third degree if they go there. It doesn't matter if he doesn't know Lay well, he's protective.

"Suggest Miguel's club, and I'll text him to make sure you can get in without waiting," I decide. Family doesn't wait in line.

"Oh, you're going with me," she hisses. "Choose one of your fiancés, get dolled up, and make sure you pump beforehand."

"Little sister is bossy," Orion mutters as he walks by the living room.

“There we go! I found a volunteer,” Layla crows as I giggle at her.

“Want to take me out on the town to make sure my little sister isn’t cut up into little pieces on her online date, babe?” I ask, fluttering my eyelashes.

“Why are you so pretty even when you look like you’re having an aneurysm,” he mutters as he walks into the room. Smirking, I shake my head. He’s right, it’s not a great look for me.

“Are you up for taking me out?” I ask. “You can run him through your databases if needed.”

“The two of you together are trouble, aren’t you?”

“Yep,” Layla confirms. “So yes or no? He’s waiting for an answer.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever taken you out on a proper date, Lennon. So yes,” he says with a slow, sexy smile. I’m not one to care about going on dates with how crazy our schedules are, but I really want to do this with Orion.

He has so many firsts that we haven’t done. Fuck yes, I want this.

“Yes.” I nod. “Do you want to make sure he’s not a crazy person?”

“Absolutely,” she says as she finishes messaging Tyler. “I want to lose my virginity, not end up as a skin suit. Will you find out what you can, please, Orion?”

Orion blinks slowly at her, a blush crawling up the back of his neck. “There’s so much that I’m uncomfortable with in what you just said, but yes I can run a background check on

him,” he says, taking my phone from her. “I’ll be back with this later, Little Love.”

I nod to show that I know he’s talking to me before turning back to Lay. “You did that on purpose,” I hiss as he walks away, amusement in my voice. “Poor O.”

“I can’t believe he’s still so uncomfortable with the topic of sex,” she says.

“I think it’s more that he sees you as his little sister now too,” I explain. “So he had multiple icks in what you said.”

“Ohh... okay that’s really sweet then. I promise to try not to fuck with him as much,” she says, grinning impishly. “Oh my god! I can’t believe I’m going on a date!”

I let myself get taken away by her squeals, because this is normal and fun, and I didn’t realize how much I needed this.

“What are you wearing?” I know full well she hasn’t thought that far along.

“Lenny, please help me. I have no idea!”

I jerk my head toward the stairs, excited. “Let’s go check my closet while the babies are sleeping,” I chuckle. Derek is out on the back porch, getting used to tandem wearing them in the baby carrier.

Layla shoots across the room so fast, I snicker as I follow her upstairs.

“I hear you’re going on a hot date.” Turner grins as I pass him in the hallway.

“I am, wanna help me find an outfit?”

“Too bad we can’t rip it off you,” he grumbles.

Think I should tell them that oral is still on the table? I'm kind of enjoying their blue balls at the moment.



“FOOK ME,” Roark mutters as Layla and I walk down the stairs to say goodbye to them. “Please don’t lose your virginity in the club tonight, Lay.”

Layla snorts. “Why not? It’s totally romantic,” she teases him.

Tori came over to hang out with Tesa, and they snicker at Roark’s face. “Miguel’s club sees a lot of sexual activity, let’s just say that. Don’t look too closely in the shadowed corners and you’ll be fine.” Tori shrugs.

“Oh my god,” Layla breathes. “I thought Ror was kidding.”

“No, *mija*. He knows exactly what goes down in Miguel’s club.” Tesa smirks. “My brother knows about the hookups, and tends to drag Tori off still.”

“There are perfectly good beds at your house,” Lay says, scandalized, making me hide my smile.

“Griff and I tend to fuck everywhere but our bed,” Tesa says with a shrug. “Let me see the photo of this guy you’re off to meet, Layla.”

She makes grabby hands at us, and I hand her my phone with the app open to Tyler’s photo. She looks hard at it for a moment before showing Tori. “Isn’t that... He’s our grumpy IT guy, right?”

Tori and Tesa work for a publishing house, though they’re senior enough employees that they work remotely when they



can.

“You know him?” I ask.

“Yeah, Tyler Mallard. He’s a really good guy. Kind of surly initially, but very protective if he likes you. He helped Tori with a crazy ex-boyfriend situation a few years ago,” Tesa explains. “Oh, he played this one close to the chest. We’ve been trying to get him to date for ages.”

“Huh,” Layla murmurs. “It makes me feel better that you know him. It’s less likely that he’s an ax murderer.”

“Layla,” Orion sighs, rolling his eyes. “Not everyone is a homicidal maniac.”

“Or rather,” she drawls. “Being a homicidal maniac isn’t a bad thing, as long as those actions aren’t aimed at me.”

“I would never—Fuck,” Orion groans. “I really can’t have this conversation with you.”

Yep, my sister is way smarter than people give her credit for. I’m not surprised though with how I disappeared and what it took to find me.

“I didn’t think that would be that easy.” Layla smirks. “I’m glad Tyler is a good guy. I need a win tonight. Thanks you guys.”

Tori and Tesa say goodnight to us as we walk out the door and they return home. Orion still looks a little shocked and confused at being bested by my sister, and she takes pity on him as we get into the car.

“Orion, my sister was gone. I know it was a concentrated effort to get her back, but you were a big part of it. Thank you for returning her to me,” Layla says sincerely, leaning forward

in the car. “I don’t care about the how of it. I just care that she’s here.”

“Thank you,” he says, blowing out a breath. “I spend a lot of time hiding. So thank you for seeing me.”

Fuck, I’m going to cry. Blinking rapidly, I attempt to keep the tears at bay. Damn hormones.

“Lenny, don’t cry,” Layla murmurs as O starts to drive. “You know I love you. I just got a sister. I’m not ready to give you up.”

“I don’t plan on going anywhere. I’m chipped and everything,” I tell her, giving a watery giggle.

“Good,” she says with a nod. “The guys need to be able to find you wherever you go. I think it’s romantic.”

O snorts as he drives. “You both have a perfectly twisted view of romance. I can see where the blood relation comes in.”

“Shush.” I smile to take away the heat. “You’re not wrong, though. Possessive behavior is incredibly hot in the right circumstance.”

“I’m very glad to hear that,” he says with a lazy grin as he pulls into the club parking lot. Thankfully, it’s not a far drive.

Getting out of the car, I adjust my dress. I decided to go with a lace ruched bustier satin cami dress and black booties. Layla is wearing a black cropped off the shoulder shirt with a dark green mini skirt. She looks gorgeous, and her hair is curled in loose waves. I did her eye makeup in a brown toned smokey eye, and a maroon lip.

My sister’s date won’t know what hit him.

“You look incredible, Lennon,” O whispers against the shell of my ear, making me shiver. Biting my lip, I look up at

him.

I chose blacks and purples for my eye makeup with a pink lip gloss. I wanted to look pretty for Orion, since I've been wearing very loose and comfortable clothing that makes my boobs easily accessible.

"Thank you," I murmur. O is wearing a black button down shirt with the sleeves rolled up with black pants. It seems almost boring, but on this man's body? Fuck me.

Orion licks his lips with a nod and escorts Lay and I to the front of the line.

"Name," the door man grunts, barely looking up. I don't know him, but you'd think he wouldn't be such a dick.

"Lennon O'Reilly and guests," I say coolly, as Miguel instructed.

The man's eyes snap up to mine, looking startled. "I'm so sorry, miss. My apologies. Please go right in and have a great night," he murmurs. He doesn't even bother carding us as he opens the door, though Layla is legal now.

"Wow," O says softly as he follows us in. "I thought I was going to have to get annoyed and make it a whole thing."

"I had a feeling that when Lenny said her name that he would change his tune," Lay says with a shrug.

"I don't think he would have recognized my name if he didn't have it on his list," I tell them. I don't think he would know my music or my face if it bit him in the ass to be honest.

Layla loops her arm in mine while Orion stays protectively behind us as we walk. I see Miguel's dark eyes as he leans against the wall, and he pushes away to move toward us.

“Ladies, Orion.” Miguel smiles widely. Everyone says he can be grumpy, but I’ve never really noticed that. “I understand Tyler is a friend, but Greg, Link, and I agree that we’ll forget that if he fucks up.”

Oh there’s the grumpy man.

“That shouldn’t be necessary, Miguel,” Lay giggles. “I just want to have a fun night, forget some assholes exist.”

“Hmm,” he murmurs, glancing over at me. “He’s at the bar waiting for you, Layla. Please try not to have sex in my club.”

“I’m not losing my virginity in a club, no matter how nice it is,” she says with a sigh, patting his arm as we walk away. Miguel looks as if he’s about to swallow his tongue, and I hide my smile. He may end up watching them even closer after this.

“Are you drinking tonight, Lennon?” Layla asks as we step up to the bar. It’s a busy night, and there’s music thumping through the speakers. I wonder if there’s going to be any live music tonight.

“You know what? Yeah, I’ll take a vodka and watermelon punch,” I tell her since she’s gotten the attention of the bartender.

O wraps his arm around my waist and buries his face in my lavender and blue tresses. After the babies were born, I decided to have a little fun with my hair.

“You smell so good,” he murmurs in my ear. “I don’t normally dance, but I really want you wrapped around me.”

“Then that’s exactly what we’ll do,” I smile. “I’m yours for the night. I’m sure Lay won’t need us for very long either.”

Layla turns back triumphantly with drinks. Orion doesn’t drink at all, and she’s sweet for remembering.

“Let’s find him then, shall we?” I tease, taking a sip of my drink. It’s refreshing and tastes delicious, and I hum in happiness. This is actually my first drink since I found out I was pregnant.

“I think I see him on the other end of the bar,” she says in my ear. Orion straightens to look and nods. There’s too many people where I’m at to see properly. “I’m going to go introduce myself. I’ll signal if I need you.”

Layla is gone before I ask her what the signal is and I shake my head in amusement. I’m glad she’s over her initial jitters.

Orion grabs my hand and tugs me to the dance floor, and I throw back the rest of my drink to follow him. It’ll be my only one tonight, and I feel floaty as the alcohol works through my body.

He’s a surprisingly good dancer, but it somehow makes sense since he’s so careful to fit into society.

Turning me so I fit perfectly into his body, he curves into me as we move our hips to the music. Tugging my hair, O turns my head so he can claim my lips over my shoulder. Lost to the sensation of his hand around my waist, rubbing my skin through the thin lace covering it, and his soft lips as he begs me to open for him, everything else falls away.

Orion’s thick cock is hard against my ass, and I whimper into his mouth. “What do you need, Little Love?” he breathes against my lips.

“You,” I gasp, chasing his kisses. The sexy chuckle as he continues to torture me as he skims his knuckles under my breast goes straight to my vagina and makes my panties flood.

“Is my pretty little love needy? Should I bury my head between your thighs, or is it not safe?” he asks. I know a part of them have been treating me like glass after having a baby, but the stitches are out, and my vagina is perfect.

I may not be ready for penetration, but I really want him. I thought I wouldn't be after how crazy the labor was... I was wrong. I need it right now.

“Please,” I beg, biting my lip.

“So fucking pretty when you beg. Are you sure? Is it, uh safe?” He's adorable as he looks a little worried about the state of my pussy.

Turning in his arms makes him let go of my hair so I can stare into his eyes. His arms lock around my back from where he's leaned over me, searching my mind for reassurance that he won't break me if he eats my pussy like it's his last meal.

“Keep your dick in your pants, and we'll be good,” I sass. “For real though, I can't have sex for a couple more weeks until I'm cleared, but I need you to give my pussy some attention.”

I'm up in the air before I even finish my sentence as O picks me up and throws me over his shoulder. My squeals go ignored, making me think there's just something about this club that leads to sexy time.

“*Mierda*, you too?” Miguel groans as O stalks past him. “I hear the back hallway is pretty quiet and isolated.”

“Thank you!” I squeak as Orion spansks my ass.

“I have eyes on Layla, have fun,” he chuckles as I disappear with O around the corner.

I can't see much hanging upside down, but I trust O to find somewhere that'll work. It's honestly never bothered me to get caught having sex in public, so I'm not about to start now.

"There's little hidey holes," O murmurs as he carefully brings me back to my feet. Pushing away my hair, I see that sections of the wall are recessed into alcoves. I can see why people tend to hook up in Miguel's club.

"Perfect," I purr, stepping into it with a coy smile over my shoulder. Orion stalks my movements like the predator that he is, and I love that he won't let me get away with anything for long.

"Put your hands on the wall, legs spread wide, Little Love. I'll kick them open if you're lazy," he warns.

Willing to play his game for now, I do as he asks, happy that he helps me by shoving my dress up to my waist. There was no way I would be able to spread my legs for him otherwise. Dropping to his knees, he palms my ass, biting it hard.

Gasping, I whimper as he drags his knuckle over my panty-covered pussy.

"Get your tits out of that dress, I want to see them bounce as I finger fuck you, baby," he growls. Quickly, I thank God that my straps are stretchy enough for me to pull my arms out of them and push the bodice down so my breasts bounce out.

O continues to push the scrap of fabric against me, stimulating my clit. It's almost painful as he rubs it against me, since it's embarrassingly wet.

"Look at how damn soaked you are for me, Little Love. You're going to be a good fucking girl and follow directions

because you want to come, won't you?" I sob out an agreement, writhing and shoving my cunt closer to his face.

He shoves his nose into my covered pussy and inhales deeply. "You smell so damn good. Roark is right. You smell like vanilla. I need a reminder as to if you taste like it too."

Wrapping his hand in the barely there panties, he rips them off, leaving me breathless. I can't even gasp out a sob as he gives my pussy an open mouthed kiss before pushing his tongue inside of me.

My eyes roll as his thumb firmly rubs my clit, and I mewl.

"That's my pretty Little Whore," he coos before he sucks on my clit and pushes a finger into my channel. "So damn wet for me. Is this all mine?"

"Yes," I sigh. "It's all yours. No one else's. Fuck, I love you, please don't stop."

Orion smacks my ass hard, making my body jolt. My breasts bounce in their unfettered state, and Orion growls.

"Turn around. I need to see your face when you come for me," he says.

Breathing hard, I turn for him, squealing as he grabs my ass and lifts me onto his face. I'm pinned between the wall and him, as he devours me.

"Vanilla, fuck me, I want you all over my face," he groans. My fingers dig into his hair, pulling him tightly to me as my heels dig into his broad back. He looks like a blond devil as he brings me closer and closer to release. "Lennon, play with your tits, make them fucking weep for me so I can lick up the mess afterwards."



Making sure the dress is pushed down to my waist, I palm my breasts, pinching my nipples and squeezing as requested. They're so sensitive now, and I'm practically naked in the hallway of this darkened club. The possibility of getting caught is exciting, even though we are slightly hidden here.

The walls of my pussy start to attempt to clamp down on nothing, and I whine in frustration. I want his thick cock, but I can't have it yet. Orion's face is shiny with my arousal, his emerald eyes sparkling as he gives me what I want. Three fingers are pushed into my channel, and while there's a slight sting of pain, it's what I need to make me come as O sucks and licks my clit.

Tears escape my eyes as I come, shuddering with a sound I didn't think I was capable of making. My milk is slowly running down my body, and O's eyes are trained on the little trail as he finger fucks me through my orgasm.

The sounds of my gasping breaths as I attempt to regulate my breathing is the only thing that can be heard as Orion presses his lips to my inner thigh.

"Let me clean the rest of you up," he says with a sexy grin as he carefully helps me stand as I lean against the wall.

Orion is thorough as he licks up the milk from my letdown, making me moan at how much he enjoys it.

"You're so beautiful," he says softly as he slowly helps me get my dress back into place. It doesn't escape my notice how he tucks the now ruined panties into his pocket. "Let's hit the bathroom so we can clean up a bit. I saw one as we walked down here."

"You walked, I was carried," I giggle.

O looks down at me fondly, and I'm amazed that this is my life. Going on dates with my fiancés, living a normal life where I'm free. It's kind of amazing. Orion links his fingers in mine, and I can feel his ring.

Orion checks the bathroom quickly, before dragging me into the men's room with him. Laughing, I shake my head at him as I pop into the stall to clean up a little. The sink runs as he cleans off his face, and I can't stop smiling.

Feeling a little cleaner after soaking his face, I walk out of the bathroom where he's drying it.

"Totally worth it, you taste like home and delicious, Little Love," he growls, making me shiver as I wash my hands.

We surprise a man as we walk out of the bathroom, and I hide my face as I giggle in O's shoulder. It doesn't matter that we didn't actually do anything in the bathroom, my endorphins are riding me, and I feel giddy.

"Shall we see how this date is going?" I ask, looking up at Orion.

"I think it's going pretty well," he smirks, inclining his head toward the bar where Tyler is kissing my sister.

Well damn, looks like he's got game after all.

We spend the night dancing and having a ball, keeping an eye on the corner of the bar that they're holding up as they laugh and talk.

# CHAPTER SEVEN

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Derek

I'm currently staring out at my front porch in disbelief. Shit, this isn't how I expected our Monday to be starting out.

James Campbell is smiling uncertainly next to his quietly fuming brother.

"I can't believe you tailed me from the airport," Jordan grouses. "Can't you understand that Lennon wants nothing to do with you?"

"But why? She's my daughter. I can safely claim her now that her psychotic mother is dead and gone." James shrugs.

There was never an official obituary for Carrie, so I don't know how he got this information. Except, as I see a guilty flush crawl up Jordan's neck, I realize who told him.

"The babies are sleeping," I grunt. "I don't think it's a good time for you to come in. Go away."

"Who are you talking to like that? Damn, did I forget to give you coffee this morning?" Roark asks, opening the door wider as he comes to the door. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

"Honestly," James complains. "Why can't Lennox be normal."

"Her name is Lennon," Jordan groans, pinching his nose. "Are you kidding me right now?"

"That woman insisted on giving her a ridiculous name," James scoffs.

"My Valkyrie has a fucking incredible name. Do I need to throw you out, or can you walk out yourself?" Roark

grumbles.

Giving myself the tiny pleasure of pulling strength from this mountain of a man, I arch my brow at Lennon's father.

"I have grandchildren. You can't keep me from them. Jordy!"

"Don't 'Jordy' me, you asshole. I'm so sorry guys, I really didn't think he'd follow me. I can come back later, or not at all," Jordan sighs.

"What the hell is going on?" Lennon asks, ducking underneath and around us. "Da... James?"

"Dad," James murmurs, looking at Lennon. Our girl is in a pair of leggings and a long-sleeved tunic so she can easily nurse the twins. Thankfully, she's wearing a bra because she was expecting her uncle, and she's in fuzzy socks. "What are you wearing? And are you really fucking all these men? Is that how I became a grandfather?"

Lennon's lips part in surprise, and I watch her blink rapidly to clear the sting of tears.

"Nope," Roark and I growl together, exploding into motion.

"Fuck, wait, wait, wait!" Jordan yells, stepping in front of James. I have a feeling he's been protecting the sniveling piece of shit for most of his life. "Let me do the honors."

Surprising us all, Jordan turns and clocks the smug look off of his brother's face.

"As for the first question, this is her home, so she can wear whatever her little heart desires," Jordan begins, lifting his loafer and kicking James off the porch. Following the son of a bitch, he continues to answer James.

“You don’t get to ask any woman who they’re fucking or not, much less your daughters. It’s none of your goddamn business. You also aren’t a grandfather, you’re the deadbeat dad who left her. Get off her fucking property and don’t come back,” Jordan tells him, kicking him in the stomach where he fell on the ground.

“Uncle Jordan,” Lennon gasps, running down the stairs. Roark makes a strangled sound at the tears in her voice, and I follow them down.

“What the fuck is going on?” Turner mutters, opening the front door wide with Orion behind me. This isn’t going to go well.

“Everyone just... calm down,” Lennon says, sounding out of breath as she fights back her tears. “I’m fairly used to having parents that suck. I don’t want nor need you, James. Carrie was a fucking psychopath that sold me to a sex trafficking ring and had no problems using me for her own gain. I don’t need you!”

James’ shirt is ripped as he scrambles to stand and I jump as Turner bangs Sally on the railing on the stairs.

“I do believe my fiancée has spoken her piece, James. Get the fuck out,” he growls.

“What do you mean your fiancée?! Lennox, are you a whore? Is your pussy made of gold? There’s no way you could possibly keep this many men happy. This is going to be a train wreck. Further more, your boy toy can’t fucking speak to me like that! I’ll break your contract,” James says, brushing off his clothes.

“I’m marrying these men,” Lennon sniffs, tossing her beautiful hair over her shoulder. “You scout new talent, but

have no actual power over my damn career. You're a pathetic excuse for a man."

"Lenny," Layla whispers. She was so quiet I didn't notice her come out. "It's not worth it. He's not worth the breath. I can't believe he said that to you. Her name is Lennon, Dad. Lennon! What the fuck is wrong with you?"

Wincing, I wait for James to truly explode. Lay didn't really curse before we came onto the scene.

"Who are you, and where is my sweet girl?" James asks, horrified. "She's rubbing off on you. You can't stay with Lennox. This den of iniquity isn't an appropriate place for my daughter."

"So which is it, James? Are you only claiming me when it's best for you? That's not what parenthood is about," Lennon says, fire growing in her eyes despite the tears. "I will never be that kind of parent to my children. Get out."

Orion starts moving, and I smirk. An eviction is in process.

"My girl has asked you several times to leave," Orion growls, stalking toward him.

James seems tiny in comparison to O as he's fireman carried to the front gate and thrown onto the road.

"Don't come back!" Orion yells, glaring over his shoulder before jogging over to Lennon and picking her up to hold her tightly. "He's a bigoted fool, Little Love. You're perfect."

As if his words release the floodgates, she sobs into O's neck. Layla sighs, rubbing her eyes.

"He's always been different with me," she says at a loss. "I think it's because I always did what he wanted."

“Aye,” Jordan mutters. “He doesn’t do very well with freethinkers. Our dad kind of did a number on us. Not that I’m making excuses. He’s a dick.”

“He is,” Lennon snuffles, taking a huge breath. “God, I need to get inside. The kids are alone.”

“They’re asleep, I have the monitor on my phone,” Turner says, lifting his cell. “Let’s go in and get you some water and forget about him.”

“Sometimes parents just suck,” Roark says sadly. I have the feeling that he has a story there too. “My mum doesn’t understand me either. Unfortunately, we’re adults and we live with the weight of our decisions, good or bad. You’re all the best things to ever happen to me, so don’t you worry your pretty head about him, Tiny Valkyrie.”

Lennon gives him a brilliant smile as Orion carries her back into the house, her eyes still glittering with leftover tears. I meet Jordan’s gaze, and he blows out a breath, shaking out his hand.

“I can still get him picked up by the police for some kind of bogus heinous crime,” he grumbles, walking into the house.

I bark out a laugh, amazed by the crazy family I’ve found myself in.



Lennon

I made an appointment to see my therapist, asking to come in today. Dr Evelyn Bradley not only works remotely, but I also found out that she relocated to a town just outside of Georgetown. Uncle Jordan asks if he can drive me, and I agree after making sure the twins are situated and I'm done pumping.

I'm officially a human cow, but I feel it less so when I see the appreciative looks from the guys. It's nice to feel sexy still.

I'm a ball of emotion after seeing the person who calls himself my father. In truth, he hasn't been my father since he left me with my mother when I was seven years old.

"I'm not going to ask if you're okay," Jordan says slowly as he starts driving us toward the office. It's about a forty minute trip. "James is very closed minded, and we used to be very close until I realized he wouldn't accept me for me. Now he gets maybe fifteen percent of who I am. My brother has never noticed the difference."

"He's selfish," I bite out, looking over at him.

"Yep," he mutters. "Close minded and I'm pretty sure he hates gay people as well. James is a bully, which in this industry especially is a problem. He holds it together well while he's scouting for talent, and then drops them off with the recording studio and moves on to the next band. This way he doesn't see too much, doesn't make attachments."

"I don't think I'd have been able to keep it together if he said awful things to the guys. We're all together for the most part. I mean..."

Why is this so awkward?

“Lennon,” Jordan chuckles. “I’d be blind to not see it. I only care that they treat you well. Roark and Turner have always had a relationship together as well as with you, though the rest of the world struggled to see it. It doesn’t bother me in the least. Your father? He sees relationships as very clear cut and as a male and a female together.”

“That’s so narrow minded,” I groan.

“Agreed. So when I figured out that I was attracted to both, I started to drift away from your father a bit. It just got worse when I started to look for the little girl he left behind,” he sighs.

My lips twist sadly, knowing he means me. “I’m glad you never stopped looking. He’s not invited to the wedding,” I say sharply.

“Ha!” Jordan barks in amusement. “His ass is on the no-fly list for the entire month of October, Sweet Girl.”

I giggle that he is willing to use his power for evil for me.

“I can’t believe we’re actually getting married,” I sigh. “I mean it won’t be legal but—”

“It’ll kind of be. So you’re going to legally marry Roark and then we’ll do a handfasting ceremony to show your commitment to each other,” Jordan explains. “This way on paper you’re married to at least one person.”

“Hmm. Things have been so busy we haven’t talked about it. Everyone is okay with this?” I ask, chewing on my bottom lip.

“Yes. Lenny, stop torturing your lip,” he chuckles. “For things like taxes, you get a tax break in South Carolina. I’m

assuming you're planning to continue to live here?"

"Yes. I love it here." I grin. "The house is amazing, my neighbors are incredible. I'm happy here."

"Then, it's a smart business decision, and the guys said that since Ror proposed, he gets to marry you officially." Jordan shrugs. "I think it's solid thinking."

A giggle escapes as I think about that. It does make sense.

The rest of the drive is spent in easy conversation chatting and planning.

"I don't know how to do this part," Jordan says ruefully as we sit in the car outside of the office building. "Do you need me to come with you?"

"I'm good." I grin, pulling my hair up into a hat. The fall air is really nice for September, and it helps when I go out in public to hide my hair. I'm wearing a comfortable lilac sweater dress with tights and brown combat boots. There's a knife tucked into a secret compartment in them just in case. "The guys can still track me, and I'm going straight upstairs."

"That's... really?" he asks in surprise.

"I think they're still kind of traumatized," I explain. "I haven't really been back for long. I don't even notice it, and it doesn't bother me. I'll have my phone, so if you need to do errands, go for it. I'll text you when I'm done."

"I'm just going to make phone calls and stay right here." He looks so proud of that fact, I nod and get out of the car with my crossbody bag.

Walking across the lot, I step through the revolving doors of the building and find the office. Taking a deep breath, I walk in.

Dr Evelyn's secretary smiles serenely at me.

"Hi, Lennon. She's ready for you. Just go right in."

Nodding, I do just that and shut the door behind me.

"Good morning, Lennon," the doctor says with a smile.  
"Let's chat shall we?"

There's so many thoughts in my head, I plop down on the sofa with a sigh.

"Sure. I'm equal parts pissed off and sad today I think, though. You have your work cut out for you," I warn her.

Dr. Evelyn rolls her eyes. "I highly doubt that. What's the thought that's at the forefront of your mind?"

"My parents," I confess. "I have two beautiful babies. What if I'm like my mother? A psychotic narcissist that'll fuck them up? My father is a bigot, and I'm very much not one. But what if I screw up as a mother?"

"So what if you do?" she counters. "I think all parents have this fear, and it's normal. You're not always going to make the right decision, but if you're questioning yourself now, I think you'll be just fine. Let's talk about the bigot part of things, shall we?"

I hadn't told her yet about what happened yesterday, and I rehash it all for her. To her credit, she keeps a tight leash on her emotions, merely nodding as we talk.

"I would say you're not at all like that," she says. "You're a woman who believes that love is love, as is evidence in your relationships. Tell me what else you're thinking about."

Without intending to, the next words come out unbidden.  
"I'm worried about being triggered. It hasn't happened, no one

has said it, but what if something happens and I'm with the kids? I don't want to hurt anyone," I whisper.

"Do you remember the first and only time someone tried to use you as a weapon?" Dr. Evelyn asks, brows raised. As soon as I nod, she continues. "You fought it and killed the people who hurt you, didn't you?"

Remembering Agent Ina Gomez's face before I went dark, I nod. "I still killed a lot of people while I was fighting its hold." I frown. "Is there anything I can do to release myself of some of its power? I really like Hawaiian pizza, it sucks to be scared of one of its ingredients."

Dr. Evelyn's lips twitch before they smooth out. "We can do some exercises to rewire what that word means to you so that it loses some of its power. It'll eventually be just a fruit again. Your mind is way more powerful than you give yourself credit for. Your inner strength is impressive. You've been through so much and come really far. Be proud of yourself."

Leaning back on the pillows, I nod. "I'm impatient," I confess. "It's awful, I know. I want to speed up and slow down. I'm excited to get married and begin that journey, but I also want to soak in every moment. We're going on tour again for just three concerts to be a buffer for my sister and my idiot bandmates, and then taking a break for the rest of the year. It's just... overwhelming in the best of ways."

Dr. Evelyn sets down her clipboard with a smile. "Welcome to the life of every bride to be. These are all very normal responses. It's wonderful and exciting. Bask in it."

She's right. The rest of the appointment helps me feel out my emotions, calm the anxiety, and reminds me that in a lot of ways... I'm still normal. It's nice to remember that.

# CHAPTER EIGHT

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Orion

The next day flies by, and I keep my eye on Lennon. I don't have a lot of experience with touring, but three concerts seemingly back to back seems like a lot. "She'll be fine," Roark murmurs as we bring the last of our bags down the stairs to take out to the tour bus. "Lenny has more help now, Jordan is making sure there's not too many media interviews and photo opportunities. It's as handled as possible."

"I know, she just seems a little quieter since Monday." I sigh. "I don't know if it was seeing her dad or the therapy appointment, but she seems off." As Roark thinks about that, I appreciate that he's giving me the space to say my piece.

"Alright," he says as we board the bus. "We'll keep an eye on her. It could very well be either of those things, but I've noticed her wanting to hold the twins even more than normal. When you have shitty parents, sometimes you worry that it may be genetics."

I completely understand that, but that's not Lennon. She adores our children. Case in point, as we walk to the back of the bus, she's wearing one of the baby carrier contraptions that allow her to hold both babies close to her with her arms free. I'll never get used to how amazing I find this.

"Hey, beautiful," I murmur, kissing her forehead. "How are my girls and little man doing?"

Lennon blushes with pleasure, and it makes me remember the last time she blushed for me.

"We're really good," she says with a grin. "The fridge is stocked, you're here, and we're almost ready to go."

She's been making a concentrated effort to show me where I fit in our family. I love her for this, because I did struggle initially. I'm feeling better as I see how all the puzzle pieces fit together now.

"Cooking on a tiny stove, my favorite thing, Tiny Valkyrie," Roark chuckles as he puts things away. There's so many hidey holes, and my lips twitch as I see coiled rope tucked away too.

"Thank you for letting me stay with you," Layla sighs as she steps into the living room of the bus.

"Of course, our bus is more comfortable too." Lennon shrugs. "Those boys will be getting an earful from me though. I know you want me to stay out of it, but I can't do it."

"We've known them a long damn time," Turner says, scrubbing his face. He has a bit of scruff, and I have to say it looks good. He said he didn't see the point of shaving until an hour or two before the show. Otherwise his skin would be irritated since he doesn't shave as often.

"Aye," Roark mutters. "I've known them as philanderers for years, but the last few months we toured together they were practically monks."

"A girl was just trying to get fucked and have orgasms," Layla sighs. "Now they would rather fuck each other than me. I don't know why, but it hurt my pride in some sense. I really thought something was wrong with me."

Fuck, fuck, fuck. I don't know how to do this. Do I say anything?

"And now what do you think?" Derek asks, leaning against the wall.



I raise my brow as I look over at her, because Derek heard the past tense of her sentence where I just panicked. I don't people well.

"Tyler is sexy, flirted the entire night with me, and made me feel seen. It helped me feel less like a pariah," she says honestly.

Turner stares at her for a second before cursing under his breath. "I need to go get Sally. I'll be back," he says, turning and leaving the bus.

Oh shit. I don't think things are going to go well when we get to Knoxville.

Layla's eyes grow wide and I snort.

"It's definitely not boring on tour," I tease her, lips curving into a lopsided grin.

"Don't throw wood to the fire," Lennon giggles. "It'll be fine. Don't be surprised if they're a little bruised at some point though."

"I guess, avoid the face for the press?" Lay says with a wince.

"Bloodthirsty lass, I like it," Roark snarks as Turner gets back onto the bus with the bat. We already set up two pack and plays for the twins in the bedroom, so we're ready to roll.

"The new driver has been vetted and I have some serious questions as to whether or not he's one of Greg's employees," Turner mutters as he gets comfortable on a couch.

I give him a deadpan look because he is. Greg found out who wouldn't mind driving a bus around for a few days that's on his payroll, and Fredrick accepted the assignment.

“Point taken,” he grumbles. “Alright, get comfy, we have a six hour drive coming up.”

Everyone gets comfortable, and Lennon curls up in an armchair, making sure the twins are safe and relaxed. Layla and her sister chat for hours about things, and work on the song they wrote together, while I work on some coding for Greg.

The hours fly by, and Roark watches a movie with Derek. When it ends, he makes feta and shrimp skillet with white rice, and chocolate chip cookies for dessert. He makes the tiny kitchen his bitch, masterfully serving food to everyone.

“I can’t believe you made all of this,” I tell him in awe. “I’m shocked.”

“I’ve been making meals in small spaces for a lot of years.” He shrugs. “We upgraded the kitchen when the label asked us what we wanted for the bus. Everything has a place now, and I know where it all is. So it’s not difficult for me to do this.”

“It tastes incredible,” Lennon gushes as she takes another bite. The kids are napping in the bedroom, and I have the baby monitor streaming into the eating area.

“I really want to eat the cookie first,” Layla snickers as she sighs happily around another bite of food.

Jordan flew out early this morning to make sure the venue would be completely ready for us. I have a feeling he has his own words to say to Atlas and Mav as well. There’s a reason you don’t fuck around and find out with a very tight family.

“There’s no rules here,” I remind her. “I don’t think Ror cares what you eat first.”

Derek nods impishly as he takes a bite of his cookie happily. Roark grins at his groan as he chews, tucking into his own food. We have only a couple of hours left on the road, but I think I'm enjoying road tripping with my little family, drama and all.

Roark

Mav and Atlas have been blowing up my phone, so I threw it into a hidden storage area in the bus and ignored it. I checked to make sure neither was dead or maimed just to calm my own Catholic guilt, and they were fine. They can come out with it when we arrive, instead of text messaging.

Stepping off the bus as we arrive, I grin as I see Jordan and a well chastised Mav and Atlas.

“What are our plans?” I ask, choosing to ignore the personal for now. We have a job to do.

“Small photo session, then you’re hanging out for an hour before it’s your turn on stage. *Wild Hearts* will be opening for you, a new band the label is launching,” Jordan reports and I nod.

“Sounds good. When is the photo session?” I ask. Lennon just nursed the babies and there’s pumped milk in the fridge in case they fuss at Daddy Orion or Daddy Derek.

“An hour,” Jordan confirms, knowing Lennon and Layla can work within that time frame.

“See you then,” I say shortly, climbing back into the bus.

“Roark!” Mav yells. “Are we just getting the cold shoulder forever? There’s reasons for the shit we did.”

“Your reasons are shit,” Jordan says under his breath.

“If he says they’re shit, then I don’t want to hear them currently. I don’t fancy playing the drums with split knuckles,” I tell Mav, continuing on.

I should feel bad, but I don't. They didn't have to lead Layla on and give her the equivalent of blue bean before going to fuck each other. Again, I don't care if they have a sexual relationship, I care about how they are flaunting it in Lay's face.

"We got about an hour's warning," I say softly as Lennon transfers Saira to the pack and play. Devlin went down easier when Derek put him in, but my little girl demanded extra cuddles from her mommy. "It won't take us that long," Lennon says with a smile, heading off for the shower once Saira is comfortable.

I slip into the bedroom to change into ripped jeans, a mesh sleeveless shirt, and combat boots. My hair styles easily, and for shits and giggles, I line my eyes with some coal liner. Just as I finish, Turner walks in to get dressed as well.

"Goddamn, you look hot," he growls. "I want to strip those pants from you and suck you off."

"You're welcome to after the shoot," I flirt. "Make sure your jaw is ready for me, I have a load of cum just for you."

"Guys," Lennon whines as she comes inside with a towel wrapped around her.

"Poor, sweet, Lavender," Turner says, stalking her. Picking her up, he tosses her gently onto the bed. "How quiet can you be, Baby Girl?"

"She's so not quiet," I snicker.

"I can try," she whimpers. "Please, please."

"She begs so pretty," I praise, stalking toward the bed as Turner rips away the towel. "We've been treating you like glass, but you're not, are you, Tiny Valkyrie?"

“No,” she says, shaking her head. Her hair is still wet, and I know we’ll need to be fast if she’s going to be done getting ready in time.

“I have the perfect solution,” Turner purrs. “Get on your hands and knees, show me that pretty cunt.”

Lenny quickly turns to obey him, my beautiful girl opening her legs wide to present to us her pretty, pink pussy.

“Goddamn, is that wetness all for us, Beautiful? Are you going to gag on my cock like a good fucking girl?” I rumble.

Her breaths come out in little puffs of excitement as she nods. “Yes, Sir. Please, I need it,” she whimpers.

Climbing onto the bed, I fist her brilliantly colored hair. Her pupils are blown wide, and she looks perfect.

“When was the last time you had an orgasm, Baby Girl?” I ask, rubbing her bottom lip.

“At the club,” she murmurs. Turner drags his nose up her thigh before dragging it along her clit. Gasping, she attempts to squirm, but I’m holding onto her chin too tightly.

“Nah, settle, Lenny,” I growl. Freezing, she pants as she looks up at me. “Tell me more.”

Her time with Orion is her own, but I love that he made her come at the club.

“We were dancing, and I was so wet, he kept teasing me. So, we found an abandoned hallway. He made me put my hands on the wall, tore my panties off, and ate my pussy until I came all over his face.” Lennon cries out as Turner sucks her clit into his mouth. He flicks his tongue piercing at me, making me chuckle at how much of a bratty flirt he is.

I don't blame Lenny as she shudders as Turner uses his piercing to tease her, I can't think around him either when he becomes single minded.

"Did your tits hang out like a dirty girl?" I croon as I push my thumb into her mouth. She sucks it hard, rolling her tongue around it. I watch her with hooded eyes, my cock straining in my pants. "Did he make you letdown and the milk run free?"

I refuse to move my finger and she talks around it. "Yes, Sir. He cleaned me up too."

"Such a good boy we have." I grin, removing my thumb.

"Take your cock out, Sir, so I can eat her pussy," Turner groans, opening her ass wide to stare openly at her. "Can you smell how needy she is?"

Opening my pants, I shove them down, releasing my pierced cock. Lenny looks at me as if I just promised her Christmas and opens wide, tongue sticking out so she can trace my Jacob's ladder with the tip.

"Aye, I can smell her. She smells delicious. Such a good little whore for my cock, Lenny," I rumble as I slap the crown of my heavy cock on her tongue.

Her eyes grow wider, and she keens just before I shut her up by pushing myself down her throat. I growl as I watch my piercings disappear one by one in its new home. "There's a Good Girl. Gag on my cock while Turner makes you squirt all over his face."

Cursing under his breath about my dirty mouth, he licks and sucks on her clit as he pushes his fingers inside her core. Together, we fuck her. Turner pushes her further down my dick, and then I push her back to him. I can see Lenny's thighs

tremble, her beautiful, soft skin beginning to pebble with goosebumps.

“Such a good little cum queen for me, aren’t you, Baby? You’re swallowing my dick so good, fuck I love it when you gag. There you go,” I groan, dropping my head back as I bottom out in her throat.

Turner is making Lenny go wild as he swirls his tongue around her clit, the light picking up the glint of his piercing. It always feels amazing when he gives head, and he’s not a lazy lover. There’s arousal covering his face, and he grunts as Lenny clamps on his fingers. I can tell the moment she starts to come because her throat tightens into a vice.

“Fooking hell, Little Girl. I’m... fook me. Swallow it down, oh shit. Yes,” I whisper-shout, struggling not to roar as I release down her throat. Lennon’s pussy showers Turner’s face and fingers like the good girl she is, and we all struggle to calm our breathing.

I overflow Lennon’s mouth as usual, and as my cock pops out from between her lips, I swipe a bit of my cum and push it back in.

“I want some too, and then I need to jump in the shower,” Turner chuckles. He kisses Lennon thoroughly, cleaning her up. “Goddamn, what do you know? Watching you two get off is releasing all the happy. Mav and Atlas may live through this concert.”

“Yeah, I don’t know what the fuck to do about that,” Lenny sighs as she gets up to clean herself quickly and dress.

Putting my dick away in my pants, I watch her transform into the beautiful concert ready goddess that she is. Lennon O’Reilly is always perfect, but the woman wearing a fishnet



crop top with a black bralette under it and purple skirt is stunning.

“Okay, please tell Layla I’ll be out in a second and open a window,” she giggles as she plugs in the blow dryer.

“You look incredible,” I breathe. “Are you comfortable?”

Lennon was all baby, and the curves look gorgeous on her. She bought a few pieces in a bigger size for this tour with a shrug. I’m glad she doesn’t care about the number on the scale, because her boobs alone are larger than they were.

“I actually am! This skirt has a little stretch in it even though it doesn’t look like it, and I’m going to wear heeled combat boots to hide my knife in it,” she says with a feral grin. “I’m so used to taking it everywhere, it would be weird not to.”

Opening up the windows, and spraying a room spray that removes odors, I take a sniff. I don’t think it’ll smell like sex anymore in a bit.

“Alright, I’ll let you get dressed.” I grin. I notice Turner’s taking his sweet time pulling on leather pants and a ripped black shirt, and leave him to it. I’ve missed the chaos of performing, and I’m excited for the next few days.

Dr. Xav tried to steal so much from us all, every ounce of my little black heart is happy he’s dead. No one will hurt our girl again and live to tell the tale.

# CHAPTER NINE

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Turner

Lennon and Layla climb out of the bus with brilliant smiles, laughing and talking as they start walking with us toward the back doors of the stadium. Derek and Orion have Saira and Dev strapped to their chests, rubbing their little backs as they sleep.

Lennon braided her long blue and purple hair into double stacked braids that end at a bun at the base of her neck. Her eye makeup is done in a smoky purple, and her lips are a pouty maroon.

Damn, all I want to do is ruin her makeup later, but I don't know that I have it in me to be quiet. Layla's wearing a short, black leather skirt, high heeled booties, and a long-sleeved black crop top. Her blonde hair is curled in loose curls, but the front is braided back from her face. We all look ready to hit the stage.

*Wild Hearts* is currently playing, and we're planning to hang out while waiting for them to finish. Atlas and Mav quietly join us, and I have to say they both look like shit. There's bags under their eyes, and I can see the remorse.

Unfortunately for them, Layla ignores them and continues to chat with Lavender about a fall festival in Georgetown she wants to go to before the wedding. Mav and Atlas look stricken, because we haven't talked to them about it. Honestly, so much has been happening, I haven't wanted to pick up the phone to call them. Things are a little fucked right now.

"There's a room set up for you and the babies," Jordan says as we walk into the stadium. "I had the pack and plays moved in here, and no one is allowed into that room. I've had

security on it since I blocked it off for you. There's water and food in there as well. If you need anything—”

“We'll let you know,” Orion says gently with a smile. He's been smiling more and it's nice to see. “Break a leg, guys, or whatever.”

Snorting, I shake my head. He really is trying.

“Thank you, O.” Lennon grins. “You have milk too just in case but—”

“You just nursed them,” Derek finishes. “I have some milk in the diaper bag, and I'll put it in the fridge. Will I be able to watch the concert from the room?”

“Yes,” Jordan says. “I'm having it streamed for you. We also have a photographer who is doing what you did, and then my assistant works on the socials. I have to say I really fucking miss you though.”

“There are days I miss it too.” Derek shrugs. “Are they any good or should I continue to avoid the band socials?”

At Jordan's wince, Derek blows out a breath. “Distract me from the insanity, Orion,” he groans dramatically, making us laugh. O rolls his eyes playfully, throwing his arm over his shoulder and leads him away.

“I've been through two assistants so far,” Jordan hisses as he leads us away. “I still don't know if this one will stick.”

A brunette with a clipboard and wild hair walks up to us, trying to look professional and failing. “Mr. Miles, everything is on time so far. Darkest Nights is on in fifteen minutes,” she says before striding away.

“Is that the assistant?” I ask, amused. “Is she organized at least?”

“Eloise is very organized, I just dislike having an assistant.” Jordan sighs. “The label insisted that I need someone to help me, but it’s really such a pain.”

“Uncle Jordan this isn’t because of your age, is it?” Layla asks. He’s in his early fifties, how could this be the reason?

“The board suggested it because I’m fifty-two, and it pissed me off,” he complains. “I’m healthy, I can do everything just fine. The label just doesn’t want to pay for a social media manager and it’s bullshit.”

“I agree,” I murmur. “We make them a lot of money, even touring part time. I hear Derek muttering to himself at night when he looks at our social media pages. Why don’t we just go back to running it ourselves?”

“I may just suggest that, because while Eloise has a minor in graphic designing and communications, I still prefer Derek.”

“You’re adorable,” Lenny giggles, making him roll his eyes. “You roll with the punches better than anyone I know. I think that girl is getting under your skin.”

Brows raised, I find Jordan is blushing a bit. Does he like her? I can’t say shit about age, but Eloise looks as if she’s in her late twenties if that.

“Ten minutes,” Jordan reminds us, ignoring his niece’s words. “I’ll be back.”

Smirking, I throw my arm around Lennon, kissing her forehead. “Lavender, you’re being a brat again,” I tease her.

“Punishing her with your cocks isn’t the punishment you think it is,” Layla says, shocking Atlas and Mav as she watches the band.

*Wild Hearts* has a great sound, and they're a band built of three women. They're so cohesive, I wouldn't be surprised if they've known each other for a while. A glance between them says everything that's needed as they move from song to song.

"Layla," Atlas says, attempting to get her attention and Layla shrugs.

"You really need to read the room, brother," I murmur. "She's not interested in talking to you right now. I'm pissed at how you're handling your business. None of this is fair to her."

As Atlas opens his mouth, Mav shakes his head. "We're about to go on stage, don't start shit, Atlas. Be a professional and lock it down."

Atlas's face is stormy, but I watch him slowly put his feelings away. "For the record, I'm really sorry about everything. We handled things like shit," he murmurs.

"Yes, you did," Layla says, her eyes on the stage. "I'm moving on. I don't have any business being with someone who doesn't want me."

The stage lights drop, dressing us in darkness. Atlas makes a strangled sound, but doesn't say anything else as *Wild Hearts* walk off stage.

"You were so good!" Lennon says, clapping. They were, so we follow suit before I place my hand on her back.

"Thank you," one of the girls says in awe. "It was amazing to open for you. They're a great crowd tonight."

"Excellent. Thanks for warming them up, ladies. Let's do it guys," I say, putting pressure on Lavender's back so she'll start walking. As always, I walk her to her mic before continuing to my guitar. Roark easily walks Layla in, because the lights always fuck with eyesight.

It's showtime as the lights come up, and I grin as Lennon picks up the microphone.

"Hello, Knoxville!" she yells, her lips spread wide into a smile. Fuck, I've really missed the stage. "Thank you, *Wild Hearts* for opening for us. You had quite the treat. Those girls are going places! Let's open up with *Souls Bound*, shall we?"

This song was a song we recorded in our basement together, and is soulful and upbeat. Layla sings back up on this, while I duet with Lennon. It's about how people keep finding their soulmates, no matter what. Even when it's hard, even when they have to leave, the universe will find a way.

My future wife is holding a bit of a grudge as well it appears. I glance at Atlas and Mav, but their faces are blank as I begin the first notes on the guitar. Mav and Atlas come in with perfect timing, because they know these songs inside and out.

As pissed off at them as I am, we're still family.

Lennon sings her heart out as she begins the first few lines.

*"Life's mistakes pull and twist  
things.*

*Keep going, baby. Things will find  
their way.*

*Don't listen to the hate, people  
won't understand.*

*Love is love, and your soul will  
call to theirs.*

*Listen to the bond, because it  
knows what you need.*

*Souls bond, and nothing can break  
it.”*

I hope Layla will be okay, but I know there’s a reason for Lennon’s choice of song. Looking back at her, she takes a deep breath before she sings the chorus. Her voice is clear and strong, even though her eyes are a little brighter in the lights than normal.

Song after song, Lennon leads us through words that pull at the heartstrings, and the crowd is enthralled. They sing the chorus at the top of their lungs, and even beg for another.

“I don’t know...” Lavender teases as she turns toward us. “Do we have another in us?”

“Aye!” we yell back. Roark’s roar gives me goosebumps, and I know that no matter what, we need to continue to tour in some capacity. The high of performing on stage is like nothing else.

I know he’s working through his past addiction, but this is incredible. There’s no reason to give it up.

“Let’s go!”

Lennon begins *Together We Roar*, and I feel as if I’m about to burst. Glancing at Roark as he plays, he tosses his wet hair out of his face before winking at me. Gorgeous as always. The



vine tattoo and roses climb up his wrist, and I lose myself to the music.

The stadium is practically vibrating with energy as we sing, and it's a night that will live in my memories forever.

As we walk off stage, I pick Lavender up into my arms to hug her, loving her squeal of surprise.

"This set was incredible," Layla says, looking happy and a little shell shocked.

"It was perfect," Lennon says as I set her feet on the floor. The sisters hug each other, and I meet Mav's eyes.

Sighing, I jerk my head to the side. We need to talk. Walking the girls to Jordan, I bite my lip.

"Is there a room I can have for a bit?" I ask. "I just need a little privacy."

"Baby?" Lennon asks, turning and I lean over to kiss her.

"I need to chat with the guys for a bit. Is that okay?"

I don't need permission, but they're her friends too.

"Yeah, Uncle Jordan, do you need me to do any interviews, or can I go see the twins?" Lavender asks, wrapping her arms around herself and giving her boobs a careful squeeze. It looks like the babies may need to eat.

"No, my sweet grand niece and nephew come first," he scoffs. "Eloise!"

She runs over wide eyed, and I almost feel bad for the girl.

"Take Turner to the room next to the green room, and make sure they aren't disturbed, please," he says before striding away with Lennon and Layla. He seems curt, and that's rarely who Jordan Miles is typically.

Eloise doesn't seem to let it bother her, showing us to the room next to where Lennon is with the babies. Roark comes in with me, and I sigh as I face my best friends.

"I spoke to Layla when she came to South Carolina last week," I tell them. "She feels as if she's not worthy. I know you can't have wanted that. I've known both of you for a long damn time."

"Turner," Mav says. "I want her, but it's not right. We can't. She's Lennon's sister. What if we fuck it up?"

"You already fooked the pooch, Mav," Roark roars. "Teasing the girl, flirting with her, and then when she's asking for more ya leave her wanting and fuck each other instead? That's bloody cruel."

Atlas looks stricken, and I realize he didn't think she'd tell us.

"We know as much as she was comfortable telling us," I tell them, trying to hold onto my temper. "So she's a virgin, if you care about her why is that an issue?"

"I'm thirty-five, and Mav is pushing thirty-eight next year," Atlas complains. "And yet... I'm drawn to her. Things got out of hand last week after our concert. We've tried so fucking hard not to touch her."

"But she smells like lilacs, and everytime she walks past me it drives me mad," Mav snarls. "We haven't touched anyone in over a year."

"I didn't realize it had been a year," I muse. "How did I not know you two were fucking? Like is this a recent thing, are you two together? No offense, but this is throwing me. Not because I have anything against it—"

“Nah, I know you don’t,” Mav drawls. “At first, it took us by surprise about a year ago, when it first started. We live in the public eye as entertainers, so we kept it quiet as we figured out our shit.”

“We dated privately, which is difficult to do for us,” Atlas explains. “We didn’t mean to keep it from you for so long. Shit hit the fan, and there was never a good time to come clean.”

“And Layla?” Ror asks. “She thinks she’s not worth fucking while you two are getting your rocks off together. Was that necessary? The O’Reilly girls have abandonment issues, guys. You can’t fuck around with either of them.”

“I know. I know, okay? Mav and I were riding the high of the performance and kissing her, and that’s when we found out she was a virgin,” Atlas winces.

“So you freaked out and fell onto each other’s dicks?” Roark growls. Of all of us, he’s the most protective of Lay. We all are, but the fact that she’s in pain, hurts him. “This isn’t working, and I don’t know what to do. You’ve been with us the longest, but—”

“Layla is our Valkyrie’s sister,” Atlas rasps. His eyes get red as he grips his brown spiky hair. At first glance, it looks like he highlights it blond, but it’s naturally like that. The tattoos on his arms stand out in stark contrast to his pale skin, and he looks genuinely upset. But if he can’t be around Layla...

“We have to go,” Mav whispers. “I didn’t think, fuck, fuck, fuck. It wasn’t supposed to be like this, I promise you that.”

“I know, and it’ll mean we’ll need to figure out a lot of things for the tour, but...” I blow out a breath because this

sucks balls.

“Fuck the tour,” Roark says. “Layla is young yes, but she’s really fucking smart too. She likes the two of you, and she has her sister as a role model. Lennon is with multiple men, happy, with babies. We’re getting married in late October. Layla deserves to have all of that.”

“We’ve never been the type to even think about marriage,” Atlas says, thinking hard. “My parents are divorced, and I don’t know many people who are happily married.”

“I do,” I counter. “Marriage is like any relationship, you put the work in, because it’s worth it. Lennon is worth it, Ror is, Derek is, and so is Orion. We’ve built a family of our own. You’ve always been included in that but you really fucked up.”

“Layla needs to figure out who she is,” Mav says, rubbing his goatee. His black hair is wet from sweat after the concert, and lays over his forehead. “We fucked up, but she’s so innocent. I feel like I’m going to fuck her up. I didn’t feel like this with Lennon, but I don’t know why.”

“She was less innocent because of her past,” I remind him. “Lennon never really got to be a kid. Whereas, Layla was able to have a childhood. She didn’t need to grow up all at once.”

“Turner, it feels wrong to want her, but it’s tearing me apart to be here,” Atlas whispers. “It doesn’t make sense, it’s a fucking hymen, and yet...”

“It still feels wrong to have sex with her if we don’t know that we’ll be her end all be all,” Mav says. “I wish I had a crystal ball that could tell me that she’s the one the way that I know Atlas is mine. I know I can love more than one person, but Atlas can call me on my shit.”

“Oh she called you a lot of things,” I mutter. “No one has the ability to tell you that everything will work out perfectly. Lennon and we didn’t even have that and we went through hell together.”

“You made it through, though,” Atlas says, rubbing his eyes. “You never stopped looking for her, helping her with everything that happened.”

“Nope. That’s what you do for someone you love,” Roark says simply.

“Layla, Atlas, and I haven’t had enough time to love each other,” Mav says. “Maybe we just fell into this too quickly.”

“You should have kept your dicks completely in your pants,” I tell them. “It’s too late now. She’s hurt, confused, and thinking about dating other people.”

“I can’t be around for that,” Mav says immediately. “I’m sorry. I can’t watch her fall for someone else.”

“She’s on a dating app.” Roark shrugs. “It’s not serious yet. It doesn’t have to be. Layla wants to be paid attention to, she wants to explore.”

“We’re too experienced,” Atlas groans. “We have to go. I’m sorry—”

“Stay for the next two concerts, and then you can go,” I tell them. “We’re getting married in Florida next month...”

“I want to be there. I understand if you don’t want us to be, and it’ll fucking hurt...” Mav looks gutted at the thought.

“No, you’re family. Layla will understand for the wedding, I think,” I tell them. I mean... God, I hope so.

Fucking shit. I want to scream and beat these two. They know better. And yet, here we are.

“Alright then,” Atlas says, as if everything is decided. “I’ll miss writing with you guys.”

“We’ll be around,” I remind them gently. Things are changing, even if I don’t want them to.

Mav and Atlas leave the room, wiping away tears, and I feel even more helpless than before.

“I have to say that it went even worse than I thought it would,” Roark says. “They’ve been part of the band for years. This feels so wrong.”

“Should Layla look at their faces every day while on tour alone with them while they yank her around?” I ask. There were no good choices today.

Stepping out of the room, I run into Jordan.

“Hey, can we talk?” I ask.

“Yeah, I had a feeling we’d need to after you guys spoke,” he says. “Alone or with everyone?”

“It affects them, so I want to do this with them,” I confirm.

I feel as if I’m walking to an execution as I move toward the green room. Maybe that seems dramatic, but I don’t think so. I had to choose today between my best friends and a woman who is about to be my family by marriage.

My natural instinct is to protect others, so that’s what I did. Layla needs space to just become who she’s meant to be.

“Hey,” I say, walking to the middle of the room. “So we need to talk.”

Lavender grabs a blanket, and I wince as I realize she’s nursing the twins.

“Lenny, don’t. I can’t see a thing from here. I’m here to listen,” Jordan explains from the door. “I honestly didn’t even remember you’d be feeding the kids.”

“Me either,” I rumble. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s really fine,” she says with a shrug. “Now, tell me what’s going on.”

Layla looks nervous as she leans back on the sofa.

“Roark and I spoke to Mav and Atlas. Lay, we decided that they shouldn’t continue on with the band. You can hate that decision or feel however you want, but this push and pull isn’t good for anyone while they’re figuring shit out,” I begin.

“It’s so awkward now,” she whispers. “Everything feels stained now. Songs, lyrics, God even food. It seems so silly, but I don’t think I can tour alone with them.”

“Which brings me to our next issue,” I grumble, blowing out a breath.

“Your tour schedule,” Jordan breathes. “Dates haven’t been announced after this. We can alter whatever.”

“It’ll have to be less dates,” Derek says, twisting to look at Jordan. “They can produce albums at home, maybe do smaller shows to launch them that are closer to home, but a full tour seems overwhelming.”

“Correct.” Jordan nods.

“I feel like I ruined everything,” Layla sniffles. “If I hadn’t \_\_\_”

“Nope, don’t finish that sentence. If you’d changed anything, we may not have you in our lives, Layla,” Roark says seriously. “I love them like brothers, they’ll figure out

their shit. They love music, so they'll link up with another band. It'll be really fucking weird, but we'll manage."

"I may be able to help in that department," Jordan mutters. "I'll speak to them tomorrow, hitch a ride on their bus to the next venue when the buses stop for a break. In the meantime, we're going to get going soon. Take your time, and I'll walk you back."

I know part of that is that Jordan doesn't want to leave her in a darkened parking lot ever again. I feel the same way.

"How are you getting to the next venue, Uncle?" Layla asks, twisting to face him.

"Eloise," he says, making a face. "She's my driver through the night while I work and nap in the car."

"I'm pretty sure our bunks are more comfortable," Lenny snorts. "Why don't you stay with us?"

"I really want mac and cheese pork sliders," Roark groans. "Join us for a late dinner? I'm fucking starving."

We always are after a performance, and my stomach growls.

Snickering, Jordan nods. "With that kind of invitation, I'd be crazy to say no. I'm going to be annoying and work afterwards, will that bother you?"

"As long as possible crying babies doesn't bother you," Lennon chuckles.

"I'll probably get up and take a turn to help." He shrugs before he leaves the room. Jordan probably has to deliver the change of plans to his assistant.

I really do love the community feel of our family. Everyone helps to pick the other up when we're not at our



best. I'm going to miss that with Mav and Atlas.

# CHAPTER TEN

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Lennon

The rest of the tour has a somber air to it as we perform our last two performances as a band. I'm outside in the parking lot, rocking Devlin in the middle of the day when Mav comes to find me.

"Little Valkyrie, what are you doing all alone?" he asks disapprovingly. "Where are the guys?"

"They're watching me from the window." I shrug. "Dev is fussy, and being outside sometimes helps."

There's a chill in the air, but my son is enjoying it, looking all around. He's definitely happier being outside right now.

"A little boy who knows what he wants." Mav grins, looking down at Dev. "He's perfect, Lenny. You did so good."

Smiling back, I nod. "He's the sweetest, and he sleeps reaching out for his sister. I'd let them sleep in the same crib, but I'm not supposed to," I explain, wrinkling my nose. "During the day I'll let them sleep together because one of us is usually watching."

"It's good that they're already bonded," Mav murmurs, reaching out to gently touch Dev's arm. "Listen, Lenny, I really wish there was another way and we didn't have to leave the band. It's just not fair for Layla otherwise."

"And I wish you'd kept it in your pants or had the courage to fuck her," I say sweetly with a shrug. "My sister gets this sad look in her eyes every time she sees you. There has to be more to this. You going to tell me, Mav?"

"Lenny, she's your sister and barely twenty-one," he groans, rubbing the back of his neck. "There is more to it, but

you weren't as innocent and wide eyed at her age. She's different."

"She had a childhood," I remind him. "I was left with a psychopath. I'll never begrudge her being able to be a child. You shouldn't either."

Tears prick my eyes and I attempt to take a breath. Damn it. Making sure I'm not facing the windows, I close my eyes.

"It is hard to be an adult about this when James came by the house earlier this week," I admit. "He called me a whore, basically told me that I was a bad influence for being committed to multiple men. Layla got everything that's good about James Campbell because she followed his view of what she should be like."

"That's not living," he murmurs, his brows drawing down.

"Exactly. Being on this tour has opened her eyes as to what life can be like. She wants to date, make mistakes, and live. I don't think she can do that if you're on this tour." I tell him honestly.

"I... no," he growls. "I would scare everyone away. Atlas would break people's faces. Fuck. Why am I so possessive when I can't fucking have her, Lenny?"

"I don't know," I whisper, tears slipping faster down my cheeks. "So as much as I'll miss you..."

"We have to go," he agrees. "I love you. Never forget it, okay? Please send me baby photos. I'm still family."

Nodding quickly, I watch him begin to stalk away after he kisses my forehead.

"Mav, wait!" I call out, sniffing. Dev complains because I sound upset, and I kiss his cheek, bringing him closer to me to

snuggle. “Please come to my wedding? It’s small, and really just us and Jordan, but please?”

“We’ll be there,” Mav rasps, looking over his shoulder. There’s tears in his eyes, and the blood vessels are broken.

“I am happy about you and Atlas, by the way. It makes sense in a lot of ways. I don’t like how you used your relationship against my sister, but I wanted to make sure I told you.”

“Thanks, Tiny Valkyrie for being our biggest supporter, even when we fuck up,” he rumbles, walking away.

I hope this isn’t goodbye for forever. Maybe Layla will find someone amazing and they’re able to be around each other at some point. Tyler and she seemed to hit it off well at the club, and she mentioned that she’d be going on another date soon.

Brushing away my tears, I get back on the bus to get ready for our last performance together. Then we’ll be back in Georgetown for a while, planning a wedding!

“You good?” Turner asks, startling me out of my thoughts.

“Yeah,” I say with a sad smile. “Just talking to Mav and settling this little one.”

“I saw,” he murmurs. “I get worried when you cry. I’m always torn between comforting you and burning the world down.”

“We’ll save the second part for another day, but I would like a hug,” I say primly, though my lips twitch in amusement.

“You’re a brat,” he chuckles, pulling me into his arms. “But you’re mine. Ready to go home?”

“Yeah. More than ready. I want my bed, I need to find a dress...”

“We have a lot to do,” he says, his eyes filled with excitement. “Just under a month before we get married on the sandy beaches of Florida and you become ours forever.”

“Baby, I’ve been yours since I was eighteen years old,” I giggle.

His lips cover mine as he holds Dev and I carefully. I feel cherished and loved, and most of all safe.



THE HOUSE FEELS as if it’s been waiting for us as we walk in after being gone for six days. We’ve been in five states during that time for three concerts, and I feel as if I just want to sleep for a week. I’m crashing from the constant adrenaline rush of performing.

“Want a nap?” Orion asks, yawning. He’s rarely tired, and always seems ready for anything. I’m glad I’m not the only one who is exhausted.

“I think I’m kind of hungry,” I tell him just as my stomach rumbles.

Roark and Derek are bringing in our things, and Layla and Turner have the babies already upstairs. The kids had a hardcore blowout, so it was easier for them to get bathed. I offered to do it, but my sister insisted.

“What do you want to eat?” O chuckles, kissing my forehead as he wraps his arm around my waist.

“I really want to make something, but I don’t think there’s anything in the house.” I sigh.

“Jordan had someone swing by and refill our fridge,” Roark says as he comes through the door. “Her name is Daisy, and your uncle said she’s his gift to us. She’s apparently a maid of sorts?”

“Do we really need a maid?” I ask with a smirk. It’s true, this house is huge and life is insane, but do we?

“It couldn’t hurt.” Orion shrugs. “I ran a full background check on her when he asked if he could have someone swing by. I didn’t realize he meant full time, though.”

“Well, let’s see what she brought us,” I squeal. I really am hungry.

Walking quickly, I bite my lip as I peek into the fridge. There’s pizza dough, a ton of possible toppings for it, taco ingredients, and, ooh, ready to bake cookies. Humming to myself, I decide on tacos with steak and chicken.

Pulling everything out for them, I decide to just make an early dinner since it’s already four in the afternoon.

“I’ll cut up your veggies if you’ll season the protein,” Orion offers as he pulls out a cutting board.

Together, we have everything going by the time Turner and Layla come down with clean babies.

“This smells amazing,” he says, grinning. “Need any help?”

“Peanut butter or chocolate chips is the decision I need you to make, please,” I giggle as I cook. “If you’ll snuggle babies, I have this taken care of.”

“Aye, Lenny. I think I need chocolate in my life today,” Roark says easily. “Lay, what camp are you sitting in? Make the right decision now, lass.”

Layla smirks as she pretends to think hard.

“You’re just as bad as Lennon,” Orion snickers.

“Of course I am,” she laughs. “You’re lucky I’m craving chocolate.”

“Yes!” Roark whisper-shouts. Saira has passed out in his arms in the time we’ve been talking.

We have a really great time together as dinner is made, and then set the table. Layla and Ror strap the babies into their swings so Devlin can look around while his sister sleeps.

“Do you know what kind of dress you want, Lenny?” Layla asks, lips pursed as she starts looking at dress shops in the area. “There’s so many shops around here...”

“Something I can wear on the beach and dance in? I think I need to look because I can’t envision it yet,” I admit.

“Make a day of it and go shopping,” Derek encourages. “You’re only doing this once, enjoy it.”

“You’re right, I am,” I giggle. It almost feels surreal, and the heated looks of the guys make Layla snort.

“Your ass is going to be so red later,” she mutters as she scrolls through her phone. I almost choke on my taco, which makes Orion almost spit out his water. Roark covers his mouth to smother his laughter as Layla obliviously works through the list. “How do you feel about dress shopping and doing lunch one day?”

“That sounds fun,” I agree with a smile. “I don’t think you guys can come.”

“Ugh, no you can’t,” Layla says, wrinkling her nose. “Do we still need to worry about assholes?”



“I really don’t think so,” Orion says honestly. “I worry about the rest of the world but not about the people who hurt her before. They’re all dead.”

Freezing, I wait to see how Layla reacts. O has gotten comfortable around her, and sometimes doesn’t watch what he says. He lives here, I don’t want him to be on guard all of the time. That’s exhausting.

“Good, then we can go alone?” she asks, glancing up with a cheeky grin. I swear I don’t know why I was worried.

“Please, Daddy, please?” I add, rolling my lips inward to suppress my smile.

“Lenny,” Roark growls, making me shiver.

“Down girl,” Layla teases me. “So...?”

“Yes, that’s fine. Can you send me your itinerary, please?” Orion asks, amused. I’m surprised he gave in so easily.

“Yep. There’s a few dress shops that look promising in Pawley’s Island. It’s not far from here, either,” she muses. “I’m going to call and make appointments for next week too.”

Orion and Layla discuss logistics, and I bask in my happiness. So this is what that feels like. Everything isn’t perfect, I still have things to overcome, but that’s okay.

Things are still very good.

“Oh!” Layla says suddenly, surprising me. “I have a date tomorrow with Tyler. He messaged me when we got back home asking to see me.”

“Hell yes.” I nod. “Where are you meeting him?”

“There’s a fall festival down by the water, and then he suggested getting dinner afterwards. Apparently, there’s a kid

friendly one with wagon rides and a corn maze next weekend,” she says excitedly.

“The kids are little, but I think it’ll be a blast,” I agree with a smile. “We should definitely go.”

“I’m almost positive Tesa and Tori will want to go when they hear about it.” Turner smirks. “I can’t wait.”

We have our village now, and it’s a beautiful one.

“Text them and ask, I know you have your own group chat,” I tease him. Blushing, Turner shrugs as he pulls out his phone.

“I love that we live so close,” Roark says happily, pushing away his plate. Picking up a coveted chocolate chip cookie, he takes a big bite. Eyes at half mast in pleasure, he chews in contentment. “Chocolate was a good choice.”

The rest of the night is spent teasing and laughing, and we all go to bed early.

Tucked into Derek’s arms as Orion throws his leg over us, I think about how damn lucky I am. Even if the nightmares pay me a visit from time to time, I’ll still be waking in their arms every time.

Roark

Walking outside, I give a feral grin. The weather is cooler out, and we decided today would be perfect to chase and fuck in the woods.

Lennon is snuggled in the new swing we set up for her and the babes. It's a cross between a traditional porch swing and a hammock so she can get comfortable with them. She has a kindle, water, and snacks as well. The heaters are also turned on for her comfort.

"Have fun." She grins lazily as I pull down my ski mask. We decided that Turner, Derek, and I would hunt Orion. He promised not to give in easily, even though I could see the excitement in his eyes when he ran out to hide a moment ago.

Derek steps outside in an open shirt, ripped jeans, and the mask over his handsome face.

"It should be illegal for you two to look that good," Lenny chuckles. "I'm excited to hear the echoes through the trees in a bit."

"Dirty girl," Derek says as he walks over to kiss her. "Do you need anything else?"

"No, I'm really comfy actually. This swing is amazing."

We decided to upgrade the swing before we left, and Jordan made sure someone assembled it while we were gone. I have to say her uncle is amazing. I mentioned it to him on a call, and he immediately offered to handle it.

It's a lot better than cursing it out as I assembled it. I hate putting things together. Turner is much better at it.

As if thinking about him summons him, he walks out.

“Let’s go catch us a fuck toy,” he grins. It’s about five in the afternoon, and it’s slowly getting dark. We’ll catch Orion long before it goes fully dark.

Turner is in soft joggers that show off the hardness of his cock, leather straps across his chest that’ll double as restraints, and looks really fucking hot. Goddamn.

“Stop drooling,” Derek snickers as he opens the porch door to go down the steps. This area is enclosed for Lenny, because we knew she’d love spending time out here with the kids.

I can’t stop staring at Derek’s ass as he walks in his jeans. He’s wearing a dark blue open shirt, and my cock strains in my pants. Fuck, today couldn’t have come at a better time. I’m so glad Layla has her date. Lenny suggested she text before coming home, and her sister’s eyes got wide before she reminded her she can’t have sex.

*“She can’t but she said we should and gave us her blessing.”* I winked. I wanted her to know how a poly relationship should be, because Mav and Atlas managed to screw things up in that aspect.

Layla blushed and then rushed out the door after telling us to have fun.

Derek and Turner start to stalk forward, and I listen hard for a broken branch or heavy breathing. We told Orion that he could hide anywhere. The bastard can climb well, so my eyes move to the treetops as we move.

“Be a good boy, O, and let me fuck your mouth!” I yell.

“Fuck,” mutters a voice and I smirk.

“That’s exactly what I plan to do,” I yell. Orion bursts out from behind a tree, and we follow in suit.

I know he’s been wanting this, so he’s not trying very hard.

“I won’t use the lube in my pocket if you don’t give us some effort,” Turner taunts.

Orion gasps, and his strong legs pump faster. He jumps and grabs a branch, pulling himself into the tree and jumping from tree to tree.

“Insane motherfucker,” I chuckle. He’s a good bit ahead of us when he drops back to the ground, and the shadows are closing in as the trees block out the sun.

I forgot it gets darker earlier here. We chase him through the trees, trying to cut him off as we split up.

“You know you’re going to love choking on my dick while Turner fucks your tight ass,” I taunt him. I’m purposely loud as Turner goes silent.

Derek makes a lot of noise as he cuts to my left, making me snicker. Greg would murder him for the amount of noise he’s making.

“You’ll have to wrestle me to the ground and gag me with it,” Orion growls, and fuck if my cock doesn’t twitch with excitement. “You’re taking too long to catch— Oof!”

Turner clotheslines O, and Derek whoops as they crash and roll on the ground.

“You were saying, cock tease?” Turner asks, pinning him to the ground.

Derek drops to knees, pulling O’s hair back. “Mmm, you’re gonna look so good gagged with cock and bound in leather, baby.”

“I hear a lot of promises, and no action,” O snarks. I can see his pupils from here, and they’re blown wide with desire. His chest heaves from exertion and excitement as Turner roughly binds the leather that was wrapped around his chest up Orion’s arms.

“We’re just getting started, baby,” I growl as Derek frees his cock, stroking it from root to tip. My mouth waters as I see the precum dripping from it, but it’s not mine to have right now.

Derek holds O’s hair tightly as he smears his arousal across Orion’s lips. “Do you want my cock? Are you my good little cum dumpster? Can I use you for my pleasure?”

I can see Orion wants to be a brat, but licks his lips and moans. He looks really fucking good bound by Turner’s hand.

“Mmm, I want it. Baby Boy, give it to me. I’ll be so good for you. I want you to make me choke on your fucking cream,” he begs.

Derek’s hips thrust forward, almost against his will, and I watch it disappear inch by inch down Orion’s throat. There are still times where Derek needs control in the bedroom, and O enjoys that push and pull. He craves it even, as much as an alpha as he is in other ways.

“Fuck,” Derek grunts, eyes rolling as Orion gags and swallows around his dick. “Always so damn tight. That’s it, take it all, Baby.”

Turner gets up, kicking Orion’s legs wide. Grinning, I help him pull his pants down around his ankles. “I think he deserves the lube, don’t you?” he murmurs. “Look at that perfect asshole waiting to be filled.”

“Eat him out,” I challenge him. “Let’s see how much he can handle before he blows his load. Orion, don’t come until we say you can.”

Derek’s eyes widen. “Oh, they’re the worst edgers,” he groans. “They’re going to make you hurt before they let you come. But that’s what a cum dumpster is. A vessel to let us do whatever we want to. Fill you as much as possible.”

Orion makes a strangled sound as Turner pulls his ass wide and licks around his needy hole. His piercing makes for more stimulation, and O’s cock lays heavy and ignored, jumping as if it’s trying to get his attention.

“You’ll take what I give you and not anything more,” Turner warns, pushing his tongue into the tight rim of his ass. Orion cries out around Derek’s cock, and Derek makes sure to praise him.

Fuck me. Orion’s breaths get more frenzied as Derek fucks his throat and Turner eats his ass. I lean over him to whisper in his ear.

“It’s not nice to run away,” I growl. “Bad little boys get teased back, choked with big cocks, and denied release. Take it all, breathe when you can, we’re nowhere near done with you yet.”

Turner is wearing black gloves, and he liberally lubricates his fingers before pushing them into Orion’s ass.

“Have you fisted his ass yet?” I ask as Turner pushes in a third finger.

“Fuck, oh my God. He strangled my cock when you asked that. No, dammit, O,” Derek groans. “I bet his ass would take a fist so good.”

Turner merely finger fucks Orion's ass, and I watch in awe at how the tight hole fights to pull them in each time.

"I don't have the patience to stretch his ass with my fist," Turner laments, pulling out his fingers. Stripping off the glove, he tosses it to the ground before pulling down his pants to release his cock.

Orion's eyes are filled with tears from continuously gagging, his lips puffy. I can tell Derek's really close, so I reach between them and squeeze his balls tightly.

"Oh, oh, Roark, fuck," he roars, shuddering as he grits his teeth.

"Be a good boy and hold your cum from him until Turner's dripping from Orion's tight hole, is that understood?"

"Yes, Sir. God, Turner hurry up," Derek whimpers.

He really was too close. Releasing him, I move around to watch Turner pumping the base of his cock as he coats it with lube. The last rays of sunlight glint off the piercing that loops through the head of his cock, and I lick my lips. The hardware down his cock is going to light up all of Orion's nerve endings. Goddamn, I can't wait to watch.

Turner lines his dick up with Orion's hole, but I want to see more. Slapping his ass hard, I enjoy his grunt of surprise and Derek's groan. I love how responsive they both are. It's so fucking sexy.

Grabbing his asscheeks, I spread them wide, watching as Turner disappears into Orion's tight hole.

"Doesn't he feel good?" Derek says, his chest heaving as he struggles not to come. "God, I have the best view from here. Fuck."



Turner works his cock deeper inside, and I need more. Pulling out my dick, I grab him by the hair.

“You can fuck and suck, can’t you, Baby?” I croon. I don’t wait for an answer as I push my dick past his lips.

Turner swallows me down like the perfect cum whore he is. The woods are filled with our moans, gasps, and fucking. Turner’s throat bulges as my cock stretches him, making me groan as I circle his throat with my large hand. There’s nothing quite like being able to feel myself as I face fuck him.

Turner and Derek push and pull Orion between them, with every one of Turner’s thrusts pushing O further down Derek’s cock. It’s debasing, beautiful, and filthy. My dick pulses each time Orion gags, the sound bringing me closer to release.

“Fuck, I’m close,” I gasp, squeezing Turner’s throat tighter. Turner’s hips continue to piston as he fucks Orion, his fingers digging into his hips. O is going to have some interesting bruises tomorrow.

Turner grunts, but the sound is strangled from the pressure of my hand.

“I... fuck, I have to come. Guys, I can’t hold back,” Derek says, his fingers tightly holding onto Orion’s hair as he holds him in place. Derek’s eyes roll, so I do what any dom with a soul would do.

“Don’t hold back. You’re doing so good. Flood his throat with cum, and tell him what a good fucking boy he is,” I growl. Derek’s not as sensitive to being called a good boy anymore, but I’m still careful about it.

Derek can degrade and praise with the best of them, though.

“Open your throat for me, O. I’m going to come so hard, and you’re going to swallow every drop. I want to see how clean your tongue is after,” Derek groans. Orion swallows convulsively around his cock, attempting to do exactly what he’s been asked.

Turner’s eyes drop to half mast and his throat gets really tight, triggering me as he comes. “Fook! Goddamn, Turner,” I cry out, my hips jerking as I come down his throat.

This entire time, we haven’t touched Orion. Breathing hard, I pull my cock away from Turner’s mouth. Being the brat he is, Turner opens his mouth, showing me the cum sitting on his tongue.

“Are you planning to share?” I tease him, spitting in his mouth before kissing him.

He and I both swallow a fair amount of my cum as our teeth clash as we kiss. As I lift my head, I see Derek is kissing Orion, making me smile. I have plans for Orion’s dick, so I’m glad he’s still untouched.

Turner makes a pained sound as he pulls his dick out of O’s tight ass, and I growl as I watch the rush of cum as it escapes.

“So fucking hot,” I mutter. “Ready to claim our man together? Give him a little relief.”

Turner pulls his joggers back up and stands.

“Yes, I’m more than ready,” he murmurs, stalking forward to face Orion.

He looks up at us, on his knees, his cock hitting his stomach. The tip is red and angry from being ignored, precum dripping slowly down his length. He looks thoroughly tortured as his eyes watch us.

“Are you ready to be ours?” I ask. “If so, stand up for us.”

Derek watches as Orion stands easily. Turner and I drop to our knees without warning. While Turner tugs on his balls, I suck and lick Orion’s crown. His head drops back, hissing at our attention.

“Goddamn, guys,” he gasps, the muscles of his thick thighs trembling.

“They’re a bit intense,” Derek chuckles. He’s fixed his pants, and is watching with heavily hooded eyes. “Doesn’t he taste amazing?”

“He really does,” Turner growls, his tongue ring flicking as he licks and sucks.

Opening wide, I begin to go down on him, my tongue swiping to lap at every drop of arousal. He tastes sweet and smells incredible. O’s just large enough that I have to relax my gag reflex to swallow him down.

“Fuck, fuck,” Orion whines. “I’m not going to last. It feels too good.”

“Come when you need to,” I tell him, popping off his cock. Wordlessly, Turner and I switch, and Orion mewls, hips jerking forward as Turner drags his tongue down his dick. Together, we force him to come.

Turner lets a little of it dribble out of his mouth, and I suck and lick, thoroughly cleaning him up.

“Such a good boy,” Derek says, kissing him. “They are very intense together. That’s what it means to be theirs.”

Turner and I finish sucking down Orion’s cum while Derek holds him through his writhing orgasm. We really did edge

him to the brink of his sanity. Standing, I kiss Derek and then Orion before murmuring, “Mine.”

Turner follows, kissing them both slowly, possessively. Orion’s pants are still around his ankles, but no one fucking cares. Not at this moment. This is a goddamned claiming.

“Ours,” Turner growls, his hand wrapped around the back of Orion’s neck.

“Yes,” O whispers, eyes wide. Derek, Turner, and I pull off the masks, even though he’s known who we are. It was really fucking hot though to chase and fuck him like this.

“We gave you space, figured each other out, now you’re stuck with us,” I tell him with a wry grin, moving to release his arms.

Orion dresses quickly, looking a bit overwhelmed. That’s okay though. Tonight was about showing him what it’s like to be in our family. The gloves are off.

Walking slowly back in the dark through the woods, we take our time. Lennon is sleeping with the babes in the chair, her arms protectively wrapped around them. Knowing better than to remove them while she’s asleep because she’ll startle badly, I kiss her awake.

“Mmm, you taste like Orion,” she says softly, opening her eyes.

“Aye, Little Valkyrie. You fell asleep. Can we help you with the babes so you can sleep in a proper bed?” I ask, chuckling.

“Yes, please. I thoroughly enjoyed what I could hear, and then sleep I guess took over,” she says with a small smile.

Orion kisses her forehead, picking up Devlin. “You had a really crazy week, Baby,” he says, frowning. I know he worried about her.

“She’ll be fine with some sleep.” Turner smirks, picking Saira up carefully. I swear they can tell when they’re apart and fuss.

I do my duty and scoop her up into my arms to take her upstairs.

“We love you, which means we worry,” I tell her as we walk inside.

“I love you and I secretly love that you do.”

Lennon is knocked out again by the time I put her in our bed, and we quickly take showers in the many bathrooms on the second floor before joining her.

I can’t wait to marry them, but in the meantime, I’m so glad we’re together.

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

---

Lennon

**R**ocking the babies on the porch the following week makes me smile as I remember the whoops and screams that echoed through the woods that night. It's about damn time my men claimed Orion.

"You have a very suspicious smile. Do I even want to know?" Greg asks, sitting next to me.

Smothering a laugh, I shrug. The twins are fast asleep with me, the afternoon air helping them to settle and relax. I'm still figuring out what works after four weeks of having them earth side.

"Probably not, unless you heard the yelling in our woods last week," I giggle.

"I thought Griffin and Tesa regularly fucking outside was bad," he mutters.

My shoulders are trembling as I silently laugh. Oh my God, I can't breathe from giggling.

"Do you think this is going to be a regular thing?" he snarks, and I wheeze.

"You're going to kill my fiancée," Roark says goodnaturedly as he steps outside.

"You're ruining my woods with your fuckery," Greg chortles. We can't help ourselves.

"Nah, we're making them better. They have personality," Ror says, his lips twitching.

"So are we invited to this wedding?" Greg teases.

“Oh my goodness, yes!” I gasp. “Jordan is kind of in charge of planning, and I haven’t asked him if he’s inviting anyone.”

“I’m teasing.” He grins, holding up a wedding invitation proudly. I really didn’t even realize that Uncle Jordan was sending them out. “Small wedding in St. Augustine, Florida sounds perfect, Lennon. I’m damn happy for you.”

Relaxing, I nod. “Thank you, it felt right. A wedding away at the beach seemed like the perfect way to celebrate our day. It won’t be as cold as it is here, either.”

Greg keeps talking to Roark, but my attention wanders. Time is moving so fast. I’m going wedding dress shopping tomorrow, have intensive therapy appointments up until the wedding at the end of the month, and we’re still writing music.

“Penny for your thoughts, Lennon,” Greg prompts when he realizes how quiet I’ve been.

“Hmm? Just thinking about how much I have to do,” I explain. “My therapist wants to work on reducing the damage Dr. Xav did by lessening the hold of that word.”

I don’t even have to explain as he nods. “What is she planning on doing?”

“She wants to take me back to the moment with the agent and relive it so I can remember it all,” I wince. “Then from there, we’ll reduce my reaction to it through exposure therapy. Dr. Bradley wants to use it in a controlled environment to see if I can control my responses. The issue is...”

“It’s a damn risk,” Roark mutters.

“It is. What if I snap her neck?” I groan.



“Dr. Bradley is a military doctor, which means she has combat training,” Greg admits. “If she can’t take you, she deserves a broken neck.”

“Not helpful,” I hiss at his snickers. God, he’s so morbidly inappropriate. “I just want to be able to hear the word without being worried I’m going to go on a murderous rampage.”

“Lenny, Dr. Xav had to command you to hurt people for that to happen, right? Just hearing it without the command... Do you think it would have the same reaction?”

“I don’t know,” I muse, thinking. “I just worry that someone will find his notes and try to use me as a weapon. Is it an outcome that’s even possible? Maybe not. This is the shit that sometimes keeps me up at night, though.”

“Then, you should see if she can minimize the negative connection to that word,” Roark rumbles.

“If you’re okay with it, I can come to your appointments?” Greg asks. “If something happens, I can help bring you back.”

“So can I,” Orion says, stepping onto the porch. “You won’t hurt anyone, Little Love. You’re stronger than that. Even that night in the hospital, you hurt the people who harmed you. That agent owes her life to your strength.”

Greg nods. “Ina told me she saw the Angel of Death that night, and you were her. You can do this.”

“Okay,” I murmur, blowing out a breath. “Greg, I can’t ask you to take a few hours out of your day three times a week for this. It’s just too much—”

“That’s intense,” he murmurs. “I still don’t have a problem doing it if you need me though.”

“Orion, are you good with coming?” I ask. “Could you possibly hurt me if I freak out?”

“I won’t hurt you,” he growls. “Even with increased strength, I can hold you down. Leave the knife at home though. I don’t feel like being stabbed, Lennon.”

Snorting, I shrug. “Fair enough. Okay, so we have a plan. I think it’s time to come inside before I also fall asleep out here,” I yawn. “This chair is way too comfortable.”

“You needed it.” Roark grins, helping me up and gently taking Saira with him. “Dinner is ready for us too. I hope lasagna makes you happy.”

“Fuck, it makes me happy,” Greg chuckles.

“Don’t mooch off the neighbors!” Miguel yells over the fence, making me smirk.

“Aw, man,” Greg jokes. “It’s really nice having you next door by the way. I’m sure the kids will be running back and forth all of the time when they’re older.”

“You have boys,” Roark groans. “Is it too late to close off the tunnel between our houses?”

“It’ll be fine,” Greg grins as we walk inside. “Besides, Dev is also a boy, and I’m sure he’ll be up to no good at some point too.”

“Maybe,” I remark. “We’ll have to let him grow up a little bit for that. Good night, Greg.”

“Night,” he says, taking off for the basement. I swear, he loves the tunnel.

“Was that Greg using his tunnel again?” Layla asks from the kitchen. She’s been wanting to learn how to cook, and Roark has been showing her his tricks.

“Mmhmm,” I say, setting Devlin into his swing.

“Okay, so dinner is all ready. Are you ready to talk about tomorrow and our itinerary?” Layla asks.

“Alright, hit me with it,” I nod.

The more Layla talks about the bridal shops and types of dresses each specializes in, the more excited I get. I’m only getting married once, it may as well be one of the best days of my life.



THERE’S SO much tulle here. I struggle to find my way out of the dress I’m in, giggling at how ridiculous I have to look. I’m going to need to call for backup.

“Layla, help!” I call out, laughter coloring my voice. “I’m being attacked by layers!”

“Good Lord, girl,” she giggles, opening the curtain. “You look like a powder puff.”

“I’m pretty confident that I can say this dress is a no,” I snort.

“It’s a fuck no,” she mutters. “Okay, fluffy dress... give me back my sister!”

We have way too much fun as Layla helps me out of the dress.

“I think this dress is a no,” my sister says, raising her brow at the sales consultant helping us. Kerri covers her mouth with her hand to hold back a laugh as she takes the dress from Layla.

“So less tulle,” she says, her voice muffled.

“Much less tulle,” I beg. Kerri loses the fight with her amusement and snorts, excusing herself from the room.

“You broke her,” Layla says. “What do you think she’ll come in with next?”

“Ugh, maybe we should go to the next bridal shop,” I groan. This is the third place today and I’m starving.

“Suck it up, buttercup. You can do this. Besides, our appointment for the next place isn’t for another few hours. If I don’t feed you soon, you may turn into a gremlin,” Layla confesses.

“I’m really damn close,” I grumble.

“Okay,” Kerri says, breezing back in. “I have a few more dresses. Is it time for alcohol yet?”

Initially I had declined the offer of champagne, but now I think I need it.

“Yes, please. I think it’s definitely time,” I tell her as I look at the dresses she brought.

One is a mermaid style that has lace and a thin lavender bow around the waist. My eye catches on it, and I whip around to look at Layla.

“Girl, I see it. Try one dress on before it, because you finally agreed to champagne. I don’t drink alone,” she smirks.

“It’s a good rule,” Kerri says, putting up the dresses in our changing room. “I’ll be right back.”

I actually try on two other dresses that are pretty but just not me as we sip on our drinks. Biting my lip, I glance over my shoulder at the mermaid style dress. I’m wearing a strapless bodysuit and heels as I drink champagne and wonder if I can try the damn dress yet.

“Okay, okay. Go try it on,” Layla says, rolling her eyes. Grinning, I hand her my glass as I pick it up.

“Ready for the next dress?” Kerri asks, coming in. She’s insisted on helping me since I was hopelessly lost inside of the tulle monstrosity.

“Yes, please. I’m finally allowed to try on the mermaid dress!” I squeal. I am really happy Layla insisted on taking a day to shop for a dress. We have a virtual appointment with a bakery in St. Augustine later today, and then another appointment with a florist.

I am going to feel exhausted, but accomplished, after today.

Kerri helps me step into the dress, and then I wiggle into it. My eyes widen as I start to *see* myself as a bride as she fastens the buttons up the back and ties the lavender bow.

“Let’s add a little bling,” she murmurs as she picks up a tiara and a veil.

As she puts it on, I swallow back a sob as tears spill over my cheeks.

“Wow,” I whisper. Kerri opens the curtain, and urges me to walk out. “Layla, what do you think?”

The answering sob as I step out makes me smile as she nods. “Holy shit, that’s it. We found the one!”

As she hugs me, I have to silently thank my good for nothing father for giving me her. There’s no one else like Layla.

“We did.” I grin. My cheeks hurt from how much I’m smiling, but I don’t even care.

“I need an obnoxious photo for myself. I won’t post it anywhere,” Layla promises. “I want to remember today forever.”

We take a million pictures, and have a blast. The dress fits perfectly, so we buy it on the spot, making sure to make an alteration appointment. In the next couple of weeks, I’ll have the shoes I’ll want with it, and then they can raise the hem if it’s needed.

Striding out into the sunshine with my garment bag arm in arm with Layla, I let myself bask in this moment. The cool air ruffles my hair and my overheated face from crying, and it is one day closer to my wedding day.

I may still be a work in progress, but every step takes me closer to happiness. Sometimes you have to walk through Hell to come out stronger. I’ve definitely done that this past year.

“Let’s drop off your dress, and then go have lunch,” Layla suggests as we stroll.

“I saw a really cool makeup shop too,” I muse. “Okay, I may not hate shopping as much as I said I did.”

“Shopping with the right person helps.” The minx grins, making me snort.

God definitely knew what he was doing when he gave me a little sister.

# CHAPTER TWELVE

---

Derek

I'm laying on my stomach on the floor with the kids, staring at them. They're four weeks old now and doing something called tummy time. I have no idea why this is important, but Roark told me to do it. Daddy Ror is scary as fuck, so while he's making brownies, I'm doing as I'm told.

Devlin pushes up on little arms and stretches his neck, making me smile.

"Such a big boy," I praise with a grin. "I can't believe you've been here for four weeks already. I swear it just feels like life is on fast forward right now."

"It does," Turner says, popping his head in the doorway. "You three look adorable. Hold on, I need to send this to Lenny. I hope she's home soon."

"You miss her," I chuckle. "The wedding is in two weeks, and then we have Halloween the week after. I don't know how this month has been flying by so quickly."

"I do miss her," he grumbles. "Alright, cute babies, let's plant the bait for Mommy."

I snicker, but grin for the camera. Turner takes the photo and then sends it. He bursts into laughter at the response and shows me.

Lennon: Fuck, my boobs just let down. You're lucky I'm on the way home.

"Oops," I tease. "Did she say if she was successful yet?"

"She texted me earlier to tell me that she was having a productive day, and sent me a thumbs up and an angel emoji



when I asked if she found a dress,” Turner chuckles, folding himself into a sitting position.

His phone rings, and he glances down at it.

“It’s Jordan,” he murmurs, hitting the video call.

“*Oh... video? Oh my goodness,*” he coos as he sees the babies on the floor. “*Tummy time is such hard work. Saira looks about done.*”

Glancing over, I see that my daughter has put her head on her hands and is passed out asleep. Smirking, I stroke her soft baby hair.

“We’ve only been at this for a few minutes,” I tell him, amused. “She sleeps a lot. Sometimes I worry if that’s normal.”

“*Saira is tiny, she needs the rest to grow.*” Jordan shrugs. “*Do they have a doctor appointment anytime soon?*”

“Next week,” I confirm. “It’s going to be an insane few weeks, but it’ll be fine. Lennon has therapy appointments, wedding stuff, and the baby appointment next week.”

“*We did most of it today, actually,*” Jordan explains. “*She and Layla had virtual meetings with the florist and the bakery for the cake in between her bridal shop appointments. Now, I’m coordinating with the resort restaurant for food. Otherwise, everything is done. In some ways, a destination wedding is easier to plan.*”

“What kind of food?” Turner asks. “I only ask because Ror will.”

“*I was thinking of a taco bar, salad bar, and brownie sundae bar since it’s such a small guest list,*” Jordan says. “*Does that work?*”

“Aye, sounds delicious. Thank you Jordan!” Roark calls out from the kitchen.

Jordan smirks in smug amusement. *“I had a feeling he was listening somewhere. Anything else you need help with or questions? I heard Lenny found a dress too.”*

“Aye, she did. She’s on the way home. Thank you for everything. I think we have everything else covered. Are we flying down or driving?” Turner asks.

*“I figured driving would be easier with the kids, because they’re already used to it,”* Jordan suggests. *“It’s about a five hour drive. I could book the private plane but...”*

“Don’t babies scream when their ears pop?” I wince. “Yeah, no. We’ll just drive.”

“Actually, I cleared it with the label, and they’re offering a driver and the tour bus,” Jordan says. “It’ll be an easy drive, with room for everything. Tori, Tesa, and everyone will be driving in several cars behind you. So it’ll be a caravan.”

“The more I hear, the more excited I get,” Turner admits. “What do you need from us?”

*“Show up at your tux fitting tomorrow,”* Jordan orders. *“You won’t have a long honeymoon...”*

“That’s fine, we’ll wait for the kids to be a little older.” Turner shrugs. “I want to see what they do when they see sand.”

*“Eat it?”* Jordan snorts. *“It’ll definitely be an adventure. Know that everything is handled, and you’ll be married to Lennon in just a couple of weeks. Snuggle those babies. Talk soon.”*

The sound of the tumblers turning over at the front door alert me to Lennon's arrival with Layla. Devlin's down for the count on the play mat I set out for both of them, and I stare at them fondly.

"Did you wear out the babies while I was gone?" Lennon asks with a smile. She's wearing an off the shoulder sweater dress and boots, and I know for a fact that she has a knife hidden in one of them. I watched her slide it into the hidden compartment.

"We were doing tummy time," I explain. "Apparently it's really hard work."

"My boobs feel like they're going to explode. I need my pump or Orion." She winces. "I'm only slightly kidding about using him for my milk."

"Lalalala," Layla says, waving at us before going to the kitchen. "I don't need to hear this!"

"As much as I would love to help you with this my way," Orion says, walking in with her breast pump. "Maybe this will be better suited."

"I feel like a cow," she whimpers, pulling down her clothes.

The sound of the pump makes me press my lips together to hold back a smile. "You're gorgeous," I remind her. "Your body gave us beautiful babies and feeds them too."

"Suck up," Orion mutters. Kissing her forehead, he leans against the wall. "Did you get a lot done today?"

"I did," she says, looking blissed out as the pressure releases from her milk. "Dress has been found, my virtual meetings went well with the vendors in St. Augustine, and now I'm ready for a nap."

“I think Roark said that dinner would be soon. Are you hungry?” I ask.

“I am, but I don’t know how long I’ll be able to stay awake,” she admits.

Roark walks out of the kitchen as if summoned, and takes a look at Lennon. “Little Valkyrie, you need a nap. After you’re done, go upstairs and take some time. The babies have already eaten, and they’ll be asleep for a bit.”

“I don’t want to move them, so I’ll probably stay on the floor with them,” I shrug. “They both did really well.”

“Good,” she says with a yawn. “I was a little worried about them since I was gone most of the day.”

“Nah, they were perfect,” Turner confirms. “Looks like your boobs are good to go. Head to bed, and I’ll make sure the milk ends up in the fridge.”

“Please don’t spill,” Lennon begs.

“It was one time,” I groan. I was half asleep and I knocked the pumped milk over. She hasn’t forgotten.

“I know,” she giggles. “I was really sad though.”

Lenny carefully caps the milk and hands it to Turner, and Orion takes the contraption from her to clean the pieces. Since Layla is in the kitchen, Lennon goes upstairs without pulling her clothes back up. Her breasts bounce as she walks, and I wince as I adjust my cock.

“She’s gorgeous no matter what,” Orion rumbles as he heads off to clean the pump. Turner merely hums in agreement as he also leaves the room to put the milk away.

I’m left laying on the floor for too long and I also drift off to sleep watching the kids. An hour later, I wake up to a

blanket draped over me, and I decide I clearly need more sleep.

There's something so relaxing about babies, though. It's as if they lift the darkness and smooth out the rough edges.

Roark

Lennon's ass is grinding into my cock and it's very distracting. She's fast asleep, wiggling, and moaning softly in her sleep. It's not a nightmare though. I think she's having a sex dream.

Grunting, my eyelashes flutter in need. "Lenny, Goddamn, you're gonna kill me."

"I know you're not having sex," Turner mutters, peering over my shoulder. "Ooh. Baby, give her what she wants. Someone sounds needy. You can't fuck her till the doctor clears her in a couple of weeks, but..."

Lenny likes to sleep in a cropped long-sleeve shirt and panties lately, and nothing else. Sliding my hand down her body, I glide it under the band of her panties.

"I can make her feel good," I rumble, kissing down her neck. Her pussy is soaked, and I growl as I run my fingers through her core. Orion and Derek are fast asleep on the other side of Lenny, cuddling each other.

They look comfortable and adorable, but they're going to miss our girl's release.

Whimpering, Lennon writhes. I listen to her cues as I rub her clit in insistent circles before pushing my other two fingers into her cunt. I want Lenny to be a little more aware before I start finger fucking her in earnest.

Her hips make tiny thrusting movements in her sleep, and I suck on her pulse as it beats wildly in her throat. "That's it, Baby Girl. Give it to me."

Turner moves so he can watch better, pulling the blankets down. "I need to see," he mutters. "I can fucking hear how wet

she is.”

Turner pulls down her panties, making a pained sound as he watches my fingers begin to circle and slowly thrust inside of her.

“Goddamn,” he whispers reverently, tugging down his boxers. Turner goes to bed without boxers typically, and his pierced cock bobs out. His eyes are glued to Lenny’s pussy as he strokes his cock.

Still watching as I whisper in her ear, he spits on the crown of his dick, groaning as he squeezes and twists around it to gently pull at the piercing.

“You must be having a damn good dream, Lenny,” I tell her, dragging my teeth along the shell of her ear.

“Roark, fuck me,” Lennon whines, her right leg spreading wide to grant me more access. She’s still fast asleep, and while I can’t fuck her...

Releasing my cock from my sweatpants I rock back and forth between her ass cheeks. We may need to take a shower after this, but fuck it.

“I got you, Baby,” I rumble, wrapping my arm around her waist as I push a third finger inside of her. I may wake her up, but I’m too impatient.

“You always got me,” she says, blinking her eyes. Pupils blown, she turns her head to kiss me. I push my fingers deeper inside her channel, swallowing her cries.

“Shh, Beautiful,” I whisper. “Your ass feels so good, I’m going to blow across it and up your back. I’m going to cover you in my cum because you’re mine.”

“Ours,” Turner corrects. He’s kneeling between Lenny’s thighs, masturbating unabashedly. “Your cunt looks so good stuffed with Roark’s fingers. I can’t wait to sink my cock inside of it soon. So damn beautiful.”

“Come for us,” I demand, my thumb ruthlessly rubbing her clit. Mewling, her back bows as she opens her body to me. “You want to be a good girl for me, don’t you?”

“Yes, yes, Sir. Daddy... please. Fuck, I need to come so much. I need more,” she begs.

Since she asked so sweetly, I thrust my fingers in and out of her slick hole. Her walls are steadily beginning to flutter, her skin has a slight sheen of sweat.

“I’m going to come all over your gorgeous pussy, Baby,” Turner pants. The tip of his cock is red and angry, precum dripping down it. He’s overwrought, his chest starting to heave. Damn, I don’t know how O and Derek are still sleeping. “Roark is going to fuck my cum back inside of you, Lavender. Goddamn, I’m so close.”

“I want it,” she gasps. “Give me your cum. Please.”

Lennon is mindless with desire, and I devour her mouth as I finger fuck her tight pussy. My hips thrust over and over against the tight crease of her ass cheeks, getting closer and closer to release. “I can feel how close you are. Turner, come. Shower her with your cum. Give our girl what she wants.”

Eyes rolling, he starts to come, ropes of his release hitting her stomach and cunt. Pulling out my fingers, I whisper soothing words in her ear as I gather some of Turner’s cum and push it past her lips. Lenny sucks greedily, licking and moaning at his taste.



“Don’t say I never gave you anything,” I tease her, gathering more of his cum and fucking her pussy with it. The sounds of her wet hole pulling my fingers in are almost pornographic.

“She smells so good,” Turner sighs, lazily stroking his cock. He’s still hard, which is honestly to be expected with him.

“I can feel your piercings as you thrust,” Lennon whimpers. “Daddy, I need you so much.”

“I’m all yours, Baby. Be a good girl and let go. Fuck, please come, Lenny. I’m gonna—”

My voice cracks as I shudder. My balls draw up, and my back tingles. Goddamn.

Lennon stiffens in my arms and her pussy clamps down on my fingers. I continue to finger fuck her as she comes, and I gasp as I thrust and grind on her ass as I orgasm. Her arms are wrapped around the arm I have around her waist, holding on for dear life as she almost passes out.

Wheezing greets me as my hearing comes back, which is a testament to how insane my release was. Turner is laying on his back, cum all over his abs. Damn, that man is a machine.

“Oh my God,” Lennon says. Her voice is wispy and weak as she’s completely out of breath.

“Same,” I chuckle, kissing her forehead. “You were grinding on my cock while you were sleeping and I couldn’t help myself. Was that okay?”

“Yes, always,” she says intently, turning her head to catch my lips. “How did everyone sleep through that?”

Turner's lips twitch as he sits up. "I have no idea. Let's grab a shower while the babies are too. You're a goddess, Lavender. Absolutely beautiful when you beg to come."

She blushes even as she hisses as I slowly pull my fingers from her. Turner leans forward and grabs my hand, licking up all of her release.

"Damn, Lavender. You squirted all over his hand. You taste so good," he praises. Turner's piercing is warm as he runs it over my fingers, and then he gags himself with them, not allowing one drop of her cum go to waste.

"Fuck, I'm hard again," I groan.

"Lavender and I will suck you off in the shower, won't we?" he smirks, getting off the bed.

I don't think Lenny or I have ever moved so fast. I love my life. Every moment has brought us to sharing all of this.

As Lenny and Turner drop to their knees in the shower, their hair quickly becoming plastered to their faces, I thank God we made it through.

# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

---

Lennon

I have my first therapy appointment to work on loosening the hold that Xav's fucked up experiments still have on me. Everyone who knew about the code word is dead, or should be. But it doesn't change the fact that I am still terrified someone may find his notes about me.

I don't want to be used as a weapon. What if someone makes me hurt my children? The guys? My sister?

I'm spiraling in my own thoughts when Orion covers my hand with his as he drives.

"Take a breath for me, Little Love," he insists, squeezing gently.

*I was holding my breath.* My chest loosens as I breathe, and I curse at myself for getting so lost in my thoughts.

"You're not dumb," he admonishes.

"I didn't realize I said that," I complain.

"You're projecting really loudly, but you did say that. So, take a breath and talk to me. Maybe I can help."

Orion offered to take me to therapy today, and I agreed because I know that he can talk me down. Or at the very least sit on me so I won't hurt anyone.

"I'm scared that I'm going to hurt someone one day," I confess. "You or the guys, or God... the kids."

"Never going to happen, you know why?" O asks. He looks so confident, and I need some of that right now.

"Why?" I rasp, tears starting to escape my eyes.

“You’re stronger than you think. You’d never hurt someone that doesn’t deserve it. To prove it to you, I want to trigger you today,” he says.

“Orion.” My mouth gapes at him as he shakes his head.

“Close your mouth before you catch flies or I give you something to suck,” he growls. My teeth click, that’s how fast I shut it. “Now, let’s walk through why I want to do this, okay?”

“Mmhmm,” I say, refusing to open my mouth.

“Brat. Okay, we can do it Dr. Bradley’s way, but I want your permission to trigger you. I’ll tell you to hurt me. It’s the only way you’ll be able to trust yourself again.”

“What if I hurt you,” I whisper.

“I need you to trust that you won’t, Baby. You’re so damn strong. That night in the woods you were willing to end it all so that you wouldn’t be used as a weapon. I want you to know that you can do this,” Orion says insistently.

I think about that as he pulls into the parking lot and I nod, agreeing. I’ve survived a lot of things, I just hope that I can do this.

Together, we walk inside of the building to Dr. Bradley’s office. She is waiting for us, and I vaguely remember her saying that she was going to dismiss her secretary for the afternoon.

Just in case.

“Hi, Lennon,” she says serenely. She doesn’t look nervous, and that helps to settle me a bit.

“Hey, Dr. Bradley. I have to confess that I’m a little nervous,” I tell her as we sit down. “I hate that I can’t trust

myself not to hurt someone.”

“That’s why I want to walk through some of the things that Dr. Xav would say before he or his staff would trigger you before we go back to the day where Grant and he decided they were going to use you as a weapon,” Dr. Bradley explains. “It may get difficult, but that’s okay. Your brain needs to process all of this so we can break the control it has on you.”

Nodding, I think back to Hidden Hills.

“Dr. Xav liked to punish me when I wouldn’t do what he wanted me to,” I begin. “He enjoyed hurting me, waterboarding me—”

“Asphyxiating you too,” Orion mutters uncomfortably. I can understand why, since he helped Dr. Xav under the guise of being on his team.

“Yes.” I nod. “He’d wake me up every time I passed out. When he thought I had had enough or I just angered him, he or one of his staff would mutter the trigger word and then zap me with the electric shock wand.”

“He was shocking your system so that it would be vulnerable to whatever he was saying,” Dr. Bradley murmurs. “Some believe the answer is to painfully shock the patient until they don’t respond to the stimuli, but I find that barbaric. I think you can break it yourself. What else would he do?”

“Dr. Xav wanted me to believe that everyone had forgotten about me,” I mutter. “He showed me a video of Roark face fucking another man, and I was so tired, I believed him.”

“The photos were real, but he twisted what happened,” Orion rumbles. “The asshole did it so she’d be even more susceptible to his words.”

“Then, we know how he did it,” my therapist says with a nod. “Pain, tearing away your support systems, making you believe you aren’t loved.”

“But I am,” I tell her, staring at the ring on my finger and Orion. “I’m very loved and Xav is a dead motherfucking liar.”

“Exactly,” Dr. Bradley says with a feral grin before smoothing out her expression. “So let’s take you back to the night Xavier Pontus underestimated you, shall we?”

“Okay,” I agree. “What do you want me to do?”

“It sounds cliché, but lay down and close your eyes. Visualize what happened. I’m going to count down from five. When I get to one, you’ll be in the room with Ina and Grant. I want you to pay attention to the details that happened right before and right after. Can you do that?” Dr. Brantley asks.

As I nod, Orion leans forward. “I suggested purposefully triggering her to see if she can break the suggestion. Lennon doesn’t have her knife on her, and I can protect myself from her. I want to prove to her that she’s so much stronger than she believes.”

“That’s... interesting,” Dr. Bradley murmurs. “I still want her to see how she broke the suggestion or rather redirected it before, but I would like to see what Lennon does with a follow up of her trigger word being used immediately afterward with a command. Are you open to this, Lennon?”

“Yes,” I tell her. My tone is a lot more confident than I feel right now, but now that the idea is in my head, I have to go forward with it.

Laying back, I force air through my lungs as I close my eyes.

“Lennon, you’re safe and nothing can hurt you in this room. You are so strong. These are past events that you’ll be viewing. Is that understood?” Dr. Evelyn’s voice is low as she talks to me.

It feels as if it gets darker too behind my eyelids, but I wouldn’t be surprised if she turned down the lights.

“Think back to just before the library, what was happening?” she asks.

“I was walking down the hallway from my cell,” I remember. “I felt... numb. Broken, even. No one had come for me and I was starting to think that the only way I would get out was because I did it myself.”

Orion doesn’t say a word, but I know he’s listening.

“We’re going to start counting from five now. When I get to one, you’ll be back at Hidden Hills but completely safe. You’ll be viewing these events as if they were happening,” she tells me. “Five...four...three...two...one.”

The slow and steady counting sends my mind back to that time. I can feel fingers gripping my arms as I walk to the library. I was so beaten down and tired, I didn’t care that he was leaving bruises at the time.

The door to the library opens and I remember my confusion as I see Nurse Imelda tied to the chair. I wanted to feel something, anything, but the dark and permeating numbness filled me completely.

“Nurse Imelda looks angry,” I say softly to Dr. Bradley. My voice sounds detached and calm. I should feel upset by this, but I’m floating in a state of safety. “There’s so many people in the room, I felt as if I was on display. A part of me



wanted to know why the nurse was in the library, but I didn't want to draw attention to her."

"And then what happened?" my therapist asks.

"Grant asked why I looked nervous and told me he was expecting a performance. Nurse Imelda was a government agent sent to infiltrate the hospital. The entire time... she kept watching me with kind eyes. It was as if she knew what was coming..."

My cheeks are wet and I realize I'm crying. I never realized how at peace Nurse Imelda looked until now. She expected to die that day.

"Grant said that Hidden Hills was a prototype for Kentucky to model other institutions after, and I remember how upset that made me. The numbness started to fade away to fury," I rasp. "Xav pushed a hunting knife into my hand, saying that he needed my help. He told me he wanted me to kill Nurse Imelda, told me to be a good girl, and then triggered me."

"What happened then?" Dr. Bradley asks softly.

"I looked at Nurse Imelda, even though everything was hazy yet sharp. It's hard to understand," I whimper. "Everything went dark when Xav triggered me, but I think that was my mind protecting me. Things look murky."

"You're doing fine," Orion murmurs soothingly.

"I turned away from Nurse Imelda and stabbed Xav. Then, I forced myself to follow the command by killing everyone that wasn't Imelda," I whisper. "I lost myself, I chased after Collymore and killed him. I can hear the knife as it split his skin like butter..."

“But did you hurt anyone who didn’t deserve it?” Dr. Bradley asks. There’s no mention that murder is bad, that’s not how she works. She’s the therapist to mercenaries, after all.

“No,” I deny. “I absolutely didn’t. But... I still killed people.”

“Do you regret it?”

“Absolutely fucking not. Goddamn wastes of space,” I growl.

“That’s what I thought. What else do you want to tell me about the last night you were at Hidden Hills?”

“The desperation to get out was intense. I can still feel it now,” I tell her, my tone heavy with tears. “I knew Xav and Grant were still out there. I couldn’t be someone’s weapon. What if I’m not strong enough next time?”

“What if you are?” Dr. Bradley says softly. “You’ve lived a life of trial by fire. It’s time to be the phoenix we all know you are. When I count to five, you’ll come back to us. Hidden Hills is no more. One... two... three... four... five.”

My eyes open, and I blink rapidly. The lights are brighter than I thought they were. Sitting up, I see Orion staring hard at me.

“Hey, Little Love,” he murmurs. “Pineapple.”

The world goes black, and I curse.

Orion

I did warn her that I was going to do this.

Lennon's pupils are blown as she gazes at me, and I can tell that the word has completely taken over her. This is what she's so scared of.

"There's the pretty little slave. You'll do whatever I please, won't you? Isn't that what you're worried about? Here's a knife. Pick it up and kill me," I tell her, pushing it toward her.

This wasn't part of the plan. I didn't tell her I was going to do this. Dr. Bradley stands carefully, glaring at me in annoyance as she moves away from us.

Lennon shakes her head even as her fingers twitch. "No," she whispers. "I won't do that."

"Lennon, pick up the knife," I growl. Intent is something I noticed makes the difference in her trigger.

Reaching forward, she picks up the weapon, but doesn't stand.

"Get up, Lennon," I command. Her legs begin to force her to rise. "Aren't you mine to command? Do as I say."

"You're a dick, O," Lennon mutters. "Go fuck yourself."

There's my girl.

"Tell me how you really feel, but I better feel that blade coming for me, Baby Girl," I tell her. "Come on, show me your worst. Get your ass moving."

Dr. Bradley looks on disapprovingly as Lennon takes a step forward.

“No,” Lennon pants. “I won’t. Stop this. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You have no choice,” I taunt, standing. “Aren’t you this pretty little puppet that has to do what she’s told? So show me what Xavier molded. Where’s the soulless killer now?”

“No,” she says again. I can see there’s a war going on within her, but she takes yet another step forward. “Stop it!”

“Or what? If you don’t break this, you’ll always wonder if you can be triggered. Pineapple, pineapple, pineapple! Pizza and pineapple are delicious, don’t you think?” I ask her. “Keep coming for me, Lennon. Finish what you’ve started.”

“I don’t want this,” she rasps. Her chest is heaving, but her hand is steady on the knife. It’s a very delicate balance. “Please, Orion.”

The desperate nature of her words should move me, but I refuse to let them. There’s the cold blooded killer and the loving woman who doesn’t want to hurt me. Honestly, even the killer doesn’t want to murder me, even if I am being a cockwaffle right now.

“Pineapple doesn’t give a fuck what you want, Little Girl,” I snarl. “What are you going to do about it?”

Screaming, Lennon runs toward me and leaps at me, the knife raised high. Fuck. Her legs wrap around me, but she throws the knife at the wall where it’s embedded all the way to the hilt. Damn, baby.

That would have hurt.

“No,” she screams. “I will not do this!”

“Who is in charge, Lennon?” Dr. Bradley asks from the safety of the other side of the room. I don’t blame her. My girl

is fucking fierce.

“Me,” she says before slapping the fuck out of me. I welcome the sting as she hits me. “I could have killed you, you asshole!”

Her pupils are going back to normal, and I can tell that I have my Lennon back.

“Killing me was never in the cards, Baby,” I smirk. “You’ve survived me torturing you, Xav attempting to control you, and now the goddamned pineapple.”

Lennon flinches but stills as she realizes that she hasn’t gone dark.

“Oh my God,” she whispers.

“We’ll do more work together to ensure this isn’t a fluke,” her therapist says from the safety of her corner.

“O,” she breathes.

“I was an asshole,” I admit. “I needed it to be a surprise when I triggered you. I had your consent, but the timing had to be right.”

“I was raw already,” she agrees. “It was easier to push because I was surrounded by memories of Hidden Hills.” The tears still glitter on her cheeks, her eyes gray storm clouds.

“Aye,” I rasp. I’m spending too much time with Roark and Turner apparently. “I wish I could have thought of a different way.”

“I know,” she says softly, sobbing in a breath.

It hurts my heart to hear that much sorrow and relief so close together. My arms tighten around her and I stare up into her eyes.

“I wish I could say I’m sorry,” I tell her honestly. I’m not, that’s the sad part. I can wish that it wasn’t necessary, but I can’t find remorse for this. It’s part of what makes me broken. Lennon needed closure, and this is the only way I could think of to help her.

She nods, burying her face in my neck. I do the only thing I can: hold my girl.

“I’ll be billing you for the hole in the wall,” Dr. Bradley mutters under her breath.

All I can do is smirk because I deserve it. Lennon is one step closer to trusting her freedom. Every day she earns it by staying in the light, and loving us all.

My darling girl isn’t a slave to her past. The nightmares may still make an appearance, but that’s okay. We’ll always be there to pull her out of the pits of darkness.

# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

---

Lennon

“I can’t believe the wedding is in two days,” my sister squeals, making me grin. Everything is done. The guys have their tuxes, all of the details are set, I just have to pick up my dress from alterations.

“This boutique made miracles happen with this fast of a turnaround for your dress,” Uncle Jordan murmurs as he drives us.

He insisted on a girls’ day before I got married, and I was happy to oblige. Saira is even with us in the car seat, and I kiss her toes from where I’m sitting next to her in the back seat. Uncle Jordan said he would wear her in the baby carrier while I’m getting fitted for my dress to make sure it’s perfect.

I’m the last person to begrudge my uncle some baby snuggles. It’s even cuter when he reaches for the diaper bag once Saira is situated in the carrier.

“You’re a natural,” I sigh happily as I close the door behind him.

“It’s been a while since I’ve taken care of a baby, but I remember how.” He grins, glancing at Layla.

“Dad and Uncle Jordan were close when I was little,” she says as we begin walking down the sidewalk toward the boutique. “I remember that they used to take me to a lot of park dates. Uncle Jordan also sprung for ice cream.”

My lips quirk up because that sounds nice. I don’t have any memories like that, but I won’t begrudge her for them. My little sister deserves all of the best things in life. I’m genuinely happy that she had this with my uncle and sperm donor.



“That’s nice,” I tell them. I can’t say much else, but I’m in a really good mood, and my daughter is getting to spend the time I didn’t with my uncle.

“I should kick James in the balls the next time I see him,” Jordan says conversationally, making me blink in surprise.

“Excuse me?” I sputter.

“Mmhmm, me too,” my sister mutters. “He didn’t do anything like that with you?”

“He taught me how to play the guitar,” I muse. “I played in the fields around the house alone a lot, rode my bike, and went to school. There wasn’t much else to do.”

“What about play dates with other kids? Or neighbors?” Layla asks, eyebrows drawing down.

Shrugging, I shake my head. “My sperm donor worked a lot, I remember. I was always excited to see him, and he’d pat me on the head, saying how much he missed me. They’d send me out of the house for hours, I’d spend some time showing him what I’d learned on my guitar or keyboard, and that was it. James wasn’t very present,” I explain.

“We were scouting new music back then, making a name for ourselves, but I didn’t realize things were this bad,” Jordan mutters. “Although, Layla’s mother didn’t stay married to my brother for long either.”

“I don’t even remember her,” Layla says without ire. It’s simply a fact as she opens the door to the bridal shop. “I think she left when I was a few months old, so there’s nothing to really miss. I’m perfectly alright without her.”

There are days when I wish I had ended up in foster care, but no one cared enough to call.

“Hello, Miss Lennon, we’re so excited to have you in today. Champagne? Water? Can I get you either?” the blonde shop manager asks with a welcoming smile.

“Just water for me, please. Layla? Uncle?” I ask.

The shop manager, I think her name is Cindy, mentally stores the information as she looks expectantly at them in her chic green dress and peep toe heels.

“Water as well, please,” my uncle says easily.

My sister gives a self righteous sigh that makes me giggle, and also opts for water.

The dressing room is to our right, and we walk together. There’s a stall for me to change in and comfortable sofas. Though, I don’t know that my kid will allow my uncle to sit as she begins to drift off. There’s a lot of sleepy dust in that baby carrier and she likes it when you sway back and forth.

“Go on and change, Saira is on her way to dreamland, which is perfect for this,” he says, shooing me off.

Smirking, I change into my dress. As I step out, someone is waiting to fasten up the back. I definitely can’t get in and out of this without help.

“Good, good. Did you bring the shoes that you plan to wear the day of?” the store manager asks.

“I did!” I exclaim as Layla pulls them out of her bag. Placing them on the floor, I step into them, immediately feeling taller.

“Perfect,” Cindy murmurs. “I’ll bring Rina, your seamstress, in to make sure everything is perfect.”

As my eyes fall on my uncle, I see that he’s furtively trying to hide his tears.

“Uncle Jordan, you’re going to make me cry,” I tell him with a wide smile.

“You’re so gorgeous,” he breathes, wiping away at the waterworks. “It’s beautiful, and the color suits you perfectly. This is a dress that’s meant to be.”

“Just like her and the guys,” Layla says happily. There’s no sadness in her eyes, she’s firmly enjoying the moment. “They’re all going to lose it when they see you. I can’t wait to watch you get married.”

“Aye,” Jordan sighs. “I’m just so happy for you.”

The seamstress walks in, and I realize my cheeks are wet. I guess a few tears slipped out of my eyes.

“Is everyone alright here?” she chuckles as she takes my hand and gestures for me to step up onto the platform.

“We’re being sentimental fools,” Uncle Jordan says. “She’s my first niece to get married, and I’ve been so busy with the details, that seeing her hit me all at once how big of a deal this is.”

“This happens to a lot of people,” she says with a smile. “I’m Rina, and I did your adjustments after my assistant took your measurements earlier in the week. I want to make certain that it’s perfect...”

Rina trails off as she inspects the dress, twitching the bottom into place, and then has me step down to walk so she can watch me.

“Were your breasts the same size before as they are now? I know that’s an odd question, but you look as if you have a little room?” Rina looks perplexed and it’s adorable. Her shrewd brown eyes try to figure out what’s happening with my chest as she stands there in her flowy blue dress.

“I just recently had twins, so I had a lot of milk in my breasts, which increased the size,” I explain. “I have the baby with me today, so they’re a little more normal sized, though they still feel enormous.”

Jordan doesn’t say a word, kissing Saira’s head as he bites his tongue.

“They’re fine,” Layla tells me. “Is there any way to make an adjustment so that I can loosen it or tighten it based on what her milk jugs decide to do during the wedding?”

“Layla,” Jordan snickers, covering his mouth.

“I mean, they feel like milk jugs,” I giggle. “Ugh, if we talk about it, they’ll hear us and decide it’s time to feed babies.”

“You’re insane, Lenny. Who will hear us? The baby is sleeping,” Layla says, holding her side as she laughs.

“My boobs,” I hiss, cackling when my uncle chokes back a laugh.

Rina looks around and shakes her head at us, but a smile is clearly on her face.

“I can add something to the top so it doesn’t gap and you can tighten it or loosen as needed,” she muses, pinching the bodice just a bit from the back. “Yes... I need the dress for another hour or so, and then you can have it back. Strip!”

“I need help getting out,” I explain, turning to give her my back.

Deft fingers unbutton me in a no-nonsense manner before pushing me toward the changing stall.

“Go to lunch or something after you’re done changing, and then come back,” she says. I hear her walk out of the room and

I have to applaud her idea, as well as her professionalism.

I am not safe for people on my best day, much less a lactating one. Smirking, I finish dressing. The wedding dress is with a smart seamstress in the back, and I have my marching orders.

“She told us,” Uncle Jordan chuckles as we walk to find a lunch spot. It’s beautiful on the island, and we luck out when we discover a restaurant on the water. Saira is still asleep, and my boobs are holding strong. Sweet!

“I’m starving,” Layla murmurs as she looks at the menu once we’re seated. The gentle breeze is refreshing, and I know it’s probably going to be one of the last times that I can sit outside for lunch before it gets too cold. “Sooo... do I get a plus one for your wedding, or can I steal one of your husbands to dance with?”

My cheeks hurt from laughing, but I can’t help it. “You have as many as you’d like, I expect. Jordan is the boss for this, aren’t you, Uncle?”

“Hmm? Oh, I think it’ll be easy to arrange, Layla. Who would you like to bring?” he asks.

“Well, I kind of wanted to invite Tyler. It’s super short notice so I don’t even know if he’d want to,” Layla rushes out. That boy is smitten, even I can see that.

He pays very close attention when Layla speaks from what she’s told me, and actually cares about their discussions. Tyler makes my baby sister feel seen, and I’m here for that. The second he hurts her, all bets are off, but for the moment I’m Team Tyler.

“I’m totally fine with him being invited to the wedding,” I tell her. “Ask him if he can come.”

Layla's eyes cut to our uncle who is swaying in his seat almost unintentionally. Best great-uncle ever. "I'll add him to the list, Layla," my uncle says. "I've heard of this young man, but haven't had the pleasure of meeting him. I've also screened him through my database and he doesn't have so much as a parking ticket. Tyler also looks as if he's very smart."

"He is," Layla sighs happily as her fingers fly across the screen. "Now to see... Yes!" she hisses. "He's in. Thank God I'm going to look cute in my dress."

Layla is my maid of honor, and I told her to wear whatever she wanted. The girl could wear black and I wouldn't have batted an eye. I bet she'd make it a fashion statement too.

"Look out, St. Augustine, here we come," I grin. My curly blue and purple hair flutters in the breeze, and I'm glad that I decided to keep my hair this color.

It fits who I am now. I'm Turner's Lavender and always will be, but there's an edge to me after Xav's sick experiments. I've been trying to meld the two together.

While Orion was yelled at after by the typically calm Dr. Bradley, I'm glad that he threw caution to the wind. I needed to know if I could stop myself from hurting someone when triggered, and O was the only one with the balls to do it.

He's lucky he was right. Now, I just need to focus on the future. In two days I'll be married to them all. I can hardly believe it.

Roark

Today is the day I get to marry my best friend. Hell, it's the day we all marry Lennon O'Reilly. We decided that she'd be keeping her name, but that doesn't mean that I won't be getting immense pleasure when the wedding ring is slid onto her finger.

The alarm didn't even have to go off this morning because we have tiny, hungry babies.

"Hmm, someone bring me the kids? I'm not awake yet," Lenny grumbles. Smirking, I get up, losing my warm spot in bed with her to Turner.

We're staying at a beautiful smaller hotel in St. Augustine that has a beach color scheme of light blue and white running throughout it. It sits right on the beach, and we'll have a couple of days to enjoy it before going home. It may be a short honeymoon, but it'll be incredible.

The hotel is so small that we are staying in half of their rooms. As Lennon settles with the twins propped up on a mountain of fluffy pillows, I set off to start coffee. We have a busy day, and Lenny will need it to tone down the 'I'll stab you if you talk to me' vibe that she's got going on right now.

It's fine, I know how to tame my Valkyrie. Coffee brews, and warm, tone arms circle my body. Inhaling Turner's scent, I wrap my arms around his. I would recognize the vine tattoos that twine around his fingers before crawling up his arms anywhere. His ink is beautiful, telling his part of our love story.

“Good morning,” he rumbles as he kisses my back. “Happy wedding day, Ror. This place is beautiful. Want to fuck around in the shower later? It’s huge.”

I snort as I remember how tiny the shower is in the tour bus. Dev had a blow out on the way down here, and I just brought him into the bathroom and held his stinky butt up to the shower head. It would have been so much easier if this had happened at home.

The hotel has a full sized kitchen, so I send Turner off with coffee for two and a promise to gag him with my cock in the shower. There’s nothing like having him on his knees in the morning. Especially when today will be the beginning of the rest of our lives.

Jordan is the event planner magician. There’s magically food in the fridge, so I begin making breakfast. I heard once that brides are at a higher risk of passing out on their special day because they are so busy, they forget to eat. That’s not happening today. Everything will be perfect.

Derek wanders out of the bedroom and kisses me before finding himself some orange juice. He leans against the wall and his throat works as he swallows. I’m having trouble paying attention to the food because he’s a sinful dream in low slung sweatpants and nothing else.

“Unless you want me to sink my cock into your tight ass, I suggest you get out of my kitchen,” I growl. Derek’s eyes widen before heat enters them as his hand with the glass lowers.

“Damn, what a way to start a wedding though. Will you call me a bad boy when you fuck me, Sir?”



I groan as I force myself to focus so I won't burn the food. "Baby Boy, get the fuck out of my kitchen. You're not ready for me to fuck you raw," I tell him.

I'm uncomfortably hard, and I wince as I adjust my cock in my boxers.

"Sorry, Daddy," he whispers before hightailing it out of my space when I growl and pick up a wooden spoon.

"Damn brat," I chuckle as he runs back to the safety of the bedroom. These men of mine would tempt the patience of a saint.

"Who is a brat?" Lenny asks, walking into the kitchen topless.

"This must be a dream where I'm allowed to fuck you on the kitchen counter," I whimper.

The food is finally done, and I start to plate the breakfast potatoes, eggs, and chocolate chip pancakes.

"I'm sure anal at least is on the table by now," she teases me as I shudder in need and my cock jerks. "I'm supposed to go to the doctor when we get back and get cleared."

"Cleared for sex, who would have thought?" I grin as I hand her a plate. "Come eat, guys!"

Slowly, Turner, Orion, and Derek come out of the room. Devlin and Saira are in fresh clothes, awake and looking at everything. Derek easily helps me bring the plates to the table since he's the only one with his hands free, and I notice I'm not the only one whose eyes drift to our beautiful girl who is innocently eating topless.

"You're making me crazy," Orion mutters, eyes on her tits as he eats. He loves to tease her until her letdown releases so

he can lick the milk off of her. I can't wait till we can fuck her while he drives her wild.

Fooking hell, all I can think about is sex.

Breakfast is inhaled, but all eyes are on Lenny the entire time. She acts blissfully ignorant, though there's a small smile on her lips.

"The food was amazing," she says with a happy moan. I do love that I can make sex noises come out of her without touching her. My girl loves food.

"I'm glad. Go get ready, I think Layla said she'd be coming by soon," I tell her.

"Yeah, I have like twenty minutes," she confirms. "My sister is taking me to get a massage, and then I'll be in her room getting hair and makeup done while the babies nap in there."

"I have bottles for the morning." I shrug. "Off with you then. My hand has been feeling very twitchy and my cock is aching."

"Sorry, Daddy." Lenny winks before she darts away when I move to grab her.

"The world is testing me right now, and I'm destined to have blue balls today," I sigh.

"I can sort your dick out in a second." Turner smirks. Derek starts picking up dishes, and Orion watches after him, lips pursed as he looks down at our perfect son passed out in his arms.

He wants to help, but he's a little stuck. Lips twitching, I gently pick Devlin up and set him in the middle of a sea of pillows so he would be safe.

“When they start rolling and crawling we’ll be in trouble, but for now this will do,” I explain to Orion.

O glances over his shoulder as he stands. “It’s such an odd feeling to be attached to someone so tiny. I don’t want to put the twins down ever, but I still have things to do. This must be why those weird baby carriers were invented.”

“Those things are amazing,” Derek says as he starts to wash dishes. “The inventor of it had to have been a parent. I never want to put the kids down, but it’s impossible to do anything without my hands free. They were awesome at the concert too.”

“I still worry that it may come undone when I’m wearing it,” O grumbles as he moves to help.

Turner shakes his head as he kisses Saira’s forehead and gently puts her down next to Dev. They’re both fast asleep, and he yawns as he grabs my hand.

“We may as well save some water and join Lenny,” he smirks as he pulls me toward the bedroom.

“Lucky bastard,” O chuckles.

“I’ll suck your cock if you dry faster,” Derek teases him. I hear Orion splash him and snicker. They’re going to end up having a water fight before that happens, I’m sure.

Turner and I strip as we walk through the bedroom, opening the bathroom door to see Lenny leaned against the shower wall with the water wand sprayer directed on her clit. Her head is dropped back as she works herself closer to release, and Turner and I watch her for a moment before joining her.

“Did I tell you that you could come yet?” I rumble as my hand wraps around her neck.

Her gray eyes are blown with lust and need, and she looks like a goddess. “You never said I couldn’t, Sir. I’m very good at pushing the boundaries of the rules.”

Turner changes the setting on the shower wand, lifting her leg onto his shoulder. “We have to work quickly, so I may as well see how clean I can get you while dirtying you up, Lavender,” he teases as he pulls her lips apart to fully expose her.

Turner does a very good job of cleaning her up as I swallow down her screams. Lenny’s legs barely hold her as she wobbles out of the shower, and I can hear Layla out in the living room chatting.

“Have fun, boys. Thank you for the orgasms,” Lenny chuckles as she closes the door behind her.

Still on his knees, Turner pulls me closer to him as he looks up at me with the shower wand.

“Just what do you think that you’re going to do with that?” I smirk.

Changing the setting to a steady stream of water, he shrugs before opening his mouth to suck on the head of my cock.

“You’re just going to have to find out,” he says around the crown of my dick. His tongue ring does wicked things as he circles it around me before sucking me down. My Jacob’s ladder offers me more stimulation as his teeth gently pull on each one.

“Fook me,” I breathe as my fingers dive into his hair. Pulling him down until his nose touches my pubic bone, I leave him there as he swallows around my thick cock. “You don’t have to breathe to suck my dick,” I groan.

His eyes are full of mischief even as they water. Turner's mouth is stretched to capacity, yet his cheeks still hollow out as he sucks around me.

A warm, strong flow of water hits my asshole and I gasp. "Motherfucker," I howl, but to be honest it feels good. My hips swivel and thrust as I fuck his face, my eyes rolling as he brings me closer to coming.

"I hope you know that you're going to spend a lot of time on your knees as my husband," I pant, my balls drawing up as my back begins to tingle. "You're too damn inventive not to be using your mouth at least once a day on me. Oh fuck me."

My voice breaks as I whimper, shuddering. My movements start to falter as ropes of cum start to hit the back of Turner's throat. "Such a fucking good boy you are," I gasp. My legs are shaking as my eyes roll, my sight darkening as my orgasm rolls on and on.

Collapsing onto my knees, I grin as I see that Turner painted his own abs with his cum.

"Well, I've never felt cleaner," I tease as I push him onto his back. "Let me help you clean up a bit."

We don't leave the shower until the water turns cold, but I feel amazing afterwards.

There's something to be said about the morning of a wedding. I highly recommend starting it with an orgasm.

# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

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Lennon

**M**y sister is amazing. I feel so relaxed between my shower with the guys and the massage now. I haven't had to lift a finger or worry about a thing, and I sigh happily.

“Someone looks relaxed.” Jordan smirks as he plays with the twins on the ground. They giggle and kick their little feet, making me grin.

We're in Layla's room, and the hair and makeup crew are supposed to be here soon.

“I feel it,” I tell him. “I've never felt so pampered before. I should be more nervous about this, but I just feel excited.”

“There's no rules for this,” Jordan says as he tickles Saira's foot. The baby squeal makes my heart soar. I'm so glad that they have him.

I'm wrapped in a pretty satin robe that says 'Bride' around the back, and underneath it I am wearing a gorgeous cream corset. I love pretty lingerie. Layla surprised me the day before my alteration appointment last week with waxing appointments, which surprised me.

She told me that she's been getting waxed for years, not that there's anyone to appreciate it. Poor girl. I asked her how things are going with Tyler, and she told me that while it's going slow, she's happy.

*“Tyler is a gentleman, even though he's a little grumpy with other people. But when he smiles, Lenny, it's so worth it. It makes me want to spend more time with him, just to figure out what makes him passionate about life. I've never really had that before.”* She admitted.

I'm totally going to kill my best friends. They're supposed to be at the wedding, but I haven't told my sister. I don't want to blindside her...

There's no good choices here, so I'm just going to hope for the best today.

"I've never been to a wedding before. How odd is it that the first one I attend is my own?" I giggle.

"How are you sheltered, and yet so wild?" Uncle Jordan mumbles to the babies. "Not to mention you're marrying four men today. How does this even happen?"

"I've been on the road since I was eighteen for the music label," I remind him. "I didn't have a lot of time to make friends, outside of the people that I met on the road, or the band."

"The things I've heard roadies say can't be repeated," he mutters. "You basically grew up in the music industry. Shit could have gone so badly. You could have ended up hooked on drugs or —"

"If you believe the gossip rags, I am quite the partier." I smirk. "I was never really interested in drugs outside of the occasional edible. I had Turner and Roark though, so I was never in any trouble. They'd protect me with their last breath."

"I know, I think I'm being sentimental. So much lost time," he says with a shrug. "It makes me want to go and beat the shit out of my brother. Last I heard, he had to drive to his meetings all month because he's on the 'no fly' list. Poor baby brother."

My uncle doesn't sound at all remorseful, and I giggle. His lips curl as he listens to the peal of laughter.



“I know for a fact that we’re related if only because I just thought about how I need to beat up certain best friends of mine.” I grin.

“Not worth it,” Layla says with a wink. “Unless you could do it without getting caught. I could get behind that.”

She brings in the hair and makeup people, and they introduce themselves. Uncle Jordan didn’t want people that would fawn over me, so he brought in a crew used to working with rockstars and famous people.

Brea, Zee, and Gertrude grin at me as they hold up their bags and cases. I guess it’s show time!

“What do you think about a braided bun with curls?” Brea asks, running her fingers through my hair. I put some product in after drying it so it would be easier to work with. Even though it got wet from my morning shower with Turner and Roark, I didn’t fully wash my hair.

Clean hair is the worst for up dos.

“Curls how?” I ask. “I don’t want them to be tight curls, because I’ll end up looking like a chia pet, or someone on their way to prom. I’m looking for a beachy look that’ll hold all night.”

Brea pulls up a few photos for inspiration, and I nod at one. “I like this messy braided style with a few curls,” I tell her. “I think it’ll be really pretty with the dress.”

Nodding, she gets to work while Zee starts on my makeup and Gertrude does Layla’s hair. The entire time, Layla and I chat with Jordan. The crew is under a non-disclosure agreement in their contract, but we’re still careful about what we talk about.

“I wonder what the guys are up to,” I muse as Brea brushes out my hair and starts to braid it.

“They are probably hanging out in their tuxes and drinking,” Jordan chuckles. “There’s a bottle of good whiskey in the room along with cigars and chocolate truffles. I suggested that they fill a flask and walk the beach to hang out. I did mention that they not change until afterward if they decided on that option. The waves are a good way to find zen, I would think. They were a ball of excitement as I left the room.”

Layla grins as Gertrude curls loose, beachy waves into her hair. “Roark has his rituals before a big performance, right? I think the beach is good to just hang out and center yourself.”

“It is,” I agree. “Since he’s been going to therapy appointments too, he hasn’t needed his rituals as much. Roark can find his peace in the people around him, and I think he doesn’t want to leave me for any amount of time since... earlier this year.”

I amend my sentence because even though some of what happened to me was leaked purposefully to the news, I don’t want to say anything about it in front of strangers. The glamor crew continues to work as if I didn’t say anything at all. They’re clearly focused and professional, which is why Uncle Jordan chose them.

“It’s understandable,” Layla says as if I didn’t skip a beat. “I can see the difference for the better. I’m so excited for them to see you.”

The last is said with a squeal, making me grin. I am so excited too. There’s butterflies in my stomach but not because I’m nervous. It’s finally here!

An hour later, I'm ready to go, and Layla helps me into my dress while Jordan chats with the crew in the sitting room. For such a small hotel, the rooms are huge.

"You look so pretty," Layla says teary eyed as she looks at me. "We're just missing a couple of things."

Frowning, I look at myself in the mirror. My hair and makeup are perfect, I'm wearing my engagement ring and the moss agate looks perfect between the two diamonds it sits between in its setting.

"What's missing?" I ask, confused.

"Jewelry, something old, something new, and something blue," she says, blinking rapidly. If I ask if she's okay, she'll tell me that there's something in her eye. Or, Layla will simply burst into tears, and my smokey purple eyeshadow won't survive that. Neither will my mascara, even though they promised it was waterproof.

"Wait, what?" I ask, spinning around to see that her arms are filled with little boxes. "What are these?"

"Keep up, big sis," she teases me. "I just told you. Sit, and I'll show you."

Doing as I'm told, I watch as she pulls open a box. "This is from Greg," she says. "It's a blue dagger that he says he wants you to wear for your wedding day to remind you of all you've fought for to get here."

My eyes fill with tears as she shows it to me. Dammit, the man has a sentimental side after all. "Fuck me," I whimper.

"That's not my job," she giggles as she helps me strap the weapon to my thigh. "So now, on to something old."

“Oh, may I do the honors?” Uncle Jordan asks. He figured out the baby carrier quickly, and has both babies strapped to his chest. I already fed the twins as well, so we are ready to go.

“Please do,” Layla says, wiping away a tear or two.

“Greg does like his weapons,” my uncle mutters as he glances at my thigh. I merely smirk as I fix my dress, because he really does.

“Now, this box is a family heirloom. My grandmother was one of my favorite people. Her son was an asshole, but she was an angel. I wish that you would have been able to meet her,” he says with a sad smile. “This is a necklace that has been in our family for generations. It’s a witch’s knot. My father was incredibly religious, so my mother hid it from him. My grandmother got used to hiding a lot from her son, so this was just par for the course. I know that she would love for you to wear it.”

Opening the box, he reveals a deep purple stone that’s set deep into a witch’s knot. It’s stunning.

“Oh my God,” I breathe.

“This is your something old,” Jordan says as he puts it on.

“The guys wanted to get you something, but I told them I had your earrings covered as your something new. I hope you like them,” Layla says as she hands the small box to me.

Opening the lid, I grin as I see earrings that look like tiny cream flowers that will climb up my ears. “These are stunning,” I tell her in awe. “I’ve never seen anything like these before.”

My sister flushes. “I met a jewelry maker when I was out on a date with Tyler. He said he could make them, and they’re so much better than I thought they could be.”

I wonder if there's something going on with this guy as I put in the earrings. My lips part as I look in the mirror. *Now I look like a bride.*

"That you do," my uncle says proudly. I didn't realize that I said that out loud. Oops.

"Now it's time to go downstairs and get married," Layla says happily as she helps me up. "First though, let's get your veil."

My sister helps me put it on perfectly, and she draws it down over my face so that no one will be able to see me just in case. Placing my arm through hers, we leave the room with Jordan and my children. My shoes fit perfectly, though I won't be wearing them for long once I step onto the beach. The main ceremony will be where I'll get married to Roark with the guys around me, and then Jordan will perform the handfasting ceremony as well.

The day is beautiful now that it's four in the afternoon, and the slight breeze feels amazing. It's not cold at all, and it's wild to me that the kids are in a cute short-sleeved dress and short-sleeved shirt and pants. They are quietly looking around, but I'm sure they'll nap for their great uncle.

The walk through the hotel was quiet with everyone in town for fall activities, and now that I'm standing at the cusp of the beach, I slip out of my shoes. Someone darts forward to pick them up and my eyes widen.

"Thank you, Marie," Jordan says before she nods and fades back into the background. "The hotel has a fantastic wedding coordinator."

My uncle, the networking, delegating, planning genius and legend.

We walk slowly to where there's a gorgeous white and lavender partition on the sand so that no one can see us. Chairs are set up beyond that with guests, and then the men I'm here to marry. Usually there would be an officiant, but Jordan is doing that.

I've always danced to the beat of my drummer, why not continue that? Layla walks herself down the aisle as a harp begins to play. The tune is beautiful and serene, making me smile.

"I'm so glad I found you," Jordan says, glancing at me. He looks perfectly dapper in his black tuxedo with my babies looking up at him.

"Me too," I whisper. There was no one else that I would rather have walk me down the aisle. The wedding march begins, and we walk through the opening in the arch as it opens.

Walking slowly, I grin as I see the people that I love. We said that children were of course welcome, and Tori and her men have children in their arms as we move down the aisle. Melly grins as she tosses gorgeous flowers over us, and I giggle as they flow over Jordan and I. The babies gurgle and laugh as they watch the pretty flowers fly. I love this.

She's ten and has such a great time not taking herself too seriously. I wish I could have been like that. Miguel and Greg grin at me as they hold their twins in their arms, and it makes me think of what it'll be like when Dev and Saira are older.

Griffin and Tesa watch us come down the aisle with wide smiles with their kids. Jordan has stations planned for the reception, so that they can color, build forts with their blocks, and then run around the beach with sparklers. He seriously thought of everything.

Tesa's youngest has long curly hair, and watches me with huge eyes as I walk. "Mama, she looks like a princess," she breathes. "So pretty."

"She does. And now she's walking to her princes," she says softly as I pass them.

My princes are dark, broody, and perfectly fit me. Tesa is absolutely correct.

Tyler is watching Layla, who is standing to the side, as if nothing else matters. He may have his rough edges, but he adores my sister. Mav and Atlas stare at him with brooding eyes before forcing themselves to focus on me.

It doesn't escape me, either, that my sister is looking at anything but them.

Everything falls away as my eyes fall on Turner. He looks incredible in his tux, his tawny hair perfectly styled to stay out of his eyes. His tongue ring glints in the sun as he licks his bottom lip as he stares at me.

Turning to Roark, I grin as his caramel eyes look as if he wants to rip away the veil so he can see me. His muscles are perfectly encased in his suit, and it makes me excited to have them wrapped around my body. He gives the best hugs.

Orion's green eyes look at me as if I'm everything he didn't know he wanted. There's raw need there, and he swallows hard as he tries to figure out what he's feeling. Derek leans forward to whisper in his ear and I love how he relaxes against him. They look incredible as well, his blond hair against Derek's dark curls. My men are beautiful.

"Step, Lenny," Jordan's voice murmurs in my ear as I step up. They created a little platform in the middle of the beach for

us. I can see the blue waves in front of us, and this incredible peace flows through me.

Everything that I've been through was meant to bring me to this moment.

"You ready, Baby Girl?" Turner asks, drawing my attention away from the water. The intensity in his eyes feels like home as he watches me.

"More than ready," I breathe.

The ceremony is perfect and sweet as Jordan talks about how Roark and I met. My eyes are overflowing again as he puts my wedding ring on my finger. "This is from all of us, I'm just the lucky bastard who gets to put this on your finger."

My lips twitch as he raises the veil over my head.

"Aye, there's my beautiful bride," he says under his breath as Jordan says the words he's been waiting for.

"I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride."

Though we're a small bunch, we're pretty damn loud. Over the sounds of the waves, everyone around us whoops and yells, especially the kids.

Saira and Devlin smile, surprisingly having stayed awake the entire time.

"Aye, I fooking plan to," Roark growls, gingerly taking my face in his palms to kiss me. Thank God this lipstick is smudge proof, or there would be maroon all over both of our faces.

Jordan clears his throat and Roark glances up sheepishly.

"We're not done yet," he says.



Turner snickers as Layla picks up the rope for the handfasting.

“You’re stuck with us too, Roark,” he says with a grin.

“There’s no one else I’d rather love my girl with,” Ror says.

Dammit, why are they so sweet?

The guys gather around me, and Roark takes my hand and lifts them toward my uncle. Orion, Derek, and Turner wrap a hand around ours until we are encased in their warmth. Jordan lifts the rope with a grin.

“I’ve never officiated a wedding like this before, but I did do a little research on it. While I begin to wrap the rope around your hands, please pronounce your vows. Each person will say something,” he tells us.

*I’m definitely going to cry.*

Turner looks down at me and then our hands with a look of awe. “I’ve loved you for eleven years of your life, Lavender. Watching you change into the person you’ve always been meant to be is a blessing that I’ll never forget,” he says as his voice cracks. “I promise to love you through every step, every rebirth, because you’re not meant to be the same person today as you are tomorrow.”

A tear slips down my cheek, and I take a shuddering breath. I was incredibly scared when I walked into that bar. Naive, young, but willing to chase my dream.

“Lennon, you flipped everything that I’ve known on its head,” Derek says as he stares at our entwined hands. “I was such an angry person, and you stripped away all of the lies. I’m a better person now because you let me back into your life. Thank you for forgiving me, pulling me into your family.

Roark and Turner, thank you for kicking my ass and forcing me to be better. Orion, thank you for seeing the parts of myself that I hide, and forcing me to step up. I'm lucky to be loved by you all."

Roark sniffs beside me, and I give an inappropriate giggle. "You're going to turn me into a sobbing bride," I complain, wiping away a tear.

"Let it happen, Lenny." Layla grins. "At this rate, I'll be crying. Damn poets and sweet men."

"For real," I sigh with an answering smile.

"I don't know how emotional this will be, because that's not my strong suit," Orion begins. "I've been hiding for a very long time. Fake smiles in a fake life. I stripped off the facade, and you saw me. Once you realized you were safe with me, you slowly let me in. I have been obsessed with you for a long time without knowing why. I should have known that you were my soulmate. I'm sorry I didn't connect it all sooner, but I'm here now, and I'm so happy to be part of this family. Our life is one that I didn't know I needed, the one where I belong to all of you."

I can hear Tesa and Tori sniffing behind us, their husbands quietly comforting them. We're unraveling quickly.

"Do you want to go next, Lenny, or shall I?" Roark asks, kissing my forehead.

"I'll go, or I won't be able to," I tell him, smiling through my tears.

"Alright," he whispers, laying his forehead against mine.

"It sometimes feels selfish to need you all," I rasp, swallowing hard. "And then, I think about how all of you saved me. You didn't care if I was broken, changed forever,

you just love me for me. When I feel unloveable, or crazy, or even just off... You love me through the missteps and the inevitable nightmares. Everyone deserves to be loved like this. Each one of you is my perfect match, so why would I ever choose?"

"You don't," Turner whispers.

"Love you, Little Love," O murmurs.

"We'll choose you every time," Derek murmurs.

"Lennon O'Reilly," Roark says, clearing his throat. I knew I was right to go first. "I fell in love with you the moment I saw you. You show such courage in the face of things that terrify you, defiance when things piss you off, you're unlike anyone that I've ever met. This is why we call you our Valkyrie, right boys?"

Roark looks over his shoulder, but Atlas and Mav are nowhere to be found. Brows drawn in concern, he shrugs.

"Nothing stops you," he continues. "It's admirable how you use pain to help others, and tear yourself open to create beautiful music. You're one of a kind, Baby Girl. I'm so glad you're ours."

My uncle takes a shuddering breath as we all cry, and even Layla is quietly sobbing. I'm willing to bet that her reasons are a bit different. Mav and Atlas couldn't even last through my wedding ceremony before deciding it was too hard.

My uncle clears his throat so he can finish the ceremony. I take strength from the men around me, pulling the clean sea air into my lungs. I can keep it together for a little longer. These poor babies probably think their parents are crazy.

"This cord is a symbol of the lives you have chosen to lead together. Up until this moment, you have been separate in

thought, word and action. As your hands are bound together by this cord, so too, shall your lives be bound as one. So let it be,” Jordan says softly.

“So let it be,” we repeat back.

He slowly unbinds our hands with a grin. “Are we ready to party yet? Congratulations to the bride and grooms!”

Turning to face everyone, they cheer as I laugh. We really did it.

# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

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Derek

Mav and Atlas leaving the wedding so early could have put a damper on it, but Layla merely walked down the steps of the platform with a cheer. Tyler opened his arms to her, and she ran into them. He murmured something in her ear that made her eyes heat and her lips curl into a wicked smile.

I think this guy is good for her. His background check came back clean, so we'll see how he treats Layla.

Together, we walk across the sand to the reception area. There's an inside as well as a patio area, and my lips curve as I see Lennon smiling up at Orion. Outside of Mav and Atlas, the ceremony was perfect.

There's a live band that begins to play, and I hum as I recognize a cover that they're playing. Lennon's eyes are wide as she watches the band, making me wonder what's wrong.

Walking over, I tug on one of the curls that surround her face. "Why do you look like you're looking at a ghost?" I ask.

"This is one of the bands that have opened for us," she says softly. "They're incredible. How did Jordan do this?"

"They're big fans," her uncle remarks, sidling up to us with the twins sleeping on his chest. "They reached out when they found out you were getting married and asked if you had anyone playing at your reception. This isn't their normal gig..."

"Oh my God," she squeals softly. "No shit, they did an international tour!"

"Yep," he shrugs. "You touch a lot of people's lives, Lennon. You're genuinely excited for their first performances

in front of large audiences, you cheer for them before you take the stage, you get lost in their songs. You, dear niece, are an incredible human being.”

Lennon’s bottom lip trembles and O kisses her shoulder. “They’re here for you, Little Love. Let’s go dance, shall we?”

Nodding, she swallows thickly as Orion takes her onto the dance floor. O may tell you that he doesn’t dance, but that’s horseshit. As he twirls her around in a circle, it’s clear he knows how to. He’s lived as a predator in plain sight for years, you learn a thing or two to stay under the radar.

“Lennon looks happy,” Jordan says with a happy sigh.

“You helped make that happen,” I remind him, waving my hand in the air to encase the room. “I thought a wedding would be stressful, but this was so low key and beautiful. You have a knack for event planning.”

“I’m good at planning and delegating,” he deflects. This man isn’t good at accepting a compliment. “I’m glad it all came together. Now, to enjoy it. I’m going to go dance with my sleeping precious cargo.”

Grinning as he leaves, I’m dragged onto the dance floor by Turner.

“I really don’t dance,” I chuckle.

“I’ve seen you dance, and you’re sexy as fuck,” Turner growls, pulling me into his arms. Sighing, I relax.

“I never thought I’d see the day where I was married to all of you,” I sigh happily. “Today is a dream come true.”

“Same,” Turner growls, kissing my lips. A large presence takes over behind me, and I can feel his erection as he wraps his arms around me.

“Damn, these are some handsome men I married,” Roark says in my ear. “We did it, holy shit!”

“We did, though we lost a few people,” I remind him. I know I should let it go, I don’t have a horse in this fight outside of being protective of my sister-in-law.

Layla dances in Tyler’s arms not far from us, and I fully accept that they won’t last the reception. I don’t have a single issue with that. The maid of honor should definitely hook up with her boyfriend tonight.

“Aye, I was a bit saddened to see my best fooking friends dip out like that, but it was a very emotional ceremony. Mav and Atlas have a heavy weight on their shoulders as they face our happiness and Layla with another man,” Roark rumbles as he kisses my neck.

Turner and Roark’s touches are slowly fanning a flame through my veins.

“They’ll have to live with leaving for the rest of their lives,” Turner breathes, kissing my lips. I lose myself in the feel of his tongue ring as it tangles with mine, not worried about what anyone else thinks. It’s my wedding, after all.

The sun is beginning to set, and the sky is turning pretty colors. It would be, anyway, if I was paying attention, but I’m not because Roark is grinding on my ass.

*How long do I have to stay at my own reception?*

“Does our husband taste as good as he feels?” Ror growls as his hand closes over my hard cock. Turner swallows my groan, which I’m very thankful for.

“Attention, everyone. I have a feeling that we may be losing people now that the ceremony is over,” Jordan chuckles.



I think that the floor may open up as people around us snicker. Roark gives my cock a squeeze for good measure and then whispers in my ear, “To be continued. This crowd doesn’t give a fook over a little groping and making out. The kids also haven’t noticed.”

I take a breath, carefully stepping away between my husbands. Damn, it feels good to say that. Looking around, I see happy people at a wedding. We have people who love us, friends who have rallied for us when we were going through one of the worst times of our lives, and now we can celebrate with them.

Relaxing, my eyes find Jordan who looks like a proud father as he glances over at us all. I kind of wish that he had been Lenny’s father because of how much he adores her. James and Carrie shouldn’t be parents to feral cats, much less humans.

“Thank you all for celebrating Lennon, Roark, Turner, Derek, and Orion with us,” Jordan says with a grin. He does a little sway as he talks since he’s wearing the twins. He’s never once asked to be relieved, but I still plan to ask. “These five people love each other fiercely, and extend that love to the people that have their trust. You all are extended family. I’m proud to know you all. Stay as long as you’d like, and that includes Lennon and her men.”

Whoops and cheers fill the air, and kids look around confused. Lenny’s face heats at his words, but she throws her head back and laughs. At some point, she lost the veil, and her beautiful purple and blue hair shines brightly under the twinkling lights.

“Lennon, you’ve grown up to be an incredible young woman who is strong and independent. Saira and Devlin are

lucky to have you as a mother, and I can't wait to see what they'll make of the sand tomorrow," Jordan says, lips twitching. "I'm also open to babysitting tonight if needed. Have fun, kid. You deserve it."

We have the best night dancing, eating, and playing with the kids and sparklers on the sand. Lennon took breaks as needed to feed the twins, and one of us went with her.

Overall though? I can't imagine a better wedding night.

Turner

My wife is snoring lightly in bed, and I grin as I kiss her forehead. We didn't have sex last night, though we did give her a few orgasms before she went to bed. Lennon's not cleared yet for sex until she goes to the doctor when we get back, and I don't want to rush it.

Today, I want to take my family to the beach.

Orion comes into the room with coffee, and I begin Operation Wake Up the Wife. We may have partied till late last night.

"Lavender," I murmur, brushing back her curly hair. Roark and I took the pins out of her hair last night while Derek rubbed her feet. Orion helped her pump because she didn't nurse the twins as often. They were determined to sleep snuggled against their uncle. It really was the cutest thing.

"Is there coffee?" she moans softly.

"Yes, baby. I promise," Orion says with a twitch of his lips.

"Good," she murmurs, pushing herself up to a seated position and opening her eyes.

"We didn't get home that late," I tease her. "Want to go to the beach and be bums?"

Lennon's lips curl into a smile as she takes her coffee cup and sips. "Mmm, coffee is life," she murmurs. "Yes, the beach sounds fun. I'm pretty sure I packed the little baby tent in one of our bags. I'm in... after I finish caffeinating, please."

"Perfect. Ror is making breakfast, and then we'll go down. The kids aren't awake yet either, funny enough."

Lavender glances at the clock in surprise. She nursed them at three in the morning and then we all passed out. “It’s nine in the morning,” she muses. “I’m surprised.”

“I was too, so I made sure they were breathing,” O winces. “I’m a little paranoid.”

“I’m pretty sure we’ve all done it.” Lavender shrugs. “They’re both so still sometimes. It’s normal.”

“Really?” Orion asks.

“Mhmm,” I answer. “Roark puts his hand on their backs to feel their chests rise and fall, and Derek will put his finger under their noses. It’s comforting to make sure they’re okay when you hear so many stories about babies who stop breathing suddenly. You’re totally good.”

O relaxes marginally before nodding.

“Where is Derek?” Lennon asks with a yawn.

“He’s in the shower,” O says. “I’m pretty sure he’s jerking off.”

“No one went in to help him?” she giggles.

“Derek’s been in the shower for too long to just rinse off, but he really did say he’d be quick. I’m going in to investigate,” Orion says with a mischievous smirk.

“You do that,” I laugh as he lopes off. Lennon relaxes as she drinks her coffee, wiggling with a shiver when we hear moaning from the open bathroom door.

I take her cup and set it aside, moving under the covers to slide her panties to the side and place her legs on my shoulders. Breathing deeply, I growl as I put my mouth on her.

“Turner,” she whimpers, grinding her sweet pussy on my tongue. I love when she takes what she wants, wishing we had more time.

Nothing like starting off the day by giving my wife an orgasm. Using my piercing to my best ability, I flick her clit and suck hard as I push my fingers into her slick channel. All I can smell is my gorgeous Lavender. My favorite flavor of strawberries is on my tongue.

She keens as she pants and writhes. This is going to be fast and hard.

“Turner, oh fuck. Please don’t stop,” she gasps. I don’t tell her that I won’t, there’s no time as she gushes slightly.

I know my girl, and I keep pushing because I know this is the calm before her orgasm. Lennon grabs my hair and pulls, but I would gladly be bald for her. Shuddering, my gorgeous girl gives me her cum, collapsing on the pillow as she twitches in aftershocks.

“You hungry, Lenny?” Roark asks, and she just chuckles breathlessly as she looks down at me. I’m sure I’m a mess with a shiny face from the nose down from her arousal.

“I could go for another round,” I growl up at her, making her shiver.

“I’m hungry,” she calls out with a smile.

Damn, well I tried. Sitting up, I tug her panties back into place and pick her up just as Derek and Orion walk out of the bathroom. Derek looks slightly unsteady on his feet, as if he just had his mind blown. Good for him.

It’s gonna be a damn good day.



THE NEXT FEW days fly by as we enjoy the beach and amenities. The twins weren't sure about the sand, and Saira cried. It was adorable watching them try to figure out what this wet, weird sandy stuff was underneath their feet and hands. Devlin's fingers tried to close around it as he laid on his stomach, but he was confused as to why it kept sliding away.

Jordan had a blast with us, the most casual I've ever seen him in board shorts and an open button-up shirt. His carefree smiles and laughs were nice to see, since he's typically in planning and executing mode.

Layla spent time with Tyler on the beach with us, and while he's got a crusty personality, his eyes shine with happiness when he looks at her. Some people are just grumpy, but as long as he looks at Layla as if she's the center of the world, he's okay in my books. Sally can stay in the bus.

Even Tesa, Tori, and her hoard stayed an extra day or two before heading home to get ready for their Halloween party. I can't believe October is almost over.

All in all, it was a very solid vacation.

It was over too soon though, and we agreed to take more vacations. The drive back in the tour bus was easy, and Layla flew back with Tyler. Lennon, the guys, and I napped a lot in between baby snuggles. Family life suits us.

Roark looks over at me during the last stretch of road with a smile. "Did you ever think this would be our life? Babies, Lennon, and multiple husbands?"

Shrugging, I think about it. “I always knew I’d be sharing Lavender with you. She’s so good about giving everyone her attention, though. Walks with Orion, hanging out on the porch with Derek, jam sessions with me... It was never a question once O and Derek entered our life and I knew they were with us for good that I didn’t think this would be our life.”

“Aye. Our lives are better for them being in it. We made it through the fire, Baby,” he mutters. “Did I tell you that I love you today?”

Grinning, I lie and shake my head. “No, and I’m offended. Come show me how much.”

I barely notice the rest of the drive as Roark makes it his mission in life to make me blackout by orgasm.

# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

---



Lennon

Walking up the steps of my home, I grin as I open the front door. Today is Halloween, one of my favorite days of the year, and I just got back from the gynecologist for my check up.

“So your pretty pussy healed up perfectly?” Roark asks as he walks in behind me. He knows it did because he took me to the appointment and sat in the waiting room.

Snorting, I roll my eyes as Derek, Turner, and Orion come out of the living room to find us as they hear Ror’s voice. It could honestly be because they heard the word “pussy” too.

“Everything go okay?” Orion asks, eyes wide as he snuggles Devlin in his arms. “I did way too much research on why that appointment was necessary and now I think I’m scarred for life.”

“Poor baby,” I giggle. “Do you need me to sit on your cock now that I’ve been cleared, so I can show you just how perfect and tight it is?”

“I... yes. I think my mental health needs it.” He pouts even as he blushes.

“That’s not even slightly believable, man,” Turner snickers as he kisses me. “Two questions, Lavender. Are you hungry and are you excited for Tori and Tesa’s Halloween party tonight?”

“Yes and yes. I can’t tell you the last time we weren’t working Halloween,” I sigh as we move into the kitchen. Taking Saira from Derek when she reaches for me, I snuggle her to me.

Layla leans against the counter eating what looks to be fresh spring rolls. “We made you extra,” she says quickly. “These are amazing. Derek and I decided we wanted to experiment, and we made salmon spring rolls!”

Layla sounds so excited as she grabs me a plate and homemade sauce that it makes me grin. She hasn’t been able to experiment much on the road, and Atlas and Mav preferred to order out unless Roark was cooking.

“This looks amazing,” I tell her honestly as she sets it in front of me.

“We had fun.” Derek shrugs. “Orion sampled as we cooked.”

“I was no help,” he chuckles. “I decided to cheer them on from the sidelines instead. It is delicious though.”

Continuing to hold Saira, I pick up a spring roll and dip it in the sauce. Taking a bite, I moan as I chew.

“And now I know what my sister’s sex noises sound like,” Layla says, rolling her eyes. “Gross. Can y’all build me a little house out back so you can go back to fucking all over the place?”

“That’s not quite like her noises, but it’s pretty close,” Turner says seriously, thinking as if trying to place it. “Besides, there’s been no sex for weeks.”

“Turner!” Layla says with a laugh as he breaks down and cackles. “But for real, can I?”

“Sure.” I shrug. “Link is a contractor, we’ll go through him for it. Knowing him, it’ll be a McMansion of a cottage for Aunt Layla. You need your own space, and we’re happy to give it to you. I don’t really like the idea of you spending

money to rent an apartment, only because we have all of this space.”

“I know. I mean, God, I’m so sheltered I didn’t even think about renting an apartment,” Layla groans.

“It’s not an awful thing,” Derek chimes in. “You’re famous, Lay, and people are fucking crazy. I don’t really like the idea of you moving to an apartment either.”

“I’ll talk to him about making a formal appointment tonight,” I tell her as I take another bite. Damn, these are good. “There’s a stigma about rockstars that unfortunately is true. We live in the public eye, which means that we need to be more careful.”

“It’s why I check every water bottle and I’m a bit of an asshole about security,” Turner says with a wince. “You shouldn’t have to live through being drugged or kidnapped by an insane fan before you take it seriously.”

“No, I appreciate that,” Layla says with a nod. “I just don’t really know anyone in this city either, outside of Tyler. I’m perfectly happy to live in a cute little cottage while we aren’t touring for my own space, while still being able to come raid your kitchen.”

“You’re welcome to the fridge’s contents.” Roark smirks. “You have a point too, you need your own space. We’ve been a bit crazy with the wedding, I haven’t had a chance to think about what comes next.”

“I mentioned it, I’m good,” she says with a smile as she polishes off her spring roll. “I’m pretty low maintenance. I know there are risks, I’ve seen it with my own eyes with Lennon. Tyler is very careful when we’re out too.”

“There are days when I wish we didn’t have to be so careful,” I sigh.

“I know, but it’s the world we live in. I’m already breaking out of my bubble a lot more than before,” Layla reminds us. “It’s nice to be able to tell you I’m leaving, and not get the third degree.”

“Well, tonight we are going to party and have a good time.” I grin. “What are you dressing up as?”

“Tyler is going to be Superman and I’m going to be Lois Lane,” Layla says shyly. “I’ve never done a couples costume before, so I’m excited.”

“Want to help me get dressed after I feed the kids? Also, in case my food moans weren’t an indicator, it was amazing,” I tell them.

Layla rolls her eyes while Derek puffs his chest proudly. “Derek has some magical powers in the kitchen,” she admits. “I also will take you up on the makeup help. Tonight will be fun! Are the babies dressing up?”

“They are,” I say. At the moment they’re wearing onesies that say “*Ew, the child you smell is me. Change my butt!*” Turner and Roark both thought it was hysterical. “They’re going as grumpy old people. So Saira has a knit hat that looks like she’s wearing curlers and a cute romper with fake pearls, though we’ll see how long the necklace lasts. Devlin has a cute sweater set and pants with a little cap and a fake cane.”

“Stahp,” Layla squeals. “Damn, they’re going to be swarmed by the kids with how cute they’ll look.”

“Everyone thinks that you immediately become boring when you have kids,” Orion says, smirking. “I think they’re wrong.”

As I head upstairs with Layla who took Dev from Orion, I have to admit they're wrong too. My life is busy and exciting with the twins, and even more full than before. It's a good thing I have all of the help that I could ever ask for.



LOOKING IN THE MIRROR, I have to admit I did an amazing job. I even found colored contacts for tonight. But as I look down at the wig, I have misgivings.

“You look amazing,” Layla breathes with wide eyes. She never met my mother, and I'm worried that I'll look too much like her.

“Thank you,” I tell her with a small smile. “So do you.”

The Lois Lane costume fits perfectly, and my sister looks incredible.

“I need to tell Derek something, will you ask him to come up?”

“Absolutely,” Layla says. Glancing at the kids, she smiles at them playing on the bed. There's a million pillows all around them, so they're safe. “Be right back.”

I lose myself in my thoughts as I look at my now-blue eyes. I thought it would be fun to dress up as Marilyn Monroe, but now I'm very unsure about this.

“Wow,” Derek murmurs from the doorway. Glancing up, I bite my lip.

“Is this going to be okay?” I ask, lifting the curled blonde wig. “I'll wear something else if I look too much—”

“Like her?” Derek asks, coming in to cup my face. “Baby, your mom is dead. We both watched the light drain from her eyes. I snapped her neck. I think you look like my beautiful wife who is mine and sexy as hell.”

“Oh good,” I whisper. He becomes the only thing I see as I notice how earnest he looks.

“I promise, I’m good,” Derek murmurs as he brushes his lips along mine. “Now, I fully plan to have you ride my face at one point tonight fully dressed, Miss Monroe. I may really be into role play. Now let’s see the wig on.”

Feeling lighter, I pull the wig on. I’ve already fixed my long hair so it’ll be flat against my skull. I had to watch a YouTube video to figure it out.

“What do you think?” I ask in a breathy voice. Derek is wearing jeans, suspenders, nice shoes, and fake glasses. He’s dressed as a hot nerd, and I have to say that he nailed the look.

“Jesus, my cock is so hard my zipper is going to be indented into my skin, Lennon,” he groans. “I see you, and no one else. Dammit, I may fuck you outside later.”

Giggling, I turn to pick up Devlin while Derek coos at Saira as he pulls her into his arms.

“I have the cutest babies in the world,” he says as we walk downstairs to the rest of our family. We’re taking the tunnel to the house because it’s cold outside tonight.

Roark’s jaw drops as he sees me. “Goddamn, Lenny. You look gorgeous. A ringer for Marilyn Monroe,” he says.

The other guys kiss me and tell me how beautiful I am, while Layla looks knowingly. I think she has an idea of exactly why I was a little worried about this outfit. In a blink

we're on our way down to the basement and walking through the secret door to the tunnel.

Link and Greg did an incredible job with the safe room, and I hope it's something I never have to use. The reality though, is that someone could break in, or a crazy fan could find out where we live. It just made sense to have a safe place.

The tunnel is lit with ensconced lighting, and we move down it quickly. It's a wicked cool thing to have, and I'm glad Link and Greg worked together to make this happen. Our kids will enjoy this I'm sure as they get older.

Roark dressed as Robin Hood, and looks amazing with all of his arm and chest muscles showing. Orion decided to be a gangster which makes him look dapper and my panties wet, and finally Turner is coming as himself.

A rockstar. Leather pants, no shirt, and combat boots. This is an outfit that you'd usually find him in on stage, and it's no less mouthwatering.

The door to Tesa and Tori's basement is unlocked, and we walk right through. It's a small party consisting mostly of family and close friends. Layla invited Tyler, asking him to meet her at their house.

Walking up the steps, I can hear Latin music playing, and my lips twitch in excitement. Tonight will be a lot of fun.

"They're here!" Melly calls out.

"Hey guys!" Tori says, making her way over to us. She's dressed as Velma and looks amazing.

Soon, I'm swept into the chaos, dancing with babies, chatting with Mama Rodriguez as she coos over Saira in Spanish. Roark takes the baby from me to change her, kissing my cheek, and I let him.

“Did you enjoy the honeymoon?” Tesa asks. “St. Augustine was beautiful. I’m jealous of Florida’s warmer temperatures.”

“I did. We had so much fun. I’m excited to take the kids to the beach when they can splash around too. They weren’t too sure about the sand,” I giggle.

Derek wraps his arm around my waist and gives me a toothy grin. “If anyone comes by looking for Lennon, tell them I kidnapped her, will you?”

“Oh, I know that look well. Enjoy, please don’t get caught by the kids. Griff and I almost did, and Miguel wouldn’t stop yelling at me until I promised to poison all his favorite treats,” Tesa giggles.

Derek chuckles as he tugs me away, and I eagerly follow in my heels. Slipping out the back door, he picks me up, my legs wrapping around his waist. My hands slide over his muscles, shivering as he squeezes my ass.

“I really want to sink my cock in your pussy. Is your cunt dripping for me yet?” he growls.

“Yes,” I gasp. “Please, please fuck me.”

“First, I’m going to drown in your pussy when you come on my face, and then I’m going to fuck you against the wall.” As Derek looks around, he grins as he sees their pool house. “Perfect.”

Tori has a beautiful pool, but I don’t even notice it as Derek strides past, rounding the pool house and dropping my legs. Turning me toward the wall, he bends me over.

“Hands on the wall, Baby. Let me see that pretty, needy cunt,” he growls. I do exactly as he asks because damn, I love when Derek is possessive and controlling.



Pushing up my dress, he groans as he looks at my pale, creamy, barely there thong. Pulling on it, I gasp as he perfectly hits my clit with the friction.

“Derek,” I complain, rightfully deserving the smack he lays on my rounded ass.

“Hush, I’m playing,” he murmurs. Pulling down my panties just enough, he grabs the globes of my ass, pulling them apart to see better. “So fucking beautiful. So damn mine, aren’t you, Little Brat? You’ve been looking like every man’s wet dream.”

I don’t say anything as he digs his fingers into my skin, dragging his tongue through my wetness. Over and over he licks, flicks my clit, and then sucks. Derek feeds on my pussy like a man starved, waiting until the last moment to fill my hole with his thick fingers. As he curls them, I keep quiet as my eyes roll. I’m hurtling toward my orgasm, and Derek is urging me on with dirty words.

“That’s my gorgeous girl. Take what’s yours. Give me your cum,” he tells me. “Who do you belong to?”

“You,” I pant. “I’m yours.”

“That’s a girl. Now give me what I so gratefully dropped to my knees for,” he says.

Sucking hard on my clit, I writhe as I grind on his face until I explode all over it. Exactly as he demanded.

Breathing hard, Derek opens his pants as he stands. He pulls out his cock, stroking it at the root as he drags it through my arousal. “Such a good girl,” he chuckles as he positions his dick at my entrance. “This will be hard and fast. Hold on tight.”

Gripping the wall as well as I can, I gasp as he slams home. It feels incredible, and I'm glad he's not treating me like glass. I had babies, but I'm still me. I want to be fucked like a porn star and then cuddled afterward. It's the hypocrisy of my life. No one who loves me is bothered by it.

My tits bounce as Derek fucks me, a hand holding my hip tightly as he thrusts and pistons inside of me. My walls are already fluttering and I'm embarrassingly close.

"I can feel it, yes, come for me again," he grunts. His hand moves in between my legs, and expertly rubs my clit. That's just what I need, because I sob out his name.

"Please, fuck, yes! Derek!" My legs are shaking as I hurtle toward my next orgasm. He knows how to work my body so well, and my pussy clenches around his cock as he works me over.

"I'm right here, Baby. Your pussy is so wet and tight. Get there, Lennon. My balls are tight, I need to paint your walls with my cum. That's it," he coos, kissing up my neck.

My eyesight is starting to darken as I tip over the edge, shuddering as I strangle Derek's cock.

"Oh fuck, I'm coming. Milk my cock of every damn drop. Such a pretty little cum queen you are for me," he coos.

He says the nicest things. Breathing hard, I lean my head on the cool wall. Derek slowly pulls out of me, making me hiss.

"I feel the same way," he chuckles as he puts his dick away. Pulling up my thong, I wince at the wet material. Ugh.

Standing, I fix my dress shakily as Derek pulls me into his arms.

“You’re so damn beautiful, but you’re exquisite when my cum is dripping out of your pussy,” he smirks.

“Such a romantic,” I tease him, hugging his waist.

“I really am,” he chuckles. “You look freshly fucked, Baby. Maybe you should go into the pool house and fix your dress. I’ll be right outside.”

Shaking my head at his antics, I open the side door of the pool house to walk inside. The lights are on, and I slip into the bathroom. My hair isn’t too bad, but my eye makeup needs a little help. I also need to pee. Ugh.

After using the bathroom and cleaning up a little, I find a pack of makeup wipes when I’m done washing my hands. Soon enough, my eyes don’t look racconish, and I laugh at myself. That’s one way to spend my favorite holiday.

Walking out of the pool house, I’m completely unprepared to almost run into my father.

“What are you doing here, Dad?” I ask, confused.

“Carrie, I’ve done a lot of kinky things, but I’ve never been your Daddy,” James growls. He looks crazed, his pupils dilated.

“I’m Lennon, not Carrie. It’s a wig,” I begin to explain. My brain can’t process how he even got in here, but it doesn’t matter as he grabs my arm and slams me into the wall.

“You’re not my daughter. I failed that girl in so many ways, but I want to make it up to her. They told me you were dead. I never believed them,” James mutters. “Evil doesn’t die that easily.”

“I’m not Carrie!” I try to scream, but he wraps his hand around my throat from behind.

“Your lying whore mouth has said it’s last lie,” he yells. “It was so easy getting in here. Apparently I look a lot like Jordan. Lucky me. He’s always been the preferred brother anyway.”

James slams my head into the wall again, and my vision splinters. I don’t want to hurt him, but he clearly wants to kill me. Grabbing his hand, I squeeze a pressure point until he screams and then flip him over my shoulder once I can turn.

“Greg!” I scream now that I have my voice. “Orion!”

I think James really hit my head hard, because the world spins and he manages to kick my legs out from under me.

“Evil bitch, why won’t you die?” James grunts, scrambling over to me. His hands encircle my neck and squeeze hard. “My girls aren’t safe until you’re dead, don’t you see?”

There’s an unholy glint in his eyes as he pushes the air from my lungs. James Campbell has barely acknowledged me, but now he wants to protect me? I think the stress is getting to him and he’s having a psychotic break. I kick my heels at him to no avail, trying to get him off me.

And then... he’s suddenly flung away from me. Taking a breath, I realize my cheeks are wet as I sob. Orion hugs me to him as Greg and Turner stalk James.

“What the hell is going on, James?” Turner asks.

“Why are you saving the devil woman? Carrie O’Reilly needs to die!” James screams, pointing at me.

“Oh shit,” Orion mutters.

“He thought I was my mom,” I rasp. My throat hurts, though I don’t think that I’m permanently injured. My poor vocal cords have been through it in the last year.

“Carrie is dead,” Turner insists. “That’s your daughter over there. It’s Halloween so she’s wearing a costume.”

“Show him? Maybe it’ll help,” Orion suggests, helping me sit upright.

Pulling off the wig, I release my blue and purple hair. I then pop out my contacts because I won’t be using them ever again.

“Evil fucking witch,” James screams. “My girls are in danger. I don’t believe Carrie is dead. I never saw a body. I just heard about it.”

“O, can I have your help here?” Greg asks calmly. There’s a small crowd now out in the backyard, and I’m glad that the younger kids are in bed and it’s just Melly watching with wide eyes. Roark and Derek hold the babies in their arms with angry eyes.

“Yeah,” Orion grunts, picking me up. “Derek walked away for a second to help settle Saira when she started to cry, which is why he wasn’t here when you walked out, Lennon. Can you stand?”

Orion says things so calmly, I nod as he puts my feet on the ground. My legs hold my weight, and I gratefully let go of him.

“Turner, please call Jordan and let him know that his brother has regretfully been involuntarily committed until further notice,” Greg says as Orion and he lift him. “He can call me about where he can find him. Unfortunately, I think James may have a few broken bones.”

“Beat the fuck out of him,” Turner snarls as he dials my uncle. Jordan had to fly back to California for meetings, and as far as I knew, James was on a no fly list.

“How did he end up here?” I rasp.

Greg immediately stops, glaring down at my father.

“Answer her,” he grunts. Orion kicks James in the stomach, making me wince. The man is obviously not well, but on the other hand, he attacked me.

“I drove here,” James groans. “I’m on the fucking no-fly list like a damn criminal. I can’t work, so I decided to come back here when I heard you got married. How the fuck do you get married to so many men? This isn’t legal! When I saw you in the wig, I snapped. I really saw Carrie. I’m still not sure you’re not.”

The last part is whispered so low that I almost didn’t hear it.

Greg’s eyebrow lifts at me and I nod, waving my hand. I’ve had quite enough of my family’s crazy for one day.

Derek and Roark rush over to me, and they both hiss as they look at my face. I can feel a trickle of blood, and I’m pretty sure that I’m bleeding. Happy Halloween to me, indeed.

Turner is talking to Jordan, and Layla walks over to me.

“I’m so so—”

“Lay, you’re not responsible for your father,” I interrupt her. “He snapped because he thought I was my mother.”

“You’re not her. It’s a goddamn costume,” she complains. We are definitely rubbing off on her. Tyler followed her, seeming worried as he looks me over.

“You’re going to need stitches for that,” he winces.

“Of course I do,” I sigh. “Can someone please walk me home? I think I’m partied out.”

Mama Rodriguez picks her way over to us, shaking her head. “I’ll fix your head, *mija*, and make sure that it doesn’t scar. I have a tea for your throat too,” she murmurs.

I spend the rest of Halloween chatting with Mama Rodriguez while receiving updates from Greg, and nursing the babies as they wake up. My life is definitely not boring.

Derek squats next to me with a sigh as I sip my tea. “James is still insisting that he saw Carrie. He definitely had a psychotic break,” he says. “He is going to be under observation for awhile, but Greg said he’d let us know when he’s out.”

Nodding, I bite my lip as Turner’s phone rings. It’s almost two in the morning and I’m ready for bed. They wanted me to stay awake because they were worried I may be concussed.

“Hi, Jordan, she’s right here,” Turner says. I thought my uncle may be calling.

“Hi Uncle Jordan,” I sigh as I take the phone. He insists on a video call, making me wrinkle my nose as I accept. My face is a bit of a mess at the moment. I had to change my dress because of the bloodstains. I’m wearing borrowed sweats now.

*“Don’t ‘hi’ me,” Jordan grumbles. “I swear, I keep fucking up when it comes to you. I didn’t know he was that on the edge. Apparently, the label says that his clients are reporting that James has been muttering weird shit. This evaluation has been due. I had no idea.”*

“This isn’t your fault. It’s not,” I deny. “There’s no way you could have known. Sometimes bad shit happens. Are you stuck out in California for a bit?”

*“No. I’m at the airport now,”* he explains. Focusing, I realize I can hear announcements in the background. I can’t

tell him that he doesn't have to rush back because he'll get offended.

"Okay," I say instead. "I'll see you when you get home."

"Do I get a house too?" Jordan teases me before he winks and says goodbye.

I'm smiling though, and I think that was his plan all along. Saying goodnight to Tesa, Tori, and everyone else, we walk back to our house through the tunnel. Well, Orion insisted on carrying me. I'm already dozing off by the time we get up to our room.

The guys put the kids to bed, helping me to change before I crawl under the covers. Each of them make sure to touch me as I fall asleep.

"You kind of kicked his ass, Little Valkyrie," Roark chuckles as he snuggles closer to me.

"I feel like someone ran me over," I giggle. "I'm fine, just sure to be sore tomorrow."

"He's bigger than you and you weren't expecting him to throw you around," Orion murmurs. "Give yourself a pass. Can we be done with the psychotic parents now?"

God I hope so. Usually I'd have a nightmare, but the guys keep the boogie men away.



# CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

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Derek

### *Christmas Day*

I can't believe today is Christmas. The house has been transformed, and Lennon looks lit up as she sings to holiday music on the radio. The guys and I made a pact not to ask her if she's okay, because we are taking this day by day.

She's been going to the therapist twice a week because she's afraid of herself. Lennon will stare out the window, and I know it's because both of her parents suffer from mental health issues. She's worried one day her mind will fracture and she'll lose herself. We just continue to show her that she's stronger than they were.

I know that I planted that thought in her head. I have been since she was thirteen years old, and that's a long time to have a mantra running through your head. I was wrong though. There's absolutely nothing wrong with my beautiful girl.

"Lennon needs to take control," Turner murmurs as he watches her now on the floor playing with the kids. Layla is watching her closely as well. She's about to go spend some time with Tyler, but I know she's worried about her after what happened with James. "She's spiraling."

Apparently he's never been violent against women before.

"Let's open some Christmas presents, shall we?" Jordan suggests with a smile. He's wearing a festive vest and white button down underneath it with slacks that should look way more nerdy than it does. He mentioned that he has a date later and plans to change before he goes out.

I'm glad he's living his life too, but he looks three seconds away from canceling those plans as he watches Lennon. I don't know what Turner has planned, but we probably need a house cleared of family members for it to happen.

"Sounds good," I agree, moving to the tree. Together, we ooh and ahh over presents.

Lennon opens a box with pretty notebooks and breaks into a smile. "These are gorgeous, and going to be well needed. I have some words bouncing around in my head. Thank you, Roark."

He simply inclines his head. "You've been pretty quiet for a while, Lenny. It's time to get those words out of your mind and onto paper. Sharing may help others."

The smile she gives him loosens the knot in my chest. All I want is for Lennon O'Reilly to be happy.

"Alright. Orion, will you open your present from me next?" Lennon asks.

Orion looks at her for a moment before picking up the gift. He once told me that he hasn't really received gifts since he was a kid and his mother was alive. His dad wasn't really someone who did gifts. No birthday presents or holiday. Orion looks like he's trying to process.

Slowly opening the gift, his lips part as he glimpses a part of it. Hurrying, he rips open the paper like one of our children inevitably will when they're old enough to open their own presents. Inside lies charcoal, paint, and sketch paper.

"Lennon," he breathes. "This is amazing, thank you."

"You support my art, so I will of course support yours," she says simply. "Merry Christmas, Orion."

Blinking furiously, O gets up and kisses her hard. “Merry Christmas, Beautiful.”

As we finish up, I see that Lennon bought me a new lens for my camera, a keyboard for Layla, new planner for Jordan, a special guitar pic for Turner with roses on them, and a new Spanish cookbook and cast iron pan for Roark. We all bought Lennon presents as well, but she knocked ours out of the park. I feel as if we could do more.

Pulling Turner, Orion, and Roark to the side, I explain my plan.

“I want to make little I.O.U. ornaments for our tree,” I explain. “I want them to be meaningful and special for Lennon, but mine isn’t safe for family members so maybe we can give it to her after they leave? We have left over cardboard ornaments from earlier in the month.”

“Yeah, I like this idea. Lennon gave us such meaningful gifts, I got her some of her favorite lotion,” Turner sighs. “I feel like we fell down on the job here guys.”

“Not too late to fix it.” Roark shrugs. “We all in?”

“Aye,” we murmur. Together, we get things together and hide the ornaments until Layla and Jordan leave for their respective dates. The twins are napping in their swings, and Lennon is writing in her new notebook.

She’s so chill when it comes to gifts, and I could see the joy in her eyes when I gave her sweaters that I knew would look beautiful on her. Orion gave her a new blanket that was crocheted, gray and lavender, and perfect for snuggling out on the back porch, or the sofa. They were all bought with her in mind, but I know there’s experience gifts that we can give her that’ll mean more.

Glancing up, Lennon quickly reads the room. “What’s going on?” she asks with a raised eyebrow.

“We have another gift for you,” I tell her as I sit next to her.

Turner leans forward in his chair and nods. “We wanted to do something special, so on the tree is an I.O.U. from each of us. You can cash in on this whenever you’d like. Some are a little self-serving,” he chuckles.

“I didn’t even notice the extra ornaments,” she smirks as she turns. Now that she knows to look, she immediately picks them out, removing them from the branches.

“So what do they say?” Roark asks her. We each kept our counsel about what we were writing, and now my curiosity is killing me.

“Turner’s says that he wants to help me write lyrics, while he calls me his very good girl as I ride his cock,” Lennon giggles as she reads. I roll my eyes because of course he wrote that.

“I care about your songwriting, and you always sing so pretty when you cum,” Turner says with a lazy grin.

The ornaments are already doing what I wanted them to. Drawing her legs underneath her on the couch, she snuggles under her new blanket as she reads the next one.

“Roark’s ornament is a vacation... in Ireland?” Lennon squeals. Holy fuck.

“Why not? You love the history of the country, and I know you’ve been wanting to go. We’ll take everyone, though I claim a night to kidnap you to enjoy my favorite places in Dublin. My grandmother talked about the cliffs of Mohr, and I never had a chance to visit before I left,” Ror says sadly. “I

propose at least a month-long trip. We'll work it out with Jordan."

"You and your proposals," I grumble even as my lips twitch.

"Aye, baby Derek. We can't all have this much game, can we?" Roark teases. Orion snickers as Ror takes a page from his ribbing. It was pretty perfect.

Shaking my head, I gesture for Lennon to continue. "I can't wait," she says with a grin. "Next, is Orion. His present is to draw me while naked. I can't wait for this. Thank you!"

Lennon is showing more enthusiasm for these than she did her other presents, and I relax by her feet on the floor. All I want is for her to be happy. I'll bend over backwards to keep the demons I created away from my beautiful girl.

She's not broken, she's perfect.

"And last but not least, Derek," Lennon says as she turns it over. She reads it twice before looking up. There's excitement in her gaze, and I can tell she's turned on as she rubs her thighs together. "Seriously?"

"What is he giving you, Lenny?" Roark asks as he watches her. "You have more color in your cheeks now, and you look very turned on, will your pussy be wet?"

"Yes," she whimpers, biting her lip. "It is, Sir."

Holy fuck. Her pupils are blown and she's very aroused.

"Tell us what he's giving you, Lavender," Turner purrs. He lazily strokes his cock along the outside of his jeans, and I squirm on the floor.

"I told her that she could peg me at a time of her choosing," I murmur. "I'm completely yours, Baby Girl. You

are my beautiful wife, the Mistress of my heart.”

“Derek,” she whispers as I pull her down from the couch and into my arms on the floor. “I love you. Are you sure?”

“Yep. The last couple of months have been rough and out of your control. I want to see you take it back,” I tell her.

Turner smirks as I recall his words, realizing what my plan was all along.

“I really want to cash in on this now, but I want to take my time,” she sighs, kissing my chin. “The babies are going to wake up soon.”

Turner picks up his phone and shoots off a text, grinning wildly when someone responds. “How do you feel about our neighbors babysitting? Mama Rodriguez was incredibly vexed that she couldn’t snuggle the babies for longer,” he tells her.

“It’s Christmas, isn’t it rude to ask them to babysit? They probably have plans...”

“*Deme esos niños,*” Mama Rodriguez croons as she walks into the living room. Miguel smirks behind his mother as he follows her. His mother is very ready for baby time.

“Oh, are you sure?” Lennon asks, eyes wide from my lap.

“*Si.* Come pick them up later. Miguel, get their milk and diaper bag,” Mama Rodriguez commands.

Roark stands to help him, chuckling at something that Miguel says. Minutes later, they have the twins’ things, and carefully lift them from their swings and leave.

“That was way easier than I thought it would be,” I snicker. The whole thing was surreal, and Turner looks incredibly pleased. “So, are you going to fuck me, Baby?”

“Absolutely,” she grins. “Ah!”

I stand in a fluid movement, throwing her over my shoulder. “Shall we?” I smirk at the guys.

They scramble to follow me as I walk upstairs. Lennon hangs upside down as we pass through the house, giggling wildly. I love hearing her happiness. It’s truly what I live for. I want to distract her for a bit, but I also plan to tell her how strong and beautiful she is too.

Walking into our room, I toss her onto the bed. “You’re the boss. What do you want?”

A switch goes off from behind Lennon’s eyes and she sits straighter. She typically lets Roark or Turner take charge, so I don’t think I’ve ever seen this side of her.

“Roark, you have some rope hidden around here, right?” she purrs.

“Link and Greg took into consideration some of the suggestions we talked about when we were upgrading the house...” Roark reaches over his head and lifts something out of the top of the base of our four poster bed.

I always wondered why the poles were so thick. As he swings the boards down, I realize it creates the beginning of an X as he attaches them together. The rest of the X comes out as he slides the boards from underneath the bed and attaches them.

It’s a fucking St. Andrews cross. “Holy shit, who are you?” I ask, my voice strangled.

“Now that Lenny knows this is here, we can make a secret compartment for all of our shit under the wood flooring. Can’t we Baby?” Roark smirks.



“We’re a bit kinky.” Lennon shrugs. “Now do as your Mistress commands, and strip, boys.”

Roark smirks as his eyes heat and he pulls his long-sleeved shirt off from the back of his neck one handed. My mouth waters as I watch all of his gorgeous skin appear as he throws the shirt to the ground.

I force myself to undress and tear my eyes away as Turner and Orion also undress. There’s so much skin on display, and my cock is rock hard. My gaze lands on the St. Andrews Cross, and I finally understand why we have a four poster bed. Sneaky.

Roark’s thick pierced cock proudly bobs against his abs as he reaches into the nightstand and pulls out a coil of rope. “I’ve been meaning to ask Link if he knows anyone who will make us a cabinet to put all of our fun things in, since we won’t be traveling on the road touring any more,” Roark says.

Lennon slides off the bed to take the rope, grabbing my hand as she does. “Be a good boy and come with me,” she murmurs.

I meant it when I said that I don’t see Carrie anymore in Lennon now that she’s dead. The hold that Carrie used to have with her words and actions is also dead and gone. Lennon can call me whatever she wants, and I’ll gladly follow her.

“Arms in a X above your head, Derek,” Lennon croons. I do as she says and feel the soft material of the rope glide along my skin. Goosebumps rise everywhere it touches, and then the sting as she hits me across the ass with the rope makes me gasp. I would think it would piss me off, but my cock jumps in arousal instead.

I have had a hard time in the past letting go of control, but not with Roark or Turner. I enjoy having control with Orion, but it appears I can switch between having it and not with Lennon.

The soft rope binds each hand to the wood, but then she rubs my muscles with her soft hands until she reaches my ass. Lennon's soft, firm touches make my cock weep and my eyes roll. She's not even touching my dick, and I'm losing my mind.

The rope is firmly tied around my ankles to the cross as well until I'm spread wide. "Damn, he looks good on our cross, Mistress. I don't think he wants it yet. Can I tease our pretty little fuck toy?"

Oh shit. Turner has a mischievous grin on his face, and my eyes widen. Slowly a blindfold is dropped over my eyes and Lennon's lips brush along the shell of my ear. "Red, green, or yellow, Baby Boy?"

"Green," I breathe.

"That's what I like to hear. Open your mouth wide because Roark needs his dick sucked. You want to please him, right? Don't you want him to use you until he cums down your throat?"

"Yes, Mistress," I whimper. I want to comply with her every whim. Opening my mouth wide, I stick my tongue out. I can't hear anything until Roark slaps his heavy cock on my tongue.

Flinching in surprise, I moan as he gets his dick wet as he slides across my tongue. Large hands open my ass, and I can immediately tell it's Turner as he eats it out like it's his job. I

can feel the flick of his tongue ring. Precum slowly runs down my dick, teasing me.

“Damn, he looks sexy, doesn’t he, O?” Lennon says. Orion grunts, and I can just imagine what he looks like as he strokes his cock. “Should we tease him, or do you want to lick up some of his cream? There’s so much of it...”

“Lennon, I want it,” Orion groans. “Please, Baby, can I have it?”

“Such a good pet,” Lennon coos. “Yes, Baby. Just don’t let him come.”

I want to complain, but Ror thrusts into my mouth and down my throat. Orion licks up my cock, and I want to thrust forward, but can’t. Roark’s hand encircles my neck like the world’s best collar and squeezes. Between the three of them, they bring me to the brink of release and then deny me.

Turner spits on my tight asshole before pushing his fingers deep inside of me. My strangled cry goes unnoticed as Roark silences me with his dick. My throat has to bulge with the size of it as I swallow and suck like the good little cum slut that I am. I want it all so damn bad.

Cold lube drips between my ass cheeks making me shiver.

“I’m sorry,” Turner croons. I thought he was talking about the lube until he sinks his teeth into my ass as he works a dildo into my tight hole.

It feels good, especially as Orion sucks my cock down his throat. His tongue chases every drop of precum, growling as the taste of my arousal hits his tongue. “Derek, you taste so good,” he groans.

Orion continues to nip and suck on my cock as I deep throat Roark. Ror’s really big, but I love when he uses me like

I'm a sex doll. My ass stretches around the dildo, and the sensation feels so good, I worry about coming. I don't want to piss off my Mistress, but goddamn does Orion suck cock like a Hoover.

"No more, O," Lennon admonishes, pulling him off my dick. The pop of his lips coming off, makes tears of frustration come to my eyes. I was so damn close, though I know I'm not allowed to come.

"My turn, Turner," Lennon says. I can feel as Turner's presence at my back retreats. "I want to watch you suck Orion's cock while he sucks you off. Give me some pretty eye candy."

Turner kisses Lennon, and the only reason I know this is because I can hear them.

"Your wish is my command, Mistress. Are we allowed to come?"

"Yes. You asked first, so you can. I want you to blow all over each other's faces. Make it really fucking messy," Lennon directs.

*Ugh I want to see that.*

Lennon's hands spread my ass cheeks father apart and then I feel her pull the dildo out of me. "I can't wait to fuck you, Baby. Don't come or I'll be forced to punish you. It's Christmas, you want to be a good boy for me, don't you?"

I groan around Roark's cock, and then Lennon is pushing inside of me. The strap on is thick, and I can feel myself stretching even more. Fuck, and it's vibrating now. She wraps her arms around me as her hips thrust until she's deep inside of me.

I can hear the vibrating, and Lennon whimpers as she fucks me. Goddamn it, she is working herself over with a vibrator too.

“Fook, Lenny, you always put that damn bullet at the highest setting in your boxers,” Roark groans. “Watching you grind on Derek as you fuck him is so fucking sexy. God...”

I can tell that the sight is too much for him as his rhythm starts to stutter and I suck even harder.

“Derek, yes. I’m going to come. Fook me, your mouth is enough to steal the soul from my body,” he roars as ropes of cum start to hit the back of my throat.

I swallow every drop, or rather I attempt to.

“You’re such a good little cock whore,” Lennon moans. “Swallow it all down or I’ll feed it back to you.”

God... why is that so sexy? Cum still leaks from between my lips no matter my efforts.

“Feed it back to him and then gag him,” Lennon says.

Roark’s breaths are labored and short as his fingers scoop up the cum that escaped and pushes it back through my lips. The gag is pushed into my mouth, and I moan as it’s a hard leather.

“It’s like a plug for your mouth,” Lennon breathes in my ear. Roark pulls off the blindfold, giving me a bird’s eye view of Turner and Orion fucking each other’s mouths. At some point, a mirror was placed at the head of the bed, and I can now see Lennon.

She’s wearing boxers that are holding the thick strap on that she’s fucking me with. My lips are spread wide from large leather gag, the crown of my cock red and angry.

I'm completely at her mercy. Lennon's eyes are blown in desire, her hands are wrapped around me. Most of all, I love the savage love and happiness that I see in her features. This is what I wanted, but damn.

I love how good it feels as she fucks me. I'm close to blowing, and I mewl in need.

"Poor baby. Orion, Turner, I don't think that Derek is being properly cared for. I think he needs your cum," Lennon moans.

I can feel how hard her body is starting to shake as she plasters herself against me. She's so close.

O and Turner get up, their hands already working their cocks as they come closer. I do want their cum, but my mouth is filled with the gag.

"Cover him in it," Lennon moans. "I want him marked."

Orion and Turner don't need to be told twice, and soon I'm being showered in their release. Fuck, why is this so hot?

Roark's lips part as he watches, and he moans as the ropes of cum hit my body.

"I'm so close," Lennon whimpers. "Derek needs to come. The three of you should help him."

There's a quiet chorus of, "Yes, Mistress," before they descend.

There's three mouths sucking and licking my cock and balls. I can't tell who is who, but I don't care. I'm being so well taken care of. A pressure is growing across my body, and while I've never passed out during sex before, I think this may be my first time.

Everything is so intense, and I roar as I come. Lennon screams as she explodes, her nails digging into my skin. I will gladly take on this pain if it means that I get to see her lose herself in our love.

My eyesight darkens for a moment, and then light touches caress my body, and Lennon is now on her knees in front of me as she removes the gag and kisses me. My legs are jello as Roark and Turner release me from my binds and lift me onto the bed where I collapse.

I'm covered in cum, but Lennon curls up next to me anyway. Orion, Roark, and Turner follow so that we're in a cuddle pile.

"I love you so much," I sigh, pushing back her gorgeous hair out of her eyes. "Every single thing about you."

"Even my crazy?" she asks with uncertainty.

"It's not crazy, it's passion and easily misunderstood," I tell her repentantly. "Please don't let the fucked up words of our childhood follow you now. You're a strong, amazing, woman. Remember you're a bad bitch."

Lennon giggles, but I can feel her lean into my body. "I'm your bad bitch," she sighs sleepily.

Roark gets up and cleans me with a damp cloth, even though I'm asleep before he's done.

Lennon's forgiveness knows no bounds. I may not always deserve it, but it doesn't mean I won't continue to do everything in my power to make her happy.

# EPILOGUE



Roark

I can hear the hushed squeals from my teens as they run down the tunnel and roll my eyes. Greg made sure to install cameras in there when our kids turned twelve. There's nothing they can get over on us.

It's Halloween, and we have Tesa, Tori, and the gang over. Melly is the only one who stayed, chatting with Lennon about something. The rest of our brood decided to skip out.

It's a good thing we have AirTags in their shoes, on Saira and Dev's cars, and trackers in all of their phones.

"They really think they're so slick," Link snickers as he watches them run on the camera feed.

Melly is a professional eavesdropper, so I'm fairly certain she knew about the cameras. Smart girl. There's nothing wrong with snooping, as long as you don't get caught. She's also the only one old enough to be able to go and do whatever she wants.

My brood has been thick as thieves with Tesa and Tori's kids. After the twins, we went on to have three more. Orion may be the one with the breeding kink, but I love seeing Lenny pregnant.

She's radiant when she's round with child, and typically has had easy pregnancies. Lorcan is now sixteen, Senan is fifteen, and Brea is fourteen. Leading our pack are Saira and Dev at eighteen. I know that they have good heads on their shoulders and won't get into too much trouble.

"You'd think they'd know that we know about the bonfire in the woods," Miguel snickers. "They've been disappearing

for days. The only reason that we haven't gotten cameras in there is because we all enjoy fucking out there. None of us need that on video."

"Lalalala. Papa Miguel!" Melly whines. "I'm right here!"

"You're in your late twenties, you know your parents have sex," Griffin admonishes.

"Can I get you a drink to help with the pain of having such ridiculous parents?" Lennon giggles.

"Carlo is supposed to be here soon to take me out. I just wanted to watch the kids get caught." Melly smirks.

"You may be grown, but I don't really like your boyfriend," Tesa complains. "Do you have your pepper spray on you?"

"Yes, and I can incapacitate a man in twelve different ways, Tia Tesa," Melly says with affection.

Greg smirks in a way that looks a lot like his daughter as he takes a sip of his beer. "If he tries anything you don't like, Orion knows a few pig farms he can feed him to."

Orion snorts in amusement, not because he's wrong, but because Melly rolls her eyes.

"I have the world's weirdest family," she sighs. The doorbell rings and she brightens. Even though it's Halloween, Melly isn't wearing a costume. Instead, she's wearing ripped up tights, a short skirt, and corset top. In other words, she's dressed for some fun.

"I know you can take care of yourself, but can Turner and I fuck with him a bit?" I ask with a feral smile.

"If he can't deal with you, then he doesn't deserve me, now does he?" She winks.

“Hear hear!” Lennon cheers. Derek wraps his arms around our girl’s waist, well acquainted with our antics. It’s loud and rowdy in the house when I open the front door. We’re still touring and making music, but I’ve heard that Carlo doesn’t have decent taste in music.

It’s just another reason why he’s not good enough for Melly.

“You here for our girl?” I ask menacingly as Turner stands next to me.

“Who... who are you?” Carlo asks with wide eyes. This is a fairly new relationship, so he doesn’t know who we are to Melly. I’m certain she only told him to pick her up at our house because she knew she’d be here chatting with us.

We tend to rotate where we have our Halloween party, and this year it’s at our home. There’s spooky decorations, a twelve-foot skeleton, and we are definitely feeling the spooky vibes.

Did I mention that Turner and I are wearing black and white paint that makes us look psychotic? Good times.

“We’re your worst nightmare,” Turner says, lifting Sally up to his shoulder. She may be Sally 4.0 by this point, but he’s never had the heart to change her name. He’s sentimental like that.

“Look man, I don’t want any trouble. She told me to pick her up here. If the bitch was hooking up with y’all, she shouldn’t be fucking with me,” Carlo stutters, falling down the porch steps.

Idiot. Looking over my shoulder, I see Melly mouthing the same word in Spanish.

“You’re too stupid to live,” Turner mutters. “Get out of here while you can!”

Our whoops and hollers scare him away, and Melly sighs as she stares at us. “I need a drink and some time in the rage room to work out my sexual frustration,” she grumbles.

Nothing like establishing good anger management?

I think our biggest adventure has been becoming parents and raising kids. Not only our own, but Tesa and Tori’s too. We’re lucky to have our own village.

We haven’t seen Layla yet tonight, but I’m sure she’s chasing her own brood. She’ll pop by soon enough. Our family has been buying up the land around us, making our own compound of houses. I’m not even sorry.

Closing the door as Carlo leaves in his screeching hatchback, I prepare to reenter the fray of the party. Life is loud and busy, but I would prefer that to the silence that comes when the house is empty.

Unless I get to make my girl scream because we’re home alone. I’ll take that any day. After the darkness, I hope for the light, and I’m lucky enough to find it in the love of family.

## AFTERWORD

How did I do? Did you love the chase scene as much as I did? These guys just make me swoon so hard. If you're wondering what will happen next for Layla, click here for her story: <https://a.co/d/8Id2qpu>

If I made you cry, laugh, and curse me out...please consider leaving a review.

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Oh my goodness y'all. They say new adventures take a village and this is so true.

Thank you A.K. Graves for telling a tiny pixie that her words would be fun to read! I literally started writing a few weeks later.

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Thank you to my stabby alpha/betas! I love how so many of you voice and messaged to yell at me as we experienced the twists and turns of this story. The yelling helps my evil muse.

Thank you Hope for bringing life to this cover. I don't know how you do it, but you nail it every time!

Thank you to you, my readers, who continue to take the leap with me and trust me to fix things by the end. My sadism knows no bounds, and I'll find new ways to rip your hearts out after falling in love with my characters.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jenn Bullard is a tiny pixie author that loves to read. She has three daughters and is married to her cinnamon roll— her Griffin. She is a stay at home mom with a healthy appreciation for things that vibrate. Most of the time, Jenn is ruled by her characters: they drive, she just tells their story. If Jenn could tell her readers anything: it's to follow your dreams. She wouldn't be writing if she hadn't.



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