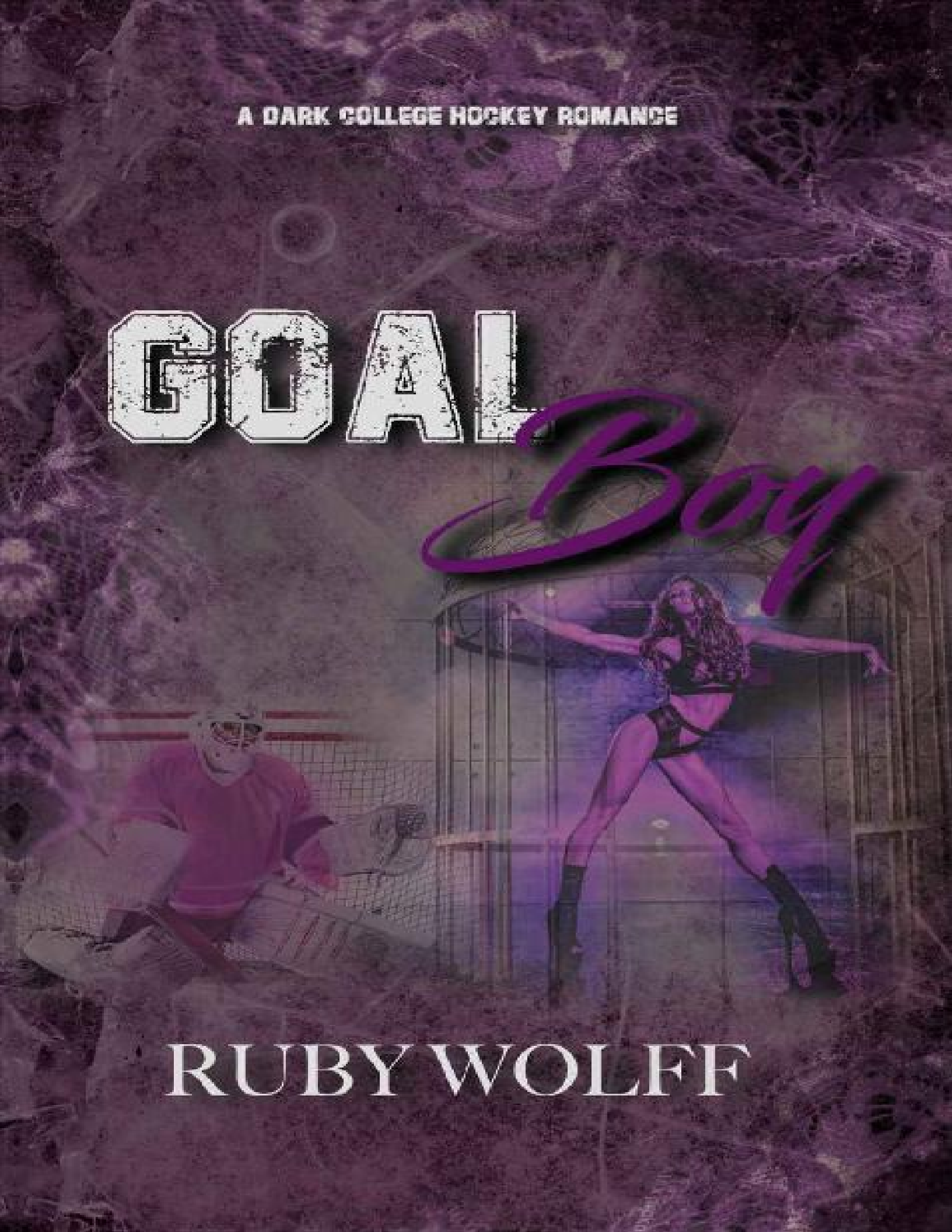


A DARK COLLEGE HOCKEY ROMANCE

GOAL

Boy

RUBY WOLFF



GOAL BOY

RUBY WOLFF

*To all the girls who love to hear three words -
On Your Knees*

TRIGGER WARNING

Author Note :-

Rich Boy is a Dark Romance novel. This book has extreme situations that may cause distress.
All Trigger Warnings are listed at the back of the book.

Copyright© 2023 Ruby Wolff

All rights reserved, worldwide, and on any multiverse that is known or unknown. No part of this publication may be reproduced in, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, including electronically or mechanical, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

This is a work of fiction.

Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner.

Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Published by Ruby Wolff

Book cover design by Autumn Lee

Formatting by Ruby Wolff

Editing by Jennifer Castiglia

This book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This book may not be re-sold, uploaded, or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each reader. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

GOAL

Boy

CONTENTS

Prologue

1. Logan
2. Meadow
3. Logan
4. Meadow
5. Logan
6. Logan
7. Meadow
8. Logan
9. Meadow
10. Logan
11. Meadow
12. Logan
13. Meadow
14. Logan
15. Logan
16. Meadow
17. Logan
18. Logan
19. Meadow
20. Meadow
21. Logan
22. Logan
23. Meadow
24. Logan
25. Logan
26. Meadow
27. Logan
28. Meadow
29. Logan
30. Logan
31. Meadow
32. Logan
33. Meadow
34. Logan

Epilogue

Also by Ruby Wolff

Note From Author

[Connect With The Author.](#)
[Acknowledgments](#)

PROLOGUE

MEADOW

“АHHHHH!” I scream out in pain.

I’ve felt pain, I’ve lived with pain, but nothing, and I mean nothing, compares to the pain I’m feeling now. And I don’t think anything ever will, because if I can help it, I will never do anything like this again.

“You’re being so strong.” The voice I hate to hear whispers to me.

If I could punch him, I would. If I could run, I would, but I can’t. I’m stuck here, and now more than ever, I can’t leave even if I wanted to.

“Meadow, wake up.” I hear the soft voice of my sister, but my eyes are so heavy and it’s hard opening them. My shift at the club finished later than I thought it would. “Meadow, wake up. It’s pancake day.” My little sister gets into bed with me, and I turn around to face her, slowly opening my eyes to look at her.

“Morning Pops.” I open one eye, and she starts laughing. “I think I have time for five more minutes.” I pull the covers closer to me, and Poppy starts laughing as she tries to take the covers off me.

“I’ll tickle you.” Poppy moves in closer, and I start laughing.

“Okay, okay, you win.” I start tickling her before she can tickle me, and she gets into a fit of giggles, kicking her legs and begging for me to stop. “Say I win, and I’ll stop.” I pull her closer to me as I continue to tickle her.

“You win, you win.” She leans in closer to me and wraps her arms around. “I love you, Meadow.”

“I love you too, Pops.” I squeeze her tight and kiss her cheek. “I’m going

to have a shower, pancakes, then I'll drop you off at school, and I have my first day at college. Are you not going to wish me luck?" I ask her as I finally get out of bed and get ready for the day.

I was hoping she forgot about pancakes this morning so I could have slept in, but nope, so now I'm going to be half dead on the first day of college. I wanted to go to Hillcrest, I got the grades, but didn't have the money, and no matter how much overtime I did at the bar there was no way I was going to afford it.

Sometimes you must go through life with the cards you're dealt, but every card I've gotten from the deck just seems to be one shit show after another.

With the money I make from the club, half goes into my bank, the other half goes to my mom and her fucked up husband; my stepdad, a man I would happily kill if I knew the finger wouldn't be pointed to me.

My mother is so blind when it comes to him, but how can I fight her? He's been with her for years. I was still little when they got together, and he never walked away from her even after she had the accident which left her unable to hear anything. He took her to doctor after doctor to find out what happened, or how they could fix it, but there was no way to get my mother's hearing back.

Even today, he brings her flowers, helps when she needs it, learned to sign so he could talk to her, but it was also when my life turned to hell.

It's hard to shout for help knowing your mother is never going to hear you.

"What do you need luck with, you're going to ace it, like you do everything." She walks into the bathroom with me, and I turn to face her, and she looks up at me with a smile.

"I would like a shower now; you need to get dressed and I think Mom has your school stuff ready as well." I'm waving her out of the bathroom when she shakes her head, muttering something to herself, and I laugh as I turn the shower on. A shower I desperately need because I am not awake yet, and the only thing getting me through the day will be coffee, and a lot of it, because I have another shift at the club tonight. Hell, I work almost every day, the more hours I work, the more money I can save and get out of the hell house I live in.

LOGAN

“THE ONLY REASON I’m here is for Mom, you can die, I don't care,” I shout at my dad as I continue to eat my food.

A lovely family dinner, that’s a fucking joke. More like a family dinner from hell, every time. Yet I sit at the table for one woman, my mom. It makes her happy when I come over to eat her home cooked meals, and I have to say I do miss them.

All we eat is takeout; now that August lives with us, we get some homemade food, but nothing beats Mom’s food.

“You only want me dead for the money.” Now I have to laugh. The only thing the man cares about, fucking money. “And your mother was mine first, remember that it’s because of you I lost her.”

Here we go again, throwing the blame on to me. It’s the same speech every time I come here.

“You didn’t want kids, should have wrapped up.” I rub my forehead; the man has a fucking knack for giving me a migraine.

“Oh, I learned the first time, never making that mistake again.”

“As far as you know, who knows how many little Millers are—”

“You shut your mouth!” my dad snaps, and I smile as I turn to face him, which I know is pissing him off.

“You never know, you might want to ask some of the whores you fuck in the office.” You always hear that politicians are assholes and corrupt. Growing up with one, I can say it’s one hundred percent true. My father, the mayor, has more hidden secrets than Victoria herself.

“It’s your fault, you’re the reason my model wife lost herself.”

“She looks the same as she did when she was on the catwalk. You might

want to watch your mouth,” I snap at him.

He should call himself lucky to have a wife like my mom. How many men in town can say they're married to a model? None. But I still have to listen to the same shit about how I'm to blame for him sleeping with other women.

One day I'm praying my mom wakes up and realizes she doesn't need him and would be better without him in her life.

It's no secret in the house he sleeps around, fuck, my mom knows it, but she's still sitting here with him. I'll never understand it.

“Will you two shut up!” My mom slams her hand on the table. “Just once, I would like to have a nice meal without you two fighting.”

Getting back to my food and apologizing to her, I can't remember the last time I came to the house and not had a fight with him. One day our fight got so bad it became a fist fight. It was the first time I had ever hit my dad, and it felt so good. If I could have hit him a few more times, I would have easily put him in the hospital.

After that night, Mom told me it was best I move out, and I didn't put up a fight. Never wanted my father's money, had no interest in it, I had money in my account. Just like most rich kids who hate their dad, we get the money from our grandparents.

I never had a relationship with my father's parents, they were just like him, money and power were more important than family. Mom told me they never even came to visit me when I was little, and I've only seen them five times in my nineteen years. My mom's parents are another story with me being the only grandson. They loved me and I could do no wrong in their eyes. I still am, in my granddad's eyes. He lives in a retirement home now and says he gets to party there with the other ladies, which is nice to see him smile. After grandma passed away, he lost the spark he always had.

My grandparents were rich, a lot richer than my dad's parents. They had stocks, shares, properties, the hotel. They made a good life and were smart about their money. Gave my mom a good amount, which she's never touched, it still sits in the bank today, and me, they gave me more than I ever thought they would.

Enough money for me to never have to worry. As well as the hotel, once I finish college anyway. Even today, when I ask him to just give me the hotel now, he laughs and says no man should be given a business, they have to earn it. I have to earn it by finishing college.

Our dads, mine, Blake's, and Travis's didn't do anything for the money they have. It was our grandparents. They started the hotel; the crazy sex-driven men came up with the idea of the hotel to serve and make a lot of men happy. Blake's granddad started the underground fight club, which our grandparents had a small share in, but it is Blake's club, and the crazy fucker loves it.

I start college in a few days, I will get my degree, make my granddad proud, and take the hotel from my dad. I want to take more than the hotel from him, I want him to suffer, the same way I had to by his hands.

"Are you excited about starting college?" My mom takes my hand in hers to stop me tapping my fork.

"New fun to have," I joke, which makes her laugh.

"I think you have enough fun already. You need to find yourself a girl, not go from one girl to the other." I shake my head and my mom playful slaps my arm, then looks up at my dad as he walks away from the table.

I have no idea how many more times I can tell my mom to leave him, I could say it now, but there is no point, she's still going to stay with him.

"Logan, I don't want you ending up like your da—"

"Never going to happen, Mom. The day I find a woman is the day I stop sleeping around. I'll never make her cry. I've seen it, lived it, not going to spend my whole life with it." I take her hand in mine, giving it a kiss. "Mom, you don't have to—"

"Logan, sweetheart, you have to stop worrying about me." She gives me a kiss on the cheek and gets back to her dinner, and I shake my head as I watch her.

I always worry about my mom, fearing she will wake up one day and hate her life, the way my dad treats her. Biggest fear, my mom ending up like Blake's mom.

"I will always worry about you," I whisper, not looking at her.

"Are you trying out for the hockey team?" My mom asks and I have to laugh, because she knows I don't need to try out, they picked up the three of us from high school.

"Already on the team, are you coming to the first game?" My mom likes to come to games, but I've been pushing her more to go out with her friends.

She's not sitting at home anymore, for the last year I've pushed her to go with her friends and have fun. Dad won't take her anywhere; she's going to have fun with others.

“I’m always there for the first game.” She looks up as my dad walks back into the room, sliding his phone into his pocket. “Everything okay?”

I glance over at him as he drinks his whiskey.

“They want to have a parade in a few months to celebrate him being Mayor, and I have to attend a meeting for it.” He stops and stares at Mom for a moment.

It’s the most stupid thing I’ve ever seen him do, and there is a big list too, but throwing yourself a fucking parade, fucking joke.

“I thought you’d like to join me, you always love throwing parties, and you’re an organized person,” Dad adds.

Wow, what’s wrong with him? Is the only thing I can think of at the moment. But I’m staying quiet because the smile on my mom’s face makes it all better. She always loves a good party, but for every nice thing my dad does, there are always five things he’s done wrong.

“I would love to, when is the meeting?” My mom looks over at me with a smile, and I return it, not wanting her to know I don’t trust him.

“In the morning, but I’ve already informed them you are taking charge, so they need to talk to you.” My mom gets up from her seat, all happy, already tapping away on her phone.

“I will get a binder ready.” Mom walks away, not even looking at anyone now.

I lean back into my seat and look over at my dad, knowing I’ve lost my mom for a while until she’s finished with the parade.

“Looks like I get my wife back, I’ll be number one for a while now.” My dad raises his whiskey to me and a smirk spreads across my lips.

“Shame she won’t be number one for you.” I get up from my chair and look down at him. “You could have had it all but jealously fucked you up.” Before he can say anything to me, I leave the house and send my mom a quick message telling her I’ll call her tomorrow.

The less I have to be in this house the better, maybe now I can see my mom away from him. It would make my life better, not seeing him.

How can three best friends all end up with three fucked up dads. Not one of our fathers is worth our time. The three of us want them to pay, want them to suffer. One already has, but Blake’s not finished with him yet. Our plan is to take them down together, one at a time, otherwise they will help each other, and we’re not risking that. We break them, then we finish them.

* * *

“Ready for the first day of college?” Travis asks, sitting back down as we watch the hockey game.

“First party of the year, it’s going to be fun. Tomorrow is also the first practice, have you heard about any of the guys?” I ask, looking over at Blake and August arguing about some fucked up thing he did, yet again.

Out of the three of us, he was the last one I thought would end up with a high school girl, but he fell hard for her, to the point no one can even look at her. Only yesterday he broke someone's nose for saying hello to her. One thing is for sure, she’s grown some balls, and will tell him to fuck off, which is what’s so funny with them. August loves Blake, and Blake, he loves her but he’s insane when it comes to how protective he is over her.

“Couple of them I’ve heard of, others nothing.” Travis shouts at the TV when a play goes wrong.

“There is a guy called Antonio, heard he’s a monster on the ice. I think one other guy from his high school team is with him.” Blake grabs a slice of pizza from the box and continues to tell us about Antonio and how he’s only at the college because of hockey, because his grades are not the standards of the college.

Looks like we have a beast on the team.

“How was your dad?” Blake asks.

“A dick, nothing new there,” I reply with a chuckle, making them both laugh too.

“He will get his, just have patience.” Travis pats my leg, and I give him a nod.

I’ve been thinking about taking him down for years, and I still don’t know what I want to do or how I’m going to do it. A mayor has enough shit on them, but I need something big, something to get rid of him for life. Blake’s dad is finished when we bring in the whole plan, I need to bring down mine now.

“You want to go to the club tonight?” Blake asks.

“You got a fight we don’t know about?” I turn to face him. Normally we talk about all that stuff, so I’m not sure why we need to be there tonight. I know he has full control of the place now, but he’s looking for a manager to look after it while he finishes college. So far he’s had over thirty interviews, and he hates them all.

“No, I take out my frustration in other ways at the moment.” He kisses August’s neck, making her shake her head at him.

“I was thinking of going to the hotel—”

“Your girl there?” Travis cuts me off.

“No, but I need someone to suck my dick so I can feel a little less tense.” I take out my phone to make sure the woman hasn’t messaged me to say she wants to meet up. I’m not dating anyone; I like to be open to fuck anyone.

I’ve been going to the hotel for a while now, which is crazy. I am only nineteen years old, and I know the hotel is like a second home. My dad used to take me there all the time, all the fucking time, and seeing the things I did at twelve, it would make you want to fuck women in the crazy ways you spent your childhood watching.

Fuck watching it, I lived it. A nightmare, my father wanted me to live, suffer, and be in pain, a lot of fucking pain.

The bastard fucked up my childhood, fucking sold me to the animals, and I’ll never forgive him for it.

His day will come when I can bury the fucker six feet in the ground.

“Is she not sucking your dick good enough?” Blake asks, and I stick my middle finger up at him.

“The last I checked I wasn’t a one-woman man; I can fuck who I want.” I’m never going to say I won’t be a one-woman man, because you never know, anything can happen.

But right now, I’m a free man, to fuck who I want when I want. First year of college, and I plan on having some fun in and out of the hotel.

MEADOW

I WATCH the hockey team practicing. The season doesn't start for a few more weeks, but the team is ready to get the season started. Hockey is huge at this college; everyone is talking about the new season and how with the new players we have, we just might have a chance of winning this year. I'll be shocked if that happens because the hockey team at Hillcrest never seems to lose.

I swear they buy players, but then again, I've never watched them play. My high school never played there, and I know most of the players from the high school move to the college team, they won the last year of high school, so those players are there, ready to win the first year of college too.

"Come on, Ryan!" I shout and he winks at me, and I blow him a kiss back.

I met Ryan the week before college started and all the parties were happening. There was a quiz game about sports, and I won. It wasn't five minutes after, and Ryan was by my side, talking the night away with me. Since then, we've spent time together. I wouldn't say we are together, but to pass the time, he is there, and when I'm not working or don't want to go home, I chill with him. I'm not looking for a boyfriend, it's the last thing I want. With my fucked-up life, no guy would want to spend five minutes with me, never mind any longer than.

"Are you going to wear his jersey?" I turn to Beth; she's been my friend for about a year now. I try to keep everyone at an arm's distance, not wanting anyone to know too much about my life. But Beth seemed to have worked her way through the friendship walls I had built.

"No, we aren't there yet." I giggle to myself. Not sure I'll ever be there

with someone. I always wanted a boyfriend who played some sort of sports, there is just something about a man who plays sports and takes it seriously. To me, it's a man who has a plan and can work through anything because they're working hard to become the best in the game.

"Well, I can already say you'll be wearing it to the first game." I choose to ignore her, no point in thinking about things which might not even happen.

Fuck, Ryan doesn't even know where I work. Well, he thinks I work at a bar, and for some part it is the truth. I'm not going to tell him the name of the bar, and when he asks, I always joke telling him there is no way he is coming there to get free drinks, but the truth is if he found out where I work, he wouldn't be with me.

I dig out my phone from my pocket as it vibrates.

CAIN

Working tonight, in the cage.

I send a quick reply telling him that's fine, then I put my phone back into my pocket. I can't say I hate my job, but I don't love it either. It gives me enough money to give my mom and still save to get my own place and get out of there, so I go and do the job then leave.

"You looked amazing out there." I lean over and give Ryan a quick peck, but he pulls me in for another kiss. "Ready to get some food?" I ask.

First day of college and there wasn't much to do, we met the teachers so they could give us syllabi for the semester. Pretty simple start, but I have a feeling it's going to get hard after today.

"Yes, what time are you working tonight?" He opens the door to the rink for me and helps me on. I love skating on the ice, you can really get lost in a world of your own.

Nothing but you and the ice, it's the reason I love to watch hockey. Freedom to be in your own world.

"At eight, all night, but it's double pay." Must admit every time Theo tells me it's double pay, I want to start work early, but it also means he has some VIPs coming tonight too, and they get way too touchy.

"So, we get to hang out for a few hours then. Give me a few minutes and I'll be out." Ryan kisses my cheek and skates off, and Beth walks over to me.

"We're going to play a game of mini golf before food, you in?" she asks as we both make our way to the parking lot.

"Yeah, if Ryan is up for it too." I reply, digging through my bag to find

my car keys, a car which is mostly stuck together with duct tape. It was all I could afford, but it gets me to college, work, and home. I don't need anything fancy.

Leaning on my car as everyone talks about the plan, I tap a message to Poppy.

MEADOW

I have work tonight; I will see you in the morning.

It doesn't take her long to reply.

POPS

Miss you.

MEADOW

Sweet Dreams x

Once I'm at work, I never touch my phone, so I always say good night to her when I tell her I'm at work.

I hate leaving her at home with him, but I have to remember why I work like crazy. To get her away from him forever.

I send some of the other girls I work with a message to see if they have a shift tonight. There are two girls who I've worked with for over a year, and I can say they are my friends, they've even helped me out when I've needed it. It's very rare for anyone to stay working at the club for long. I think after me, not many have stayed, they find the job too much, and if it wasn't for Faith and Lily, I'm sure I would have left too.

Smiling to myself when they both reply saying they are working too, now I know my night will be fun.

"Ready?" Looking up from my phone, I smile at Ryan, and a few of the other players on the team.

"Let's go. I'll take my car so I can go straight to work."

"I can drop you off." I start laughing, and Ryan kisses me. "I enjoy hearing you laugh."

"Thanks, but you're still not taking me to work. So let's go."

Going to have some fun, before a long night at work. I have a feeling tonight's going to be a fun night.

LOGAN

ONE THING I love about hockey is how brutal some players can be, and Antonio is one crazy fucker. A man of little words, I got a hello then he went off to his friend.

A lot of people used to ask me why I was the goalie. Yeah, it can be a little tough at times, but this is my home. The puck hits me the wrong way, and the pain reminds me I'm not weak anymore.

I control my life and no one else.

First year in college and I'm here to make my mark, show them there is no better goalie than me, the ones they thought were the best are nothing next to me. Hillcrest better get used to chanting my name, because they will be by the time I finish.

"How about you try and score," I shout at Blake, which makes him laugh. Blake is one of the best players I've ever seen, the way he moves with the puck is crazy, and if he doesn't get picked to play in the big league it would be crazy.

"I'm going easy on you," he shouts at me before turning quickly and shooting the puck at me, but I block it out the way. "Good to know you're focused." He smashes another one my way, and it goes straight past me into the net, then he skates off laughing.

Asshole. I shake my head as I skate over to the rest of the team and wait for the coach to talk to us. I didn't think the college would hold tryouts to join the team. They have people going to the high schools to watch the guys they want, and before college even starts they have the team ready to go. From our school team there is me, Blake, Travis, and two others, the rest are from other schools we've played against, so we already knew how they played.

“The season starts in five weeks, which means no time for mistakes, you guys need to work as a team, training will be four days a week, once a week will be a team meeting.” Coach takes the time to look at each one of us at a time, making sure we’re listening to him. “You get one strike with me, then you’re out, no questions. I’m here to win, like I have for the last four years. You don’t like it, leave. If you are here tomorrow, let’s win another season.” Without even looking at any of us, Coach walks off to his office, while the team stays put and starts talking about the season and the teams we’re playing.

I know most of the teams and some of the players, but not all of them. There are about four teams that will give us a challenge, but I’m not worried about them. We have a basement with a small ice rink so I can do some training there with the guys. Might even think about making it bigger so the guys can move around a bit more.

“Antonio, you might be able to find some new pussy here,” Dave—the only guy Antonio talks to—says, making him laugh.

I didn’t think the man smiled, let alone laugh. Looking up to where Antonio is nodding, I hold a smile. Wrong girl to be looking at, never mind think about fucking her.

“Touch her, look at her, even talk to her, I’ll make sure I break your fucking hand, and damage other parts so you can’t fuck anyone. Do you understand me?” Blake snaps, his voice strong, and Antonio turns to face him.

He stares at Blake for a while, making me look over at Travis as we both get ready to stop a fight if it happens, because Blake doesn’t care who stands in front of him. If they look at August the wrong way, he will fuck them up. Antonio curls his lip up into a smirk. “Understood.”

“At least give it a week before you hurt our new teammates,” Travis tells him, making me laugh. A week? A day would be good.

“Don’t look at my girl and you’ll all be safe,” Blake warns them all. He smiles at August as she stands by the door waiting for him.

Never thought Blake would have fallen for August, especially the way it all started for them, but fuck did he fall. He won’t let anyone even look at her, but one thing is for sure, there is no way he would let anyone, including himself, hurt her. August moved in with us just before college started, and she’ll talk to Travis and me, but you can tell she still hates what happened in the woods that night. I’d take it back in a heartbeat if I could. Even after

everything she went through with Blake, she fell in love with him too.

“August, want to get some food?” I ask her, and she looks away from Blake and smiles.

“If you three ever decided to get up.” She gets back to her conversation with Blake, and we leave to get out of our gear and get ready for food and some fun this evening. We haven’t decided what the plan is just yet, we need to see if there is a fight at the club.

Blake changed the club to the way he always wanted it to be, got a full new team of workers, and he finally found a manager—Luke—he trusts, well, to a point. He still checks the CCTV camera every chance he gets. One thing about having a manager for Blake is he doesn’t need to be at the club as much. We still go there to fight and watch fights, but before the manager, Blake was there every day and night.

“Are we going to the club?” Travis asks, and I look behind as Blake joins us.

Throwing all my stuff into my bag, I sit on the bench by the lockers. I’ll have a shower at home.

“None of us are fighting, and Luke said everything is good, so I’m having a break from it tonight. What do you guys want to do? August is going to her dad’s for the night,” Blake replies as he throws all his things into his bag.

“I’m thinking of a night at Skyline.” I smile at them both.

We had never heard of this club before, but the Crawford brothers invited us to check it out as a thank you for helping them a while back, and we went once over the summer. I have to say it’s a club worth going to a few times a week. Which we did, even became friends with the owner. Well, I wouldn’t call him a friend, but someone whose number you’d have in your phone. The man’s fucking crazy, he has to be if he’s involved with the Crawford brothers.

One thing is I don’t want to know the stories that are going around about him.

“I’m up for it,” Blake answers, closing his locker, and Travis says he’s in too. “I’ll meet you outside.” Blake walks out the locker room as Travis and I get the rest of our stuff together, and look back to see if Blake has left the room.

“You spoke to him, I thought having August there would help.” I keep my eye on the door to make sure he doesn’t walk back in.

“It’s a year, things are going to play in his head, give it a week if it’s still

the same we'll talk to him." Travis and I grab our bags and head out. "Plus you know what he's like, doesn't talk about that shit, a night out will do him good."

I agree with Travis and drop the conversation as we reach Blake and August leaning on the car, laughing about something.

"Hey, I hope your dad isn't going to make our life hell," I joke with August, her dad's the dean of the college, so we're hoping for some easy times from him.

"Depends how much your friend is pissing me off," she jokes with us, and both Travis and I tell him not to be a dick to her.

"Well she's hungry and wants food, so you're both pissing her off, making her wait for you." Blake opens the door for August, and as she gets in, Blake looks over at us. "Meet you at the burger place."

Giving him a nod, we walk over to Travis's car, and head out to get some food and have a fun night with my brothers.

* * *

Walking into Skyline, the music is loud and the lights are bright. The purple and red lights come off the floor and walls, while the blue lights hit certain areas in the club. Specifically one of my favorite parts, the cages. It was the first time I had seen a club with cages in them.

There are some hanging from the ceiling with thick chains, some on podiums, then some on the floor on each level. There are stripper poles in the middle of seated areas, the blue light focusing on the area where the pole is. There is so much more, and the first time I saw it, I told the guys I was gutted we never had anything like this in the hotel. That place would have had a waiting list for it.

Cain knew what he was doing when he made this club, knew what people would be coming to see, so he made sure the focus was on them.

"I'll get the drinks," Blake shouts over the music while Travis and I walk over to an empty booth. Who doesn't like a good strip show?

Tonight this place is full, and not just men, there has to be just as many women here too. I turn to one of the cages where two women are dancing inside in some sexy lingerie.

I feel my phone vibrate in my pocket and smile seeing a message from

my mom.

MOM

Are you coming over for dinner tomorrow? Want you to see the ideas for the parade. XO

LOGAN

See you for dinner.

I haven't been back to the house since dinner the other day. Dad messaged me a few times, but I've ignored them for the most part. Told him I just want to start college, then I will get back to him. Whenever we talk to our dads, it only gives me a headache after, so we try to stay away from them all.

Blake got his dad out of the fight club but hasn't got him out of his life, not yet anyway. The three of us are working on it. The end game, if played right, means we won't ever have to see them again, and finally get out of their grip if we are lucky.

"If you want to be a man, then act like a man!" my dad shouts. I sit in the corner of my room listening to him shout at me for the millionth time today and it's not even nighttime yet. "This is why I never wanted children, they ruin your life and take your wife from you."

Again reminding me how I ruined his whole life by being born, but I'm not the one who wanted to be here. He didn't want kids; he should have done a better job.

"You're a worthless piece of shit, and I'm going to make sure you know what pain is and how to deal with it. So do it my way nicely or it will be painful."

"The women behind the bars aren't wearing clothes, they have paint on them." Blake's voice pulls me away from my thoughts as he puts our beers down. I look over at the bar but can't see anything from here. Looks like I will be getting the next round.

"And are you sharing that piece of information with August?" Travis jokes with him.

“Sent her a picture.” Blake snaps back and flips him off while I turn to the woman who's joined our booth and starts spinning around the pole.

I watch her as she moves around, then my sight moves to the two women in the cage behind her. I smile when they start grinding against each other as the podium starts going up a little so the next floor can see them. I glance up as the podiums stop and take in the sight, four floors of pure beauty.

Taking a gulp of my beer, I watch the woman in front of us again, but my glance moves to the girl behind her walking along and chatting to another girl. Both are dressed in the same bathrobe, so they obviously work here, yet the one with the long legs and brown hair down her back, god, she's a sight. Continuing to watch where she is going, my sight is interrupted by some big ass dude. I snap my head to him, letting him know he's in my way.

“Cain wants to see you three.” He turns around and walks away, and I stay where I am for a moment to see if I can see her again, but she's vanished. Shaking my head, I look at the guys who haven't moved either.

What the fuck does Cain want with us? We don't even know the man, finishing our beer we place some money on the table for the stripper, and follow the giant to Cain's office.

Walking into the office on the fourth floor, I head over to the window to look at the club from his point of view. It's a nice view too.

I hear Blake talking to Cain about how the club is going, but my eyes are set on the cages and the girl I saw downstairs. She leans on the pole in the middle, her hands above her head, holding the pole. In that split second, so many ideas of her against that pole go through my head, how I could give her pain but so much pleasure at the same time.

The blue light starts flashing on her cage and the three others and “Rude Boy” starts playing, and as soon as the beat drops, she grabs the pole and squats, moving her ass. Fucking hell, who is this girl? She opens the cage door and walks over the beam to the other cage. They've all changed cages, and now she's closer to the window I'm standing at.

I can't take my eyes off her as she spins around the pole, and for the first time, I get a good look at her face. I smile, taking a step back from the window. She leans her head back on the pole and locks eyes with me as she moves down it, not breaking eye contact with her, she stays where she is. Not able to move tilting my head to the side, and she follows.

“Logan!” I break away from her when my name is shouted, and I look over my shoulder at Blake and Travis waiting for me to join the conversation,

giving them a nod. I take one last look at the cage but the girl is gone.

Walking over to the guys, I give Cain a hello nod. The man is big. I don't fight much at the club, it's more Blake and Travis when they need to let off steam, but I can easily say Cain isn't a man I'd pick a fight with any time soon.

"Crawford informed me if I need a problem taken care of, maybe you'd be interested," he starts, and I look at the guys who put their beers on the table.

"Depends on the reason. We don't just do things without a reason we are happy with," I tell him. There has been a few people I'm happy to kill and bury in the forest, and they have all been put there for a reason.

"Well your reason and my reason can be different—"

"Well if it's different to ours, then you do it yourself," I cut him off, and he leans back in his chair, swiveling it side to side as he looks at the three of us.

"Crawford told me, two, maybe three years and you'll be controlling Hillcrest. It would be good to have you on our side. You never know, one day we might need each other," Cain tells us, and I know why we keep the Crawford brothers close, but not sure what Cain could do for us.

"Not sure what you can do for us?" Travis asks, and Cain leans back in his seat and smiles.

"This is the file on what I want. You want to know what I can give you, to talk to Crawford." Cain looks between the three of us, but no one moves to get the file. I take a step forward.

"For me to even pick up this file, I want the name of the girl in the cage, brown hair, blue eyes, killer legs, she—"

"You know the girls who work here are because of some fucked daddy issue, not sure she's"—he stops and looks me up and down, before finishing his sentence—"in your league."

I hear a little snicker come from behind me, and I curl my lip up at the corner. Looking down at his desk, I open and close the file before looking back up at him.

"And for a man to own a club like this means he had mommy issues." Cain bursts out in laughter as he stands and walks over to the window to look into the cages.

No matter who you are, you're where you are because of your parents. They mold you, you learn from watching them, you become what they think

about you. I'm cold inside and it's because my father gave me so much pain. I had to learn to move past the pain, and now I like giving out that pain. I like to know that, behind the blindfold, they are crying in pain but begging me to help them feel the pleasure.

"Her name's Meadow Holmes, now look at the file." He turns to face me, and I look at him. Is that all he is giving me? "You asked for a name, nothing else. I gave you it." He walks back to his seat and turns to the wall behind him which is full of CCTV footage of the club. There is nothing in this club he won't see.

I press my lips together not to show him my smile, showing I'm impressed with his little words to give me what I wanted. He got to the point, can't ask for much more than that. Taking the file off the table, I leave his office, the guys not far behind me.

"Are we really going to get mixed up with him? I have a feeling he's more fucking crazy than Blake."

"Hey, I'm not that—"

"Shut up, you know you are. Logan?" Travis asks me.

"We picked up the file, we don't have to do anything else with it, but I'd like to know what he can do for us if we did." Now I have to admit, working with Cain is not a good idea, but like we always said, it's better having the crazy help us, then the crazy chase us.

So this file will sit on the dining table for a while, until we know who Cain is, but my main focus for the next few days is finding out as much as I can about Meadow Holmes and having my own little bit of fun with her. I'm sure a private dance will be good, and I'd make her strip slowly too.

Oh the fun I'll have with my new toy.

MEADOW

GOD, last night's shift was long. Cain asked me to work a double, and he isn't a man you say no to. Well, I would never say no to him. He is a man of few words, but he scares the shit out of me.

I walked through the door an hour ago, I've had a shower, and now it's time to get Pops off to school and start my day at college. Ryan messaged to say he would pick me up and we can go to breakfast together.

"Pops, are you ready?" I shout toward her room, and I laugh when she pops her head out of her bedroom.

"Waiting for you, sleepyhead." I shake my head at her as I grab my bag and books. She walks out of her bedroom with her bag on her shoulder and stands with her hand on her hip, tapping her foot on the floor.

For a five-year-old, this little one has so much attitude, and I don't know if I should laugh or tell her to stop it. One thing is for sure, I won't let anyone bring her down, and I'll protect her until my last breath. She will never feel, or go through the things I did, and she will never know about them either. I want to protect her from the cruel world out there. I want her to see the world as the rainbow she thinks it is, believe in Santa, that unicorns are real, for as long as I can. Nothing will take her innocence away, not while I'm around.

"And the reason for tapping your foot young lady?" I question, mirroring her, which makes her laugh.

"You need sleep," she tries to snap at me, but it just comes out cute from her.

"First of all, I did sleep, and secondly you don't need to worry about me." I only slept for about thirty minutes, but it's better than nothing.

"You're my sister, and I—"

“Hey, the last I checked I was the oldest, and I should worry about you. Now come on if you want pancakes, otherwise you’ll miss out.” I turn her around and start walking down the stairs before she can say anything to me.

Walking into the kitchen to get some juice before Ryan gets here, I look at my stepdad drinking his coffee. Asshole.

“And where are you two going so early in the morning?” God his voice sends shivers down my spine, but I ignore him like I do most times, and let Pops answer him.

“Getting pancakes before school. Lolly’s boyfriend is picking us up.” Pops tells him. Finally turning around, I lean on the kitchen counter, not taking my eyes off Pops.

“Boyfriend, since when?” my asshole stepdad asks, locking eyes with me, but I stay quiet. He doesn’t need to know anything about my life, and I don’t plan on sharing any of it either. “Poppy, you want to take your juice into the sitting room?” Tom hands her the cup and pushes her along. As she leaves the kitchen, he walks over to me. “Since when?”

“None of your business, now step the fuck back from me.”

“Or what?”

“Or I’ll burn your fucking face.” I bring the frying pan up to his face, and he starts laughing, stepping closer to me, and without realizing I’ve done it, my body tenses up.

“Remember,”—his hand moves to my thigh—“I leave sweet little Poppy alone.” I hold myself together, refusing to show this piece of shit weakness. “I don’t touch your little sister, but it means I get to play with you.” He takes a step closer to me, and feeling his breath on my neck, I quickly close my eyes as he slides his disgusting tongue over my cheek.

I knew if he could touch me, he would touch Poppy, and I wasn’t going to let that happen. I didn’t care what I had to go through to protect her, but I was going to do it. I would close my eyes and go to my happy place, a place where none of this happens, where he doesn’t touch me.

“Lolly, Ryan is here.” Tom steps back, but his eyes move over my body as he smiles.

I take a step toward him, leaning close to his ear. “One day I’m going to bury you so deep into the ground, you’ll never be able to crawl out. I’m going to bury you alive.” I take Pop's hand and go to the front room and smile at Ryan.

“Hey beautiful.” Ryan leans in and gives me a kiss, which I happily

return knowing Tom is standing behind me. "Shall we get pancakes?"

"Yes, I'm starving." I smile, and I hear my stepdad coughing behind me.

"Do I not get an introduction?" he asks when I don't turn around to face him, and I don't bother looking at him.

"No," I snap and tell Ryan it's time to leave.

Ryan asked about my family once, and I told him my stepdad is a bastard, and he can't die quick enough. I think that comment told him I hate the man and never want to talk about him again, nor answer questions.

"Pops, what do you like on your pancakes?" Ryan asks as he opens the door for her, and she tells him she likes chocolate sauce on them. When he closes the door, he grabs my arm before I can walk to the other side of the car.

"You want to tell me about him?" He nods his head toward the house, and I look over at Tom standing by the door watching us.

"No." I pull my arm from his grip. "Anything else you want to ask?" He holds his ground, staring into my eyes. "Next time you grab me like that in front of my sister, it will be the last time you touch me." Looking into the car, I smile at Pops, before looking back at Ryan.

"Won't ask again." He leans in and kisses me, then I walk around the car and get into the passenger seat.

One day someone will come into my life and demand answers about Tom, and I'm going to have to think of a good enough lie, because the truth is something I never want to tell anyone. Ever. I'm weak, I let him do it, and it was all my fault because I didn't fight.

How do you tell someone you weren't strong enough? I was young. I always tell myself I was young, but it doesn't make anything better. I let myself down, I didn't protect myself.

But I will always protect Poppy, no one will ever touch her.

* * *

Ryan pulls up to Adam's house but doesn't turn off the car. He turns to me and smiles, and I look around at some of the others walking into the house.

"You know you look beautiful in my jersey." Ryan leans in closer to me, kissing my cheek.

I never thought I would be that girl, the girl who wore her boyfriend's

clothes. Well, I don't know if we are boyfriend and girlfriend. Neither one of us has labeled it, and I prefer it that way. I like Ryan, but it's not even a week into college, and I'm not sure if I want to get serious with a guy just yet. But when he gave me his jersey, I wasn't sure what to say to him. He looked happy and excited to give it to me. How the hell was I supposed to say no?

"I know, red is my color," I say, looking down at the jersey. Red isn't my color, but I have to make it look like I'm happy with it. Now, though, I feel like I'm a little trapped being with him and only him.

"It sure is. Ready to party the night away?" Ryan gets out of the car, and I follow him. The second I stand next to him, he wraps his arm around my waist, pulling me closer to him. Wanting to show everyone at this party, I'm off limits and I'm his.

As we walk into the house, we make our way straight over to the hockey team, who have got themselves set up in the kitchen and are already playing a drinking game. Taking the beer off Beth, she pulls me away from Ryan to join the rest of the girlfriends or groupies. The groupies are the best. I thought maybe when I got to college they wouldn't openly spread their legs for the hockey or the football players, but I was wrong.

"The jersey looks good." Beth smiles, which only gets bigger as she side-eyes me, but I choose not to say anything. She's been wearing her boyfriend's every chance she gets.

"Yeah." I walk over to Ryan sitting on the sofa, and as I go to sit down, he pulls me to sit on his lap, wrapping his arm around my waist and making me lean into him.

The guys talk about the hockey season, which parties they want to go to from other schools, and some car stuff, and that's when I stop listening because I know nothing about them. Feeling Ryan's hand moving under his jersey letting me lean my back onto his chest, and he kisses the side of my neck.

"You smell nice," he whispers in my ear, and I tilt my head a little so I can give him a kiss. "And your lips taste so good." I feel his hand on the side of my waist and he starts moving me around, so I help him out. I turn to face him, my legs on either side of his legs, and smile when he grabs my ass and pulls me closer to him.

"Then I think you need a better taste of them." I brush my lips against his, but quickly pull away from him before he can kiss me and start laughing when he grabs the back of my neck and slams his lips into mine.

I pull away slightly when I hear the music fade and Ryan looks over at some of the guys, who are looking at something behind them. Turning a little to see what's happening, and as I do, the music starts playing again.

Three men stand behind me. The guy in the middle locks eyes with me while the other two look around the house sipping on beer.

"Stop staring at my girl!" Ryan snaps at him, but for some reason I can't break eye contact with him.

The three of them start laughing, and the one in the middle licks his lips as I tilt my head a little. Why does he look so familiar? I feel like I've seen him somewhere, but don't know where.

"Your girl?" Why the hell has his voice just sent chills down my spine. "Well, she's not your girl anymore." He takes a step closer to us, and Ryan stands up, pulling me along with him. The guy doesn't even look at Ryan, he's got one thing in his sight, one thing he is preying on. Me.

Ryan starts laughing at him and goes to take a step forward but one of his teammates stops him.

"Don't want to mess with them. Do you know who they are?" he asks Ryan, who shakes his head arching his brow, and I see his lip curl a little like he's meant to know who they are.

Who are they?

"Some assholes who think they can come into our party and just grab any girl they wa—"

"Don't think, I will take her." The guy cuts him off, and all I can think is, who are you, and why are you here for me?

"They're the Vipers, Hillcrest boys, not the guys you want to mess with," Eric tells him.

The Vipers? I've heard about them, but I also thought they were just a story in high school. But there are so many stories that move around in high school, you never know what to believe and what not to. The Vipers are all-stars in the hockey world. People have said they could be signed by the NHL by the time they finish college, but then the stories get dark. They fight to kill, they kill to be on the top, and they are not men to mess around with. I never knew their names or what they looked like. Our school never played them, so I never needed to know who they were.

So why does one of them have their sights set on me?

The one in the middle takes another step closer to me and I try to take one back, but he grabs my wrist and pulls me hard enough that Ryan loses grip of

me. God, should this be as hot as it is? I don't think it should.

Ryan tries to reach for me but he's pushed out the way. The guy pushes me into the wall behind me and presses his body into mine. He leans down closer and I feel his breath on my skin.

"Hello, little dove." His hand moves to my waist, his whole body covering mine for anyone else to see what he's doing to me. "Do I get a private dance in the cage?" he asks. So he comes to Skyline. "I've imagined so many things I would do to you, and each one has you in a blindfold, crying for me to stop." I feel his lips on my neck, then his teeth scratch my skin. I lick my lips, as I get dry from panting. He's blocking my view of anyone behind him, so I have no idea why Ryan isn't stopping this.

"You need to back the fuck up." I try to push him away but he's a big guy, he could easily hold me down and have his way with me.

"I do like a fighter, begging only makes it better." He laughs, making me look at his mouth, and a twisted smile appears on his lips. "Leave Mr. Goody Two-shoes and come with me for a ride." Before I can even open my mouth to tell him to get lost, he slams his lips onto mine, hard. And I mean hard. I try to fight him but he's too strong for me. His hand moves to the back of my neck, his fingers interlocking into the base of my hair, not pulling enough to hurt me, but fuck, it's enough to get a moan escaping my lips.

Why is this so fucking hot? Why is this getting me excited? Why can I not push him away?

"Doesn't my little dove sound good when she moans," he whispers against my lips, then takes a step back. I try to get my breathing back to normal and cool myself down because it got very hot in here.

I look at Ryan standing a little behind the other two guys, and he's pissed off. I don't blame him either, some guy just kissed his girlfriend. Before I can move away from him, he stops me, grabs my wrist, and brings it up to his mouth. His eyes are locked with mine as he softly kisses my wrist, the same place I have my dove tattoos.

"When you touch yourself tonight, call out my name. Logan." He gives me a wink and walks out of the house. Not sure what to do right now, I stay where I am.

Ryan's eyes are burning into me, I can feel him staring. Beth is smiling, and Ryan finally moves closer to me.

"And how the fuck do you know them?" Ryan doesn't even ask me quietly as his words echo in the room.

“I don’t, that’s the first time I’ve seen them.” That’s not a lie, he’s been to the club, but I don’t remember seeing him. I’m sure I would have remembered dancing for him. But then again, most of the time I don’t even look at the men in the face, never wanting to remember who they are. When I do look, it’s only when I know they have money. The more you look at them, the bigger they tip.

“Well, he sure as hell knows you,” Ryan snaps, and I shake my head at him.

“I told you, I’ve never met them in my life. I have no idea when he has seen me, and if you don’t believe me, there is nothing I can do about it.” I know he has every right to be pissed off about what’s just happened, but there is no way I’m going to let some guy think I’m a liar when I’m not.

“Meadow—”

“No. I have no idea who they are, have no idea where they have seen me. And why the fuck are you pissed off? It’s not you he pinned against the wall, it was me. You should be checking if I’m okay, not accusing me of whatever it is you’re accusing me of!” I shout at him, making sure he heard me, and he better get used to me sticking up for myself too. I’m not one of the bimbos he dated in high school. I will stick up for myself, and he better like it, or I’m leaving.

“Meadow, it was—”

“You know what? I’m going home, and when you don’t want to be a prick, then call me.” I slam my shoulder into him as I walk past him, and Beth puts her hand up for me to high five, and I feel good about myself, so I high five her as I walk out.

Ryan better know I’m not a girl who will just take it, I’ll fight back. No matter who the guy is in front of me.

LOGAN

I SLAM THE FRONT DOOR, pissed off with our dads. They have to do something, one way or another, they find a way to prove they still have power over us. Grabbing a beer, I join the guys in the living area. August lies on the couch with Blake, and I drop next to Travis.

“What’s wrong with you, did you not—”

“Don’t even start again about her, I like a challenge.” After leaving the house party, and it was a poor excuse for a house party if you ask me, both of them started with the comments. I did get what I wanted, the girl doesn’t even know who I am.

“Good, because she’s going to give you one too.” Blake comments, and I ignore him.

There wasn’t much about Meadow I could find, she went to a public high school, and now going to college which I wouldn’t want to send my worst enemy, it’s that shit. Her family isn’t very well off, but she graduated high school at the top of her class. If she had the money, she would easily get into Hillcrest.

I spoke to a few people who go to her college and they told me there was a party and the person I’m looking for might be there. I never had a plan for when I saw her, all I knew was tonight I was going to make sure she knew who I was, and I did. And if I didn’t, I’m sure I can work on a way for her to remember me. The one thing I didn’t expect was for her to have a boyfriend. I suppose it’s just an additional challenge. One thing Meadow and her boyfriend need to know: I never lose when I have a target in mind. And Meadow is that target.

“So if it’s not her that’s fucked up your mood, what’s happened?” Travis

asks, watching the hockey game.

“Have you guys been to the hotel in the past few days?” They both shake their heads. I know Blake wouldn’t go there. Since he’s been with August, he hasn’t set foot in there. But I thought maybe he went and spoke to his dad or something. “Well, if you want to go in the next few days, you can’t. They’ve changed all the locks, and the fucking PIN. None of the security will let us in. They have blocked us.” Now that gets Travis’s attention, and he finally looks over at me.

“What?” he and Blake ask at the same time.

“I went over after we left the house party, and none of my stuff worked, asked Mike what was happening, and he told me our dads have ordered us to be banned from entry.” I lean back into the couch and take a sip of my beer. Not the way I was hoping to finish my night, kissing Meadow got to me too, and I needed someone to help ease the pain which was building in my trousers. After fighting with security, that pain was gone and replaced with anger toward three assholes.

“Have you spoken to your dad?” Blake asks.

“Of course I did, he said we’re getting too big for our boots and need to be reminded that without them we have nothing. Wasn’t sure if I wanted to punch him or tell him he had nothing before he got married.” Still pissed off with what happened, and now having to tell them about it.

Blake starts laughing, Travis shakes his head, and I continue to watch the game because I don’t know what to say or do at the moment.

“You know the day we take everything from them is going to be a picture.” I turn to Blake and let out a small chuckle.

Blake took his dad down, but not fully, and we don’t want to either, because mine or Travis’s dad would have helped him out of it one way or the other. We have planned to take them down little by little, then when they only have one thing left each, we burn them. Blake’s dad has the hotel, Blake took everything else from him, my dad has the hotel and being Mayor, and taking the Mayor position from him is the next step for us. Blake’s dad had dirt on him, which took us a long time to find, so I’m digging until I get something, fucking anything where he has no choice but to step down.

“Still need some help getting Meadow out of your system?” Travis jokes, making Blake laugh, and August shakes her head at them both. “I’m sure we can find you someone.”

“Fuck off. Have no idea why you’re both worried—”

“Not worried, but the woman you want is probably fucking her boyfriend, maybe thinking about you, or thinking her boyfriend is so much better. Couldn’t find anyone single, could you?” Blake jokes, slapping August’s ass, telling her to get up, so they can go to bed. “Next time get hard for a single girl.”

“She will be in my bed soon, don’t worry.” I snort at Blake as he walks toward the stairs while he laughs.

I turn to Travis to wait for him to say something, but he just gives me a nod, which isn’t really letting me know what he thinks about it all.

“What are we doing about the hotel?” Travis asks, grabbing another beer off the table, changing the channel to another hockey game.

“Not sure yet. The only thing I can think of is to let them play their game and think they’re in control for a bit.” Putting my empty beer bottle on the table, I grab another one, thinking this isn’t the way I thought my night would finish. I had a lot more planned for the night.

“What’s the plan for Meadow?” I don’t look at Travis while I think about his question. And to be honest, I’ve got too much of a headache at the moment to even think about a plan. “I take it you have no plan. I put a file in your room on things I could find out about her for you.” Now I turn to Travis, the man has to know everything about everything. I never asked him to look into her, but I have to admit it took me a while to find out the college she goes to. “One more thing, the file you picked up from Cain’s desk?” That’s the end of his question.

“Haven’t even looked at it, it’s still on my bedside table. Said I’d pick it up, never said I’d read it.” Travis laughs at my reply, and I’m not lying, never even looked at the first page. “I have a feeling he’s one fucked up man, has triple the demons we do.”

We’ve met some crazy fuckers in the last few years, some of them we haven’t spoken to again, then there are the ones we keep in touch with, never knowing when we might need their help. The Crawford brothers are men you want in your life. The family, they can deny it all they want but they have some mafia ties in there somewhere, so you never know when you will need them.

But Cain, I have no idea. The fucked-up darkness around him I felt, it wasn’t normal, it felt haunted.

“What do you think of the team?” I ask, wanting to talk about something else that isn’t sex or crazy men.

Smiling to myself, remembering the first time I ever went on the ice, I was three. My granddad took me, said I needed to start young if I wanted to go pro. One thing my granddad always wanted was to watch me on the TV playing the game he loves. Even now, when I go visit him, he's waiting for me to say I've been picked up by a team and for me to hand him some tickets. Growing up was spent watching games with my granddad, training almost every day, and only going home when Mom called to say it's too late.

"Got some great players, should be winning the year without any problems." Travis turns to face me with a smile. "But it also depends on Blake and how long it will be before he hits Antonio for talking to August." The both of us start laughing, because I have money on it, being before the first game. Travis says halfway through the season.

"I'm off to bed, see you in the morning." Finishing the last of my beer, I put the bottle on the table.

"Going to see how to get into Meadow's bed?" Travis jokes, and I tell him to fuck off as I make my way to my bedroom.

We've never been the guys who've had to work for a woman, we can go to any college party and I could easily fuck two maybe three women, even two women at the same time. Shockingly, it's never been hard, but I had to watch Blake fight hard to win August, so I know falling for a girl is something I don't want to do. If I have any sense, I'd knock myself out before I do.

Grabbing the file off the bed, I start checking out what Travis has found out for me. Meadow Holmes, nineteen years old, finished top of her class. Most of these are the things I found out about her, so there isn't anything new so far, flicking through the pages until I get to something I haven't found myself. Bingo, her dad left her mom when she was young, her mom remarried, and she has a half-sister who is still very young. This is something new, and I have no idea how I missed it. Her mom lost her hearing to a rare condition. The doctors don't even know what happened, and they continue to do tests on her in hopes she will get her hearing back but nothing yet.

It doesn't say her family has no money, they have enough for them to live day to day without any trouble, so why the hell is she working at Skyline. I get that everyone wants to make their own money, but she doesn't need to work there, she could work in a coffee shop, or some clothes store, not Skyline.

Meadow Holmes, I'll be seeing you soon, and I will make sure you forget

the asshole you're with.

* * *

“So which one are you eyeing up this week?” I ask my granddad as we sit outside in the garden, watching everyone at the fancy home my granddad wanted to be put in.

I think I lost count of the amount of times we tried to talk him out of it, but he said he would rather be in a home and have the freedom to do what he wanted than be stuck in the house with my mom and her low life of a husband. He has the right idea; I wouldn't want to be stuck in that house either.

“The feisty one, red hair.” My granddad doesn't even try to be sly about it either as he points to her while she talks to some of the other women. “I give her a few more days before she falls for my charm.” I can't help but laugh, the man will always be a player. I learned some of my best pick-up lines from him when I was little, then learned some better moves as I got older.

“I'm sure she will. You spoke to Mom?” Mom doesn't come visit Granddad much, and I think it's because Dad won't let her, but she won't admit it to anyone, all she says is she's busy.

“Shockingly, she's called me a few times this week, how is she?” Granddad misses his daughter, but the stubborn man is just as bad as my parents and won't admit it. “Still won't stand up to the asshole?” I can't help the smile appearing on my lips. Still to this day I have no idea why he agreed to Mom marrying him, he's never liked him, and I hope one day he will tell me.

“The same, he's got her helping with the parade in town. First time I've seen her genuinely happy about something, so I don't want to ruin it.” Grabbing a handful of Skittles, I continue, “He's locked us out of the hotel, telling me we need to learn the value of money and how hard it is to make.” I stop when he starts laughing, don't blame him, ninety percent of his income is from my granddad.

“Maybe he needs to learn that too. How much longer do I have to wait for my hockey tickets?” I shake my head at him, surprised it's taken him this long to ask me.

“First year of college, I have two more before I get my inheritance from

you so you're going to have to wait." All three of our grandparents made one thing clear, we want anything from them, we have to finish college. They didn't want us to live off them or our parents, which we had to laugh at, there is no way our dads were going to give us anything,

"May need to change a few things, finish college or get signed by a pro team, so I can watch my grandson play before I die."

"You're not going anywhere. Dad couldn't get rid of you, which I'm sure he's waiting for the day to see what you've left Mom." He's not shown his will to anyone, the only reason I know I need to finish college is because it was one thing he made sure I knew about, but other than that I don't know anything about it.

"Maybe my daughter will wake up before I die." He stops talking and quickly sits up in his chair as the lady he has his eye on walks over to us with a few of her friends. "Well hasn't my day just got sunnier." He takes her hand and kisses the top of it, making her laugh.

"Aaron, always with the smooth-talking. And who is this handsome young man?" She looks at me, most of the women I know here, but new ones always come, even though I come twice a week to see him.

"This is my grandson, Logan. Remember this is how handsome I looked." Now I burst out laughing, and so do the ladies. "They need to see I was young and handsome."

"Because you're not handsome now?" I ask him because that's me in sixty plus years.

"Oh he's handsome." The one with red hair runs her hand through his hair, and I lean back continuing to eat my Skittles. "They have a movie playing tonight, thought you'd like to watch it."

"Just us?" She asks and that one question shows me the man is still one horny man, she looks at her friend, then smiles. This is good to know that even in your sixties and seventies you still love sex, because god do I love sex.

"Maybe one more." She blows him a kiss, and they both walk off, and I can't believe what I've just witnessed. My granddad still knows how to work his magic.

"You need something to help keep it up, have a feeling you're going to need it," I say through laughter, because I cannot stop, I'm trying I really am. "You're going to be having a party tonight."

"Even today, I can still say no one has come close to your

grandmother...”

“No, no, no. You can stop right there.” I wave my hands so he will stop.

“So you hear about my sex life with them, but not with your grandmother.” He starts laughing as I cover my ears, which makes him punch me playfully. “I won’t say a word, but it’s true. The love of my life, and—”

“Granddad, please stop.” Standing up, I dig my phone out of my pocket. “Yes?”

“Need to speak to you, did you look at the file?” Cain asks.

“No, we’ll be over-”

“You want to talk to me, you talk with them too.” I end the call before he asks why I haven’t looked at the file yet. I have a feeling he will find some way to get me to read it, but my main question is, whatever is in there, why can he not ask the Crawford brothers?

“Got some trouble?”

“Nothing I can’t handle, you know us; we’ve learned from the three men who started it all, we’re just carrying on for you.” I put my beer bottle on the table and stand up. “I’m sure you’ll have fun tonight, and I will see you in a few days.”

“You know I will,” he shouts as I walk through his condo. Have to say this retirement complex is a nice place to be if you want to still live life but have someone look after you too.

As I get to my car, I quickly send the guys a message telling them we’re going to Skyline, as Cain wants to talk to us. Let’s see what that crazy bastard wants tonight.

LOGAN

“How’s AARON?” Blake asks as we get out of the car and head into Skyline. I went back home instead of coming here alone, plus I needed to get changed. This place has a strict dress code.

We walk past the line of people waiting to get in, and a few girls call out to us. Travis, being the playboy he is, walks off to talk to one of them while Blake and I walk to the bouncers on the door.

“Here to see Cain.” I point to each one of us. “Logan, Blake, and Romeo over there,” I say, looking over at Travis and laughing as he has his tongue down some blonde’s throat. He gives the other guy a nod, and I shout to Travis to get his ass over here as we walk through the door.

“Did you get her number at least?” Blake asks, and I look around the club, at what’s going on around us. The club is full, and seems a lot busier than the last time we were here.

“Wanted to see what her mouth could do with my tongue first, and it wasn’t anything special, so I know she can’t suck my dick.” Both Blake and I laugh at his reply. It’s true what my granddad said; men, no matter what the age, will always think with their dick first.

Grabbing a drink from the bar before making our way to Cain’s office, I look around the cages to see if Meadow is working. Tonight I’m planning on getting a little closer to her, enough for her to think about me and not the other guy. I do love when I get to play games with them, and I can’t wait to play.

“You want to stay a bit after?” Travis asks me. There is no point asking Blake, he will be back to August as soon as this meeting is finished.

“You know I do, I need to find someone.” We follow Blake up the stairs,

because he knows I'm only looking for one person at the moment. Finding her in this place is going to be hard, it's a fucking maze of six floors.

Walking into the office, I see the Crawford brothers are also here, and getting a nice little dance from four naked women. I didn't see naked strippers anywhere, so it must be a VIP thing or some special floor. I look at the girls, hoping Meadow isn't one of them, and I feel some relief she isn't in here.

Blake walks off and sits in front of Cain's desk, and Travis smiles as one of the girls starts rubbing her naked ass against him as another walks toward me.

"Not interested," I tell her. If I was here for any other reason, I'd have her all over me, but I don't know why we're here, and I don't trust him, not yet anyway. "You guys enjoy fucking your women in front of others?" I ask the twins, who I'm sure, if I didn't say anything, would bend the stripper over and fuck her, not caring who's in the room.

"I don't have a problem letting others know how I fuck." One of them replies, and for some reason I can't remember their names. Blake is the one who talks to them more. I know Hayden is the oldest.

"Leave!" Cain shouts at the woman, and without being told twice they grab their clothes and walk out of the office as I make my way to the window, hoping to see Meadow in one of the cages.

It's not very often I get mesmerized by a girl, but there was something about her, the look in her eyes was broken, which I craved, because I never plan on fixing her. I want her to beg me to stop, beg me to let her come, beg me to care for her.

"Did you look at the file?" Cain gets straight to the point. The more he talks about the fucking file, the less likely I am to open it.

The guys were pissed off at me for picking it up in the first place, saying we know nothing about him, wondering how he knows about us, and I agree with them. Again, like my granddad said, men think with their dick, and at the moment I was only thinking about my dick, so I picked up the file. Was it a mistake, yes, but nothing I can do about it now.

"No. I said I'd pick it up, not read it." I turn to face him as he looks between the three of us.

"Are you not even a little bit curious about what's in the file?" he asks the three of us, and Blake is the first to answer him.

"No, he shouldn't have picked it up in the first place." Cain looks at me,

and it's like a light bulb has just come on for him, and he now knows it was a mistake for me to pick up the file.

"We don't know you, never seen you before, we got called up to your office because these four gave you our name. The four of them we don't trust, but like Blake says, it's better to have crazy with us, then against us." I walk closer to his desk, where he's sitting. "You, we don't trust, and right now you've given us no reason to." I place my glass on his desk and he leans forward, not taking his eyes off me, so I don't take mine off him either. "Whatever you want done in that file, I'm sure they can do it."

"I want you to—"

"Well, you might have to wait for that to happen then." I cut him off, and I hear the Crawfords laughing behind me, making Blake glance over at them, then to Travis, before turning to Cain.

"How about we stop with the runaround. What you want, we won't do. So tell us why us, or I think you should go find someone else," Blake snaps at him, making him turn his head toward him. "I'll admit you look like one crazy fucker, one of the reasons I didn't want to pick up the file, but the other, there is nothing in it for us to work with you."

"I can give you a lot, but if I don't get what I want, there is no need to tell you." He turns his head to face me. "You and I have a lot in common. Unlike you, I respected my father, he fought for what he loved, which in the end is how he lost his life. But I know to this day, if he was alive, he would still fight for that very thing, so now I'm here to fight for him." For a split second, something changes in his eyes, before he's covered it with his darkness.

What the hell does he know about my father and his cruel punishments to me?

"Do you want to know what pain is? I'm going to show you pain, the same pain I had to feel when my wife put you first!" he shouts at me, and, at the same time, he slaps me.

How can he blame a twelve-year-old for the trouble he's having with his wife, with my mom. It's not my fault they brought me into the world.

"One more year, then I'm really going to have fun with you. I'm going to watch them with you."

“Logan!” Travis pulls me out of the memory, a memory I don’t want to be reliving ever.

The past can really fuck someone up enough that they want the one thing they were given. Pain. I enjoy it when I’m with a woman and they are in pain, crying, begging me. The same way I used to beg and cry.

I dig my phone out of my pocket as it rings, wondering who would be calling me this late. Before answering the call, I feel Cain watching me, so I walk away from the desk.

“Hi, Mom.” I watch the crowd out there enjoying their lives, not having a care in the world. I assume it’s the reason to come to a place like this, forgetting the crap happening in the real world.

“Only called to see if you are still coming for breakfast.”

“Wouldn’t miss it, Mom, see you in the morning.” She tells me she loves me, and I tell her the same before ending the call, then turn back to them. “If there is nothing else, I think we will enjoy a few drinks at the bar.” I don’t know what he wants me to say about his last statement. I’m not even sure why he’s told me. If he thinks I’m going to care about his family problems, he’s wrong, I have my own family problems.

As we get to the door, I stop when Cain calls my name. “You might want to check floor five, you never know who’s working up there.”

I don’t say anything as we leave the office, and we stop at the bottom of the stairs before Blake leaves to go home to his girl.

“Is there nothing on him?” I ask them both. I checked and couldn’t find anything, hell, I couldn’t even find his name on this place.

“Nothing. Finally found the paperwork for the club, but other than that, there is nothing about him in high school or college, it’s like he’s a ghost and appeared out of nowhere.” Travis looks up the window, and Cain’s staring down at us.

One thing is, I now know why Meadow didn’t recognize me at the party, some of the windows are blacked out so you can’t see in them. Smart of him.

“I’ll see if I can dig up anything but don’t think we will. Tonight, you go find her, then we will chat in the morning before college.” Blake pats my back, and I give them both a nod. Travis tells me he’s going to check out the pole dancers, and I don’t need to tell them where I’m going.

I make my way up to the fifth floor, wondering how I’m supposed to find her. The place is packed with people, but I walk around the floor. This doesn’t have one cage, but it has women on poles that hang from the ceiling

and they are doing some crazy stuff on them.

This floor is heaven all in one place.

“Sorry.” I don’t need to turn around to know who the lucky girl is who’s bumped into me.

“No need to say sorry, little dove.” Fuck does she look so fuckable right now, wearing a bralette pushing her tits together and giving me the best view of them. Sucking and slapping them is going to be so good. I take a small step back to get a better look at her, and my dick is going to be painful tonight because I have no idea what’s taking over my body right now. I’m not thinking straight as I pick her up and make her wrap her legs around my waist.

I power walk to the side behind some panels and slam her against the wall. She tries to fight me as I feel her pushing me away, but I don’t give a fuck. I slam my lips onto hers, and she continues to fight me, even bites my bottom lip. If only she knew I like the pain. I push through it as I press my hard dick against her so she can see what the hell she’s done to me.

She bites my bottom lip again, this time making it bleed a little, and I pull away from her, smiling as I look at her. She started digging her nails into the back of my neck, and it started to hurt too. I bet they will leave a mark. She unwraps her legs and lowers herself, and I grab the back of her hair to look up at me.

“You’ll dress like this for me, you’ll wear a beautiful lace blindfold, and dance like a little dove in the cage, and I’ll enjoy watching you cry in pain, begging me to let you come, begging me to fuck you.” I take a step back, not letting go of her hair while I dig out my phone from my pocket. “Your boy is a pussy, and you look like you want to have some fun.” I lean in a little closer, and whisper, “Open your mouth, little dove.” She looks at me, wondering whether she should do it or not. Licking her dry lips, she opens her mouth slightly. I smile when I place my card between her teeth. There are so many more places I want to touch her, and I will. At first, she won’t want me too, but she will beg for it. I bring my hand slowly between her legs, and her whole body tenses up. “Only want to see if you smell as sweet as your lips taste.” I rub my hand over her thong, which isn’t soaked, but wet enough for me to know if I had five more minutes she would be dripping for me. I bring my hand to my mouth, giving it a little lick to taste her, and god, does it taste good, and smells divine. “You message me tonight or you don’t want to know what will happen.”

Letting go of her hair, I bring my hand down her arm, take her hand in mine, and give her wrist a small kiss. Then I leave the floor. I don't know if I will be able to let her be if I stay in this club, as it's taking everything in me not to bend her over the rail and fuck her here and now, so every man here knows she's with me.

She will message me, and when she does, I'll know I'm in her head enough to know I can do whatever I want with her. Happy days are about to come my way.

MEADOW

I STARE at his card in my hand, a simple white card, with no name, just his number. I lick my lips, wanting to taste him a little longer, the taste of whiskey still lingering on my skin. What the hell just happened? Why did my core react like a cage of butterflies from Logan kissing me? Yet, not once have I felt this from Ryan, or when I'm around him, but the second I saw Logan, I had jolts shooting through my body.

Why did I enjoy being handled the way he played with me?

I have more questions than I need to have, but there is just something about him. I've been in his presence twice, for less than ten minutes, but one thing I can say is, his nights aren't peaceful and his world might be the worst place to be.

Yet, why am I thinking about his words? *You look like you want to have some fun.* Do I want some fun? Do I want his type of fun?

"Shhhhh, it will only hurt if you fight..."

"Get off me." I try to fight but I know it won't get me anywhere.

"You love it."

"Stop it, Meadow!" I shout to myself. I can't go back there; I won't go back there. I close my eyes, my fingers moving over my wrist and the scars I gave myself at a time in my life when I had nothing left inside me to fight, nothing but the black hole I crawled into.

I had to fight; I had to fight away my demons, but nothing worked for me. No one was there to save me, but for Pops I had to fight. I had to save her from the demons which eat at me.

I take a deep breath and remember the lyrics to the song which helped me through it all. Helped me so much I got part of the song tattooed on my arm. Linkin Park, "Breaking the Habit."

I can't go back to that dark world, and I have a feeling Logan will take me there, so why can't I throw away his card.

"Cain wants to talk to you." One of the girls tells me, and I roll my eyes. I haven't even done anything for me to be called to the office. The man scares me. A few weeks ago, he almost beat a man to death in the club because he got too touchy with the bar staff. It was like he had a bad day and needed someone to take it out on.

A few of the girls have spoken about him fucking them in his office, some of them have told me he's had orgies with him, yet not one of them have seen his house. I don't even think he has one, he's always here, in his black suit, black shirt, black tie, black shoes. It's like the man has no other color in his life.

I make my way to his office, which is on the third floor and has the perfect view to everything, and the man's camera system is something out of the FBI book. Nothing gets past him, and if it does, I feel for that person, because I won't be seeing them again.

Before I even knock on the door, it opens, and I look at the guy who seems to be here a lot, him and his brothers.

"Look how beautiful she is." He goes to touch me, but I move a little to the side.

I know the rules working here, each floor has its own rules, and the only floor where touching is allowed is on the fifth and the sixth floor. Well, there's a little more than touching happening, but I refuse to work up there. Even then, there are rules, and you break Cain's rules, he breaks you.

"Leave her alone!" Cain barks at him, which makes the four of them chuckle, and he leans in closer to me.

"You look like you taste good, do I get a taste?" he asks, and I lock eyes with Cain who walks around his black desk.

"Touch her again, and—"

"Got it, off limits." He finally steps away from me and leaves the office, his brothers following him out, each one of them blowing me a kiss as they

do.

Now this isn't anything new to me, we get hit on god knows how many times when we work, it's part of the package, but sometimes you get a feeling about the guys and you know to let the bouncers know so they can keep an eye on them or kick them out.

I close the door behind me but don't move farther into the office. I watch Cain walking back around his desk, taking a quick glance around the office, then out to the club.

"You're only working in the cages, and floors one, two, and three as a waitress only." What? Why the hell is he changing my areas? I haven't done anything wrong. Fuck, did he see Logan kiss me? He has to have seen it was all him and not me. I was pushing him away.

"Cain—"

"That is all, you can leave. You're on the third floor tomorrow night." He doesn't even look at me, just starts going through his paperwork, but I can't move. I'm going to lose out on a lot of tips now.

"But—" I stop when he slams his pen on the table, making me jump.

"I said that is all!" he shouts, and this time I do leave the office. What the hell?

Shaking my head, I make my way to the dressing room to get changed and head home for the night. Fucking Logan's fucked up my income, all because he has his sights set on me, and I still have no idea why.

My fingers move to my lips, still feeling Logan on them. God, has he gotten under my skin already?

Listening to my parents watching the television, I don't bother saying hello to them, mainly because I'm not in the mood to talk to *him*. Closing my bedroom door, I throw my bag on the chair in the corner and stop in my tracks when I see a white bag on my bed. I quickly look around to see if there is anything else in my room, or anything out of place, but I'm mostly trying to figure out how someone got into my bedroom without anyone knowing.

The box is plain white and simple, with only the letter L on it in a silver color. How the hell did he know where I live? Logan isn't scared of getting into my bedroom even though my family is here.

Opening the bag, I take out the white tissue paper and see red through it. Unfolding the paper, I pick up the two pieces of red lace lingerie. The bra is a very thin lace, which will show off my nipples, which are betraying me like crazy as they go hard. The red thong, feeling so soft. I've never owned

anything like this before. I look at the card.

Can't wait to rip this off you. L

Taking my phone out of my pocket, I pull up his contact. I know I shouldn't message him, so why is my thumb hovering over his name? If I message him, he will have the power, and he will know I'm giving him the one thing he wants. Me.

Ignoring the voice in my head, I type out my message.

MEADOW

Why are you doing this?

I don't get a reply straight away, and the ticks by his name haven't changed color, so I get undressed to get in the shower. Walking toward my en suite, I stop when my phone beeps.

LOGAN

Because I can. Wear it and send me a picture.

I look down at my body; I could wear it to see if he even got my size right as I'm naked in my room right now.

MEADOW

No.

I can't be sending someone a picture like that, but he saw me in almost the same thing at work today. The only difference is, the lace won't be covering things up and it's a lot more skin on show.

LOGAN

I think you'll be wearing it tomorrow and fantasizing about me taking it off you. ;)

MEADOW

LOL, while I'm with my boyfriend, sure. I don't even know who you are, so why are you doing this?

I take a moment to look out the window to see if it was open, but no, it's closed. The lock is open though, so maybe he came in through the window.

LOGAN

Still with the loser boyfriend, it's okay. I like fighting for what I want, and I always get it, even if I have to TAKE it. Do you want me to take it?

My fingers freeze over the letters, not sure what to reply to his question. If I say no, I have a feeling he will reply with why are you lying to yourself, which will make me think about the question even more. Do you want me to take it?

LOGAN

You tried it on?

MEADOW

No.

LOGAN

Scared I got your size right without even asking? Or are you scared you'll look too sexy, you won't be able to keep your hands off yourself. I'm sure I can help you ;)

I shouldn't be smiling but I can't help myself. If he wanted to touch me, I'm not sure there is anything that will stop him. Not even me.

LOGAN

Go on, you want to touch yourself, I'm more than happy to talk you through it.

Grabbing my towel, I quickly wrap it around me and look out the window to make sure he isn't outside. There is no way he can tell I'm feeling aroused with how he is messaging me unless he can see me. I close the curtains to my room, which I don't normally do because my window only really faces the trees outside. I've stood out there, and it's hard to see into my bedroom.

MEADOW

I think I can do a better job.

Why am I playing his game?

LOGAN

Oh little dove, I promise you can't, but I'll watch you do it. I want to see you come, then I'll lick up every drop.

I switch my phone off quickly. What is he doing to me? Why did his last message make me feel a shooting pulse hitting my pussy? God, he's making me want it, but I can't. I can't go back to losing my power.

Closing my eyes, I take a deep breath, throw my phone on the bed, and get in the shower to cool off, or even let the shower help with the itch I'm suffering, maybe calling his name at the same time will give me something I don't want. Him.

* * *

I didn't turn my phone back on last night, which is a good thing, because the first message that popped up on my phone was from Logan, telling me to think of him when I go to sleep.

He really is going to play some mind games with me, but after yesterday morning, and my stepdad being the asshole he is, I know I don't want a life with anymore darkness in it. Logan will give me that, Ryan won't. Maybe Ryan can get me out of this world. The world where I want to scream and shout that it's not sunshine and roses, it's darkness and thorns.

I did get a message from Ryan saying sorry again for what happened at the house party with Logan, which I was pissed off at him about, so it will be interesting to see how he is this morning with me.

Speaking of the devil, Ryan stands in front of me as I park my car with a bouquet of flowers and a box of something. Now I don't think he knows me well enough yet to know cotton candy is my weak spot.

As soon as I park the car, he runs over to open my door for me, and I smile as I get out.

"I'm sorry I was a dick. He pissed me off, and I took it out on you. Sorry." He hands me the flowers and leans over to give me a kiss, but I move out of the way. If he thinks I'm going to forgive him so easily he's mistaken. "Oh come on, babe, I said sorry. What do you want me to do?" he asks, following me as I walk away from the car. "Babe?"

I don't want anything from him, he said sorry. But I like this, him fighting for me. I know it's fucked up, but it makes me feel wanted.

"I was pissed. Even after I said I don't know him, you lost it in front of

everyone.” I walk toward my class, but Ryan grabs my wrist hard and pulls me closer to him.

I hate when he grabs my wrist with focus, like he wants to show me he has some sort of power over me, power I won’t be giving him. I look at his hand wrapped around my wrist, the same wrist Logan kissed softly last night, like he cared about the scars. Scars Ryan’s not asked once about. Maybe he doesn’t care about my past, and a part of me would prefer that over telling someone about it.

“Let go,” I snap, and he does.

“Meadow, let me make it up to you. Dinner tonight before you go to work.” He takes a step closer to me, his finger moving down my cheek slowly as he moves some of my hair out the way. “I don’t want some asshole ruining this, I think we can be amazing.” He leans down and plants a small kiss on my lips. “Don’t you?”

Now that’s a question. Do I? It also makes me think about Logan’s question. Do you want me to take it? Both are asking me a question, one is asking permission, the other is demanding something.

“Dinner, six.” I smile, and he wraps his arm over my shoulder as we make our way to my class, but before we get there, he drifts off to the rest of the hockey team.

Checking my phone before class starts, I get a message from Logan.

LOGAN

Are you wearing the set?

I stare at the red lace for about thirty minutes before I chose not to wear it, not because I wanted to give him an advantage in my life because I don’t think he would care, but it’s not a set you wear to college.

MEADOW

No.

LOGAN

Do you want to play a game, little dove?

A game? What game can he play with me over the phone, and through messages? It can’t be anything too bad, so what’s the worst that can happen?

MEADOW

Sure.

LOGAN
20 Questions.

I don't reply to his message, because I'm not sure if his twenty questions are something I want to answer, yet my heart is pounding in my chest to see what he wants to ask me. Am I so damaged in the head that I'm being pulled toward the darkness of this guy when I can have some peace with Ryan? I have the angel on one shoulder telling me to stay with Ryan, but then I have the devil on the other who is telling me, after everything that's happened, maybe this is the evil I want. The evil who wants fun, not the evil who just took what he wanted.

MEADOW

Are you not in college? So I'm going to say you have class.

LOGAN
Is that a question?

MEADOW

No.

I can't start with that as my question, but what do I want to ask him? I tap my phone, but then see the dots appear telling me he's sending me something.

LOGAN
Okay, but I'll give you a freebie. I just finished practicing, now going to class. Shall I ask first or you?

I don't know how he wants to play this game, but I do want to know what practice he has just finished. He's a big guy, I'm not tiny, yet I feel small around him.

MEADOW

You first. What sport do you play?

LOGAN
Hahaha, me first. Do you like vanilla sex, little dove?

He's going straight in with the sex questions I see. I quickly put my phone away when Ryan wraps his arm over my shoulder, and I give him a smile.

"I'll walk you to class." He kisses my cheek, making me smile.

"My prince is walking me to class." I can't help but laugh. What am I doing with Logan? I have a nice, simple guy right next to me. This is what I need, not Logan's crazy dark world.

"Maybe your prince will get something special for being so nice." He gives me a wink, and I shake my head a little, because I'm not answering until I want to give it to him, not when he wants it.

Reaching my class, I give Ryan a quick kiss on the cheek and go to walk into class, but Ryan again grabs my wrist, with a tight grip too, and pulls me closer to him.

"Is that all I get?" He leans in closer and kisses my lips, and I kiss him back, because I have to admit he's a good kisser. The first time he kissed me, I was surprised with how soft he was, but the way he holds me when he does kiss me, I do like. Power and strength. I like it. "That's better." He gives me one more, then tells me he will meet me after class.

I sit down, get my books out, and wait for the teacher to join the class. I quickly check my phone to see if Pops has sent me a message, but it opens to Logan's message. Do I reply or leave it? I should leave it, but for some crazy, messed-up reason I start typing.

MEADOW

If you're asking if I like BDSM then the answer is no. Why me?

I could ask him so many questions, yet the only one I want to ask is why he is coming for me, knowing I'm with someone.

LOGAN

Because I can. Have you fucked your boyfriend yet?

Is that really how he's going to answer my question? Before I answer his question, I need to think about what I want to ask him. He wants to play the sex game; do I want to do the same thing? There is no point lying to him, I have a feeling he will know if I am.

MEADOW

No. Is sex all you think about?

LOGAN

With you, yes. Have you touched yourself thinking about me?

Wow, he really is trying to get me to admit I'm thinking about him, but I'm not going to. Because if I do, then I admit it to myself, yet I'm tapping my reply. There is something exciting about this exchange, which makes me feel a little dangerous.

MEADOW

Wouldn't you like to know? If this is the game you want to play, then let's play it. Have you ever had sex with more than one person, at the same time?

I'm not very experienced in the bedroom, not having many boyfriends, hell, I've not had any. I had one in high school, and now Ryan. I had sex with my high school boyfriend, but not Ryan yet.

LOGAN

Yes, loved every second of it. Shared girls with my friends, and they were happy at the end. What is your favorite kind of sex: soft, slow, and sweet, or aggressive, fast, and feisty? I can do all of them, and make you scream too.

I don't even need to think of my question as I start typing, but I have to answer his question first.

MEADOW

Honest, I can say soft and sweet, but I'll like something new. Do you want to share me?

The dots appear, then stop. Why have the dots stopped? I put my phone away when the teacher starts class, but I keep it on the top of my bag so I can see when Logan messages me again.

LOGAN

WE SPENT THE MORNING PRACTICING, two hours. Who the hell needs to train for that long? Not me. I let in the least goals out of every school we played against, I know what I'm doing, and my plan was to message Meadow before class.

But no, what I'm doing is sitting in the stands of the ice rink, waiting because Coach called a meeting. The season doesn't start for another three weeks, so I'm not sure why we need to be here.

I open my phone to reply to Meadow. It's been about thirty minutes since my response, but I needed a shower, and she's probably thinking I'm ignoring her now.

LITTLE DOVE

Honest, I can say soft and sweet, but I'd like something new.
Do you want to share me?

Do I want to share, not a chance in hell. All her tears and moans are going to be for me. Every inch of her will be mine.

LOGAN

Hahaha. No Little Dove you're all mine. Do you like to be marked by your man?

I have so many things in my head about her, I want to mark her. I don't mark many the way I like, but her, fuck just the thought of it has me excited to make my next move. I see the dots appearing, and smile.

"Are you going to fuck her, or you thinking about getting her all excited and letting her pussy boyfriend finish her off for you?" Blake leans back in

the stands, and looks over at my phone. The three of us don't keep secrets from each other, we know what the other likes.

"Do you really need to worry?" I ask turning to face him. "I like playing the games so when I touch her, no man will ever be good enough for her." Blake roars out in laughter, making some of the team turn to face us. "She'll be at the house soon, I'll give it until tomorrow night."

LITTLE DOVE

You really do like rough sex. I can't answer that question, I don't know if I do. What's your definition of amazing sex?

Now she's asking the right questions, shame my sexy questions are finished. I have five questions left, and I plan on finding out more about her, the sex I can find out myself when I get to play with her, and I have an idea about her already. She's never had anything outside of the box, so everything I'm going to give her is new, and she will enjoy it.

LOGAN

You blindfolded, naked, and begging me to LET you come. I promise you, you will beg, you will cry, and you will be a good girl. Why the doves?

She thinks I haven't noticed what's under the dove tattoos on her wrist, but it's the first thing I felt when I grabbed her wrist. I wanted to get answers from her then, but I didn't want to scare her. So one question at a time, you can see she's broken, it's in her eyes. But how broken is she? Enough so I can enjoy the tears when I make her beg, or is she too broken to care what I do to her.

"Boys, the season will start in a little over two weeks, so I need to make sure none of you are doing anything stupid to get injured-" Coach stops and looks at Blake who's got cuts on his hands, and a faded black eye, and all Blake does is smirk at him, and coach shakes his head at him. "-Don't mess up, I have lost a handful of games, don't be the idiots who make me lose more."

"Yes, coach." We all shout at the same time. I've heard stories about him, he doesn't take shit from anyone. He punched a dad in the face last season, because the coach had benched his son for being two minutes late for practice.

LITTLE DOVE -

I got them to remind myself, that no matter what happens you can have a fresh start in life. I needed the reminder. Do you have any tattoos?

I want her to ask me the question, I want her to ask me when she will see me again.

LOGAN

I have one, will get more when the time is right. How did you get the scars?

Now I know the chance of her answering that question is small, but maybe she will just get it out of her system and it will be easier for her to tell me through messages.

“Next week practice will move to four times a week, the days will be set out for everyone, I need to work on moving around your classes. He's doing the whole team.” Coach takes a step back from us and leans on the rink shield behind him. “It’s the first year of college, a lot of girls, a lot of parties. I’m not here to stop you, you’re boys nothing will stop you, but if a girl gets in the way of practice, or games. You’re benched for two games.” Without another word he walks away from us, and I look over at Travis and Blake who smile.

Well the hotel is out of business for us, we might have to start having some house parties to have some fun. Blake won’t even look at another girl never mind fuck her, Travis well he always finds himself a woman to be with, and right now I only wants to taste one pussy at the moment.

“I’m going to get a party set up this weekend.” Travis tells me before I can, and both Blake and I agree.

We normally have them at the start of the year, but hockey got started early, but now we know what’s happening, we’re going to make the most of it.

LITTLE DOVE

I won’t answer that question. What do you like in the bedroom?

I laugh, showing Blake my phone, then Travis takes it out of my hand, and they both start laughing.

“Now it’s time to scare her.” Travis throws my phone back to me, and Blake laughs. “But looking at your conversation, you might want to start slow.”

“Or just jump straight in, like I did.” Blake looks over at August walking over to us. He didn’t just jump in, the man went full on crazy on her. “She might as well see the fucked up shit you like.” He stops and turns to August when she sits down. “Hello, Sunshine.”

Turning my attention back to the message leaning back, listen to the three of them talking about getting some lunch before afternoon class starts.

LOGAN

I promise to show you very soon. One thing you can’t say no to? (Not talking about sex)

“We’re getting lunch you coming?” Travis asks, I give him a nod, and get up listening to August tell Blake about her music class today. “When are you making your move?”

“Tonight. The hotel is out, so my bedroom is where the fun will begin. I’m sure I can get a stripper pole in there by then-”

“A stripper pole?” Travis asks.

“I’m going to play with my little bird, but first she will strip for me. She will dance in my cage like a bird. My own private show.” I have a lot planned for her, and most of them involve her being locked in a cage for me. She will be my little dove, flying in my cage.

“I know a guy, he can get one fitted in a few hours.” Blake joins the conversation. “I’ll call him in a bit.”

Travis drives while I get back to my conversation with Meadow, and she replies quickly with this question.

LITTLE DOVE

My little sister, and cotton candy. Have you cheated on your girlfriend?

I press my lips together so as not to laugh and have the two assholes start asking me what she just said. I don't mind them knowing, I just can't be bothered hearing their thoughts about it.

LOGAN

Never had a girlfriend. Why are you dating that pussy?

Now I’m not one to let a boyfriend stop me from fucking a girl I want, but Meadow is willing to talk to me, if she didn’t want to, she could have easily told me to fuck off, but no. So there is something pulling her towards

me.

I watch the dots appear and disappear, is she fighting to tell me the truth, or is she thinking of a lie?

“What are we going to do about Cain? I can’t find anything on the man. He bought the club when it was an empty warehouse and made it what it is today. Nothing about school or college, I swear he’s a ghost.” I turn to look at Blake in the back seat, tapping on his phone. “He doesn’t seem to have a loan on the club, meaning he paid for the whole thing. I can’t even find his link to the Crawfords.” I have to chuckle because Blake sounds pissed off, and I don’t blame him either.

“Something isn’t right. The first time we went to the club, the Crawfords told us about it, but never spoke about Cain. The second time, he wants us to do a job for him, something’s off.” I look back at my phone, watching the dots appear, and disappear. What the hell is taking her so long to answer a simple question.

“Have you opened the file?” They both ask at the same time.

“No. You think Cain is going to give us something simple. What if it’s to kill a woman or kid, which I bet would be something that crazy bastard would do. Until we know more about him, we’re not opening it. Are we on the same page here?” I know it’s annoying them both not knowing what’s inside, but we’ve never done anything unless we all agree.

“On the same page-”

“But?” I ask Travis.

“Maybe knowing who he wants us to kill, will lead to why he’s asked us.” Travis continues to look out the window, and I look at Blake to see what he thinks, and he shakes his head.

“I’m with you, something is off, and until we know more about him, we don’t touch the file. Now you know I’m up for a messed up night, but there’s something about him which is-”

“Fucked up.” Travis finishes the sentence, and I have to laugh. I look at my phone as it vibrates in my hand.

LITTLE DOVE

He gives me safety, something I need, I’ve been around
enough bad. Do you like giving or receiving?

LOGAN

Both. It won't be long until I get to taste you Little Dove. You will come when I tell you, and then you'll be on your knees choking on my dick like a good little slut My last question: I will wait until I see you next.

Tonight I will finally get to play with my new toy.

LITTLE DOVE

Who said I'm open to meeting you?

I do have a boyfriend, and I'm happy with him.

Plus talking to you got me into trouble at work,

Cain told me I can't work some floors.

It was fun messaging you.

LOGAN

LOL you keep telling yourself that, little Dove.

But instead of talking to him, you're messaging me, and a part of you is wondering what I have planned. No more messages, until tonight.

I put my phone away, and get on with my day, while I plan on what I'm going to do with her, and why the hell is Cain fucking with Meadow. If he wanted Meadow, then why tell me her name, or which floor she was working on. Or is this some fucked up way to get me to open the file, because it's not going to work, it's only going to piss me off.

So what game is he playing?

MEADOW

“SEE YOU TOMORROW, DEE,” I high five the bouncer at the door, who tells me I killed it tonight. He was inside the club for most of my shift, it almost felt like he was watching me, not watching me like the guys who come here, but watching to make sure no one got too close. It was weird, but I know Cain likes to make sure his staff is okay. He has about fifteen bouncers on each floor, then three by the bar. Nothing is happening in the club without him knowing about it. But tonight it felt like Dee was only watching me and no one else.

I get to my car, looking around to see the security walking around the car park, another way Cain likes to make sure his staff is safe. What the hell is that? I look at the white box, on my car seat, looking around to see I can see Logan around anywhere. Better question: how did he get into my car without anyone seeing him.

I pull the card out from between the lace ribbon and the box, and trace my finger over the silver lettering of his initial.

Slowly pulling the lace ribbon open, I open the box, and pull out a soft pink babydoll lingerie set. The fabric is soft, and the lace is stunning. Logan likes high end lingerie, and his woman looks a million dollars in it too.

Opening the envelope, I pull the card out, and start reading

Hello, Little Dove.

Be at my house wearing this.. Be here at 2am,
or I'll take it into my own hands.

Time to fly, little Dove.
(address on the other side)

Logan x

Checking my phone to see the time, fifteen minutes until two, I can't do this. He's not good for me, he's bad, he will hurt me, nothing good can come from this.

MEADOW

I'm not coming.

LOGAN

Hahaha, oh little Dove, you think you have a choice. You don't.

Be here at 2am, or I will be at your house, and you know I can get in.

He messaged back quickly, and with a way to make sure I do as I'm told. Tapping my finger on the side of my phone, thinking about what to say to him, because I can't have him at my house. My mom and step dad will go crazy.

"You look beautiful tonight." His voice makes my skin crawl, but then I feel his finger tracing my arm, acid, it feels like acid touching me. Yet I can't move, because I know it will make it worse. "I've missed you, it was so hard having to wait for the house to be empty." I hold back my tears, but I can't as I feel the first drop land on my cheek.

LOGAN

What are you most scared of?

MEADOW

Losing myself.

I didn't need to think about that, I've lost myself once, and I fought to get back to where I am now, I can't do it again.

LOGAN

I think you're already lost, Dove.

Let me help you fly your way back home.

See you soon.

I lean my head on the headrest, shaking my head, I take the box, and head back into the club to get changed. I can't risk him coming to my house, so I'm left with no choice but to go to his house, and take part in his game.

I turn to the mirror, and look at myself for a moment, bringing all my hair up so I can have a better look at the set. Why does this make me feel sexy, sexier than I've ever felt? I've been with Ryan for a month or so, and he's not once given me anything, even though I know Logan is wrong on so many levels for me, yet he gets me more excited than Ryan does, but I can't let that happen. I have to give Ryan a chance, maybe he's taking his time, not wanting to scare me.

LOGAN

Tick tock, little Dove.

Taking a deep breath in, I grab my zip up hoodie, leave the club again, and make my way to his house.

Looking at the house, wow, it's a big house. Mine looks like a little shoe box compared to this. Getting out of the car, I feel the breeze hitting my skin, it's not like I'm wearing a lot of clothes under this hoodie.

As I walk up to the house, Logan is already standing with the door open for me, leaning on the door frame as I stand in front of him. Pulling the sleeves down not to show him I'm cold, but he smiles.

"Cold?" He asks, then moves out the way. "Shall we change that?" Walking into the house, looking around. I'm going to guess the three of them all live here, and I have to say they live in a very clean house. "Come on." I turn to Logan standing on the middle step heading upstairs.

My heart is pounding, my legs are heavy, I'm going down the bad rabbit hole, I can't go back to the past, I can't go back to the past. Balling my hands up into fists, I walk up the stairs and follow Logan to his bedroom.

Logan's room is simple. There is no color but the stripper pole in the middle of the room has me looking right at Logan, who removes his sweatshirt, and throws it on his bed.

“Do you want to be free?” Logan asks, and I swallow the thump in my throat, not really knowing how to answer his question. “I’m going to let you be free. No one but you and me in the room. I won’t hurt you, but everything I do, you’ll enjoy. Now take off the hoodie.” His voice is not loud, it’s like he’s trying to relax me, I do as I’m told, unzip and let the hoodie fall to the floor.

Logan nods his head towards the pole, and I slowly walk over to it, taking a good look at it, then I feel him standing behind me. Every Time I’m around him, I can feel his strong presence surrounding me, the alpha strong take no shit vibe.

One arm wraps around me, making me take a deep breath, he holds me firmly against his chest, as the other moves up my stomach, the middle of my breasts, up my neck to my lips. My heart pounding in my chest, my breathing quickening, the panic spreading through my body, what is he doing?

“Relax little Dove,” he whispers in my ear. “At the end of tonight, all you’ll think about is me, my hands on your body, remembering how you begged me. You’ll be my little slut.” My heart isn’t slowing down, it’s hammering and I bet he can feel it too.

I can feel his dick, hard on my ass, and I try to step forward, but he holds me tight. If what I’m feeling is right, he’s big, and why is that exciting me?

“Open your mouth.” He whispers as he moves his finger along my lips, and I do a little. “Wider.” As I open it, he pushes two fingers deep into my mouth making me choke, and he removes them just as quickly.

My body tenses up when I feel the soft fabric covering my eyes, Logan ties the lace blindfold behind my head. Feeling Logan's hand move down my arm softly to my wrist. My stomach twists when I feel his lips kissing my scars, then my hands are placed on the cold pole, and I feel Logan walking away. Seconds later the lights go low to a soft dim light, and I take that moment to feel the pole.

“You’re free, dance like you are, but at the end you’ll be naked and on your knees, do you understand little Dove?” he murmurs and a little spark of lust passes through my stomach, his nickname for me is starting to affect me. “Don’t think, don’t analyze, enjoy the freedom.”

I wait for the music to start, my heart pounding, my hands sweating. Don’t think he tells me, but all I do is think. I think about the men who watch me, I think about how *he* touched me, I think about why no one saved me, and then I think about how Logan is trying to free me.

“I’m a slave for you”, by Britney Spears starts playing, and I reach behind me, taking a deep breath as I move around the pole. Logan's placed a sticker for me to know where the front of the pole is this way I know where to be so he can see me. Reaching the front again, I sway my hips so my ass is out, I move my hand up my leg as I move around the pole, lifting a part of my clothing.

Moving to the side, I start grinding back and forth against it a few times while squatting with my legs open. Quickly jumping up, I wrap my legs around the pole and spin a few times leaning back, my hands on the carpet opening and closing my legs.

My feet touch the carpet and I find the sticker so Logan can see me, leaning my back on the pole I swing my hips, opening my legs wide a few times as I roll down the pole squatting, with my legs open for him.

As I stand up, I swing my head, letting my hair down. I let the straps drop on my shoulders. Moving around pole dancing without a worry in my mind, letting the fabric move freely on my body, exposing my breasts, I'm not thinking about anything but dancing right now, I’m lost in the music, lost in the room.

I climb up the pole as high as I can, and I wrap my legs around it. I let myself go, only holding myself with my legs, feeling the fabric move down my body towards my head, I slowly lower my body to the carpet, and throw the lingerie to the side.

Pulling myself up to stand in front of the sticker and squatting a few times continuing to dance, spinning around the pole, swaying, sticking my ass out. My back hitting the pole, my fingers in the string of my thong and I begin lowering them, kicking them to the side. I wrap my legs around the pole and spin a few more times. Bring my leg up a few times, before squatting down in front of Logan with my legs open.

“Stop!” Logan yells, and I freeze where I am. Did I do something wrong?

My body tenses up, when I hear footsteps coming my way. My heart beat gets faster as the footsteps reach closer to me.

“Stay in the moment,” Logan whispers as he pulls me by my legs. “Hold the pole, will your hands stay there?” Logan asks, but no words are coming. “Are you going to be my good little slut?” Why are his words turning me on?

“Yes,” I whisper.

He spreads my legs wider, exposing every inch of me for himself. I can’t see him, only a glimpse of the light, and a shadow moving, but nothing else.

“So fucking wet for me, little Dove,” I hear the amusement in his voice. Am I aroused for him, or for the dance I just did? “Have you ever tasted yourself?” I feel his fingers moving up and down my pussy, but he stops before I can really enjoy myself. “Open.” His words pull me away from the enjoyment, remembering his question. No, I've never tasted myself. Without a fight I open my mouth. “Is it good?”

I'm not sure which one he's asking about, but sucking on his fingers is good, and I didn't think it would be. Without thinking I go to close my legs, but stop when I feel his hands stopping me.

“I don't think so, little Dove.” I feel his hand move to the back of my head, and quickly grips my hair, pulling me to sit. He stands over me, I settle on my knees and grab his legs to steady myself a little. “Once I'm finished, your sweet little pussy will be begging for me to let you come.” The grip on my hair stings when he pulls and tilts my head up to look at him, the blindfold isn't helping me, but the one thing that is helping me is smelling his aftershave. Woody, pine, a sexy cedar scent, that alone is making me want him close to me. “Now be a good little slut, and open for me.”

I lick my lips, I have no idea why but I'm opening my mouth, there is nothing forceful about Logan. Yes, he got me here, but he hasn't shouted at me and he hasn't been aggressive with me, he's just... I don't know what he is.

I go to move back, but stop myself, I want to taste him, I want to feel him in my mouth, The precum on the head of his cock coats my lips, and before I can lick them, he pushing his cock into my mouth, and he hits the back of my throat harder than I thought he would. Swirling my tongue around him, I haven't done this a lot, and I shouldn't care if he enjoys it, but I do.

“Yes, little slut, suck me harder.” Logan pushes both hands into my hair, so I can't move away from him, as I suck harder, and I feel my jaw and cheeks starting to hurt, but I don't complain.

Logan starts thrusting deeper, hitting the back of my throat, fuck this is not how I should be feeling, but I feel sexy.

“Your mouth is for me to fuck when I want. Understand?” He shouts, but I can't talk, and I can't answer him with my eyes, since the blindfold is still on me. So I do the only thing I can, I moan against his cock, and he thrust more. Saliva trickling down my chin. “Swallow, you fucking swallow.” He shouts, and he holds my head still, and he begins fucking my mouth. “Fuck!” He shouts, as he shoots his load down my throat, and I try to swallow it all, but

it's too much for me, and I feel some of it escaping my mouth.

Logan pulls out, and moves his fingers over my mouth, gathering his cum which I didn't swallow, and I open my mouth and then suck on his fingers, wanting it all.

Fuck. I shout to myself. What have I done?

He pulls me by my hair so I stand up, and then I'm moving. I can't see where he's taking me, but he pushes me and I land on the bed.

"What do you want?" He asks. I want to leave now, this feels wrong, the danger I knew he was, I'm feeling it, but my pussy is throbbing to be touched. "Should I be nice, and touch your pussy which looks so wet and needy?"

He's not wrong, it's itching to be touched, and I've never felt this much aching before.

"Tell me little Dove, what do you want?"

"I want to...I want-" I stop when I blink and feel the tears escape my eyes. Am I crying because of what he's doing, remembering the past, or am I crying because I know this is wrong but I want it. "Please touch me."

Logan's fingers move up my pussy, and he flicks my clit on contact, and I arch my back, and the pain bolts through me. His fingers tease my entrance, and I move my hips, but Logan continues to tease.

"Is my little slut getting greedy already?" He slaps my breast so hard that it stings, but I don't moan for that, I moan because he thrusts two fingers inside me.

I feel his lips on my breast, and scream when he bites down, sucking on my skin hard, so fucking hard, his fingers move faster harder, pushing into me as much as he can. His lips move to another part of my body, and he bites and sucks again, both sensations sending my body on overdrive.

I've now lost count of the amount of times he has bitten me, and sucked on my skin, his thumb on my clit, his finger thrusting in me.

"Come little Dove, show me what a good girl you are, come for me." Logan whispers in my ear, and I don't need to be told again.

I come moaning out loud, as Logan continues to rub my clit, and suck on my neck, feeling his teeth dig into me. He likes to bite, and right now I don't care, as I've just had the best orgasm of my life, my hands grip onto his shoulders, he's still wearing his t-shirt. I take a few deep breaths, when he finally removes his fingers, and I hear him sucking on them.

"So sweet." I feel him move closer to me, his lips kissing mine. "Who's

little slut are you?” He asks.

I shake my head a little, not able to answer the question. I know he wants me to say his, but I can't. Nothing triggered me tonight, but he will do something which will, and I can't tell him what happened, I can't relive that.

I hear him laugh to himself. “You'll admit it soon, and when you do, you'll be on your knees with your mouth open, saying. ‘Fuck your little slut.’” Logan kisses my lips again, then pulls the covers over me. “Sleep tight.” He pulls me closer, and my body is too tired to move. Even if I wanted to fight him to let me go home, I don't think I would have the energy to, my eyes are so heavy that they close without saying anything to him.

* * *

Who is calling me this early? I shout the question to myself. I slowly open my right eye to look at the time. Six, six in the morning. There is no need to be calling me this early in the morning, whoever it is needs to leave me alone and let me sleep. Grabbing my phone, I see Logan's name, and I quickly sit up, looking around the bedroom. How did I get back to my house? I remember falling asleep in Logan's bed. My attention goes back to my phone when it rings again.

“Hello?” I rub my eyes, falling back into bed, pulling the cover over me.

“You might want to cover up before your little sister asks questions.” The phone goes dead, and I look at the phone to see what's happened but he's ended the call. What is he talking about?

I get out of bed because I know Pop will run into the room in about thirty minutes. Closing the bathroom door behind me, I remove Logan's t-shirt, I look at my body, you have to be fucking joking. I clench my jaw, stopping myself from shouting and getting the attention of everyone in the house.

MEADOW

Are you fucking crazy?

I slam my phone on the counter, and take another step closer to the mirror to see how many times he's done this.

LOGAN

No, just marking what will be mine.

Marking? He has to be fucking with me right? I look at each and every hickey he's given me, but it's not the hickey part, it's the fucking teeth marks around each one of them. Every one of them he's bitten around, why? Eight, there are eight bit marks on me, how am I meant to cover these?

There is only one on my neck thank god, the others I can cover up with clothes, but the one on my neck, I don't think there is enough make up in the world to cover it up. I let out a sigh, closing my eyes, shaking my head. I need to have a shower and wake up a little before I think about what I'm going to do about Logan leaving his mark on me.

Taking one more look at my breasts, my finger moves over the teeth marks, thinking about his hands on me, did he make me submit for him? Yes. Did he focus on me? No. Should I have done it? No.

I can see myself going back to the past, and I don't want to go there, I can't go there. I can't be the little whore he made me, and Logan's going to make me go back.

“You enjoy being my whore, you scream, but no one can save you.” I feel his hand move up my t-shirt, his finger moving over my nipple. “You like it don't you. A whore always likes it.”

“No!” I shout, and get into the shower blasting the cold water to push the memory away. The memory will always be there, the feeling of his hands will always be there, the feeling of losing my innocence will always be there, the smell of cheap beer will always be there.

I drop to my knees, feeling sick thinking about him touching me, I'm dirty, and he made me that way.

I knew being with Logan would bring the past rushing back to the front, I knew it would take a lot to get back to me, and I let it happen. I let the past come for me and I cannot do this again, I just can't, he already had the power, and now I give in to him to protect my sister.

Getting out of the shower quickly, I throw up in the toilet just thinking about him touching me again, as long as he keeps away from Pops.

“Lolly, I'm ready. Come downstairs.” I hear Pops banging my bathroom door, “Lolly, Lolly-”

“I’m coming, five minutes. Meet you downstairs.” I shout back to her, cleaning myself up quickly. I stand up and brush my teeth

Come on Meadow, you’re stronger now, think about Poppy. You can’t let him win.

Standing up straight, I pull myself together, walk over to my closet and pull out some clothes. Today I want to cover up as much as I can, so jeans and an oversized sweatshirt. I try to cover the mark on my neck the best I can, and I leave my hair down.

I hear Poppy talking in the kitchen, and I know it's not my mom since she’s at the hospital working, she works early morning shift. When I get back from work, she’s about to leave for work. She likes to help children who can’t hear, and teaches them sign language. It makes her happy, and it’s all I ever want for her.

“Lolly, dad said he will take me to the movie while you’re at work, then we can go pick up mom.” Pop smiles, and I look over at him leaning on the kitchen counter.

“You want to join us?” He asks.

“Like Pop said, I have work,” I fill my mug with coffee, and I hear him tell Pop to get her school bag, and he will drop her off. “You touch her, and I’ll kill you-”

“Oh Meadow, I still get hard just thinking about you-” He stands behind me, pushing his dirty crotch against me. “-can you feel it. You want to keep her protected, I think I should get something.”

“Lolly, Ryan is here.” Pop shouts, and my step dad kisses the back of my head, then steps away, and I quickly wipe the tear away, putting on a fake smile.

“Hey, thought I was meeting you at school,” I walk over to him, and he wraps his arm around my waist, and gives me a kiss.

“Well, I wanted to spend the morning with my girl. Coffee?” Ryan smiles, which makes me smile. “You look beautiful when you smile.”

“I’d love some coffee, and another kiss,” I lean up and kiss him again.

This is what I need, a smile every day from someone who is gentle with me, someone who thinks about me enough to come out their way to see if I want coffee. Who wraps their arms around me, and I know there is no physical or mental pain involved. Just someone who wants me to smile.

“I’d kiss you all day, if you let me.” I have to laugh, shaking my head, and he pulls me in a hug. “Ready to go?”

“Yes, let me just say bye to Pops.” I walk over to Pops, and tell her to message me once she gets out of the movie to let me know how it was. For a five year old she can reply back quickly, half the time it doesn’t make any sense, but I get what she’s trying to say. “Let's get some coffee.” I walk out to his car, telling myself I need to get away from Logan, I need to stop playing his games, ignore his messages, and tell Cain a customer is getting too touchy with me, and every time he comes close to me the bouncer will tell him to leave. We go to different colleges, live in two different worlds, it should be easy to do.

LOGAN

“ARE YOU READY TO BECOME A MAN?” My dad shouts at me, I’m not sure if it’s a question, or not. “Thirteen, now you’re going to feel what it’s like when you have sex, but then it’s taken away from you.” My dad punches me in the face, again putting the blame on me for his problems. No one told him to have kids, but it’s my fault, like everything else that goes wrong in his life.

He knows I’m still too weak to fight him, too weak to fight this.

If he thinks this is how he is going he’s wrong. He’s focusing on me to have sex, but it won’t work. I will not have sex so he can prove a point.

I close my eyes when the woman stands in front of me naked. This is not going to work, I need to think about anything but her. Her hands move over my naked body, and I feel her lips tease the skin by my ear, and she whispers.

“It will be fun.” She holds my dick in her hand, and my body jolts trying to get away from her, but it’s hard when you’re tied to the fucking bed.

He really hates me so much that he’s willing to stand there and watch this happen, he’s making this happen.

The man is ready to watch his son get raped, and I have to chuckle to myself, he’s not just watching it, he’s focused on it.

I can feel my dick hardening, but I start picturing anything but sexy naked women, old ladies, naked old ladies, but nothing is working. Why would it, isn’t this what all boys get wet dreams about? Yet, this isn’t the way I wanted it to happen.

The woman blows hot air on the tip of my dick, and it’s all I needed for me to be fully hard.

“What the fuck is going on in your head?” Travis shouts as the puck hits my helmet.

After today's practice with the team, I needed to come down to the basement. It was horrible. I have no idea where my head was, but it wasn't on the ice, and it's not here in the room now.

My morning was good, breakfast with mom, until dad came and ruined it. Mom was telling me all about the parade, I can't remember the last time she sounded so excited about something. She's smiling, looks fresh, and is keeping her mind busy. At least my dad isn't making her life miserable like most days.

It's a shame when I asked her why she's going all out for the parade and putting so much time into it, when she could make it simple if she wanted, her answer was something I didn't think I would hear, well I didn't want to hear from her. Her answer was, Logan, I just want to make your dad proud.

I had to bite my tongue to not say anything, it wasn't worth losing her smile. It was then I wanted to punch him. Leaning on the door frame smirking at me, showing me he still has the power over her. To this day I don't know why.

The day I take down that bastard, is the day my mom will be free of him, and maybe she can live her life.

Getting my head back in the room, saving the pucks before they go to the net behind me. I need to focus on my game and college, not my dad trying to fuck me over.

One thing we've learned over the years, our dads always have a plan, a way to get us out of everything. They hated when our grandparents all left us money, more money than they needed to give us, but they left nothing to our dads, which didn't go well. So now they try anything to work their way around the wills to make sure the three of us fuck up. We only get money if we do what our grandparents have written in the will for.

They tried with Blake, but we got the upper hand there, now it's a waiting game to see what they have planned for Travis and I. It's hard to know when they will make their move, the three of them are close and trust no one. They've known each other before they started high school. They trust each other more than they do their wives and their parents.

We aren't that different, the only two I trust are Travis and Blake. We have a big plan, we just need to hit at the right time, so they can't work their way out of it.

Coming out of my daze I hear Blake. “If anyone is watching you, you’re not getting picked-”

“Fuck off,” I shout at Blake. There’s been no word about any professional teams looking at me, and I don’t want them to either. If they start looking into any of us. They’re going to find a lot of bad things.

“I’m sure it’s you they are looking at,” I tell Blake, as he gets off the ice and sits on the couch, as Travis continues to shoot at me. “So you might want to do better.”

“Not interested, not yet anyway.” Blake takes his gear off, and I stop sliding, and get off the ice too. “I need to finish college, then I’ll see from there.”

Blake won’t join a pro team, the man likes fighting too much to give it up, and joining pro means no more fighting. Travis might go if he has the chance, and me, I can’t leave my mom, not until I know she’s happy.

“What time are we leaving?” Travis asks.

The Crawford’s have a fight tonight. Blake enjoys watching those crazy fuckers, and we don’t go to the club unless we are all there, we like to show everyone we’re together, a team.

Maybe being there might take my mind off the past, if I’m lucky.

“Shower and go, August is coming.” Blake tells me, then walks up the stairs. Now I like August, she’s part of the family; but having her close to the Crawford twins is never a good thing. They have her in their sights and I’m not sure that will end well.

“What’s going with you?” Travis asks, as I put my skates to the side, giving me the chance to think about my answer. We don’t keep things from each other, if anyone needs to know the deep dark shit happening in your head, it’s the guys who stand by you no matter what.

“Nothing new, nothing you don’t go through-”

“The past?”

“The past,” I answered with a sigh. Travis doesn’t say anything, we know what it’s like for each other, and sometimes all you need is some time alone, to work through it, and tonight is one of those nights.

It’s a shame my dad messed me up too much to even think about being normal. What the hell is normal anyway?

“Come on, let’s watch a fight.” Travis pats my back as he walks up the stairs, and I take a moment to stay where I am, and hit the punching bag, just to get out some frustration.

Letting out some of my own anger which is running through my body, I can see why Blake likes to fight when you have so much inside you, you just need to get it out, one way or the other. My way normally involves fucking.

Maybe a fight tonight is something I need, punching the bag a few more times before heading up the stairs to shower, and get to the club.

Like always the club is busy, not as busy as when we fight, well when Blake fights, but still busy. Blake started a new thing when he took over, every person who comes to the club, has their picture taken, and not on a phone, a polaroid, then the person has to write their name, address and phone number, then to top it off, the man has them all sign contracts stating they are not to speak of the club, and if they do then it's a big fine, he's even looking into people before there are allowed to fight.

He's not risking anyone knowing about this place, the guy he has looking after it for him, is also wanting to add a few things, to make sure it all stays quiet, Travis and I don't get involved. We help when he needs it, we have an input when asked, which is a bit more than I thought, but we don't tell him what to do, he knows what he's doing.

"Come on." I turn and August is yet again asking Blake to dance with her, and the same as every time we are here, the answer is no. He's never been one to dance, I don't think I've ever seen him dance.

"I'll dance with you," Mason, one of the Crawford twins says, "I still have no idea how Blake hasn't killed them, they've tried their luck with August a few times now.

"Touch her, I want you to." Blake pulls August closer to him, and takes a step closer to him. Mason snaps his neck hard to the left cracking it, this is a fight I would put a fucking price tag on, even paper-view, it would be that good.

"He will rip you apart." Hayden pulls Mason away, and Travis and I start laughing, as Mason doesn't move. "Move," Hayden snaps at him, making Blake laugh.

I look behind Hayden at Cain, first time seeing him here, so it's making me wonder why we're seeing more of him all of a sudden. Blake turns to face him, before looking back at Mason who finally walks away with his twin brother, and Cain stands where Mason was.

"Each group has a crazy fucker, of you three it's Blake, he will kill

without any questions, the Crawfords, it's the twins. I don't think they'd go down without a fight, and-

"I have no interest in fighting them, but if they touch my girl it won't be a fight, it will be death." Blake takes a step closer to Cain, and I finally step in telling Blake to leave it, we still know nothing about him. We don't fight without knowing something about them.

"Only here to watch a fight." Cain locks eyes with me, and we stare at each other for a moment, before he takes a step back. His eyes are darker than ours, whatever his past is, it's not pretty.

"So are we, it's a fucked up show to watch." I look over at the four brothers talking to each other, while looking at us.

"Who do you think taught them to fight?" Cain asks, and walks away from us, but I watch him for a moment. There is something about him, something which isn't sitting right with me. Why is he here? And why now?

"If he's the one who taught them to fight, then he's insane," I hear Blake behind me, and I agree, watching him as he walks around the club talking to Hayden.

"He's never come here before, what game is he playing?" Travis asks.

"He thinks he's in control, and we will open the file. The longer we don't, the more pissed off he gets, and wants to play mind games." I answer walking away from them both towards Cain and Hayden, maybe if I talk to him without the other two he might let something slip. But I'm not holding my breath, I don't think he trusts anyone, not even the Crawfords.

As I reach them, Hayden walks away, and I look over at Blake and Travis watching me. They will be watching to make sure nothing goes wrong, and one of us doesn't lose it. I'll admit it, if Cain wanted to fight he'd win, I'm not much of a fighter, but when I do, it's to win, Cain is like Blake he will fight to kill. "How long have you known the Crawfords? They've fought here before and you've never been here."

"Long enough," Cain doesn't turn to face me when he talks, but neither do I. "Have you looked at it yet?"

"No, and messing with Meadow, isn't going to make me open it any quicker." What the hell is so important for him to keep pushing about the stupid file. I finally turn to face him when he starts laughing, he also turns to face me, hands in his trouser pockets.

"My club, my worker, my rules. I can do whatever the hell I want-" he takes a quick look around the club, before staring me dead in the eyes. "-but I

do think it's funny that only this evening she had a meeting with me. Said there was a customer who's harassing her, and she would like me to give her a bouncer for protection-" He stops when I smile, oh she wants to play games, then games it is. "-Now she's a good dancer, can move well enough to get my customers excited to spend more money, so she's got a bouncer, you need to think of a better way to get her."

"You don't need to worry about her, she won't be going anywhere. I have a question-" Cain gives me a nod looking at the twins getting ready to fight. "The Crawfords were stopped from coming to the club, do you know why?" Again Cain laughs, it's more of a chuckle to himself than a full laugh. Blake never got an answer about it, but we never pushed the subject. All I'm trying to do is find information about Cain.

"You might want to ask your dad-"

"I'll be honest with you, that asshole won't tell us anything. Our dads are very crafty men, who trust us as much as we trust them, and we don't." Cain nods his head slightly, as if what I've told him isn't new information to him. He seems to know more about us three, than we do about him.

"You can always ask your grand-dad." Before I can say anything he walks away from me, and I narrow my eyes. Cain is one annoying asshole who is just pissing me off.

My grand-dad always said he didn't want to know what was happening with the hotel or the club, once our dads kicked them out of the business they created. I always thought it was because he didn't care to know what our dads were up to, but maybe he's hiding things from my dad, but that doesn't make any sense either because he doesn't even like the man..

Taking out my phone, I start tapping on a message.

LOGAN

Nice try little Dove, it only makes me want to chase you more.

If she thinks Cain is going to stop me, she's wrong, I'm happy to play her little game.

I walk over to the guys, and the first thing they ask me is what Cain said. The three of us want to know what he's hiding, between the three of us, we should be able to find something.

"Aaron? You think he's hiding something?" Travis asks, which makes me laugh.

"Who isn't hiding something?" I reply.

Our dads are hiding something, our grandparents are hiding something from us, and there is only one of them left, and I don't think mine will be opening up about the past anytime soon, because if he did the first thing I would want to know is; why did he let mom marry dad, when he hates him, and as much as she fakes a smile, I know she's not happy, and I don't think she ever was.

* * *

It's our first party of the year, and it's not a let down, the house is full. We normally only invite the college we attend, but we opened it for this one. The hockey team is here, and so is the football team, other than them I don't know anyone else.

Our bedrooms are locked off, and so is the basement. Whenever we have a party we do it, we don't need anyone seeing the things we have in there.

I was meant to go see grand-dad this week, but with college, practice, and talking to mom I didn't have the time, and the conversation is not one I want to have on the phone. Then Meadow has been ignoring my messages, I'm not sure what has her hiding from me. The other night I never pushed it too far, well I don't think I did. She never shouted for me to stop, nor did she push me away. If she shouted stop I would have; maybe I would have, but she didn't.

I have a weekend to play with her. If she thinks I'm walking away without having more fun then she's going to get a shock, I'm itching to be buried inside her.

"You want to have some? Travis nods his head towards the group of girls dancing in the corner of the living space. "One of them can be my plaything for the year."

"Is only one of them fun?" I ask, because that's not normally the way he likes things. I know having the hotel taken from us has made the both of us a little crazy, not being able to have the fun we normally would. So we have to now think a little out of the box, and make our own fun in the house.

The only problem with that, it's a risk of having a girl who might be scared of what we like, so we've had to take a step back, and have some vanilla sex, something I've never done. From the very first time, it's been at the hotel, I don't know any different. Meadow was my hope of someone I

could give pain to, make her enjoy the pain, but she wants to play hard to get.

“Fine, a few of them, maybe two of them.” Travis hands me a beer, and I take another glance over at the girls laughing. Maybe one of them will be good fuck, enough to get Meadow out of my head anyway.

“Look who’s just walked through the door,” Blake laughs, making me look over, and laugh when Ryan walks in with his arm over Meadows shoulder. She does not look happy to be here, but I sure as hell am. I get to play with her and her pussy boyfriend too, this is going to be fun. “Let us know if you need help.” I hear Blake and nod, but it’s not his help I want, it’s Augusts. August can get her away from the group somehow, I’m sure she’ll be able to.

“Let her be for now.” Taking a sip of my beer, I watch them walking around the house, and wait for Meadow to notice me, and the second she does I smile and give her a wink.

She whispers something in Ryan's ear, and tries to walk away from him, but he grabs her wrist and pulls her closer, and smiles while saying something to her, she shakes her head, not happy with what he’s said. This is the last place she wants to be, but it’s the one place he wants to be, to show me that he has the girl I kissed.

“August, do you want to help me?” I ask her, not looking away from Meadow.

“No.” Not surprised by her answer, but I turn to face her, tilt my head to the side, pouting out my bottom lip, and she shakes her head at me. “Logan, don’t give me the puppy dog eyes, because you’re not a sweet little puppy, and it won’t work. Are you going to hurt her?” The three of us start laughing, a full on laugh.

“No more than Blake does you,” I tell her and she slaps Blakes arm when he agrees with me.

“Fine, what do you want me to do?” She asks, but she’s not happy about it, and I don’t really blame her either, she lived what Meadow is going to go through, just not in my way.

“Simple, spill a drink on her, tell her you’re sorry and that you have a change of clothes for her, lead her to my bedroom.” I don’t want her to do anything where she will hate me, we have to live together.

“Fine, I don’t know you’re pin to get in.” I tap my pin into my phone and send her a message, and I’ll change it in the morning. August walks over to them, and I walk towards my bedroom. I don’t want her to see me there,

giving her a chance to run, so I make sure I'm hidden in the dark.

I sit on the end of my bed, and my phone lights up with a message from Blake to let me know August is on her way up. That was quick from her, I knew she would do a good job, a part of her hates us but we're growing on her.

The door opens slightly, the room is pitch black. "The bathroom is through there, I'll get you a new dress, and I'm sorry it was my mistake," I hear August says.

"No worries," Meadow replies, and I hear the door click as it closes.

I wait for her to get in the bathroom, now I could have fun here, but it's more fun when I can slam her body against the door and not my bed, now that sounds fun. The light comes on, and she shuts the door slightly behind her, and that's when I get off the bed, and make my way over to the bathroom.

"Hello, little Dove." Meadow snaps her head up and stares at me in the mirror, with her mouth popped open slightly, my head tilts to the side as I smile. "Did you really think coming here with him was going to stop me from getting you?" I take a step into the bathroom, making her turn around to face me, and push her body against the counter. "Did I hurt you little Dove?" I ask, leaving as little space between us as I can, her chest rising and falling, giving me the perfect view of her tits.

"You...you need to stay away from me-"

"And why is that-" I lean closer to her cheek moving my finger down her arm slowly, holding her wrist, and bringing it up to my lips, and placing a kiss on her wrist. "- Scared I'll break you?" I whisper, letting go of her wrist, and softly moving my hand to her neck.

"Yes," she answers in the smallest voice, but all I do is laugh.

"Good, now are you going to be my slut, and beg me?" I tighten my grip around the back of her neck, and she tries to fight me, but doesn't at the same time. "I do love the dress," moving my other hand up her thigh, and pulling her thong down. "Lift your leg," I tell her, she hesitates before I feel her wriggle out of her thong, she stands up straight and I cup her pussy hard, with my palm slapping on her clit hard, making her shriek a little.

She's going to see how rough I can be especially for avoiding me, I was gentle with her before. I want her to think about me when she leaves, and when she wakes up in the morning she will still feel me.

She thinks she can stop me coming for her, she's wrong.

“Do you know what I like?” I ask while I rub my hand hard on her pussy, my other hand wrapped around her throat. I don’t hear anything from her, so I lean in closer, bite down on her shoulder, sucking hard, and that’s when she finally does try to push me out the way, but all it does is make me mark a different part of her shoulder, once I’m done, I move to her ear. “I like pain.”

She has no idea how much I like it, I want her pain, crave her pain.

Quickly taking a step back, I undo my jeans, letting my hard dick spring free, it's been itching to be inside her. I’ve wanted to feel how good she will be around me. Meadow quickly moves to the side, but I slam my hand on the wall to stop her, and I grab her waist, and lift her to sit on the counter.

“Logan-”

“You want to leave, tell me, don't run, you don’t run from anything, especially not me.” My hand around her throat again, as I shout at her. She’s not fucking running, running is for pussies. You face your fucking problems and when you win you smile and say fuck you.

I’m not pissed off with her for ignoring me, or even coming here with him. I’m pissed off because she tried to run. You don’t fucking run! I shout to myself. The past always seems to fight its way back, no matter what. “You don’t fucking run! I shout as I slam inside her, making her scream, or maybe moan, not sure which one, as I grunt at the same time.

Fuck, one fucking thrust, and I already know it’s going to be one good fuck.

Tightening my grip around her neck, I thrust hard each time, her hands drop to my shoulders, pushing me away from her, and it stops me thrusting into her, and I grab both hands, before doing anything else, I pull the straps of her dress down, then trap her hands on the wall behind her, and I slam my dick back inside her, this time she moans, , she wants me to stop then she needs to tell me, not push me away.

“Take it little Dove, be my little slut, and take it.” I yell, fucking hell, she’s tight, so tight for me to fuck over and over. She finally loosens her body, and I let go of her hands, and lift her off the counter so she wraps her legs around my waist. I’m not pulling out of her until I've given her every drop of me.

Meadow screams out in pain when her back hits the wall, as I continue to fuck her I lean down a little to suck on skin, she’s going to leave with my marks covering as much of her upper body as I can get to.

“Please.” Meadow screams out, and I laugh.

“Please what? Stop, more, hurt me, what do you want?” I ask her, grabbing her throat once again, slowly tightening my grip around her, little by little.

She can't answer me, but she's not pushing me away to stop me either, because she doesn't want me to, even if she did I wouldn't let her go, not now. I push hard against her lips, she kisses me, but then bites hard on my lip, which makes me smile.

“Oh I like pain, do you?” I ask her when I pull my lips away from her and smile. She looks me dead in the eyes, and there is something different this time. I should stop when I see the tears escape the side of her eyes, but all I can do is smile, as the darkness in her eyes is running down her pretty face. “Doesn't my little slut look pretty when she cries. I see the demons in your eyes little Dove, and they want to dance with mine.” I slam hard into her again, my grip a little tighter around her neck, and that's when she gives up, and lets me fuck her, she knows nothing is going to stop me, she wants this.

“Are you on the pill? I shout, I don't want to wrap up, but it also means, she's either sucking me dry or the morning after pill. “Are you on the fucking pill?”

“Yes.” She screams. Her hands are on my shoulders, when she moves her hips with mine, I know she wants to come otherwise she wouldn't move and just let me finish. I knew the need to be fucked would overcome her.

“Come,” I shout at her, because as much as I want this for me, I want her to finish, I want her to know I will look after her. This time anyway, next time she will beg me before I let her come.

“Oh fuck,” she moans, and I feel the grip around my dick which takes over, as I thrust harder, and harder, and shoot everything I can inside her, grunting out her name as I do. Fuck, she's going to be so much fun to play with.

I hold her there for a moment, but she unwraps her legs from me, so I let her go, and I zip my jeans back up. She pushes me hard enough to take a step back, as she wipes the tears away, and goes to grab some tissues, I stop her.

“Oh little Dove, you will go back downstairs to the man you call your boyfriend, who I call a pussy. You will dance with him, he will wrap his arm around you, and the whole time you will leak me, you will have my lips on you, and next time you think about stopping me from coming close to you it will be worse,” I lick my lips, and I brush my thumb over hers. “You've not felt the pain I can give yet, you've not begged me, you've not cried the way I

want, do you want to be my little slut, and feel it all?”

She pushes me out the way, and walks out the bathroom, and I lean on the door frame. “Meadow.” She stops, but doesn’t turn to face me. “In my cage, you can fly free, why not try it?” She leaves the room and all I can do is smile, she will come to my cage, and I’m going to break her, then put my Dove back together, just so I can break her all over again.

MEADOW

WHAT DID I DO? Why could I not stop him?

I have no problem saying no to Ryan, half the time I don't even want him touching me, because it makes me feel dirty. I have no idea why I can't go this far with Ryan, I always stop when he tries to take it a little further after kissing, but Logan, I can't stop him or myself, and I have no idea why.

He wants to hurt me, he's admitted it, telling me he wants to give me pain, yet it's not the pain I want, it's the freedom he keeps mentioning, promising. I've never had freedom, locked away in my room to play with when *he* wanted, even now I'm locked in there to protect my sister, I have no freedom, so what freedom can he give me? It's all a lie, they always lie.

"Hey where have you been?" Ryan meets me at the bottom of the stairs, and he leans in for a kiss, and I should move away, but I use everything in me to stay where I am so he can kiss my lips, I don't need him asking me questions about why I'm acting strange.

Fucking hell, what am I doing? Ryan's kissing me, just a few minutes ago Logan was kissing me, fucking me, making me moan for him.

"Needed to clean up, the drink she spilled was sticky-"

"I'm sure I can give you something sticky," Ryan laughs, kissing me once again, and I smile, knowing I already have something sticky on me, dripping out of me.

But what else should I do? I can't tell him what I just did, or better yet, what Logan did to me, how I can still feel him on me, his cum dripping down between my legs. God help me. Someone help me, anything so I don't feel so cheap, and once again fighting with the devil and angel

"I bet you could-" I move past him so I'm not stuck on the stairs and

make my way to the kitchen “- I need a drink.”

I look over at Logan laughing with his friends. How the hell did he get downstairs before me? What game is he playing with me right now?

I need more than a drink, I need something stronger. No! I shout to myself, I can't go back to the past, I close my eyes, taking a few deep breaths, feeling my heart beating out of control.

Fuck it, I need to escape, I need to not feel like I mean nothing, because it's all I am to everyone. They use me, then throw me out, like I was nothing to start with.

I grab a bottle of whiskey from the counter, and take one big gulp, god it burns, but for a few seconds it feels like heaven. Grabbing a beer I turn to face Ryan, who wraps his arms around my waist, and leans down to kiss me, and this time I kiss him back.

If Logan wants to treat me like a whore, fuck me like a whore knowing I'm with someone else, then he will see me with my boyfriend, and do nothing about it.

He wants to play games with me, then let's play games.

Pulling away a little from Ryan, I fill up my glass with some whiskey, the beer is good enough, but whiskey just hits different. I down the whiskey, and start looking around the house party. You always have your groups, and one of these groups is where I can get high, I want to forget, I want to escape, I want to just be free.

“You want me to put some water in there?” Ryan asks as I fill my cup again.

“If I wanted something, I would have added it,” I snap at Ryan, making Logan and his friend laugh, but Logan doesn't take his eyes off me. I can feel him watching me, as if he's drinking me in, I always feel when he's in the same room as me.

“You want to take your eyes off my girl,” Ryan shouts and I look over at Logan who smiles and Ryan takes a step closer to him, and I'm stuck in the middle of them both, but Logan takes a step back, laughing.

“My house, my party, I can look at whoever the fuck I want, you don't like it, leave,” Logan snaps, as I turn to face him, he leans in closer to me, and whispers. “How does my cum feel, little Dove?” He quickly stands back up tall, towering over me, so I look up at him, turn to face him.

“Fuck you.” I down my drink slamming my empty red cup on the counter, and walk away from him and Ryan to see who in this house can give

me something strong enough to smoke, so I can forget what's happened today.

"You might want to go check if she's okay?" I hear Logan say, but don't hear anything else as the music gets louder, and I walk through the people. You always know if someone is smoking weed, not just because I used to smoke it all the time, but because the scent is the easiest one to pick up, and I stop in my tracks and smile when I get to the group.

'Hey, babe-' I feel Ryan's arm around my waist, and I lean my back into his chest. A few straight up shots will hit anyone, but it's not enough. I need more, I need to feel more. "-Why are you here?" He looks at the group guys in front of me, and I smile.

"I want some fun, I want the feeling of nothing." I turn around interlocking my fingers behind his neck, bringing my mouth to his beer bottle, and he smiles as I open for him to tilt the bottle for me to drink.

"What do you have?" Ryan asks the group behind me, and I look over at Logan talking to a group of girls laughing with them, he glances over at me, but then goes back to them. He doesn't care. "I'll take it." I start moving my hips as the music plays, I know how to dance, and I also know how to make a man hard. But who am I dancing for, Ryan or Logan?

"I'll take it," I grab the bag from Ryan, and start rolling up the smoke for myself. Once rolled up, I turn around to get a light from someone, but Ryan is there ready for me. He looks down at me, he's not as tall as Logan, but still taller than me.

"You really do want some fun tonight." He flicks the lighter on, and I lean in and take a drag in as it lights up.

This is what I needed, it's been a long time since I've felt like this, and right now I don't know why I ever stopped. Nothing to worry about, nothing to care about. I should just give Ryan what he wants, it's all guys ever want from me. Boyfriends in high school, now college, even at work, they always see if I'll go to the top floor with them, they've asked Cain, who's told them to fuck off, but now I'm thinking why not, it's all men ever want from me.

I take the beer off Ryan, and he pulls me closer to him, and I happily stand between his legs, smoking my joint, swaying my hips, dancing to the music. Ryan grabs my ass so I stand closer to him, not sure how much closer he wants me, but I ignore it, and take a drag of my joint, placing my beer bottle on the table to the side, then move my hand through Ryan's hair a few times, as he kisses the side of my neck.

“You want to make a move?” Ryan asks, and I blunt out my joint as it reaches the end, nodding to him, but the joint, the whiskey, the beer haven't made the demons sleep, no they're still ticking in my head, tick tock, tick tock, like a bomb ready to go off, to make me be the girl I was before. I chuckle a little to myself, shaking my head slightly to the girl I am, and will always be.

“Meet you outside.” I lean in and give him a bigger kiss this time, and I'm sure that's because of the whiskey and smoke mixed together. Is it giving him the wrong idea? Maybe, do I care? No. Maybe I can be his little whore, give him what he wants.

“Don't be too long.” Ryan gives me a wink, before leaving, I wait for him to leave, then make sure no one is watching me, mostly Logan, but I can't see him anywhere.

Turning back to the group, I walk over to the guy Ryan bought the weed from, and he smiles, holding up the joint for me, and I lean down, and take a drag of it while it's in his hand, and I feel his hand on my stomach, as I move closer to his mouth and blow the smoke as he inhales.

I move to his ear, and whisper. “Got anything stronger?”

He holds my dress so I don't move away from him. “In my jeans pocket, you want it, take it out, and leave the money.” He licks my cheek, and I reach into his pocket, taking out the small packet, placing it into my purse, I dig out the money out and throw it on his lap.

Making my way to Ryan who's standing by his car, he pushes himself off when I get closer to him, but before I lean into him, I'm pulled back, turned around and slammed into the car, with a hand around my throat.

“I've been watching you, I've let the smoking and drinking go, but not this!” Logan shouts at me, his eyes dark, in the times I've stood in front of him, I've never seen them so dark, evil. I hear Ryan behind Logan, but I can't see him because Logan is blocking my view. “Give me the packet,” this time his voice is more of a bark which sends a tremble through my body.

“Fuck you!” I scream at him.

There is no smile on his lips, there is no fun in his eyes, nothing but black darkness.

“Get your fucking hands off her!” Ryan shouts, and Logan finally lets me go, turns around, his friends quickly move out the way, as Logan's fist connects with Ryan's jaw.

“Are you really that much of a fucking pussy, the only way you can get

her to open her legs is when she's so drunk or high?" Logan punches him again, this time Ryan ends up on the floor. "Man the fuck up asshole." He kicks him in the stomach, making Ryan cough a few times.

"What-" I stop when Logan's hand is back around my throat.

"Don't fucking push me. Give me the fucking packet!" he shouts at me slamming me back into the car, making me scream out in pain, because it fucking hurt. Without breaking eye contact with him, I pull the packet out of my pocket, and he snatches it off me. "Don't fucking lower yourself to snort this shit. Don't you ever, and I mean fucking ever touch this shit again." One of his friends pulls him away from me and I take in a few deep breaths, now that I have time to take in a full breath, but Logan keeps his eyes on me.

"She gets the message-"

"Do you understand?" Logan asks me, pushing his friend away and wrapping his hand into my hair, then pulling it hard enough so I look up at him. "Do. You. Understand?" All I can do is nod, because he doesn't look or sound like he wants me to lie to him. "You have demons, little Dove, then fucking give them to me, they can play with mine."

His friend pulls him away again, while another stands in front of me. "Get in my car, I'll take you home-"

"No." My reply makes him laugh, and I narrow my brows together.

"Get in the fucking car, before Logan gets back and takes you, and I can't promise how that will end." I hear a beeping letting me know he's unlocked his car, and I look down at Ryan, as he finally starts to stand up, but the guy stands in my view.

"I don't even know your name," I snap at him. "I know better than getting in a car with a stranger."

"Travis, now get in the car." He walks away from me, and I take one look at Logan standing by the front door, then back at Ryan, and I walk over to him.

"What the hell is his problem?" Ryan asks as I help him to stand. "Do you know him?"

"No, the first time I saw him was at the house party the other night-"

"He's taken a lot more than a liking, he's becoming obsessed with you, shame I don't like sharing." Ryan leans in and kisses me, and I plant a fake smile on my lips. He's already sharing me with him, and I hate it.

"Well, he will just have to learn the ha-"

"Meadow, get in the fucking car!" I hear Travis shout, but I don't move

and look at Ryan who's watching Travis behind me. "You need to get off my fucking-"

"Leave my boyfriend alone, I'll go back with him-" Travis starts laughing out loud, and I look at Ryan as he pulls me closer to him, and takes a few steps back from Travis.

"There are three of them, one of me. I don't fancy a fight with them all. Let him drop you off at home, once he's gone message me, and I'll pick you up. We can continue the party back at my house, I got some more smoke for you," Ryan whispers, and he looks over my shoulder to make sure Travis is far enough.

"Promise?" I ask. Logan took my packet, I need to smoke more, I need something else to help to forget the night.

"Let's finish the night, the way it was going to be finished. Message me once he leaves, I'll drive around making sure the asshole has gone." Ryan leans back down and gives me a kiss, but before he can connect with my lips, I'm pulled away from him.

"If you want to play this season, fuck off or I will beat the shit out of you, before Logan can." Travis stands between us, pushing me behind him, and I lean to the side so I can see Ryan, who smiles.

"You three aren't untouchable-"

"I think we are, why not try and see." Travis takes a step closer to him, and I look over at Logan walking over to us, but the other friend is holding him back. "Meadow get in the fucking car, or I'll do it for you."

"Asshole," I shout at him, then walk over to his car.

Tonight has been one fuck up after the other, and now I'm going to show Ryan why I want him, he is nothing like Logan. The devil on my shoulder needs to fuck off and leave me alone.

Tonight Logan showed me darkness, I don't need anymore darkness in my life. Ryan gives me some hope for a better life, and that's what I need.

* * *

Travis puts the music on and starts the drive home. I look out the window, not wanting to talk, but I hear him tapping on the steering wheel.

"Here," I look at Travis handing me a bottle of water, which I take from him, because I doubt he has any whiskey in here, plus the weeds made my

mouth go dry. “You’re pushing him, and it won’t end well-”

“Fuck off.”

“That seems like your favorite word. You’re lucky Logan trusts me enough to make sure you get home, I’m sure he would have tied you to the bed-”

“He’s fucked me, why is he still getting involved in my life?” I snap, because there is nothing he can say to me to make me think Logan is a nice person, so he may as well stop now. Logan hasn't done anything nice to me for me to think any different.

Travis doesn’t answer my question, and puts the music a little louder, I take a moment to look at him. The three of them are big guys, and not big in a fat way, big in a tall, muscled way, they all look strong. One thing I can say is that they are all very good looking guys, Logan reminds me of Jacob Eldori, and he's not the worst person to be reminding me of.

“Do you three play sports?” I ask, Logan wasn’t giving me a straight answer, because of the twenty questions he had.

“Hockey, I’m sure Logan would have told you-”

“All I am is a whore to fuck, to him.” I whisper the words to myself, but Travis puts the volume down to the music, and I see him turn to face me for a split second.

“What did you say?” He asks, more of a demand.

“You heard me,” I look back out the window, not wanting to talk about Logan anymore. My fingers move over the scars over my wrist, the ones I gave myself more than once. The same ones Logan kisses everytime he sees me.

“A whore?” He questions with a chuckle. “Don’t let Logan hear you call yourself that-”

“Like he cares.” No one cares, in this world you have to fight for yourself, because no one will protect you from the evil of the world we live in.

“Have you ever heard the saying, like a moth to flame?” I nod, finally turning to face him again. “Well, you're the flame, and right now he's drawn to you. I can’t tell you how long it will be for, but one thing I can say while he’s fixated on you, no one will touch you or hurt you, not even you.” Travis stops the car in front of my house, and I look up to see all the lights switched off. I know my mom is at the hospital, Pops will be sleeping, and it’s too early for my step-dad to be sleeping, which means the asshole is around

somewhere..

I open the door, and exit the car without saying anything to Travis, because there is nothing to say. Is it meant to make me feel better, that Logan is going to be protective over me until he gets bored? I don't think so.

"Meadow," I slump my shoulders, and turn around to face him. "Don't push him, he will find out if you leave the house." Sticking my middle finger up at him. How the fuck is he meant to find out, follow me around every time I leave the house. I walk into the house, and quickly send Ryan a message.

MEADOW

I'm home.

RYAN

I'll be round in 10 mins.

I go up to my room, because I still don't feel high enough to forget the night, and I know I have enough here somewhere to make at least one joint, I always have some extra in my room hidden, for the nights when *he* comes in, and I want to feel lost and away from what is happening, or what has happened.

Rolling it up, I make my way back downstairs, and into the garden, so I can smoke it before Ryan comes to pick me up. I take a drag and let the smoke settle in as the cold air hits me. My head is starting to feel a little dizzy now, the smoke, the drink, and the cold air, it's all hitting me together. Self medication with drugs was the only way I survived the past, and the present.

I hear the door open behind me, and my whole-body tenses up, why does he need to be here all the fucking time, I wish I could get rid of him, somehow.

"Are we having a party?" He stands up behind me, his hand on my hips, and I can feel him lifting my dress slowly. I know he will try and make his move tonight, he knows I'm high and been drinking.

"Yeah, and you're not invited so fuck off," I turn around and push him away from me, but he quickly gets back into my space. "You need to back off."

"And you need to remember I can touch little sister tonight if you want, the only reason I haven't is because of you. No one comes close to how much I'm drawn to you." He starts kissing my jaw line, and I feel sick, I feel sick every time his lips touch my skin. No matter how much I've smoked or

drank, when he touches me, it's like what I think hell feels like. Death, and it's a horrible place where only evil can live. "You haven't given me anything in a while, so maybe I can see if, little sister can give me just a little bit of what you did."

"No, what...what do you want?" I ask taking a deep drag of the joint, this night is going from worse to a pure nightmare.

"I want to feel how tight you are-" his hand moves to my thigh, and my whole-body trembles as if it's been hit with a million needles repeatedly. "-I've missed it, it's been a few weeks." His whole hand cups my pussy, shutting my eyes tight hoping someone will save me, fucking anyone right now. "Fuck!" He shouts, when my phone starts to ring, and I answer it before he can take it off me, so he continues his sick game with me.

"I'm here." Ryan tells me, and I reply telling him I'm coming.

"One week, I don't get you, I'll take her." I hear the asshole as I walk away from him.

One week I know I'm going to have to let him touch me the way he wants, all so I can protect Pops. If I can keep her safe, what choice do I have?

I look around to make sure Travis isn't here somewhere. Who knows what Logan will do in the mood that he was in when Travis dropped me off. Getting into the car, leaning over to give Ryan a kiss, he then grabs me from the back of my neck and deepens the kiss.

"Is the party still going?" Ryan points to the joint in my hand, and I take the last drag before throwing it out the window, as he drives away from the house.

"You said you had some-" I put my hand out for him, and he smiles. "-I'll say thank you." I lick my lips, as he looks back at the road. It's not busy out, and it's late, so I know we will be back at his place soon.

"I'm looking forward to it." Ryan hands me the rest of the smoke he bought from the guy at the party, and I begin rolling it up, feeling Ryan moving his hand up and down my thigh, and every time his moves up, his hand is getting closer and closer to my thong, but I stop him, still knowing I have Logan's cum inside me. How the hell do I explain that to him?

"I had other plans." Licking my lips, and Ryan stops the car, and I see we're not at his house, he's parked us in some random area surrounded by trees, but I suppose I shouldn't expect anything else from him, should I?

"And what was that?" he pushes his seat back, giving me more space, as I take a drag of my joint. I need to get out of my head before I can do anything,

still feeling Logan on me, my stepdad's hands touching me, and now Ryan, there is only so much I can take before I need to be as high as I can get. I would have liked something a lot stronger, but Logan took it from me.

Getting out of the car, I walk over to his side as he gets out, shutting the door he leans on the car, he's already undone his jeans button for me, and I start moving his jeans down a little, closing my eyes, I feel his dick pop out.

Taking another drag of my joint, as my hand moves up and down his dick, I can already say it's not as big as Logan, Ugh I can't think about him! I must stop thinking about him, but it's hard when your mind goes back to the bathroom.

"Come on Meadow, stop with the teasing." Ryan pulls me closer to him, and I finally open my eyes. "Let's see what your mouth can do." He pushes me hard, so hard I fall on the ground, and a stabbing pain shoots through my hand as my palm lands on a few small stones. He steps closer as I get on my knees for him, my bare knees dig uncomfortably into the ground.

This is what I am for him, this is all I am for him.

I always said I'd fight if I could. I wouldn't let Poppy down. I need to be strong for her.

"Lolly, I love you."

"I love you too Pops."

It takes a moment to gather my thoughts, and when I do, they hit me hard. What am I doing? I shake my head a little, when did things get so fucked up for me that I've gone back to my old self. Did I ever change? Or was I just fooling myself?

I gasp when Ryan grabs my face, and pushes my cheeks together, and shouts at me. "You're not going to fucking tease me this time." His words make my throat go dry, I've heard the same tone before, and I know what's going to happen. It's my own fault, I'm the one who said I'd thank him. What was he going to think?

"Ryan, stop." I try to push his hand away from, but he has a strong grip, which is starting to hurt now.

Ryan grabs the back of my head with his other hand, and slaps my face a few times, and the sting burns with each connection, and when I open my mouth to shout at him, he thrusts his dick into me, making me choke, as it hits the back hard.

"Your teeth dig, I swear to fucking god Meadow, it will be a mistake." Ryan shouts, when I try to close my mouth and pull away from him. Both

hands grip tight in my hair, pulling each strand to the point it's hurting my head.

Ryan thrusts hard, standing still as the head of his dick is hitting the back of my throat, hearing him moan as he slowly moves again, I continue to fight out of his grip, but it's only hurting me more.

He pulls my head away from him, and slaps me hard, and this one stings more because I think he's cut my lip this time, and I start crying, crying because he's not any different than *him*, Ryan is the same as *him*.

"Stop fucking fighting!" Ryan screams in my face, slapping me once more.

"Fuck you." Ryan slams his dick back into my mouth as I shout at him, and thrust harder and harder, and this time I do bite down on him. He's not going to stop, but I'm not going to let him finish either.

"You'll fucking pay for that," another slap to the face, fucking asshole, he will pay for touching me like this, and when he does, I want him to cry like a bitch. "It's time to see how the pussy feels," he pushes me to the floor, and quickly gets on top of me. "Stop fighting!" Ryan tries to grab my hands to stop me fighting him.

"Get the fuck off me!" I scream into his ear, but he slams his hand on top of my mouth to shout me up.

I hear Ryan laughing, which for a second makes me stop fighting him, but then I start pushing his face away from me.

"You can strip and show men your body but not me." Now I do stop fighting him. "Did you think I never followed you, I needed to see where you work. You're just a whore, now be my whore." He starts lifting my dress up, and I use everything in me to push him away, I scratch his face making him loosen his grip on my mouth. "You bitch!"

"You bastard." I punch him hard enough so he gets off me, and I run, fuck knows where I'm running to, but I run.

"You can run, but I'll get you Meadow, and you'll be my whore." I hear Ryan shout, as I run through the trees, panting. I'm starting to get tired, smoking the joints, and feeling high, I don't think I can run much longer. I hear the snaps of the branches as I run over them.

I drop to my knees wheezing, trying to get some air in me. I hear the car engine start, letting me know Ryan has gone, but for how long. I have to see him at college, he can pop up anytime and then where will I run?

Wiping the tears away, for them only to be replaced with new tears.

In one night I've had three men touch me, when I didn't want them too. My stepdad, I don't even want to be in the same room as him, Ryan, I never thought he would do this. He was my safety man, the good guy, the one who was going to make me smile, then there is Logan who has pushed himself into my life without asking permission. For all three of them, all I am is a whore.

Maybe that's all I will ever be.

LOGAN

I PUT MY HAND OUT, catch the puck in my glove, and look around to make sure no other player is around me, then I quickly get it out to Travis. Coach set up a game, split the team in half, but kept me as the only goalie, not going to complain about it. The other guy isn't anything special, and I know next to me he will be forgotten.

"Fucking block!" I shout at them. With the team split they both have to score through me, the defense has to be from both sides. Travis shoots, and the fucker in front of me gets in my way, and the puck goes past me. "You want to stand in my view, then block the fucking puck, if not stay the fuck out of my line of sight!" I shout in Sid's face. He will be one of our defense so he needs to know how I work, no one is ruining my goalie record, definitely not the prick who's too scared to get in the way of the fucking puck.

"Won't happen again-"

"It better fucking not." I push him out my way, so he can get on with the game. It always happens when new players mix together, it takes time for each of them to know how the other plays; and it's the reason practice starts so early.

I skate back a little to get back into the goal, and watch the puck moving between the players. I quickly move my stick to the side to stop the puck from going in, pushing one of the guys out the way so I can see. Fucking hell get out of my way! Quickly getting on my knees to stop the puck, before I can get it out, Coach blows the horn to stop play.

"You're a prick." Sid walks past me, and I start laughing.

"Move out my way, it's not hard." I bite back, as I skate over to everyone, they might as well know me now. I will tell you as it is, and if you don't like

it, don't come near me.

“Right boys, you still need to work on playing as a team, we have three weeks until the first game, so I’m going to need you guys to work better.” Coach walks from side to side talking to us. “Talk to each other, no one is talking, shout if you need to. Logan is shouting, who in the defense is listening to him? You stand in his way, he can’t see, he says move, you move.” His voice starts to get a little louder now, and I lean back looking over at the guys who are both smiling.

They know what I’m like, but we’ve also been playing together since we could walk, I know what they are going to do before they do, and they know how I like to be in goal.

I tried calling Meadow this morning, but she didn’t answer, and hasn’t replied to my message, so I get to pay my little Dove a visit, which is already exciting me. I think it’s time to play with a little pain.

Last night at the party, I was so angry when I saw her taking the packet of that guy, I wanted to fucking kill him, I wanted to fucking kill her. I don’t care how much pain you’re in, you never fucking hurt yourself.

I know life can get to a fucked up place, I know things can eat you up, I’ve seen it happen with my mom, and she used to do the same thing, Take the fucked up shit to forget, and it messed her up in more way than one. I was there for her, I got her through it, told her no matter what is happening in life, you don’t touch shit like that, and tonight Meadow will learn the same thing.

“Enjoy your afternoon.” Coach walks off, and the team gets to the changing room.

I’ve got plans for after lunch to visit grand-dad, and finally get some answers from him. Well it’s what I’m hoping for, but like his friends, Blake and Travis’ Grand-dads, a lot of secrets went to the grave with them, and mine won’t be any different.

A part of me would love to know what things they know, the secrets they hold over others, there are some we know and others they’ve never spoken about.

I hear some of the guys talking behind me, but not paying attention, I grab my phone to see if I’ve got a message from Meadow. Nothing.

“Come on, I need food.” Travis pats my back, and I tell him to fuck off, which only makes him laugh. “You need to get some steam out.”

“I will,” I snap back at him, which gets a roar of laughter from him and Blake.

“I’ll meet you by the cars.” Blake walks out, and I throw all my stuff into my bag, I’ll shower after lunch.

I’m pissed off that Meadow still hasn’t messaged me back. I knew I shouldn’t have let her go last night, but after what I saw there was no way I could control myself around her. If it wasn’t for the guys being there I think she would have been crying in my bedroom and for all the wrong reasons. They’re the ones who stopped me from going to her house last night, telling me I needed to calm down.

Calm the fuck down, how was I meant to do that? I knew there was some dark shit in Meadows’ life, but nothing for her to be taking shit like drugs. Her dark eyes are hiding a lot more, and I’m going to find out what’s behind them, whether she likes it or not. I want to know who broke her wings, and threw her to the devil, because I plan on hurting them.

I know the past is fucked up, mine is, but I’ve never touched drugs, and never will, and it will be the last time she does too. I saw her smoking the weed, and I said nothing, it was her way to forget whatever was happening in her head, but even smoking that, will stop. No one is worth fucking up your life, no one. There are better ways to forget the past, even better ways to make them pay. Meadow will learn, because she’s not fucking her life up, not for some asshole who’s hurt her in the past.

* * *

“Are you going to open the file, or just piss Cain off more?” Travis is the first to ask. It was one of the things we needed to talk about at lunch, the file, and talking to grand-dad.

“Can I just piss him off? I have no interest in the file, and if he thinks I’m going to open it because he said so, he’s wrong.” I take a bite of my burger, I’m not anyone’s puppet, never have been, never will be.

“So what are you going to do? Just let the file collect dust, and have him call us everyday?” Travis snaps, and I shake my head at him, which he then adds fuck you to me.

“I’m going to give it back, and tell him never to ask us to do anything for him again.” I continue to eat my burger, while listening to Blake and August arguing about something that I don’t care about. I turn to Travis when he starts laughing, and Blake lets out a little chuckle to himself. “What’s so

funny?” I ask.

“Let me look at the fucking file, I’ll kill whoever it is, it might get him out of our life too. Giving it back won’t do anything, but piss him off more.” Blake joins the conversation, and I lean back in the booth. “There is something in that file he wants you to see, maybe it will be simple, maybe it will cause more questions, but one thing is, he won’t be taking the file back.”

“Well I’m giving it back. You guys staying for a while, I’m heading home to shower before I go see grand-dad.” I finish the rest of my lunch, and wait for one of them to say something about the stupid file.

I will admit, it’s killing me not to know what’s inside, but if I open this file, he will come back again with a new one, and then we are under him, and there will be no way out.

“I’m busy this afternoon,” Travis answers, and I look over at him. “I’m playing with a cheerleader.” Now that was a little too much information, I think we all knew what he was talking about without him having to tell us.

“We’re going to the club, need to sort a few things out.” Blake lets me know, taking a big bite of his burger.

“I’ll see you at home later, let’s see if I can get some answers,” Grabbing my milkshake I leave the table, and make my way to the car. Not even sure how to start the conversation with my grand-dad, the Crawfords have always been a subject we don’t talk about, so this will be an interesting afternoon for me.

* * *

I smile to myself as I make my way to the garden of my grand-dads condo, and see he’s having a mini party with a group of friends. Always the party animal, no matter how old he is.

“Well look at how handsome you are?” One of the women walks over to me, and I go to reply but stop when she pinches my ass, making me laugh out loud. “If I was a few years younger, the things I could teach you.”

“You can still teach me, just tell me instead of showing me.” I smile, making her slap my arm softly. A woman of her age probably knows a thing or two, and I’m always open to learning the best way for a woman to scream out my name.

“Don’t want to break you.”

“Sure I can handle it-”

“Leave my grandson alone, don’t need you to give him ideas.” I hear my grand-dad, and look behind me as he walks into the kitchen. “Are you here for the BBQ?”

“They could be good ideas-” My grand-dad starts laughing, pulling me outside to join the others. “It might be worth a try.”

“Trust me son, she’s a wild card.” He pats my back, handing me a burger.

“Just eaten-”

“You’re a growing boy.” Which is his way of saying I’m eating so I need to shut up about it. “How is your mom?” The question tells me mom didn’t come to see him like she said she would; and I already know it’s because her husband stopped her.

“Still trying to make my dad happy, I’ve lost hope of her leaving him.” Everytime he asks about mom, I watch him when I reply, and the same thing happens every time. His jaw tenses up, and his lips press together. “Are you going to tell me why you hate dad?” I ask once again, and am met with silence, nothing new there. “You can’t avoid the question forever you know.”

“Only until I die I can.” I let out a sigh, letting him know I’m annoyed with the same shit he keeps giving me. “You come here to ruin my mood by talking about your dad or here for something else?” He hands me a beer, something tells me the reason I’m here isn’t going to make his mood any better.

“The Crawfords-” For a split second my grand-dad stops in his movement. “- what do you know about them?” Finishing my burger giving him some time to think about it what fucked up excuse he will be giving me, because I know he won’t give me a straight answer. another secret he will take to the grave.

“Don’t know anything about them, why?” He walks over to the bench, and I follow him over, but before I sit down I stare at him for a moment, wondering if he really thinks I believe what he’s saying. “There was trouble with your dad, and the other two-”

“What was the trouble?”

“I don’t know-”

“Bullshit. You know you wouldn’t be a good poker player, too many tells. I don’t understand, you hate him enough to not talk to him, but you still protect him, why?” I snap, but he doesn’t look at him, but at his friends behind me. “Mom?” Now he looks at me, and all I can do is shake my head.

“You?” Again nothing, wherever the hell happened, he is not going to say anything.

“Don’t believe anything they say.” Now that does get my attention, but unlike him, I can hide my surprise. Do I tell him it wasn’t Crawford who told me anything, or leave it for a bit.

“Why, what could they say to me that I shouldn’t believe?” Do they know my family secrets? Something is fucked up in my house, I already know that, but how many other families know about it?

“You know as much as anyone, the three of them have more enemies. And those enemies will do anything to break-”

“Break a family which is already broken, you have to come up with some better bullshit than that.” I cut him off, and snaps his head towards me. I think I’ve seen the look in his eyes twice before, and nothing good came from them. “You’re hiding something, and it’s either tell me the truth, or it’s going to break the little family we have.”

“You need to leave it alone!” He shouts, but before he can say anything I reply.

“Blake has them fighting in the club, which didn’t go well for the three of them the first time, so I’ll be seeing more of them.” I add, so my grand-dad knows they are here to stay and we will be seeing a lot more of each other whether he likes it or not.

“Stay out of their way, the past isn’t something worth-”

“Maybe the past is coming back, and it’s a fucking ghost I can’t see, because I don’t know what it is!” This is a fucking joke, him and mom have always kept the past away from me, but I don’t think they can anymore.

“The past is where it’s meant to be, in the past.” He whispers to himself, and I dig my phone out of my pocket as it vibrates, before answering him.

“Maybe it’s coming back, and I can’t stop it, because I know nothing.”

TRAVIS

Can’t get your name on the list at
Skyline, you’ve been banned.

LOGAN

Just me, or all of us?

TRAVIS

You.

I don't bother replying and just hit the call button. "Before you ask, I have no idea. I called and they said Logan is off the list." Travis replies, already knowing my question.

"I'll just go over, and see what his problem is. It's the fucking file-"

"Then open it!" He snaps, and I tell him to fuck off, before ending the call.

"Logan, you know I would never put you in danger, and neither would your mother, but him. Don't trust him-"

"Already don't, and I'm looking forward to the day I can bury him in the woods. But you might need to start talking before it's too late, and someone else tells me the truth." I finish my beer, and put it on the table, and lean closer to my grand-dad and give him a kiss on the cheek. "I can look after myself, because you taught me how, and I'll look after mom, but you need to tell me what happened."

"You have somewhere to be? stay for the BBQ without this conversation." He pats my shoulder, making me smile.

"I would, but I need to go talk to someone, but I'll be over at the weekend, for our weekly catch up, just don't hurt yourself." I say laughing at him, when he pushes me away. "See you then. Don't forget you need anything for your friend, I'll get you the stronger stuff."

"He throws his napkin at me, telling me to shut up, as I walk away from him, past his friends, and the few ladies who are there.

"Are we single?" The woman who spoke to me when I walked in asks.

"I am, but I have a feeling you'd be too much for me," leaning in to kiss her cheek, but she quickly moves and my lips connect with hers. "You're the trouble aren't you?"

"I am, let me teach you."

"Maybe another time, places to be." I look back at my grand-dad who is shouting now.

"Leave him alone, too innocent for you." He gives me a wink, because he knows I spent my weekends at the hotel, he also knows what my dad did to me in that same hotel, but he never talks about it, and neither do I. Best for us both.

I walk out before she can start talking to me again. What is Cain's problem

now? Since that man has come into my life, it's been going upside down. If we had the hotel, I wouldn't even set foot in the club, but we don't so we need somewhere to go. But now he's singling me out, and I want to know why.

I stand in front of the bouncer, the guys won't be here for another hour or so, but I thought talking to Cain without them would be better, as I'm the only one he seems to have kicked out.

"Follow me." The bouncer snaps, and walks into the club, and I follow him.

I don't bother looking around, I know Meadow is here, she's here every night. The music is loud, and lights are flashing, and the atmosphere is high. Something on the side gets my attention, and I turn to see. The bouncer buzzes two men through a door. How didn't I not notice the door before? I've been here a few times now, and never saw it. I bet this place has a lot more than a few secret doors, this club has some crazy shit going on, more than I thought.

Getting to the office, I take a quick glance at the cages, and there she is my little Dove dancing. I can't get a good look at her, because she's turned around quickly, but watching her dance is something I'm going to enjoy.

Walking into the office, Cain leans back in his chair which is swinging side to side.

"I'm sure I've barred you," he throws his pen on the table, and gets up and walks over to me, and stops by the window. "I have a lot of employees, I look after them, and you've hurt one-"

"What? I've not hurt anyone here," I snap at him. The only person I know who works here is Meadow, and I know I've not hurt her.

"Last night I get a phone call, Meadow crying-"

"Wait!" I shout and turn to face, and he does the same.

"No, you wait!" He shouts back. "I thought maybe you were different, told you about Meadow, but you're no different than *him*, in the woods she was crying-"

"I never fucking touched her-" I cut him off, and who the fuck is him, because that came with a lot more bite than it needed to have. "If you honestly thought I hit her, then I'm sure you would have hit me, so-"

"The only reason I haven't is because-" He stops himself, looks away. "I

wanted to see what your reaction was, if you didn't hit her, who did?" Cain asks more to himself. I look towards the cages, but I don't see her anywhere.

"Where is she?" I ask, but he ignores me. "If I wanted to hit her, I would have the first few times I saw her. I don't hit women, never have, never fucking will. My mother brought me up right, now where is she?" I ask again.

Cain's back tenses up, like I've hit a nerve, but I don't have time to care about his family issues, I have my own messed up family to sort out.

"Cain, where is she?" I ask again, this time with a bit more force in my voice.

"Second floor cage-" he stops when I walk away from him, but before the door closes behind me, he calls my name. "When you find out who hit her, take care of it, or tell me who it was."

Without saying a word I leave to get to her floor. Who the fuck hit her, I'm going to rip his fucking hands off, and I don't care if they find his body or not.

I knew something about Meadow would hit me hard the moment I saw her, I don't know if it was because I could see the broken little girl, who would cry when I fixed her, then again when I broke her, or if there was something in her eyes begging me to save her. But whatever it was, has me wanting to protect her from anyone else who hurts her.

She's dancing in the cage, and I make my way up the ladder to her cage, fucking hell this is high, getting in the cage, she stops dancing when the cage door closes behind me, and it's taking everything in me not to lose it with her.

What the hell, I look around and see a purple sheet covering the cage, Cain really does have eyes everywhere.

"Hello, little Dove."

MEADOW

THE SHEETS GO UP and down on my cage, and Cain only does that if there is a customer who looks like he will make trouble, but I'm too high for anyone to get close to me.

"Hello, little Dove," says the voice I was hoping I wouldn't have to hear again for a while, but luck is never on my side. My head drops as I finally turn around to face him.

Last night I didn't know who to call, I was in the middle of the woods, alone, and I needed someone to get me home. There was only one person I could think of; Cain. He always told us, if we need anything no matter the time, he would help in any way he could.

So when I called, he told me to stay where I was, and someone would be there soon. I never thought it would be him who picked me up. He's always scared me, but when he saw my face, I didn't think I'd ever seen someone so angry, and I never thought I would again, but Logan, now he's angry.

Cain asked me a few times what happened, and I chose to ignore him, didn't know what to say to him, tell him how cheap and disgusting I felt, or how I was touched by three men, and as fucked up as it, how only one of them was thinking about me, and not themselves. Yet, he's the one I know I have to stay away from.

Logan's eyes turn black as he stares at my face, I have make-up on, but even I know it's not enough to hide the marks which Ryan left.

The music seems to have become an echo in the background, the base still vibrating through my body, but the only noise banging in my ears, is my heart, it seems to be going out of control.

Logan takes a step forward, making me take a step back. How the hell did

he get in here? I know no bouncer is going to come help me, the only one who controls the sheets falling on a cage is Cain, and if he's allowing this, it means I have nowhere to run.

My back hits the cold bars of the cage, and I watch Logan walking closer to me. For some reason he looks a lot bigger tonight, his brown eyes burning a fire around me, and I know nothing good will come from what's about to happen.

"Now you have three choices. One, you tell me who did this to your face. Two, I fuck the answer out of you in this cage. Three, I take you back to my bedroom, and get the answer. Which one, little Dove?" The words are hissed, with a cold air around them, which makes a shiver move through me. Logan closes the gap between us, and his aftershave hits me. Why does he have to smell so good? The woody, musky scent is so strong, but it hits me everytime, and I don't mind, but I should.

"I want you to lea-"

"Now we both know that's not going to happen," I choke a little when his hand moves around my neck with a tight grip as his other hand moves down my arm. "Who thought they had the right to touch you?" He asks again, but I try to move my face away, but he pulls my face closer to his. "I'm happy to fuck the answer out of you, and I'm happy to do it here."

"Fuck you." I bite back at him, slapping his hand off my neck, but he's too big for me. I'm not small, but he's got a lot more build than I do, which makes me look and feel small next to him.

"You think this pisses me off, but it doesn't. Makes me want to bend you over and fuck the anger out of you." Logan slams his lips into mine, I fight him, I bite his lip, yet he doesn't pull away from me. Feeling his hand move to my inner thigh, he moves his hand with the softest touch, making me believe he will be gentle, which I know isn't true, I don't even think he knows how to be gentle. "Last chance-"

"You are not fucking me here!" I shout at him, and he takes a step back from me. Thank God, I couldn't bear the thought of him going that far with me at my workplace, if I didn't stop him, I think he would have.

"Get your things," Logan finally lets go of my neck, as he takes a step back from me, and I stay where I am. I'm not leaving with him, I'm nothing to him, a pussy to fuck, why does he care who hit me? "I let you play your little game with your pussy boyfriend, fuck I enjoyed knowing I fucked you while he was downstairs in my house, my cum dripping down your leg while

he had his arm around you, but I've had enough now. So grab your fucking things and lets go!" Each word coming out louder than the last, like a thunderstorm getting closer and closer, but hasn't yet hit where it wants.

Logan is ready to storm, and I'm the one it's coming for.

"All I am-"

"Meadow, I've already had a messed up afternoon, don't piss me off anymore-" He closes the gap between us, tilts his head to the side. "I'm not sure what you're not understanding-"

"Why-"

"If you want to be my naughty little slut, and not listen, then we play." Logan slams me against the bars of the cage, cages me in between his arms. "If what I said before didn't sink in, you're mine, no one touches what's mine, no one hurts what's mine, now be a good little slut, and open your legs for me." The sides of his lips curl up, and I hate how a part of me likes the way he calls me little slut. Crazy, but it makes me feel like I am his.

I feel Logan's leg move between my legs, and he kicks my left foot to the side, and I can feel myself breathing harder, he wouldn't do anything here would he? I feel his hand under my skirt, moving to the band of my thong.

"Does my little slut want me to stop?" My head is shouting yes, leave me alone, but my mouth isn't opening to say a word. "Are you going to tell me who hurt you?" His hand is flat on my stomach, the tip of his fingers under the waistband, slowly moving his hand down. Do I tell him?

His full hand cups my pussy, giving it a little rub, and my lips part, as he moves two fingers between my pussy lips, and I bite my lips so I don't moan, because he's close enough to hear me.

He licks his lips, and moves closer to me. "You think you don't want it, yet you're wet for it." He's right, I am wet for him, the moment he calls me his little slut I know he's going to do something fucked up to me, which I want. Logan kisses my jaw, and I hear him chuckle. "Good girl, rub your pussy on my hand."

"Fuck!" I whisper shout, why am I doing this? I can't help it. I lose control around him.

"I will," he whispers as he flicks my clit, then pinches it, making my body jolt. "Who hurt you?" He asks this time his voice is a lot more harsh, but I close my eyes and moan when he pushes two fingers fully inside me, his palm rubbing on my clit.

I feel my thigh tremble as the pleasure rushes through me, making me

moan and my hips jerk wanting his finger deeper inside me, and I hear him laugh. Moaning as my pussy squeezes his fingers.

“Who hurt you?” Logan asks again, but I don’t reply, as I moan when he slams his fingers inside me harder and faster. “You’ll regret not telling me, the first time I asked you.” His hand speeds up, slamming into me over and over again. My hips stutter, jerking forwards so he doesn’t stop. I’m panting like crazy, and I can feel my body about to hit the orgasm it wants.

Logan slowly slides his fingers out until only his fingertips penetrate my entrance. Then he thrusts hard, impaling my pussy with his fingers as deep as they’ll go, and I hear him laughing, as I moan out loud, thankful the music is loud in the club, and no one can hear me.

I squeal again, feeling my orgasm building already. I can't believe I'm going to cum in here, with so many people around us.

Logan pulls his hand out, and I stare eyes wide open. I was there, I was ready to come, he smiles, and I want to punch the smile off his face.

“Who hurt you?” He asks again, and I cuss to myself. “I didn’t hear you.” He thrusts two fingers back inside me, and I slam my hands on his shoulder, my hips jolting into his hand. He leans in closer, and whispers. “I can play this game all night. Now be a good little slut and squeeze my fingers.” I shouldn’t but I do, because I want this, god do I want it.

“Oh God.”

“No, not God. It’s Logan, you moan my name now.” He snaps at me, and I moan his name as I feel myself ready to come, but the high is gone when he pulls his fingers out of me, and takes a step back. “You want to come, then you answer my fucking question,” he snaps then walks over to the door of the cage. “Now get your stuff, and let's go!” He shouts, and I stand where I am panting, as my body is still itching to come.

“It was Ryan,” I whisper, and Logan stares at me, not saying a word, his face expression hasn’t even changed, eyes locked on me. I can’t read his face, but my feet start moving towards the door.

As I move closer to him, I wipe the tears away from my cheeks, I’m leaving with Logan, but what is going to happen when I get there? Logan grabs the back of my neck to stop me exiting, and turns me to face him.

“I am only going to say this once. You’re mine, and the tears you cry from now on will be mine, and every man who hurt you will pay.” I feel him grip my wrist, he brings it up, as he does I feel his thumb softly moving over my scar. Once it’s in my sight, he leans down a little and places a soft kiss on

my wrist. "You smoke any more shit, I promise you it will be the biggest mistake of your life."

Logan opens the door for me, takes off his jacket, and wraps it around me, then pulls the curtain to the side, and puts his other hand out for me to hold while I make my way down the ladder.

I take the moment to look at him looking down at my hand. Is he different, or playing a game like the others?

* * *

Logan took me to his house, and I thought it was going to be, I don't know what I expected but it wasn't what happened. We got to his room, and he didn't ask questions about what happened with Ryan, he didn't ask about what happened when Travis dropped me off, he didn't ask me anything. He shut the door to his bedroom, gave me one of his t-shirts, and told me to go to sleep. That was it, he changed and got into his bed, and I stood there not sure what was happening for about ten minutes, before he repeated himself.

I remembered he doesn't like to repeat anything, so I got into bed and went to sleep, something which I needed, but sleep didn't last long for me, and when I woke up it was three in the morning. Logan was still sleeping, and all I could do was watch him sleep in the light filtering in from outside. I don't know why he didn't put his blinds down, but seeing him sleep was a little peaceful.

It took me an hour to finally get out of bed, I couldn't get back to sleep, and I wasn't going to stay here for two reasons. One I promised Pops a day out, and two I'm not sure what game Logan is playing, but I don't want any part of it.

The worst thing about leaving his house in the middle of the morning, I had no money to call a taxi. Luckily, Logan had some money thrown on his dresser, I felt bad taking it, but I had no choice. I'll pay him back, without having to see him.

"Lolly, are you ready?" Pops asks, as she walks into my bedroom.

"Yes, just let me dry my hair-"

"Can I do it?" She jumps on my bed taking the brush off me.

"You should become a hairstylist, it will save me a lot of money," I tell her, as she brushes my hair as I hold the hair dryer for her. She tried to dry it

once, and it didn't go well for me, so now I dry it and she brushes my hair.

"How long do we have on the ice?" She shouts over the noise the dryer is making.

Turning the dryer off before I reply, so I am not shouting too loud. "An hour, last time I did longer and you started moaning it was too cold, so this time, an hour, then lunch." I pick her up to help her get off my bed. My phone lights up, and I see Logan's name flash up with a message.

LOGAN

NEXT TIME YOU LEAVE MY FUCKING BED WITHOUT
TELLING ME, I'LL FUCKING TIE YOU TO IT!

Putting the phone into my bag, I take Pops hand and head out, mom and the asshole are both at work so it's nice to have a morning where I don't have to see him.

"Can we get pizza then ice cream?" She jumps into the car, and I tell her isn't that what we normally do on our days out. Every Sunday I try to have a fun day out with Pops, sometimes once during the week too if I'm not working, and it's always pizza and ice cream for us.

Crazy but I needed a day off away from everything, tomorrow I have to go to classes and try to avoid Ryan as much as I can. I hear Pops singing in the backseat which makes me smile, it's amazing how much she can make me forget everything. I feel like a normal girl, being the big sister and having fun.

The ice rink in town isn't far from the house, which is something that worries me. Ryan could be there, and I don't want him saying anything stupid in front of Poppy, and with the way he's been sending me messages I wouldn't put it past him to threaten to say something.

I hear my phone beep, but I don't pick it up, to see who it is. It will only be one of three people. Logan, Ryan or Mr. Asshole, one way or the other they will ruin my day.

"You think I can try to spin around this time?" Pops asks, I've been putting some money aside, she loves ice skating, and I want to get her a coach so she can get better. Mom said she doesn't want to waste money on

something she will never be able to do in the future, no matter how much I fought for it, the answer was no. So I told her I would do it myself for her, but every teacher is expensive, nothing I can afford at the moment, so now all my tips are going into savings for her.

“I don’t think so, I’m going to be looking for a teacher for you this week-”

“Lolly-”

“Pops, you could hurt yourself, if there is a teacher with you she will be able to stop you from falling wrong.” I look at her through the rearview mirror, and she sticks out her tongue at me, so I stick mine out at her making her laugh.

I park the car, and before I can turn the engine off, Pops is out of her seat, and getting ready to get skating. She takes my hand, as we make our way to the building, and I stop in my tracks when I hear him.

“Hello, little Dove.” My grip on Pop's hand gets tighter, turning around seeing Logan smiling at me. Behind him stand his two friends, and the girl from the party. Logan’s eyes go to Poppy, making me pull her closer to me, and he looks back at me. “Are you going skating?” He asks, and before I can say no, Poppy answers for.

“Yes, this is the best day of the week. I get to skate.” Pops smiles at him, and my grip on her hand gets tighter, because she won’t shut up. “Who are you?” She asks, and I quickly reply before Logan.

“No one, come on before it gets too busy,” I start pulling Poppy, but Logan gets in my way.

“We were going skating, can we join you?” He asks Poppy, because he knows I’ll tell him to fuck off, but Poppy won’t.

“Can you skate?” She looks at him, and he starts laughing.

“I can, these two can, August-” He pulls a face and shakes his head making Poppy laugh. “- she reads.”

“You don’t look like you can.” Poppy leans to the side to have a look at Logan’s friends, before looking back up at him.

“How about this? If we can’t skate then we’ll take you out for lunch after, but if we can then you take me out for lunch.” Logan quickly looks up at me, as I try to move around him, but it is not so easy when Poppy won’t move with me. He’s got my sister on his side, and the little trouble maker loves to be great. How do I tell her she’s going to lose this time?

“Pizza and ice-cream? Lolly always takes me for pizza and ice-cream.”

Poppy pulls on my hand for me to look at her, and when I do I smile because she has her puppy dog eyes out, and I can already hear the question before she even asks me. "Can they join us?"

I want to say no, but she will be in a mood about it all day, and will mention it every chance she gets, plus if I say no, Logan will just follow us there.

"Sure."

"Thanks, Lolly." Poppy hugs me.

"Yeah, thanks Lolly." I look at Logan smiling, before turning to Pops. "Her name is Meadow, where does Lolly come in?" Logan gets down so he is eye level with her.

"My name is Poppy, and she calls me Pops, so I call her Lolly. Lollipop, the best sister name." She smiles, and moves a little closer to him, but I don't let go of her hand. "Are you her friend?" I pull her away from him, quickly, and start walking into the building.

"You keep asking questions, you're going have less time to skate." I go to the cashier, ready to tell them I need two, but pulled away by Logan who does it for the group. "I can pay-"

"I'm sure you can, but I'm paying." He snaps back not looking over at me, and Poppy lets go of my hand and runs to the side to have a look at others skating around the ice.

"Hey Logan, should have told me you were coming, I would have shut it down for you three." I look up at the man shaking Logan's hand.

"Last minute, I'll call next time." Logan tells him, and he says something to him, before walking away. Logan then starts talking to Travis, and the other one, as August stands next to me.

"Your sister is so cute." I glance over at Pops smiling at the skaters.

"Thanks, I think she is. What's your boyfriend's name?" I ask, I might as well know it, I'm about to spend the day with him.

"Blake, it's so nice to have another girl-"

"I don't plan on staying around-" I stop when she starts laughing, she rubs my shoulder.

"When they find what they want, they don't let go." She smiles when Blake comes over to her and kisses the side of her neck.

"You sure you don't want to skate, Sunshine?"

"No you have fun, I've got my book," she gives him a kiss then walks away, as I make my way to Poppy who's tip-toeing to look over, and I kneel

down, and pull her closer to me, and before I can say anything I hear Logan.

“Ready?” He puts the skates down for us both, and I see he’s already wearing his. “Let’s see what you can do little Poppy.”

“Lolly, help me.” She sits on the bench and I help her out, I sit next to her and before I can put my skates on, Logan does it for me. “I like him better.” Pops whispers to me, and I roll my eyes, if he thinks getting Poppy to like him will help he is wrong.

My phone beeps again, and this time I do look, not because I want to know who it is, but I don’t have to pay attention to what Logan is doing.

RYAN

I’ll get what’s mine, what I deserve!

I shift my position a little, making Logan snap to look at me, but I quickly look at Poppy. Logan seems to know when something is wrong with me, the worst thing about that is it seems like he senses it every time we’ve seen each other. I don’t even think he’s been around me a full week.

I take Pop’s hand and get on the ice, happy when Logan skates off with his friends, giving me and Poppy time together.

LOGAN

I WATCH Meadow with her sister, and it's the first time I've seen her smile. A true smile. Something she should do more of, she looks beautiful when she does.

Last night, I spoke to the guys about Ryan hitting Meadow. I wasn't going to let him get away with it either. It took Meadow about five minutes to fall asleep, and when she did I went down to talk to them.

Now the three of us, you piss one of us off, you piss all of us off, so they agreed something needed to be done, but we have to wait for the right time. Which also meant I don't trust him not to try and get close to her again. And I'm not about to let that happen, if he comes anywhere near her I'll make sure the bastard never walks again.

And in that moment I remember why these two crazy bastards are my friends. I tapped into her phone, she won't tell me anything, so I'm going to find out things for myself. Blake hacked her phone, that man can hack into anything given enough time. It was a lot easier because her phone was in my house. My crazy friend said not to take her phone and look in it because she would know I looked through it, instead, he worked his magic, if she got a message I would be able to see it. How he did that, I didn't bother asking, because sometimes it's best to stay out of his fucked up head.

Skating over to the guys, I pull out my phone to check the message on her phone, someone made her uncomfortable, and I want to know who.

RYAN

I'll get what's mine, what I deserve!

Travis takes my phone off me, my face must tell him I'm pissed off because I want to punch someone. I look over at Meadow again laughing with Poppy, for a girl who looks like she's hiding from the world, she's flying free right now.

"So how are you protecting her when she's at college?" I hear Travis behind me, does he really think I haven't thought about it.

"I'm working on it," I answer as I skate off to Meadow and Poppy. "So, let's see what you can do?" I ask Poppy. Meadow wants to know if I'm serious about telling her she's mine, then I need this little girl to like me.

Now I've never been around kids, haven't a clue what they like and don't, but I like her. She looks like she's trouble, and who doesn't like a little trouble.

"You show first, I'm... I'm little," I laugh and look over at Blake and Travis, she has no idea what she is about to see. We've been skating for so long now, we can do a lot of tricks.

"Little one thinks we don't know how to skate, I thought we could show her." I smile, and they both laugh skating off, I look back down at Poppy. "You ready?"

"For you to fall." She laughs sticking her tongue out at me, and I skate off laughing at her.

The three of us start skating in a circle picking up speed, the silent gliding is serene, peaceful. I love the hypnotic feeling I get when I pick up speed, the feeling of flying down the runway, ready to take off. I start crossing my feet over each other and pushing through the turns, it's crazy how the world around you goes blurry, the cold breeze hitting my skin the faster I go.

I look over at Poppy whos hasn't taken her eyes off me, then over to the guys who nod, and three of us together get low, one hand on the ice as we're moving closer together going at speed in a circle, my body skimming the ice, crossing my feet quicker to hit the speed, slowly inching off the ice, I pick up my speed the three of us quickly get into a line, and skate toward Meadow, and do a quick backflip, I quickly scrape the skates on the ice stopping in front of them both.

Travis and Blake skate off, and Poppy jumps up and down. "I want to do

that!” She shouts, and Meadow pulls her back.

“No, they’ve been doing it for year-”

“Lolly-”

“Pops, once you get a teacher, you will learn. I’m looking for a teacher, promise. How about we do normal skating?” Meadow looks at me and shakes her head annoyed I’ve done something wrong. She wanted to see, so I made a little girl happy by showing her.

“I think Meadow wants to be boring, come on we can have some fun.” I take Poppy’s hand, but Meadow has a tight grip not letting go. “I’ll keep her safe-” I move in closer to her, and kiss her jaw, and whisper. “It’s you I want to take on a fast dangerous ride.” I move my hand down her arm, and she finally lets go of Poppy’s hand, and I bring her arm up, and kiss her wrist, and I know she likes it when I do that, and I’m going to keep doing it, until soon she’ll forget the scars she gave herself, and will only think about my lips on hers. “Don’t you want to have the ride?” I whisper, then skate off with Poppy, who screams a little because I didn’t warn her.

“Amazing!” She screams, and I burst out laughing. I see Blake and Travis in front of me, and they look behind towards me and I know what they are doing. Helping me win this little girl’s heart, I give them a nod and look down at Poppy,

“You want some more fun?” I ask her, I didn’t think she could smile more, but this cute little face shows me the biggest smile I’ve ever seen.

“Yes!” She shouts over the music.

I skate in front of her, and take both of her hands, looking over my shoulder to make sure no one is around. “Ready?” I ask, and I get ready for Meadow to go crazy at me, because she will, when see she’s what we’re about to do. Poppy gives me a nod, and I look up at Blake, who places his hands on her waist, and skates around the rink faster, and she puts her arms out. Travis takes over, helping her skate backwards.

I skate over to her and Travis, making her look up at me, and I take her hand, pulling her over to me, picking her up quickly and she wraps her arms around my neck. “Hold on tight.” I tell her, I stop on the ice and start spinning around, Poppy closes her eyes. I stop, it’s her first time in a spin and don’t want this little kid sick all over me.

Slowly putting her down, she grabs my hand. “More, more, more.” She shouts, making Blake and Travis laugh as they skate up next to me, but I take a step back from her when Meadow skates up to us.

“Are you crazy? What if you dropped her?” She grabs Poppy and pulls her away from me.

“Lolly, it was fun, can-”

“No.”

The guys pat my back laughing and I tell them to fuck off, and skate closer to Meadow. “I wouldn’t have dropped her, she means too much to you, and I think we both know I’m crazy, Poppy enjoyed it. Do you want a turn?” I lick my lips, moving closer to her, and she skates back, leaning forward, but I hold her up. “They won’t hurt her.” I reassure her, as one of the guys takes Poppy for another skate around.

“Logan-”

Placing my hands on her waist, and I begin skating, she grips my jacket. “Now I woke up to an empty bed, I wasn’t happy. I brought my dancing Dove a gift, and she wasn’t there to dance for me.” She looks away, and I grab her neck so she looks at me. “You don’t look away from me, what part of you’re mine don’t you understand?” My grip gets a little tighter, knowing I can’t go crazy on her right now, for two reasons. We’re in public, and her little sister is here. “Do I need to repeat myself?” Meadow shakes her head. “Words, little Dove.”

“No.”

“Who’s little slut are you?”

“Yours.”

“Who’s going to be a good little girl?”

“Me.”

“Who’s ready to cry, and dance for me? Still not happy you left.”

“Me.”

“Good little Dove, I’m going to set you free, in my cage.” I lean down and give her a kiss, and without a fight she kisses me back, my hand moving from the front of her neck to the back, gripping her hair to pull her head back, so I can kiss her harder. One of the best things about a woman with long hair, I get to pull on it, and my little Dove will know it too.

“Shall we get some pizza and ice cream?” Meadow starts laughing, and tries to push me away, I’m a lot stronger than her. “Either way I was going to lunch, how old is your sister?” I ask.

“Five, and a pain in the ass.” I let Meadow skate a little away from me when the guys skate towards us. “Having fun Pops?” She takes the hat off Travis and puts it back on Poppy’s head.

“The best.” She takes Meadows hand and pulls her to get down so she can whisper something, and I can’t hear it.

“Come on Pizza time.” Meadow doesn’t look at me, and skates off the rink.

“So we’re babysitting now?” Blake laughs, as we get off the ice.

“Didn’t you always want a little sister?” I ask him, I know I did, but me being born was a mistake there was no way my parents would have another kid.

“Yeah when I was little, not so much now-”

“Chill, I’m not moving in with the girl-”

“Yeah, I’m sure I said the same thing, and look who’s in my bed every night.” Blake wraps his arm around August's shoulder.

“Are you complaining?” I joke, and August raises her brow at him, and Blake kisses her. “I’ll take that as a no.” I look down at Poppy tapping my leg, and she takes my hand in hers.

“Pizza time,” she starts skipping towards the door, but stops when I don’t move.

“Hold up.” I point to my skates, letting her know I’ve still got to change, and she shakes her head in disappointment, then she runs off to Meadow who’s waiting by the door for her.

Well I’ve won over the sister, which wasn’t too hard, now it’s time to get it through my Dove’s little head no one will ever touch her again, and when she cries it’s because of me, and the pleasure she will get.

* * *

We got a booth in the corner, it was the only one big enough to fit us all, since the three of us are not small guys fitting at a small table.

Poppys been busy for the last twenty minutes on some coloring, word search paper, and gets excited every time she finds a word. She thinks she can spell, but I’ve figured out a five year old cannot. Suppose you learn new things about kids when you actually have to spend time around them. Her counting isn't very good either, which is quite shocking, what age do kids start school?

My phone rings again, already knowing it’s my mom, she wants to ask if I’m coming over for dinner tomorrow to spend time with dad and her. If it

was just her I would never say no, but I'm not in the mood for him. The asshole seems to be pissing me off more everytime I see him.

Poppy looks over at my phone, and shakes her head. "You should answer the phone when your mom calls, you know."

I don't reply and end the call, I don't need a five year old telling me how to be with my parents. She probably lives in a life where nothing bad happens to her, and no kid should go through the shit I went through.

My phone goes off again, and this time I do answer it. "Hello Mom."

"Are you ignoring me?" She snaps at me, and I smile,

"No ma'am. I'm not ignoring you." I swing my hand over the back of the booth, moving my fingers through Meadows' hair, and she looks over at me.

"Then why are you not answering my calls?"

"I'm eating lunch, you always told me when you're eating you shouldn't be touching your phone." The perfect time to throw the comment back to her, and I hear her laughing at me, which makes me smile.

"Okay, you have me there, I thought you were ignoring me for tomorrow's dinner."

"I'm not sure if I'm coming yet, is dad going to be there?" Hoping something for work comes up at the last minute.

"Yes-"

"Then I'm really not in the mood to be sitting at a table with him-"

"Logan. He's your dad." She cuts me off, and I shake my head, thinking he doesn't know the meaning of being a fucking dad.

"No, you call him my Dad, Mom. I call him a deadbeat. And if he wasn't your husband I'm sure I would have buried him by now," My mom stays quiet. She knows I hate him and I'm waiting for him to die. Or I kill him. Which is something I won't be telling her. But that day might come sooner rather than later.

"How about if I say Blake and Travis can come along?" Now I do laugh out loud, my mom trying anything she can to get me there tomorrow night.

"I'll ask them, give me a second-" I bring the phone away from my ear, and ask them both. "Mom wants to know if you two want to come over for dinner. Making sure I don't kill dad." They both start laughing, and Blake asks.

"What is she making?"

"Mom, what are you cooking?" I ask her.

"I don't know, whatever they want?" The guys nod their heads at me, and

I roll my eyes, great a fucking dinner with him, that's all I need.

"Mom, they'll come over. See you tomorrow for dinner. Love you." I hang up the phone and get back to the table.

"Tomorrow is going to be an interesting dinner-"

"I want you to shut up." I snap at Travis who's laughing at me.

"You shouldn't be so mean to your parents. They do everything because they love you." I hear Poppy who's coloring something on the paper.

"Poppy, just because your mommy and daddy love you, doesn't mean everyone else's parents do." Meadow slaps my arm telling me I should shut up now before I say anything to upset her. I don't know their family life, something I have to know more about.

"Sorry Poppy. Just a different relationship between myself and my dad. So when do you start school?" Changing the subject, so Poppy can think about something else other than me moaning about my dad.

"I am at school."

I don't reply back to that because if she's in school, shouldn't be able to read better? I keep the option to myself. "Are you enjoying it?"

"It's okay."

"Poppy, do you want to come with me to go get ice cream for everyone?" August gets out of the booth and puts a handout for Poppy.

I think that's a silent movement from Blake telling her to leave the tables so we can talk about my dad a bit more, I'm not bothered if Meadow hears, she might as well know what the asshole is like.

"Can I go?" She asks Meadow.

"Of course you can." I answer before Meadow can, and give August my card, as Meadow digs through her bag for money.

I didn't let her pay for ice skating, or the pizza, does she think I will let her pay for ice cream. She may as well get used to it, if she's out with me, I will pay for everything.

"Mom wants you there mostly to stop me from killing him." I laugh, because it's true.

"True, we need to know some dirt on him from the past. Once we've got something on him. We'll have him in the same place we have my Dad." Blake is the first to say something, and he glances over at Meadow a few times as he talks.

"Yeah, and how long did it take us to find something on your dad? Mine's the fucking Mayor. He's probably got a cleaner sheet than the fucking Pope."

Even I can't say that with a straight face, every politician has some shit about them hidden under a pile of rocks. I just need to find the rocks and start digging.

“We all know that's a load of shit. There's no way our dads have anything clean about them. They've just hidden it very well.” Travis looks over at the ice cream stand to make sure Poppy is still over there.

“Plus, you never know I might actually kill him before we even need to use anything on the bastard.” Making them both laugh, and I look over at Meadow who is doodling on the paper with a crayon. She doesn't know much about me. And to be fair, I don't know much about her. I'll get my twenty questions game again I think. It will be a fun night for me.

“I got you a chocolate chip. I got double chocolate.” Poppy shouts, that kid doesn't need anymore sugar in her, god we only just got her to sit down to eat before.

August puts the rest of the ice cream down for everyone. I'm not much of an ice cream person, unless I'm eating it off someone's body, which isn't the worst idea I've had, the thought brings a smile to my lips.

Taking the spoon off Meadow, I try some of her ice cream, then hear Poppy shouting.

“You don't like ice cream.”

“I like my ice cream a little different.” I lean back and watch Meadow eating hers, and Poppy talks again, and Travis shakes his head, making me laugh.

“Does it have grown water in it?” Poppy's question makes the whole table laugh out loud.

“Yeah I'll say it's got grown water in it.” It's the best answer I'm going to come up with.

“Meadow tells me it tastes disgusting, but she drinks a lot of it-”

“Poppy, he doesn't need to know everything-”

“Yes I do, what else does she do?” Little kids never know how to hide or lie, so this should be interesting.

“She hides in her room. She fights with dad. She fights with mom. She fights more with dad. She tries to help mom. She always looks after me.”

“That's enough now Pops,” Meadow pushes her ice cream closer to her, so she will stop talking.

“Lolly, can you find me a teacher who teaches me the things Logan did on the ice please,” Poppy pleads with her.

“I need to find a teacher first, everyone I'm finding charges too much. Give me a week-”

“Promise?”

“Promise. Give me a week to find someone-”

“What are you looking for?” I cut her off.

“She loves skating and she wants to get better. I think you guys gave her the experience of a lifetime and now she wants to do it. I'm trying to find a teacher, which isn't easy in my price range.” That will be a question I ask, why aren't your parents paying for it?

“I know a few people-”

“Yeah, but it will probably cost a lot-”

“How about you let me worry about it. Next Saturday and Sunday. Be at the rink and I will have it all sorted for you promise.” I look over at Poppy who gives me a chocolate filled smile.

”Promise.” Poppy smiles.

“Promise.”

I know I can't see Meadow after this, because she has her sister for the day, and I'm not happy about it, but when she gets back home there will be a gift for her, and she will love it. Sharing my time with Meadow is not going to be fun, so the times I have her they will be filled up with me between her legs, or her dancing for me.

Life is going to be good for me.

LOGAN

THROWING my keys in the bowl, I head straight to my bedroom. Fucking hell do I want to just sleep and do nothing. After lunch with Meadow, which went on for a lot longer than I thought it would. We finished ice cream, but then Poppy wanted to play some of the arcade games there, and if you put three competitive guys in an arcade nothing good will come from it. Not with us anyway. We spent way too much time there, and a shit load of money.

I took the chance and left while Meadow and Poppy were busy on a dance game to leave Meadow a gift in her car. Well the gift is more for me, but she will look sexy in it.

After the arcade, Meadow and Poppy went home, and we ended up at the fight club. We didn't have anything planned for the evening, so watching guys beat each other up isn't the worst way to spend the night.

Taking my t-shirt off, and throwing it on the chair to the side, I get out of my jeans, and get into bed, looking over at the clock. It's one in the morning, Meadow might be awake.

LOGAN

You sleeping?

LITTLE DOVE

No. Studying for a quiz tomorrow. But I'm not interested in it.

LOGAN

20 questions?

I have a few things I'd like to know about her, and she seems a little more

open through messages. Sometimes it's easier to say what's on your mind when the person isn't in front of you.

LITTLE DOVE

What crazy things are you asking me this time?

LOGAN

Is that your first question?

LITTLE DOVE

No!

I laugh to myself, and I see dots appearing on my phone, and wait for her first question.

LITTLE DOVE

If you've had a bad day, where do you go to be happy again?

LOGAN

Easy. The ice rink. Are you wearing my gift?

LITTLE DOVE

What gift?

What? How did she not see it, it was on the passenger seat.

LOGAN

It's in the car, put it on, and send me a sexy picture.

LITTLE DOVE

A picture?

LOGAN

Yes, and that's a question. Let you off the first time. Come on little Dove tease me.

She doesn't reply, I want her to open up with me, when she's working she can fucking tease any man in the room, and I want her to play the game with me, tease and tease, because it's all I'm going to do to her, until she begs me.

"You don't have to do this?" I shout at my dad, while the woman holds my

dick, which is getting hard. My bastard father has taken things to a whole new level. Spiking my drink with viagra, so there is nothing I can do. “What do you want?”

“Beg her to touch you, beg her to give you the release you want-”

“Why? Why are you doing this?” I shout at him.

“I want you to feel the pain I’m in when I see your mother and I can’t touch her.” He shouts at me, then shouts in anger at the woman to get on her knees.

Her hot breath on the tip of my dick which is now hard, slowly her lips begin to wrap around me.

The vibration from my phone pulls me away from my haunted past.

LITTLE DOVE

Not a question.

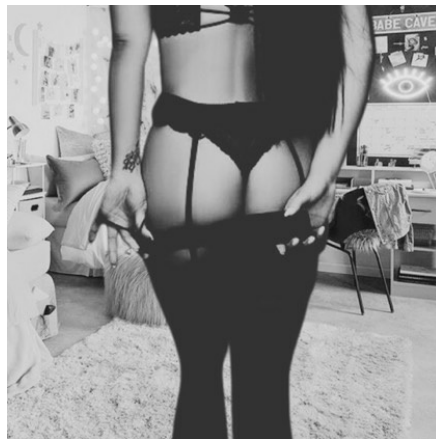
Are you sure you want me to send a picture?

LOGAN

No I want you to tease me, show me how you could control me to fuck you.

I wait for her to send me a picture, and smile knowing what I’ve sent her will be fucking sexy on her, and the item, I can’t wait for her to be on her knees for me so I can hear her scream, and cry for me.

Little Dove -



She fucking brought on the teasing, I sit up in bed, and tap the keys to reply.

LOGAN

How do you feel, little Dove?

That can be my question, because fuck she she look like a million dollars.

LITTLE DOVE

Sexy. Do you like it?

LOGAN

You should, you look fucking beautiful, like it? That might be the wrong thing for what I'm thinking.

Are you excited for me to play with you?

My questions have gone out the window, but I don't care, I want to know if I can do what I want to do. Fucking itching to do it.

LITTLE DOVE

Are you going to hurt me?

LOGAN

LOL you'll be begging me for it.

You can take this as a question but I want you to lie on your bed, open those beautiful legs of yours, and softly move the whip up and down your sweet pussy for me.

While she does that I take a better look at the images to see if I can see anything in her bedroom, but a message comes through from her.

LITTLE DOVE

I can't. Will you do it?

LOGAN

That's a question.

You have no idea the pain I have planned for you.

My little slut will beg me to fuck her. You are horny, how do you touch yourself?

LITTLE DOVE

My vibrator. How about you?

LOGAN

You don't use your fucking vibrator anymore, you phone me, I'll fuck you don't worry about that.

I'm horny I go fuck someone, now, I'll fuck you.

Favorite memory, sexy wise or not?

I see the dots appear and then disappear, a question she can't answer.

LITTLE DOVE

I don't have one. Why do you play hockey?

I tap the side of my phone, and think about the answer myself, I've never thought about it.

LOGAN

Don't know, went skating one day with the guys. Loved it, told my mom and she got me inside a hockey rink. I've never wanted to do anything else. Have you ever been in the stripper area in the club?

LITTLE DOVE

I have, the tips are better. And before you ask, yes I've stripped to nothing.

Why do you hate your dad?

She won't be stripping again, I don't even want her working there anymore, but not sure how she will feel about me telling her to stop. I'll work around it.

LOGAN

There isn't enough time in the world to dive into that fucking answer.

Why do you hate yours?

I remember what Poppy said about her fighting her dad, and it was a question I was going to ask her anyway.

LITTLE DOVE

Never met my dad, he left when I was a baby. My step dad is a fucking asshole. Who I'm happy to kill if I could.

I look at the time, and see we've been talking for an hour, and she has a quiz in the morning, I'm not fucking up her education,

LOGAN

I'll help you with that.

I'll let you get some sleep, little Dove.

LITTLE DOVE

Can I ask one question?

LOGAN

Ask away.

LITTLE DOVE

Why have you not asked about Ryan?

I was wondering when she was going to ask about him. I've chosen not to talk about him in front of her, and I want her to forget about him too. By tomorrow lunchtime she won't even have to see him again at college.

LOGAN

He's not worth talking about, and when I'm finished with him he won't ever look at you again.

Good night little Dove.

LITTLE DOVE

Good night Logan.

I put my phone on the side, and go to sleep hoping my plan for the morning will work, and I can talk him into saying yes.

* * *

I woke up this morning at five o'clock, my phone beeping with message after message. I looked at the messages, not one of them was for me. Every single one was for Meadow from the asshole, Ryan. I'm going to kill him.

I tried to go back to sleep but it wasn't happening. I could feel the anger running through my body, so I got into the shower, hoping it would cool me off, but it didn't work, getting dressed I make my way downstairs. slamming the cupboards because I've got nothing else to hit at the moment.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Blake shouts and I see August just shaking her head. She has been in the kitchen listening to me moan and shout at myself, because there's nothing I can do, at the moment. I throw my phone towards Blake and Travis, Travis catches it. Look at the messages.

RYAN

Looking forward to seeing you this morning.

RYAN

I'll get what's mine.

RYAN

I hope you fight, it will be fun.

“What the fuck are we doing?” Travis asks.

“I don't know what we're doing. But right now I want to go down there and kill him.” I slam my coffee mug on the counter. I need to do something, and killing Ryan is on top of my list.

“You need to get her out of that college-”

“Don't you think I fucking know that-” I shout at them both. “August, what mood was your dad in this morning?” I look over at her.

“I don't know, I spoke to him. He seemed fine and said he's got a lot going on at work.”

“I need him to be in a good mood. What department needs money? I can give your dad money for the college, that could bribe him. Right?” I had a plan to speak with August's dad now that he's the dean of the college and we see him a few times when he comes over for dinner, and sometimes he invites us over when August is there.

“Well, what is Meadow studying? What is she taking in college?” Blake asks.

“I don't know, some art shit.” She loves drawing. I haven't seen any of her drawings but she likes them. When I was in her room, the first time I left her a gift, there was a lot of drawing and art supplies everywhere.

“Then see if the art department needs any money. Why give money to a department that the girl you're obsessing over isn't going to be in.” Travis snaps at me while laughing at the same time.

“How about you shut the fuck up-”

“Oh, someone's woken up in a bad mood.” Blake joins in with Travis laughing. .

“No, someone got woken up into a bad mood, because my phone was beeping every fucking five minutes.” I stop talking when my phone beeps again. “If that's Ryan, I swear to God one of you two is going to have to hold me back so don't kill him.” If I didn't hack her phone, I would never know Ryan was doing all of this to her, because she hasn't messaged me once to let

me know he's been harassing her.

"It's not Ryan. It's someone she's named, asshole."

I take the phone off Travis and have a look at the message.

ASSHOLE

Tick tock, tick tock. Time's running out.

"Who the hell was that?"

This is telling me one thing for sure. I know nothing about Meadow.

"Your own fault for fucking a woman you know nothing ab-"

"Shut the fuck up Blake." The three of them start laughing, filling my travel mug with coffee, I leave them to make their own way to the college.

I'm hoping the dean is in a good mood or at least he can make my mood better. I Grab my keys and leave the house.

Thinking about what Travis said about the art department. No one gives money to the art department. He can give it to another department if he wants. I don't really care.

Fuck my blood is boiling, when I saw those messages this morning, it took everything in me not to go over to Meadows house and say you're not going to that college today. But then I remembered she said she had a quiz.

Now she has to suffer with him until I can get her out of there, I'm hoping she can just give me an hour. It's all I need to protect her from him. Parking my car in my spot, it's not really my spot but we've been parking here from day one and I think everyone else is too scared to park here now.

Parking the car, I make my way to the dean's office and knock on the door. "Please be in a good mood" I whisper to myself.

"Come in."

"Hello, sir. I was wondering if we could talk-"

"Why do I have the feeling when it comes to you three talking doesn't mean the same as it does for other students." He sits down at his desk.

"Well it depends on what other students want." I smile at him.

'Right then Logan. What do you want?"

"So there's this girl-"

"There's always a girl, carry on." He shakes his head, making me laugh because it's how most men get themselves into trouble. A woman.

"So there's this girl. She's got the grades to get into this college. How about you open up a space for her in the art department? she just couldn't afford it." I stop when he puts his hand up.

“What makes you think she can afford it now?”

“How about we work together here, sir. You do me a favor. I'll do you a favor.” He raises his eyebrow at me and lets out a long, deep breath.

“And what could you possibly do for me?” Now I have his interest. He knows the three of us come from money, and a fucking lot of it.

“Well, the girl in question is an art student and I'm gonna guess the art department needs revamping, shall we say? You let Meadow in. I will give you money to fix the art department.” He leans back in his seat swinging it side to side. He's thinking about it. He knows no one gives a shit about an art department.

“And are we telling this girl that you've paid for her entry?”

“No.” Now I will happily tell Meadow the truth if she ever asks me, but if she doesn't then she doesn't need to know anything.

“So what I was saying, if I take you up on this offer-”

“Oh come on sir, I'm happily giving you the money. Think about it Sir, I'm helping the school. And I'm helping this girl out of a dangerous situation because her ex boyfriend has started to get a bit aggressive. He hit her a couple of nights ago and now he's sending her messages.” I stop talking when he starts shaking his head, am I losing him?

“Protecting her? Is your protecting her the same way Blake protects my daughter? Things I don't want to know about.” I shrug my shoulders, not answering him. I don't think he really wants to know what us three do to protect the women we care for. I don't think he needs to know the answer to that. “So what do you want me to say to her?”

“I don't know. Make up some shit. Just tell her that you looked at her work. One of the other students dropped out. We had an opening and you'd give it to her as a scholarship. Come on sir. She got the grades, she was top of her class, and she would have gotten into this college. It's not her fault that her parents are poor.”

“You three, I think you're all going to be the death of me. Blake's been driving me crazy and now you're going to drive me crazy and probably this time next year. Travis will have his eye on somebody and he'll give me money for something too.” Now that does make me laugh, the man knows us so well in so little time.

“Yes, but our money is helping your college sir. I don't know how this isn't a win-win conversation for both of us.”

“Fine, you win. How much are you giving to the art department?”

“I don't know. What does the art department need?” I like how he thinks I know nothing about what happens there. I barely know what's happening in my own law class, which I need to start attending more, if I want to pass.

“I will get back to you on that. Logan, and once I have a price you are willing to pay for it?”

“Yes, sir. Pleasure to do business with you.” I smile and he keeps hold of my hand for a moment.

“I know you three are up to something outside of college which you shouldn't be up to. Just make sure my daughter doesn't get involved in it.” Why is he giving me the keep my daughter safe, I'm not the one fucking her, he needs this conversation with Blake.

“Sir, Blake would die before he let anything happen to your daughter. Don't worry.”

“That is why I'm worried, him dying and leaving my daughter with a broken heart.” I can't help but laugh because it's true, but it's the first time someone has said it out loud. “Get out Logan.”

I leave the office before he changes his mind. Now that didn't take me very long, I can get to her before she even has to sit there and quiz. My phone starts beeping again with messages.

RYAN

You can't hide for long.

RYAN

I know you're here. I do like this game.

I exit the building, head to the parking lot and get to my car waiting for Blake and Travis to come. I don't think going to that college by myself is a good idea.

“Either that was the quickest conversation you've had or the dean had some good sex this morning and said yes to you without a fight.” Blake jokes making August slap his arm.

“I'm gonna say some pretty good sex this morning because he did not argue with me about it at all. August-” I turn to face her. “Your dad must have found someone special-”

“Guys, do we have to talk about my dad's sex life? Really? I don't even want to know about your guys's sex life. Nevermind my dad's sex life.” August walks away from us, and Blake hasn't stopped laughing.

“He said yes, and he's gonna keep it hush hush, tell her she got a

scholarship. You two are missing your class this morning.”

“Why?”

“Because of these,” I throw my phone over to Travis. Since when does he care if he misses classes? I know Blake doesn't care. He's only here to pass the class so he gets his money from his grand-dad, Travis. Well, he wants to pass, because he likes to study. I'm here for the same reason Blake is, grand-dad is making me.

“Come on then.”

Now it's time to get her away from the asshole who is threatening her. If I see him, I'm not sure what I will do, but it won't be anything good.

MEADOW

I GET TO COLLEGE EARLY. After all the messages from Ryan, a part of me didn't even want to come to class, but the quiz is part of my grade, and I can't afford to miss it. I make my way through the car park, hoping no one sees me, but I'm out of luck when one of the guys from the hockey team blocks my way.

"And where are we running off to?" He asks, and I look around to see where Ryan is, he can't be too far. "I think someone would like to have a word with you-"

"How about get the fuck out of my way." I've never been shy of getting into a fight, with my job it sometimes comes with the territory. There are times a bouncer will get to us in time, then there are rare occasions they don't so you have to look after yourself.

He gives me a smile closing the gap we have between each other. "How about you let him fuck what is owed to him-" Now I do push him away, because I can feel it, my body tenses up, nothing good is coming from this.

The guy I thought was going to be light, is only adding to my darkness.

I feel arms wrap around me from behind, and I try to fight them, it's Ryan, I know it's him.

"Where are you going to run?" He whispers, then licks my neck, which makes me want to throw up. I can't believe I let him touch me. Can't fucking believe I thought he was different. "I should let you run, let the fear-"

"Ryan-"

"I'm in the middle of something." he snaps at his friend, and he shakes his end.

"Ryan-"

“What?” He pushes me to the side, but has a good hard grip on my arm. “What is it?” He shouts.

“Behind you.” A few more of the hockey team join us, and I look over my shoulder and see Logan’s car pulling up.

Fuck, this isn’t going to end up well.

The three of them get out of the car, Logan’s eyes locked on Ryan’s hand on my arm, which is starting to hurt now, as he digs his nails into my skin.

“Come to protect this whore?” Ryan shouts, making Logan smile.

Logan and his friends stand there in front of Ryan and the rest of the hockey team. If anyone's going to be outnumbered it's going to be them three, yet they don’t seem to be concerned about it. They knew coming here they would be outnumbered, but they still came.

Logan looks at me again and I give him the smallest smile I can give.

“You want to take your hands off my girl?” Logan looks at Ryan finally.

“Your girl, you mean your whore who's sleeping with everybody.” Now Logan starts laughing. Great, now everyone’s going to know what I’ve been up to.

“What the fuck did you say?” Logan bites back, and I see his jaw twitch a little.

“Oh, which part didn’t you like? The part where she’s a whore, or that she’s slept with one-too-many men?” Ryan taunts him, and Logan takes a quick look over at me, then focuses back on Ryan.

I have to stop myself laughing, they all think I’ve fucked a lot of men, but I haven’t, well I don’t think I have.

“Don't think she’s been sleeping with everybody. Especially you.” The comment makes Travis and Blake laugh and it only pisses Ryan off even more when his grip tightens around my arm.

“I’m sure I will get what-“

“You lay one fucking finger on her, I fucking dare you.” Now that sounds like a threat, even I wouldn’t want to poke the bear anymore. “I’m already going to-“

“You think I’m scared of you?” Ryan jokes with him.

“If you’re not, you’re more stupid than you look,” Logan takes one step forward. “You might want to start asking about who we are-“

“Some prick who this whore is-“

“Enough!” Logan shouts, when Ryan pulls me closer to him, his face moving closer to me.

“You must be something special.” Ryan whispers to me, and pulls on my arm hard, making me call out in pain, but I don’t scream.

“You continue to hurt my girl; I will make sure you don't hold a fucking hockey stick for the rest of the season. Now get your hands off her.” Logan roars and it's the first time I've heard him sound so angry.

Ryan starts laughing, looking around at his friends. “And you think she's not had sex with most of this hockey team?”

Logan tilts his head to the side, cracking his neck, before smiling. “I know she's not had sex with this hockey team. I also know she's not had sex with you. Isn't that what you want her to do, spread her legs for you? It's a shame it didn't work.” Logan takes a small step forward. “Now. Get. Your. Fucking. Hands. Off. Her.”

Each word comes out with more flames to his anger. Ryan let's go. But I don't move. I stay where I am because I don't know what the hell is happening right now.

“And what makes you so sure that she hasn't?” Ryan asks, now I know Ryan is only talking to piss Logan off.

The side of Logan's lip curls up into a smile, and he looks at me. Fuck, I know what he's about to tell him. Do I care? No. But is it going to piss everybody off and make them all think I'm a whore? Yes.

“Oh, poor little Ryan thinks he's had the girl the whole time. You came to my house with her. You had your arm wrapped around her shoulder. But do you really want to know what she was thinking about?” Fuck Logan's really going there, these three guys don't care if they embarrass someone, they just care they get what they want.

“How she was going to fuck me in my car later?” Ryan replies, which makes my Logan laugh even more.

“No, it's what you wish for, but she was thinking; how this loser has his arm wrapped around my shoulder, but I'm dripping some other guys cum down my leg. You, Ryan are nothing, but a fucking asshole.” He went there, I shake my head slightly, not sure if I'm embarrassed or happy Logan's happy to tell everyone I'm his.

“Is this what you wanted? Some prick like him to make you spread your legs-”

“Keep on talking to her and see what else I can do to you. Meadow, get here now.” I snap my head towards Logan. “I'm waiting.” He snaps at me, and I grab a few of my things. My bag dropped on the floor, letting some of

my art supplies fall out.

Slowly I start walking over to him. He's already pissed off. Why piss him off even more, since I'm not sure if he will take it out on me, or not.

"Just a little whore, isn't she?" Ryan stops talking when Logan takes a step closer and is leaving no gap between him and Ryan. Blake and Travis stand next to me; they're not even going to attempt to stop what is about to happen.

In one quick movement, Logan punches Ryan in the face, making some of the hockey team try to get in the way but Travis and Blake are there like lightning and pushing them away.

"Nothing to do with you, this is between them. Leave them to it." Blake shouts at them.

"You think you can fight me?" Ryan asks,

"I could fucking kill you if I wanted." Logan takes a step back.

Is he going to fight him?

Is he going to kill him?

Oh shit. Ryan takes off his jacket and throws it on the floor making Logan laugh.

Logan gets out of his jacket and hands the keys over to Travis. "Are you sure you want to do this?" He asks Ryan, who has his fists in front of his face ready to fight.

"You too much of a pussy to fight me?" Ryan asks, and all I can think about it the night I first saw Logan, and some of the hockey team told Ryan not to start a fight with him. It still has me wondering why, I don't know anything about them, yet. Well, I'm about to get into their world now.

Logan looks over at Blake and Travis who are both standing there, getting ready to watch a fight where they already know who's going to win. And then out of nowhere Logan punches him in the throat and quickly throws a right hook to his nose.

Logan ducks down as Ryan tries to hit him but doesn't get anywhere because Logan punches Ryan three four times in the chest making him choke because he can't breathe right now. Logan is going crazy on him, he throws a couple more punches to the chest before he punches him in the face repeatedly.

Ryan takes a few steps back wondering what the hell is going on. That's why you don't want to start a fight with these three they know how to fucking fight.

Logan quickly steps closer to Ryan, grabs his T-shirt and brings him forward and headbutts him three times and then punches him a few more times. Making Ryan fall to the ground and it gives Logan the chance to get on top of him to continue punching him in the face. That's when Travis and Blake finally step in.

“The fucker knows! You don't want to kill him just yet. Come on. Get up!” Travis shouts, and Logan pushes them both away.

Before Logan gets up, he wipes his hand on Ryan's t-shirt. “Your blood isn't fucking worth being on my hands, you asshole.” Logan stands up with Ryan lying between his legs. “You touch her or even look at her again, these two won't be with me next time to protect you, you fucking asshole.”

Logan takes his jacket from Travis and walks towards me. “Get in the car.” He snaps and gets to the car and opens the door for me. “Now.”

I walk over to him, but don't get into the car. “I have-”

“You don't go to this college anymore, now get in the fucking car.” My mouth pops open, but no words are coming out, because I have a few questions, but none coming to the tip of my tongue to ask.

“Told you little Dove, you're mine now.” He leans in and kisses my lip gently, then nods his head for me to get in the car, and I do. Logan sits in the back with me, and the music starts playing. Travis and Blake start their own conversation, and Logan takes my hand in his and kisses my wrist. “Nothing, but me will hurt you now.”

I look at Blake handing Logan a packet of wet wipes, and Logan starts cleaning his hands. “Was the plan to kill him?” Travis asks.

“No, he just pissed me off.” Logan tells them, making the three of them laugh.

“Woods?” Blake asks.

“No, he can become my punching bag for a few years.” They seem to be in their own conversation now, as I have no idea what they are talking about.

“You have a meeting with the dean of our college-”

“I can't afford-”

“You have a meeting with him when we get back.” Logan's tone tells me I don't need to be asking anymore questions, so I don't and just wait until I get to his college to see what he has done for me.

A part of me is happy, because I'm safe and away from Ryan, but another part of me is pissed off, because I have to trust a man, and that's not easy for me to do.

* * *

I can't believe Logan got me into his college. The dean, who I later found out is August's dad, said the art department loved my artwork and a student had dropped out giving me a space, and because they knew about my financial situation, they gave me a scholarship to attend.

It was a load of shit, I knew that, but Logan denied it no matter how much I asked him. It must be great never having to worry about money.

Now I don't know how I will ever pay him back, but there's no way I'm taking this scholarship without paying him back.

When I got home yesterday, I told my mom about it straight away, and she could not believe it, she even cried, and it takes a lot for her to cry. She tried her best to help get a loan to get into the college the first time round, but nothing was working. So it was so nice to see her smile for a change and not having to worry about my education because I really do think this college is going to help me get my artwork out there so much more.

I'm excited to start my first full day there tomorrow. I spoke with the art teacher yesterday once I'd finished speaking with the dean and she was excited to see what I could come up with. I know I can draw. I've been drawing since I was little. I just have to prove to them that I deserve to be there, and not just given a spot because Logan did something.

He can keep denying it all he wants, but I don't believe him. He got me a space there, and I would like to know how much it cost him.

I've got a shift at work today, and I'm hoping Cain can give me a few more shifts, now that I have to pay Logan back, and get enough money for a place to live.

Logan said he will pick me up from my house, I don't want him here, but he didn't give me much of a choice in the matter. I know I'm not his girlfriend, he just isn't going to call me that, he doesn't seem like a guy who has girlfriends. But I know one thing for sure, he's never going to be leaving my side, or let anyone near me.

I told Logan just to come after dinner, because I wanted to talk to my mom and let her know what was happening with college. I stand in the kitchen picking up the empty plates. Poppy went upstairs to have a shower, she needs to get into bed, she was tired after school today.

"Are you excited about college tomorrow?" My mom signs at me. She can't hear but she can talk perfectly fine, I think she does it more so that she

gets used to when other people sign to her, which she struggled with when she first lost her hearing.

I start signing back. "This college is going to give me so many more opportunities in the art world, something I wouldn't have got at the other college." It took me a while to pick up sign language, it wasn't the easiest thing to do, I'll admit it. But the day I learned it, and had a conversation with her for the first time, she cried because she was so happy I was trying with her.

"I'm so happy for you." My mom says and my smile fades when I see my step dad walking into the kitchen, he's always there wanting to fuck up my mood. He wasn't too thrilled when he found out I changed colleges. He even made a slight comment knowing my mom couldn't hear it, saying that I probably spread my legs for the dean and that's how I got a space there. I chose to stay quiet. Because I didn't want to fight with him in front of my mom.

"So how many more teachers are you going to sleep with to get yourself in the art world?" The asshole asks. If I could fucking kill him I would. I've never wanted to kill anyone as much as I want to kill him.

My mom may be deaf, but she's blind when it comes to anything he does around me.

"Why don't you just go fuck off," I snap at him.

"You know Meadow times ticking-"

"Yes. And you've made it pretty clear so I don't forget about it either. What do you want me to do? Lie on the table for you now in front of my mom." I stop talking when I hear my mom banging on the table asking what we're fighting about.

"Nothing sweetheart. I was just saying to her, she's going to do amazing in college. She doesn't want to take a compliment from me." Fucking asshole, my mom turns to face me not happy.

"Meadow, say sorry to him. He's been happy for you-"

"No, I will not apologize." My hands start moving a lot faster. She knows I'm getting irritated with this conversation.

Someone knocks on the door and I shout. "It's open!" Knowing very well it's Logan and knowing very well it's going to piss off the asshole even more and I'm happy for it. Logan stands in the doorway because he can see we're in a conversation, and it's the first time he has come over, and I've not introduced him to anyone. So he watches my mom sign at me because she's

angry. And I bang my hands on the table. And I start telling her to stop with me saying sorry to him because it's not going to happen.

“Yes Meadow, I think you should apologize to me for your attitude.” The asshole tried to get into the conversation between me and mom.

“How about you fuck off.” My stepdad starts laughing and Logan doesn't say anything as he watches the three of us arguing over something so stupid. But he has his eyes locked on Mr. Asshole.

My mom gets my attention by shouting my name and then starts moving her fingers again knowing very well Logan won't understand what she's saying and I just shake my head. This is a crazy conversation, five minutes ago she was happy for me and now she's protecting the idiot.

My mom turns to Logan and apologizes and I slam my hands on the table.

“You don't have to apologize to him. How about we just stop this conversation?” I grab my bag and walk past Logan. But he grabs my hand and leans in and gives me a kiss.

Great, just something else to add to my list of things assholes can annoy me about. I should be happy that Logan's kissing me in front of him. Maybe he'll realize that Logan's a lot bigger than Ryan and to be honest he's a lot scarier than him too.

“All right, little Dove?” I have no idea what it is with the nickname but it makes my stomach feel like it's got butterflies going through it, every time he calls me it.

“It will be better when I get to work.” We both walk out and Logan says bye to my mom. As we get to the front of the house, I stop by the door to get my shoes on and Logan goes out to his car. I know Logan can't see where I am as I put my shoes on, as it's behind the door, and I feel my stepdad's hand on my ass. He's seriously trying to try something with me while Logan is outside.

“You know, I think I might need to pop into where you work just to see all those goodies you're hiding from me all of a sudden.” I don't say anything back to him, I get my shoes on and turn back round, and the bastard cups my pussy over my trousers.

“Get your fucking hands off me.” I push him away from me and get out of the house. Logan watches my stepdad at the door.

“Tick tock Meadow, tick tock.”

Logan pushes himself off the car and opens the door for me still looking at my stepdad. And it's not a look which means anything good. I thought the

death stare he was giving Ryan in the car park this morning was bad. But the look he is giving my stepdad is scaring me.

Logan turns around to stare at my stepdad for a moment.

“You got a problem?” He asks Logan.

“No problem.” Logan walks to the front of the car and gets in, starts the engine and drives off and I shake my head when Logan asks me. “You want to tell me what that was all about.”

“No,” I deadpan and it makes Logan laugh.

“Okay, don't tell me, I'm pretty sure I can get answers out of you one way or the other-”

“Prick,” I whisper to myself.

“What was that little Dove?” I can hear the humor in his tone, which is pissing me off.

“Nothing.”

“You might want to start speaking up a bit more-”

“It's nothing. My mom's just blinded by him and I don't really understand why. He's an asshole.” Just talking about him I feel sick, God he makes my skin crawl.

“You know Meadow, if you start sharing your problems with me a little bit more it will probably make your life a lot easier.” Logan glances over at me, then back on the road.

“Logan, you've already made my life easier by taking me out of that college and getting me into my first choice. I honestly don't want anything else from you, and before you say anything, I will pay you back-” I stop talking when Logan bursts out in laughter. “What I will,”

“I don't know what you're talking about, I didn't pay a penny to get you in-”

“I know you're lying-”

“You think I'm lying but I'm not. I have the money, it's no secret, but -”

“That doesn't matter if you have the money Logan-”

“Meadow, it got you out of a shit college and got you into a good one. I spoke to the dean, asked for a favor and he gave it to me. Don't understand why you can't just be like yes, this is amazing.” Logan sounds pissed off now, the humor isn't there any more.

“It is amazing, and I'm so thankful. But I'm going to pay you back.”

“Pay me back for what? I'm doing absolutely nothing. But all right then, how about you on your knees tonight with my dick in your mouth? That'll be

a good payment.” And there is the humor again, and a smile on his beautiful face.

“So now you're making me pay off my college debt by sex?”

“You call it a debt. But I don't because I didn't pay for anything. And sex, now we both know you love the sex. And I haven't even started with you yet, little Dove. It's all going to be fun from now. You might even get to see the present I have for you-” Logan stops, and licks his lips. “You'll be dancing in a cage all night, while I mark you.” Logan turns to face me, and I can see on his face he's up to something, which he always is, “Question for you.” Logan's questions are never so simple. They always have a motive for it. “Do you like pain?”

I don't say anything and look out the window. Do I like pain?

“What kind of pain are we talking about?”

“The sex kind.” Logan replies quickly.

“I assume sex with you is never vanilla.” I ask laughing, not sure if I want vanilla, or something new.

‘No, it isn't, let's throw a bit of vanilla in if that's what you want, but it's really not my taste; but we'll throw a bit of chocolate chip in there and some strawberry, we can even throw in some cookie dough. Fuck it. Let's just get an ice cream truck and dump the whole thing. I'm going to make sure you enjoy sex the way I do.’

“Don't think you're giving me a choice, or are you?” I ask more for myself, because maybe being free with him will relax me a little more about everything else going on in my life.

“No I'm not, time to fly in my cage.” He takes my hand and gives me a kiss on my wrist. I'm still waiting for that question. Why did I give myself the scars on my wrist? He's not asked me and I keep wondering why he kisses them every time he sees me, but never asks about them or why I got the dove tattoos over either.

LOGAN

TWO WEEKS this has been going on, I knew it would be difficult, but never expected it would be hellish. My dad is a sick bastard who will do anything to make sure I suffer no matter how much pain I'm in.

I've tried to play his game, thinking it would be easier, but I was wrong. She gets so close to something to maybe enjoy it if I could. Instead, the massage always ends with a ruined orgasm, he takes my hope of any pleasure. I don't know how much longer I can keep this up, it hurts, he focus me to take viagra, which makes the torture, even more unbearable.

Even touching myself wasn't giving me anything, because all I could think about was the woman who's been playing with me for two weeks. It's her hands I crave to touch me, her soft hands I want around my dick, the tips of her fingers teasing the head of my cock, letting me come, but it's not happening. My dad has truly fucked me up in the head, when I want something bad, but can't have it.

Thirteen years old, and I'm craving pain for sex, he's fucked me over good.

The worst part of his twisted games is, he won't let me leave. He keeps me here, told my mom I've gone away with school for a few weeks, my friends know I'm here, and tried to help me, but nothing is helping me, nothing is working. I'm begging, I'm crying, and all I get is him laughing at me.

Time alone in the room gives me time to think, and all the sex desires flood me. What I now want, at thirteen years old, I'm already thinking about pain during sex, what is wrong with me?

Last night he gave me a pill, I didn't need to know what it was I knew, then he tied my hands to the bed, and made me watch porn, over and over

again. I couldn't touch myself, I could do anything, but the pleasure took over, my dick pulse in agony, precum hitting the tip of my dick, and there was nothing I could do but suffer in pain.

It's got the point, I wanted to come, but didn't need it. I've come to a point where this feels different now.

The want is becoming desperate now, no matter what I was thinking about, my thoughts come back to the woman, the pleasure she teases me with. The thoughts aren't focused on me fucking her anymore, all I want is to come.

All I want is to feel the short sharp pains, the stuttering of my body, I felt the first few times she lets me come. I just want to feel it once more, that's all I want.

"Are we ready to play?" The woman asks, and again I get ready to play his sick game.

"Good girl, don't stop – keep rubbing that throbbing clit for me." I shout at her as I take my cock out of her mouth. Watching her at work in her tiny shorts, had me hard all fucking night. There was no way I was going to leave her there, yes Cain has his bouncers, but there is no way they would protect better than me. If I have my way she won't even be working there much longer.

The whole night there was only one thing I could think about, her stepdad saying tick tock to her, what is he waiting for? I asked the guys if they could look him up for me and see what they could find on him. I asked a few times, and Meadow kept saying the same thing, he's an asshole. I know there is more going on there, and I will find out.

"Please!! Let me come... I need to come." Meadow begs me. I've been having fun with her from the moment she finished work, she wanted to go home, and I told her it wasn't happening, she still had to dance in my cage.

I got a cage in my bedroom, one like at the club, not as big, there was no way I was getting that in my bedroom no matter what. But I got one where she can move around in it, climb the pole, and I get to have fun all at the same time.

"Don't you dare come, you do then I'll make this so much worse for you!" I kneel, kissing her hard, as I grab her face. "Remember what happened the first time you came without permission?" I ask, and new tears escape her

eyes. She didn't last long, a lot quicker than I thought, and she needs to learn to work through the pain. She's come five times in the time I've been playing with her, but she needs to learn to control it, and make it less. The more fun we have without her coming the better it will be for her, that's a promise.

"Please," she whispers.

"Stop begging, it isn't going to help. How badly do you need to come?" I wipe the tears away from her cheeks. This has been going on for a few hours now. I start, then I stop and make her dance. I want her to dance with freedom, but she's holding back, then I tease her all over again, then stop. I've been hard the whole time, I'm aching to come too, all she needs to do is control it. I stand back up, and pick up the whip, and slap her breast, which are marked with my teeth and marks from sucking on the skin.

"Oh God. I'm begging you please let me come. Please. My pussy can't take it anymore." Meadow looks up at me, and I smile when I whip her breasts again, which are so purple and red from the whip and my marks. It's a fucking sight.

"Open up little Dove," I take a step closer to her, and spit into her mouth, then trust myself hard into her mouth. "Oh fuck, your mouth is made for fucking." I shout, gripping the back of her head, and holding her hard so my dick is as far in as I can get it. Quickly pulling out, I wrap my hand around her neck, and thrust once more, wanting to feel how far down I can get. "Fuck, fuck, Meadow, suck it."

I hear her choking, but I don't stop, continuing to fuck her mouth, I slam my hands on the cage bar, and holding it tight, as I fuck her.

"Get close, Meadow. Just think of my mouth torturing you like you're doing to me, my tongue slipping back and forth over your pussy, flicking your twitching clit until you're shaking." Fuck her mouth is so perfect, I need to be fucking this as much as I can. Pulling out, giving Meadow the chance to get her breath.

"Please!" She screams.

"Stop," I shout, because she's almost there, and she won't be able to stop herself. "Hands away." I can stop her, she can't touch herself. "Good girl, rock your hips for me, show me how you will ride me." She tries, and hasn't even come yet, but what I'm putting her through is enough to drain everything out of her. "You know I would only need to touch you, and you will-"

"Then touch me." Meadow begs me, making me get back to her level,

moving the whip up and down her thigh.

“Will you come?” She shakes her hand, and I smile. “Lies,” I smile when she flicks as the whip moves up and down her pussy. “You smell so fucking good.” I bring her hand up and start sucking on her finger. “And it tastes so sweet.”

“Can I please touch myself, please.” She leans in closer to me, and I plant a small kiss on her lips.

“No. You’re enjoying it, but hating it at the same time.” Again wiping the tears away. “And each tear gives me joy.” I lean in closer and bite on her shoulder, sucking on the skin to add to the marks I’ve given her today, as I do this, my cock jolts, it wants to come, and I will, down her fucking tight throat.

I stand back up, the whip moving up her pussy, and she moans, then I whip it against her breasts. “Please!”

Ignoring her, I grip her hair pulling on the strands tight so she looks up at me, and without having to say a word she opens her mouth for me. “Good little slut, and all mine.” I thrust hard into her, moving her head for her. “Fuck yes, god yes, little Dove take it.” I moan, I grunt letting go of her hair, and placing my hands on her face and fuck her more. My hands quickly move to the cage bars again, and I pull out of her, hearing her pant. But push in and out of her mouth, “Yes, yes, fuck.” Hearing her choke on my dick, is the sound I want to hear, the sound I’m going to fucking hear all the time.

I feel my body tighten as she continues to suck, as I thrust. “Fuck, swallow Dove, fucking swallow!” I shout, as I begin pumping faster into her mouth, fuck god yes. This is it, I’ve been on the edge, I’ve been tipping over, but not going full in, but now the wait is over.

My hands wrap around the bar, and I come so hard down her throat, I hear her choke, as she tries to swallow it all, I look down at her as she looks up at me, and see some of my cum escaping her mouth, but I keep thrusting, wanting every drop out of me, and when I’m happy I pull away from her, and wipe the cum from around her mouth, and shove my fingers into her mouth. “Suck it.” She does, and more tears escape, Meadow’s grip around my mouth tightens when I whip her pussy. “Not yet, little Dove.” I pull my fingers out of her and grab her hard to pull her up to a standing position.

“Do you think your pussy is ready for my dick?” Which is still hard, I could come again, it would still be hard. She nods, not having the energy to talk to me. “Beg me for it.” I whisper then suck on the skin behind the ear,

“Please, let me come, please. I need-” Before she can finish her sentence, I thrust hard into her, making her scream in pleasure. She’s past the part of pain, she only wants the release now.

“Hold the bars above you.” I shout at her, my hands grab on to her ass, as she begins to bounce on my dick. She wants it, and she’s going to get it. As she grinds down on my dick, I hold her there for a moment, and her eyes open wide, because I’m still playing my games. Slowly moving inside her. “Not yet, build it up,” I whisper against her lips. I start counting in a whisper, not telling her what number I’m getting too, before I let her come.

“Seventy-six... seventy-five.” Meadow starts to shout. “Please.”

“Forty-two... forty-one.” I can feel her dripping down my balls.

“Twenty-nine... twenty-eight.” I whisper giving her a small kiss.

“Ten... nine...Two... one. Zero.” I stop, and bite on her neck, making her scream.

“FUCK, Logan. Please.” She begs and pleads with me.

“You can come, little Dove.” I tell her, and she lets it all go, she screams out my name as I hold her body tight as it trembles in my arms. My hips moving slowly inside her, the tip of my cock still teasing her entrance, as I feel her cum dripping.

This is all I wanted, to break her over and over, and tonight I got to do it, then let her have what she wanted from me.

“Who little slut are you, little Dove?” I ask, her head on my chest, still holding on to her, panting, and cries escape her beautiful mouth.

“Yours.” I hear the cry, and I smile. All mine.

“You will be on the edge with me so many times. You will love every moment of denial I give you. Again, and again and again.” She finally looks up at me, her eyes barely staying open now, and I kiss away her tears. “I’m going to take you to the edge so many times. But remember, I tell you when you come, not you. And if you come, before I say, then don’t forget I can ruin orgasms, every single time.” I wasn’t too bad on her tonight when she came without me letting her, now she will listen, but I know she won’t be able to control herself yet, which means I get to play more with her.

I finally pull out of her, but don’t put her down, holding onto her tight, I walk out of the cage, and I would like to give a bath, but she’s falling asleep in my arms, so I take her straight to bed, kneeling I lay her in bed, and give her wrist a kiss.

“Did I do well?” She whispers, and I smile.

“Can’t wait to fuck you again.” I pull the cover over her, and before I even walk away from her, her eyes are closed, and she’s out for the night.

I walk into the bathroom, and get cleaned up, and look over at my phone when it beeps.

ASSHOLE

You have a week!

I’m going to find out what the fuck he wants, and then I’ll tell him to fuck off, Meadow isn’t anyones toy anymore, she mine, so I don’t care who you are I will kill you if you hurt her.

Leaning on the door frame, I watch her sleep, and my sight goes to the tattoos on the wrists. Did she cover up the scars because it was a mistake, or was it because of something else, another thing I will find out soon. She now knows she can’t leave, so time to talk little Dove.

* * *

Today feels like a long day, it’s been non stop. I woke up this morning and Meadow was still fast asleep, I didn’t have it in me to wake her up, last night was a lot for her. The whole night she didn’t move, she was cuddled up next to me. She's going to get a lot of these nights if I have my way.

I got up and went straight to her house to take Poppy to school. I remember Meadow telling me last night she had to be back home to take her.. Her step-dad wasn’t there, which I was hoping he would be, it would have given me the chance to talk to him without Meadow being there. There is something about him, and I’m going to find out. Her mom was there, and I couldn't sign so I just wrote it on my phone, letting her know I was taking Poppy to school for Meadow because she woke up with a headache. It was a lie, but I didn't want to tell her the truth, because no mother needs to know how I make her daughter cry.

I dropped Poppy off at school, the whole time she was asking if Meadow well Lolly was okay, and if she needed to go to the doctor. No matter how many times I told her she was fine and only needed to sleep a little longer, she still had to ask the same question over and over. I didn’t have enough coffee in the morning for her energy, next time I will be ready for her.

I went straight home to Meadow still sleeping, it took me a while to wake

her up. Last night took it completely out of her. She finally got up panicking, thinking she forgot to take Poppy to school. It was a little funny watching her stress out about it. As soon as she calmed down, I told her Poppy was at school, I dropped her off, and for five minutes she stood in front of me saying nothing. She wanted to say something but couldn't so to make her feel a little better I gave her a kiss, and told her to have a shower so we can get to class. For Meadow I think it was the first time someone helped her without her asking for it.

Since then it's been nonstop, I had class, practice, one class and then we had another practice, then straight after practice, I had another class. Not sure what the coach is trying to do to us, other than trying very hard to kill us. We should know who we're playing the first game against this week too.

I feel like I haven't sat down for five minutes, where I'm not doing anything. Mom called me this afternoon asking me to bring her a few things over to the house because she didn't want to drive today, which I knew was her way to get me to come over for a little bit, and she knows I can't say no, then we're going to Skyline to give Cain the file back and tell him to just leave us alone, and have the Crawfords to clean up his mess.

And if he decides to make Meadows' life hell at work then I'm going to tell her to quit, she doesn't need to be there, plus it's my excuse for telling her to leave.. Meadow hasn't left my side whenever I'm around her. I don't think she's comfortable with Blake, Travis or August yet, which I thought she would have become friends with August quite quickly, I thought being girls it would be easy for them to click, but I think she's used to being by herself for so long, and doesn't know how to even be around other girls, or people. Which I think is crazy because she dances in a fucking cage, like she's selling her body to make money quickly.

"I'm not at work today. I don't know why I have to go with you." Meadow moans in the passenger seat, she's been moaning about going to the club since I told her.

"I'm not going to be there long, I need to give Cain something, then we will be leaving."

"Yeah, but why do I have to come with you though? I could have just stayed at home." A part of me wonders why guys date, or even get married, all women do is fucking moan. And if they aren't moaning my name, I don't really care.

"Because I want you with me-"

“Is this what it's going to be like, you want to constantly have me by your side?”

“Yes!” That's the simple answer. “I want you by my side as much as I can get. So yeah, simple answer.” She shakes her head and looks out the window, and I curse under my breath. You'd think I've kidnapped her or something. I understand why she doesn't want to go to her workplace, she would work every single day if she could. This week she's only got two days off, working the others, one day she's working double shifts.

“How long have you known Blake and Travis?” She changed the subject and I look over at her.

“Since I can remember, they're not my friends, they're my brothers.”

“And what about Blake and August?” Now that's a question, how do I answer that one? I smile to myself, that's going to be an interesting story to tell the grandkids.

“Short story, Blake got put away for something he didn't do. We thought it was August who reported the incident. He came out of juvie and made her life unbearable. The more games he played with her, the more obsessed he became. Never left her, started becoming nice-ish, well for Blake nice; we'll go with that and yeah now they're together.”

“So Blake bullied her to be with him?”

A little chuckle escapes me. “Don't let Blake hear you say that.” She rolls her eyes at me, and it makes me wonder if she thinks I'm doing the same to her. “Meadow out of the three of us. I'll probably say Blake is the one to look out for, he's a bit more unhinged, he's a little bit-”

“Crazy.” Meadow answers, finishing the sentence for me.

“Yeah, we'll go with that one. But as my brother, no matter what he does, I will back him in every decision he makes. He will always help me when I need it. I will help him when he needs it and Travis is exactly the same. Travis has his issues. We all have issues. Every one of us has issues. Blake had his issues. He's had things happen to him. I've had things happen to me. Travis has had things happen to him but the three of us have always stuck together. So if you're going to come here, come to this house with us. Get used to them being around.” It was always one thing for me, I would never leave my brothers for a girl, it was one pact the three of us made, and I don't see any of us breaking it.

“Okay.” I was expecting her to say something a little more but no, nothing. “I'm used to being by myself, Logan. It's always just been me. I've

looked after myself. I've protected myself and now I'm protecting Poppy-"

"Protecting her from what?" She goes silent. I don't think she was meant to say the sentence she just said and I see her thumb moving over her wrist.

"Just from the shit stuff that happens in life." She shakes her head slightly, just the slightest movement. And I know she's regretting saying what she did.

"Now I'm going to find out what's happened to you-"

"Yeah like you said Logan; everyone has a past-"

"And I want to know yours." I say a little harder than I wanted to. But she needs to realize she's with me now, and I will fix all her problems one way or the other.

"You can't fix mine, Logan, even if you tried-"

"And how do you know?" She shakes her head. Whatever happened to her she doesn't want to share it. So it must be something bad, I'll drop the subject for now. Because I have a feeling it involves the scars on her wrist. So let's start with those.

"Why the doves?" I point to the tattoos on her wrist.

"Why the doves? You want to know about the doves but you don't want to know about the scars?"

"I know whatever those scars are, have to do with whatever you don't want to tell me when I find out that I'll know about the scars. But there's a reason you covered those with the doves. So what was it?" I could ask her, but the chance of her lying to me is higher than her telling me the truth, so I'll wait.

"New life. I got them for a new life-"

"Poppy?" I ask. She seems to do anything and everything for that girl. And I understand that. Travis and Blake are my brothers, I will do anything and everything for them. No matter what, even if it would send me to prison, I'll do it.

She doesn't say anything straight away, moves her thumb over her scar, and I glance back over to the road, before I hear her speaking.

"Yeah, she came and I knew I had to stay. As hard as it is, and as hard as it's going to be, no matter what I was going to take it just to protect her. I wasn't going to let her see the bad that's happening in this world with no one there to protect her. I had no one."

The last two words; no one. They hold so much agony, she was left alone when she needed someone, no one was there to help her.

“You have four people now, and one of those four will burn the fucking world down to the ground, if it put a smile on your face. The times I’ve seen you, I’ve seen a true smile a handful of times and I want to make it my mission to make you smile more, if it's the last thing I do.” My mom always told me, making a girl smile will be the most important thing you do. They can be with you, but if they don’t truly smile, you don’t have their heart.

“I asked you this before Logan. I want to ask again, why me?” I take a quick glance over to her, before looking back over to the road.

“Because I can.” Is the only answer I need to give her.

“There was a reason and I want to know. Why me?” Well she’s got a little more fire in her tone now.

“You know, I could lie and just say I wanted it. I could tell you the truth-”

“The truth!” She snaps.

“I looked in your eyes and saw a broken bird, so broken that I wanted to break it more. I saw you broken and I finally found someone just as broken as me, and I was going to have fun with them.” I stop before I say too much, licking my lips, I turn to face her. “I was going to fix them just to break them all over again. And that's what I'm going to do with you Meadow. I'm going to break you. I want to fix you and then I'm going to break you all over again. And I promise you one thing, you'll enjoy it every single time because I do.” I look back at the road, and Meadow doesn't turn away from me. I feel her staring out the side of my eye.

I don't say anything else because that's the actual truth. In those first ten seconds I saw her it was something inside me. That said yeah, she's your match, and I was going to take it. I was going to take it and nothing was going to stop me.

“You didn't seem so broken to me Logan.”

“I know little Dove. I don't. But I've learned to hide it. I've learned to hide the pain and the agony, and I promise you will learn to hide it too. If it’s the last thing I do, I’ll teach you to hide the pain and you will learn to control it because that's what gives you power over those who broke you.” I turn the music up in the car telling her that the conversation is finished.

I want to know her past but there's no fucking way I'm telling her mine. Travis and Blake know about mine and that's the way I'm keeping it. No one needs to know that shit.

LOGAN

I PARK the car on the driveway, getting out I open the trunk and Blake and Travis help me get the stuff out.

“Did your mom make brownies? I did ask her.” Travis asks, the guy is always thinking about food.

“She probably did, you are her favorite.” Blake snaps at him. He hates the fact my mom likes Travis more.

“It's not my fault she loves me more-”

“The only reason she likes you more is because your mom was her best friend.” I I know my mom doesn't have a favorite between the two, but I think she just has that little extra bond with Travis.

“Yeah, she says she loves me-”

“Well, then she probably did make you brownies.” I turn to Meadow. “You're Travis's girl not mine-”

“What?” She looks over at Travis.

“I don't need my dad pissing me off and I don't need my mom planning a fucking wedding.” I know both of them well enough to know they would do those things.

“Fine,” she snaps.

“That's fine with me.” Travis puts his arm around her shoulder. “So we get to have some fun today.”

“Leave her the fuck alone. Travis.” August snaps and not just me, but the three of us know exactly why that snap is there.

“I'm only messing-”

“Yeah, like you messed with me. Leave her alone. Touch her again and I'll punch you in fucking balls, so you can't fuck anyone.” We know she's

still a bit pissed off about what we did.

“What did they do?” Meadow asks.

“Nothing,” August replies quickly, she knows we couldn't stop her from telling her the truth, and there's nothing we can do to change what we did that night in the woods. We know it and we regret it every single day since but we can't take it back.

August looks at me, and I just give her a small smile saying thank you. Last thing I want is Meadow to hate me for what we did.

“Let's go.” Please don't be home. I'm not in the mood for him today. It's been crazy, and seeing his face isn't something I can be bothered with.

“Mom, you here,” I shout

Travis puts the box on the counter, as I put mine next to his and he goes straight for the brownies greedy fucker.

When she called me this morning, she said she was going to be home. “What do we have here?”

Oh fuck. I turn around to see my dad standing by the door, staring at Meadow, and August. Travis pulls Meadow closer to him, and wraps his arm around her waist, then my dad glances over at me.

“I see both of your friends can get pussy. Can you not even get-”

“Fuck you asshole-”

“Are you so damaged and-”

“You made me this way.” I see he wants to be a bastard today. He starts laughing which only pisses me off. “When I do get a girl I'm not going to treat her the same way you treat my mom.”

He steps forward laughing, “Well if she opened her legs-” Before he can even finish the sentence I punch him in the face.

“You're an asshole. I'm going to make sure she leaves you one day and you will be left alone. Fuck that. I'll probably bury you-”

“If she even gave me a little bit of attention, I wouldn't find it in other places.” I punch him again in the face.

He wipes the blood off his face. “Does the truth hurt Logan?”

“Keep your mouth shut. It would be better for both of us.” I shout at him, and he looks over at me.

“I have got to admit your punches are getting stronger. But did you forget we used to own that club before you took it off us.” My dad punches me, hitting me on the jaw, I quickly stand straight, punching him back a few more times.

“Logan Derek Miller.” I stop, hearing my mom's voice.

“One day she won't be here. And I will fucking kill you.” I punch him one more time and stand up.

I hear my dad slamming the counter behind me. “How many times have I told you never to use his fucking middle name? Why can't you listen to me?”

“Because it's his middle name and I like it.” My dad's always made it very clear he hates my middle name. I don't know why? He tried to change it a few times but my mom wouldn't sign the paperwork to say yes.

“Hello, mom.” I go over and give her a kiss on the cheek and she gives me a cloth to wipe my hands.

“You know it would be nice if you could come one day without having a fight with him-”

“It would be nice to come here and he wasn't here-”

“Logan, he's your dad!” She snaps.

“Okay, Mom, I'll try not to kill him in front of you next time-”

“Yes Logan listen to-”

“Fuck you asshole, you might be married to her, but it doesn't mean I have to respect you.” I stand in front of mom blocking my dad's view. “You can leave him,” I almost beg her. She breaks eye contact with me, shaking her head slightly. “I will do anything for you to leave him,” I plead.

“If only it was so simple, son.” My dad barks out at me, laughing.

“Fuck you.” I get down to my mom's eye level, but she won't look at me, and no matter what I say to her, she will never leave him. I lean in closer, and kiss her cheek. “Please.”

“Travis, you like the brownies I made you?” My mom walks around me, and I finally turn back around and feel Meadow staring at me, but I don't do anything but walk over to my mom. “Do you know Travis, when you were little, I bought brownies over every time you had a playdate, you would have one, and then your mom would yell at me, and you being the cheeky boy you are, would take more, you and Logan took them into your little tree house to eat, and then when Blake came into the picture, it just got worse. Should have known then you three were going to be trouble.” A small smile appears on my mom's lips, thinking about the past.

“Yeah, I'm trouble and lovable.” Travis takes another brownie.

“That's very true. It's a shame everyone's life turns upside down one way or the other doesn't it?” She looks over at my dad, and so does Travis, they know about his mom, but won't say anything.

“So what do you have planned? I got pretty much every baking item in the store.” My mom knows she asks me to buy something, I’ll buy the whole store for her, and when it has to do with baking I will buy her anything.

“I want to bake a few cakes, thinking of can get back into baking-”

“About fucking time. Want to bake for fun or buy your own store? I’ll buy it if you want to.” I wish my mom would go back to it. I went to a bake shop a couple years ago, the owner was old, like my grand-dad, old, and was asking me if my mom was okay, and I asked how she knew her, because everyone is very secretive about my mom, and I don’t know why. She told me that this bakery was once owned by my mom but when I asked my mom about it she tried to change the subject. She needs to tell me what that meant.

I tried to get more information about the bakery, but it was before I was even born, there are more secrets about my family, which I will find out about.

“Do I meet your girlfriend?” Mom looks over at Meadow and August.

“I’ll get one-”

“Really?” my mom laughs, knowing very well I’m not really open to it yet.

“You’ll be the first person I introduce her to mom, but the wedding album stays away-”

“What album?”

“The one in your head.” She starts laughing, shaking her head.

“Fine, I just want grandbabies.” Now that does make the three of us laugh.

“Could you imagine him with a child? He would be the-”

“Can’t fuck it up more than you can I?” I snap at my dad. Why does he have to ruin it? Why does he have to ruin a Mother-Son moment?

“Do you need anything else mom, a building to open a business, you name it.” I put my arm over her shoulder.

No, I’m good. I’m planning a bake sale-” she stops talking when I shake my head, fucking baking sale, she had a business until he took it from her.

“I’ll do whatever makes you happy.” She doesn’t reply. She gives me a small smile, tiptoes and gives me a kiss and all I can do is smile.

“When is your first game?” She asks, putting some brownies in a box, and Travis looks like he’s won the fucking lottery.

“Should have schedules this week. Got practice tomorrow. Hopefully you know-

“I’ll be there.”

“Like you’ll ever miss it.”

“One mom figure has to be there-”

“Fuck you.” Blake shouts at him.

The three of them know just how to piss us off, and using our moms against us is the best way.

“I’ll walk you out?” Mom says, my arm over her shoulder.

“I think you should open a bakery, come on what would you call it?” Wanting her to be happy about something, I could talk about baking with her all the time.

“Threesome trouble.”

“Really?” I look down at her, smiling at me.

“Yeah, it’d be fun. Okay, threesome bakery-”

“Yeah, not doing that,” I cut her off.

“Triple three?”

“That one doesn’t sound too bad. But we’ve got no word of a bakery in there,” I tell her.

“No. Would be nice if I had my boys there too.” Mom stops by my car,

“Don’t worry, I’ll think of something.” I watch Meadow getting into the car with Travis. That’s a good little girl playing the role. They drive off and I lean on the car, arms folded.

“Mom, I know you’re not happy-”

“I am.”

“Don’t ever lie. It’s always what you told me, never lie, but you do it every day.” She looks back at the house, “mom I will-”

“Sometimes, you have to protect your family? Protect the ones you love. And I did-”

“If you did, Mom, why don’t you just leave now?”

“Nothing is simple.”

I know it’s not simple, because whoever she’s protecting, she’s done it with a life sentence, and I hate it.

“I’m coming over to your house this week. You know just to see if you boys have been cleaning it.”

“It’s clean.” I look over her shoulder at my dad staring at us, what the fuck, he can’t even let her talk to me, without watching her. “I’ll see you later mom, have places to be.” I lean in to wrap my arms around her, and give her a kiss on the cheek.

“Be safe,” I laugh at my moms words.

“You be safe,” I drive out of the driveway to meet them at the club. Meadow deserves a reward for playing the perfect girlfriend with Travis. I’ll be a little nice tonight.

I meet Blake and Logan at the car park, the girls are still in the car, and they both walk over to me. “Heads up, she was asking about your dad and your relationship.” Blake looks back into the car.

“What did you say?” I ask, I trust them both to know they won’t say anything close to the truth.

“That he’s an asshole, nothing else you need to know,” Blake answers, and I walk over to the car, and Meadow gets out, and I lean down and give her a kiss.

“So is family dinner that much fun too,” she puts her thumb over my bottom lip where it got cut from my dad punching me.

“Don’t ask.” I wink, making her laugh.

“What’s that?” She points to the file.

“Something to give back to him.” I take her hand and walk to the door, and the bouncer lets us straight in, here I was thinking he was going to make me wait for Cain to say we can come in.

We make our way up the office, and I don’t bother knocking, if he’s fucking then he should lock the door, plus it’s not like I haven’t seen someone fucking before.

“You heard of knocking?” Cain snaps, and I don’t reply.

Yeah, I thought he would be fucking a woman or just finished fucking a woman, and Meadow shakes her head as her and August walk over to the window, looking at the club which is busy as normal. Travis and Blake stand next to me.

It does make me wonder if Cain has fucked Meadow, do I want to know the answer to that?

“What do you want?” He snaps, and turns to the CCTV in the office.

“To give you this back?” I throw the file on the table and Cain stares at it, with a smile.

“Did you have any intentions of opening it?” He asks bringing the file closer to him. “Why the fuck did you pick it up?”

“I wanted her name. You said you’d give me her name if I picked up the

file, so I picked up the file. Whatever is in that file, whoever you want us to kill, ask the Crawfords.” It's the first time I've ever said we kill someone in front of Meadow so I don't look around to see her reaction. That will be a question for later from her.

“Don't want them, I want you to do it-”

“Too fucking bad,” I snap, who the hell does he think we are, someone to call to do dirty work for others.

“I've been watching you for a long time. The three Vipers are ready to take over the town. I believe you will. You'll control town a lot better than your dads. You want something, you take it. If you can't take it, you'll burn down what's in the way-”

“Why are you looking into us?” Blake is the first to ask, we know what we want, we don't want anything big, we want to end our dads, and be in charge of the town, nothing else.

“You know I told the Crawfords to get in touch with you three, I wanted you in my back pocket-”

“I don't think it works like that.” We can't be in anyone's back pockets, what we do and the name we have is because of us three and no one else.

“Think about it, the things I can do for you. You can do for me-”

“Don't give a shit.” I cut him off for talking a load of shit, the man is getting more crazy each time I see him.

“One of you two, take the file-”

“We work as a team. One of us says no, then we all say no,” Travis replies.

“Are you not even a little curious to know what's in the file?” Cain opens it up, then closes it again, licking his lips.

“We just don't care enough to know what's in it-”

“Ahhh loyalty. I like it. Loyalty is a very hard thing to come across these days. You trust the Crawfords-”

“No we don't, but it's better to have crazy people with you than against you.” One thing grand-dad always told us, you find a crazy fucker, friend him, but don't trust him. If his crazy is to kill someone, then his crazy will kill you too.

“Where do I come into that crazy world of yours?” Cain sits down finally and swivels his chair side to side.

The three of us all stay quiet because we don't know anything about him to put him in a crazy box.

“We’re good at what we do. We know our target and we will find everything. We mean everything about them-”

“I know you do. Why do you think I came to you?”

“Yet we can't find a single detail on you. Apart from the fact you own this business, we don't even know how you got the business-” I stop talking when he smiles, cocky bastard.

“You get anything if you try hard enough-”

“Then on top of it there is no mention of you going to high school. No mention of a college. No mention of a mom or a dad. Nothing about you anywhere apart from your name. You're a ghost.” We haven't stopped looking into him, but got nothing, and it's one of the reasons I didn't open the file, you don't mess about with a ghost.

“Yet you found out more about me than other people have-”

“Really?” Travis asks, because doesn't feel like it.

“Yeah. You found out there's no information about me. There are people still out there looking for something about me. But you three have come to the conclusion there's nothing about me-”

“Bullshit, you have nothing.” I'm starting to lose my temper with him.

“Paperwork or birth certificates, It costs a lot to have your date of birth hidden from everyone, costs a lot of money to hide-”

“And the question is, why do you hide? Do you kill women?” My question makes him laugh, he doesn't answer me. “Can't even find a surname for you.” Who the fuck doesn't have a surname?

Cain looks around., before turning to face us again. “You want to know my surname?” I nod, with a surname we can look for him. “Crawford.”

What? There are only four of them that, before we spoke to them, we looked into them a lot, and found nothing on them outside of the four brothers.

“You need to work on your poker face. I'm a first cousin. You can try to find out stuff about my dad but you won't find anything.” Cain adds, already killing the idea I had in my head.

“You can find anything, if you look in the right place,” I tell him. And we will look in the right place.

“I can help you, the answers aren't too far away. You will get answers or more questions but-”

“What is it with you and your fucking riddles? You want us to do something then tell us, or I'm leaving.” I go to leave but stop when he shouts.

“Don’t walk out on me!” I turn back around, and Cain throws the file at me, but I don’t look down.

“Logan, you might want to have a look.” I hear Travis.

“Logan, your dad's an evil man. I'm not going to stand in front of you and say I'm not evil. I've done some pretty fucked up shit. I've lived through some shit.” He stops talking, and I look down at the picture, shaking my head, what the fuck is going on.

“You want me to kill my dad? You need to get in line for that. I will kill him but not for you, for me. It's on my list to do and it will happen when I’m ready.” I tell him, but I have a lot more fucking questions, who is he?

When I spoke to my grand-dad, he told us to stay away from them. It's what happened between the Crawfords and our dads, and we needed to stay away from them.

“If it wasn't for my mom, he would probably be dead today. I don't need you to tell me to kill him. I already want the bastard dead, he dies when I want to kill him, not when you want him to die.” Cain might want him dead for his own reasons, but no one is taking the pleasure of killing him away from me.

Cain stands up and puts his hands in his pocket, and stares at me. “You asked your grand-dad about the Crawford family?” Now that does surprise me, I already knew my granddad was hiding something.

I throw the picture at Cain, and walk over to Meadow, “Blake and Travis will take you home-

“No, August will take you home. When you go see your granddad you need to stay calm, and you’ve already lost it with you dad, and Cain-”

“Fine.” I snap, and walk out of the office.

Trying to find out anything about the Crawfords is not easy, but why would he not tell me, granddad hates my dad as much as I do. But now I have another Crawford name, maybe it will make him talk.

Walking into my grand-dads house, and he’s nowhere to be seen, then I hear him laughing in the garden.

“Hello, so what do I owe this late visit?” He asks.

“It's not that late you're still awake-” Turning to his friends, “Can I have a word my granddad alone please?”

“The boy means business today he's not even said hello?” One of the old

men snaps at me, and I rolled my eyes. I'm not in the fucking mood for this.

“Yes, I forgot when he lost his manners. I'm pretty sure my daughter raised him better than this.”

“Hello, can you give me a moment with my granddad please?” Granddad looks over at Travis and Blake, then gives his friends a nod.

“What is it son?”

“Do you want to start telling me what the hell is going on? Where should we start? I would like to start with my dad but I know very well that you're not going to tell me anything. So let's start with the Crawfords-”

“I have told you to stay away from them-”

“I know you have, why?” This is going to be a lot of cutting off, I can already see it happening, because we are both the same, in an argument we want the last word.

“They're just bad blood between the whole family and all three of your dad's. Like you three are the same. If one has got a problem with someone, you all have a problem with them. You mess with Logan then you mess with the other two. You come as a package and there's no difference between your dads.”

The three will stick together no matter what, and we're the same.

“So what's the issue with the Crawfords?” I ask again.

“Why have they all of a sudden come into this life of yours?”

“Last year when they came to the club remember I told you Blake got them fights at the club. And his dad wasn't happy about it-”

“Yes, I remember. I thought it was just the club. Why are they more involved in your life all of a sudden?” All of a sudden what the hell is he talking about?

“Are you going to tell me what the issue was between them and our dads back then?” Granddad shakes his head, he's telling me nothing. “Granddad, what the hell is going on?”

“I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know anything that happened between your dad and them. I didn't get involved.” He wants to play this game, then let's play this game.

“Someone came to me with a file. Wanted me to get rid of someone-”

“Did you do it?” Grand-dad knows we kill people, he did the same when he was younger.

“No. I wanted a girl's name. I picked up the file. Got the girl's name never opened the file, I went to give it back today and the guy wasn't happy about

it. So he threw the picture at me. A picture of dad.” I watch my grand-dad’s reaction.

“It’s not the first time someone wants to kill your dad, so what’s the problem?” Still want to play the game I see.

“No, it’s not but it’s the first time someone’s come to us to kill our own dads-”

“Well, what did you say to him?” He’s cutting me off, because he knows something.

“I told him to get in line because I want him dead before he does-”

“And what did he say?” Fucking hell, let me talk.

“Didn’t say anything. Told us to ask you what the issue was-”

“Don’t know what you’re talking about. Never ever spoke to the Crawfords.” Now I know he’s lying to me, because he shifts in his chair when he lies.

“Are you sure he was very certain you knew his dad? Or, his uncle. He knows you, granddad.”

“So do I get to know the name of this person?” Grand-dad leans back in his seat, and locks eyes with me.

“Cain Crawford.” My granddad shifts in his seat. He knows the name. He knows the name very well.

“Never heard of him-”

“Losing your poker face granddad. You know who he is. If you don’t know who he is, you know who his dad is. I want to say he’s about twenty seven, twenty eight. We know nothing about him. He’s a fucking ghost, granddad.”

“You know what they say about ghosts. People only want to become ghosts for a reason.” He looks away from me, because he knows I’ll be able to read him.

“Do you know anything about him?”

“No.”

“Granddad, we know nothing about him.” My granddad looks out at the garden. Not wanting to make eye contact with us.

He knows something. He’s hiding something. I’ve asked about the Crawfords before, and every time I ask why is mom still with dad? I answered with silence. And I’m going to be met with silence again tonight.

“Aaron What the hell is going on? We know they don’t like the Crawfords. We already figured that part out last year when we got them back

in the club.” Blake asks thinking maybe someone else asking him will help the situation.

“Who is Cain Crawford and why can't we find anything on him?”

“I can't say anything-”

“Then don't say anything, just push me in the direction that will tell me something.” I have no idea why he has been silenced, but one clue will help me.

Granddad picks his glass of water and starts drinking it. Is he thinking of what to tell me? Or is he thinking of how to hide it even more?

“I don't know anything. Just leave it like that-”

“You know something granddad. And this Cain guy doesn't seem to be wanting to get out of my life anytime soon. Not until dad's dead anyway. So either you tell me or he tells me. Sooner or later I'm going to know the truth.” He needs to know it's better I know the truth from the family, not a ghost.

“Then look into the Crawford brothers. It's getting late. I'm going to bed.” He walks back into the house and the three of us just stare at each other.

Does he think we didn't look into the Crawfords? Looks like we're looking for the other Crawford brother.

Someone fucking knows what all the secrets are and how the hell I'm involved in it all.

MEADOW

“DON’T YOU LOOK NICE TONIGHT,” he walks into my bedroom, and I pull the duvet over me. I don’t know why, it won’t help or protect me. He pulls the cover down a little and I turn to face the other way. I know it will make him mad, but I don’t care, nothing is making this night better. “You’re so soft,” he kisses the back of my shoulder, and the first tear escapes my eyes.

I feel his hand on my stomach, as his other hand moves to my face to turn me around.

My eyes pop wide open, when I feel a hand over my mouth, he doesn’t take it anymore, because he knows I will give it to him, so why is he doing this? I ask myself, as I try to focus on his face, but at the same time I don’t want to see him.

I’m trying to fight him, he’s too big, it’s not him. “It’s me little Dove,” my body relaxes a little. “You know I got home, you weren’t there, I was not happy.” I feel his lips on my neck, and then his teeth, the other marks haven’t gone yet, and Logan’s adding more to them.

“I needed to be here,” I moan as he sucks on my skin hard, and it’s only making me want him to touch me more, and I can’t help but smile to myself as I feel his hand moving into my shorts.

His fingers roam at the hem of my shorts, making me moan at him. “Who’s greedy little slut are you?” Logan asks, and I don’t answer him, as he continues to tease me. “I don’t hear anything.”

“Yours,” I snap at him, which only makes him laugh.

His hand slides down my shorts and he cups my pussy with his whole hand. "So wet for me little Dove," I moan softly as he rubs my clit with his palm.

Logan starts kissing my neck, and I bring my hand to his trouser, but he stops me.

"But you-"

"I'm hard all the time around you, but I like the pain. You'll like the pain too, but tonight I'm rewarding you. You played the good girlfriend today." Logan starts playing with my pussy lips, flicking my clit a few times, making me moan.

"But-"

"But nothing-" This time his tone is more direct, so I drop it, he wants to be in pain fine. "You want soft, or hard?" Logan asks me, and I have no idea what I want anymore. I thought I always wanted something loving, caring, but in the cage, it was everything else, and I got off on it. I know he wasn't happy with me because I came when he said not too, but he told me I would learn.

Logan hovers over me, and then leans down and kisses me hard, making my lips hurt, but I don't pull away from him, and I moan against his lips when he thrust two fingers inside me hard.

"Fuck!" I moan into his mouth.

"My little slut," he thrusts hard, his palm slapping my clit fucking hard.

"Yes," I moan. How does he do it, how does he make me want to come so quick, he hits the right spot every single time. "Are you going to stop me coming?" I quickly ask, because I don't want him to be mad at me, he was proud of me, and I still want him to be proud.

"If you beg nicely, I'll let you come, I won't even tease you," Logan teases me.

"Please, please, let me come, please."

"That's a good girl," Logan growls, leaning down to kiss me aggressively again, as his fingers continue to delve deeper and deeper inside me, hitting the spot every single time, his palm rubbing my clit hard.

My hands grip tight onto his shoulders, and I'm there, I'm so there, yet I'm waiting for him to say I can come. He pulls his lips away from me, as he does, he bites my lip.

"You can come, little Dove."

That's all I needed to hear, my whole-body twitches, my pussy gripping

Logan's fingers, as he moves faster and harder. I moan out his name as my body begins to shake from the orgasm ripping through my body.

I've never come so hard, every time he makes me come hard, and I enjoy every second of it, never wanting him to stop. I don't ever want Logan to stop touching me the way he does.

"Fuck," I moan out, as I try to catch my breath.

I feel Logan's lips curl into a smile against my neck, and I again try to put my hands into his trousers, but he stops me, yet I can feel how hard he is.

"Leave it." He snaps, and pulls his fingers out of my pussy, and raises his fingers to my mouth, I've never tasted myself before. It's sweet, yet musky, a taste I've never experienced, and Logan knows it too, he keeps his fingers in my mouth as I suck on his fingers. "You taste good, don't you?" Logan pulls his fingers out of my mouth then kisses me, and I move my fingers through his hair, not wanting him to pull away from me, his hard cock rubbing against me.

He rolls off me, and I move in closer to him, there has been one thing which keeps playing in my mind. The conversation about him killing people.

"What are you thinking, your body keeps twitching, telling me something is on your mind." Logan pulls his phone out, and taps a message back to Blake and Travis in their group chat.

"What Cain said," I answer, but he doesn't say anything as he continues with the conversation with them two.

"Which part?" He finally asks me, but then he shakes his head at his phone. "Fucking hell," he whispers to himself.

"I think you know which part?" I ask him.

"Yes, I've killed people, and yes I'll kill more. But we only kill people who we believe should die." Logan puts his phone away, and pulls me in closer to him. "Any more questions, or shall we go to sleep?"

I have a hundred questions, but I don't think he will answer any of them. Should I be concerned I'm with someone who is willing to kill people and not be bothered about it?

Not answering him, I wrap my arm around him, and he brings my wrist up, and gives it a kiss, which makes me smile. He doesn't know why they are there, but he makes me forget about them every time he kisses me.

* * *

I finish plating up Poppy's breakfast. "Come on, Pops eat up. We're going to leave soon." I try to get her to eat something, which she keeps trying to get out of, and I don't know why.

"We've got ages-"

"I know but then you're going to spend ages upstairs, getting your stuff ready." Which takes her half an hour, even though I have got all her stuff in the bag, all she has to do is pick it up and leave.

"Morning-" I look over at Logan by the kitchen door.

"What are you doing here?" I ask, looking at the watch.

"Told you I was going to pick you up?" He wasn't in my bed when I woke up this morning, and I have no idea what time he left, but there was a gift left for me, telling me to wear it today, his jersey, and I put it on with a smile too.

"Yes, I know but I didn't think you meant this early." I flip another pancake, and place it on Poppy's plate, who hasn't even eaten the first one, normally she eats them all.

"I have practice. What are you eating Pops." Since when does he call my sister Pops?

"Pancakes, Lolly made them." Logan sits next to her and takes one of her strawberries.

"Do you want some breakfast?" I ask Logan, who takes a bite of Poppy's pancake.

"No," He replies and continues talking to Poppy about her day, and what she's learning at school.

"What do you practice, Logan?" I hear Pops asks, as I continue to finish up in the kitchen.

"Hockey-"

"Oh, you play ice hockey?" Poppy asks excited, not sure why she doesn't even watch the games when I do.

"I do-"

"Where do you play on the ice?" I look over my shoulder, to see Logan's reaction to Poppy cutting him off all the time, which I know he hates.

"Goalie. Do you like hockey?" Logan asks.

"Never been to a game. Meadow has been to loads. But she won't take me."

"I'll take you to one of my games," Logan takes another piece of her pancake, and I ask him again if he wants a pancake but he says no.

“Promise?”

“You bet.”

I turn around and lean on the counter. “You're staring at me. I don't know why you're staring at me, you only saw me a few hours ago.”

“Didn't think you could look more beautiful-” Logan stops when I shake my head at him. “What, don't you think you look beautiful?” He asks me and I don't reply, but want to say.

No.

“She doesn't like it when people call her beautiful.” Poppy says, and I go to say something but Logan gets there first.

“Oh, and why is that?” He turns to face her.

“I don't know. She just doesn't like it.” Poppy finally eats some of her pancake, and Logan turns to me.

“Sure I can think of other-”

“Don't you dare Logan.” I stop him saying anything in front of Poppy.

“Morning mom,” I sign and talk at the same time so Logan knows what I'm saying.

“Morning,” she looks over at Logan who says hell to her. “New boyfriend? He's much more handsome than the other one.” I look over at Logan smiling at himself. His head is going to be bigger than it was before.

“I already knew I was more handsome than that asshole.” Logan comments, and I say nothing.

“Mom, do you want breakfast?” I ask and sign at the same time.

“My head's hurting.” She walks over to the coffee machine.

“Is it only hearing for your mom?” Logan asks, he's never asked about her before.

“Yeah, she signs when outside the house, but talks at home. She works at the hospital with kids who can't hear, and she teaches them how to sign.” I tell him, and my mom smiles at him.

“So you play hockey?”

“I do, college team.” Is all Logan says as I'm the one signing for him.

“When is your first game? I might bring some of the kids from the hospital to watch you.”

“Not sure, we find out today. I'll let the coach know as well.”

“I like this boyfriend Meadow.” I don't say anything back I just give her a smile, because Logan wants me for now, but how long is this going to last for him.

“A whore always needs more than one boyfriend.” Logan looks over towards the door and I can see his jaw tense up.

“What did you say?” The asshole takes a step closer to Logan.

“I said a whore-”

“You say that word ever again to her I’ll knock your fucking teeth down your throat.” Logan stands up, not backing away from him. This is one of the times I’m happy my mom can’t hear what is being said.

I knew these two would clash one day. One day the truth will all come out and I’m scared of what Logan will do.

“Logan.” I look at him and then have a quick glance over to Poppy, letting him know she is watching them both.

Logan sits back down and turns to Poppy. “Are you ready to go?” He asks her.

“Yes, let me go get my stuff.” She runs out of the kitchen up the stairs and I watch Logan staring at my stepdad.

“Mom, I’ve got work tonight, are you home?”

“Yes, I’ve got two days off, remember?”

“Oh yes, you did say. You’re okay if I stay at Logan’s?” I would like to stay there without having to worry about coming back home to take care of Poppy.

My mom looks at Logan, who is still staring at my stepdad, both of them trying to show who is the bigger man? Typical man thing.

“Of course, I like this one. He looks smarter, more protective than the last one.” I give her a kiss, and think to myself, She has no idea how protective he is.

“I’ll meet you by the car, I have practice soon-”

“Is that how you talk to your girl-”

“Yes, move out my fucking way.” Logan snaps at him and slams his shoulders into my stepdad hard enough to make him take a step back.

Logan shouts up the stairs, and I hear Poppy running down the stairs.

“If you’re ok with me staying there, I will see you after, might come back home tonight just to grab a couple of things.”

“I will see you tonight then. Will your boyfriend be with you?”

“I’m not sure what his practice schedule is like. I can ask him.”

“If he does and wants dinner, I can make a nice dinner.”

“I’ll see what he says mom,” Leaning over, giving her a kiss.

It was always one thing I could never do was tell my mom what her

husband was doing. He stayed with her. After everything, he stayed with her. I don't think she would have believed me even if I wanted to tell her the truth. But a part of me believes she would, and would leave him for me, but I didn't want her to be alone.

I walk out the door and see Poppy getting into the car.

"Meadow." I stop in my tracks and close my eyes when I hear the asshole. I turn around and he starts tapping his wrist.

I know I don't have much time, and I haven't even figured out what the hell I'm going to do. Well, we both know what I'm going to do. I just have to build myself up to let him do it. Logan opens the door for me and gives me a kiss just before I get in.

Logan shuts the door, then stares at my step dad. I could actually tell Logan everything. Maybe he'd kill him for me. I found out yesterday he kills people. I might be lucky, but I couldn't do it to my mom.

"Ready to go to trouble?" Logan asks Poppy when he gets in the car.

"You're trouble too!"

"That I am Poppy. That I am." Logan turns to face me, as he drives away from the house. "What is the Tick Tock for? what's time running out for?"

"Nothing." quickly reply.

"Poppy, do you know what the Tick Tock means?"

"No, but he does it all the time to her and she gets upset and shouts at him." Why did she have to say anything?

"Poppy, stop talking-"

"Poppy, keep talking. Does Meadow get upset-"

"Logan, it's none of your business-"

"Last I checked it was. Poppy what happens when he does that?" Logan looks into the rearview mirror, and I shake my head looking the other way.

"She just tells him, she knows and he doesn't need to threaten her-"

"Threaten her with what?" Logan's whole voice changes, and I look over at him as his grip on the steering wheel tightens.

"I don't know. But it upsets Meadow. Lolly gets very upset and angry-"

"Poppy, can you read some of your books please?"

"Okay," she whines. She knows she's upset me by telling Logan things he doesn't need to know.

"What is happening?" He asks, but I don't reply to his question. What I do want to reply to Logan's question is protect my little sister and let him do whatever he wants to me.

“Don't tell me, I'll find out sooner or later-”

“I'm sure you will,” I whisper to myself.

I know he knows how to get me to talk and he's very good at it as well.

“Did you remember the jersey?”

“Yes, I'm wearing it. I was cold this morning, so I put on my sweatshirt. I'll take it off when we get to college, just so you can show the whole campus I'm yours.” Rolling my eyes at him, because they already know I'm with him.

“Poppy, I won't come home for the next two days. I'm thinking of staying at Logan's house. Mom's with you.” I turn to the side so I can look at Poppy, who looks up at me from her book.

“Okay, do you think mom will take me to the ice rink?”

“Probably not.” I whisper to myself. “I can ask her but if not, I can take you on the weekend.” We go every weekend anyway.

Alright

“Pops if she doesn't, I'll take you and might even give you a hockey stick-”

“I don't want to play hockey, hockey will hurt me.” She shouts at Logan, which makes him laugh.

“What do you want to do?” he asks through laughter.

“I want to be-”

“A dancer on ice.” Logan doesn't say anything, as he looks at the message on his phone.

“Okay,” Logan says, then looks over at me. “Did you find anyone to teach her?”

“Not yet-”

“I've got two people, talk to them-”

“Lolly talk to them,” I roll my eyes at them both. This man is going to win her over by getting a dance teacher or an ice skating teacher or whatever they're called. I look at them both, Poppy starts pouting.

“But it depends how much it costs. And before you say anything, Logan No.”

“Didn't say anything.” He was about to, he wants to win over my sister, and this is the best way to. “Do what you want.” He snaps at me.

I think I've just pissed him off but I'm not bothered, he's asked one too many questions already.

We continue the rest of the car journey in silence which I'm thankful for. He's asking too many questions about him. Poppy is talking too much about

him. And I'm lying too much about *him.* I just want silence and time to get my thoughts together.

MEADOW

THE CLASSES at this college are amazing, the difference between the classes here and my old college is crazy. These are so much more advanced, the college only wants the best, nothing else will do. Their grading for my work will be done on a new level of criticism too, and I'm not sure if I'm ready for it.

Our first piece of work, which will go to my grade for the year, is to draw something which represents the darkest moment or fear in our life. I have some of them, which will be easy to think of the idea, the question is how do I put it on paper without too many questions

"Hey," I turn to my left and smile at August. "Have you been here from the start?" She asks, putting her bag on the floor, and sits down next to me, looking out at the ice. She's pretty, I can see why Blake wants to be with her, they fit together. You see them together and you say yes, they should be together, sometimes you see a couple and think, what are you doing with him, you can do so much better, but not these two. What she has with Blake is what other girls are jealous of.

"Yeah, he's been looking up here a few times." I smile, the amount of times Blake has looked over at me, it's crazy, Logan told me I had to come to his practice, didn't really give me a choice in the matter.

"Nothing new there. How was class?" She asks, taking a sip of her coffee, and handing me one too. No one ever brought me coffee before just because, is this what it's like having a friend.

"Thank you-" I take the coffee off her. "-It was amazing, we got our first assignment, our darkest fear, or moment. I have a few ideas, but I haven't started anything yet."

“I would love to see what you do-” I hand her my little sketch pad I carry all the time which has things I draw on the days when I have time. “How is the practice going?” She asks, taking my pad off me, and placing it on her lap. “I’ll finish my coffee first, don’t want to spill on it.” She laughs, and I return a smile.

“Coach has been shouting at them, Logan's pushed his own player a few times.” I stop when August starts laughing.

“I want to say it is going as normal then. What these guys are like when it comes to practice is like putting a group of lunatics together. I wonder if they even like each other.” August's comment makes me laugh, I look back out at the ice, as the coach shouts again.

“Logan, told me how you and Blake got together, well the short version, an interesting way to start a relationship.” I’m not sure how much she will tell me about how they really got together, but if it’s anything like how Logan got me, I don’t think I want to know.

“Not the romantic movie I wanted, but I got a man who knows what he wants? Anyone comes near me or brings me harm he will-”

“Kill them?” I ask, but she doesn’t answer me.

“He treats me like a queen. The three of them are different in their own way, and-” She stops before saying whatever it was she was going to say. “But not just Blake, Logan too will burn the world if you asked him to. And as far as I'm concerned, that's all I need: a man to protect me, love me and have my back. Blake is all those things.”

Look over at Logan when I hear him shouting, but jump when someone slams into the window.

“What time do you call this Sunshine?” Blake asks.

“I'm sorry that I need an education. I haven't been handed money, “ she snaps back at him, making him laugh, something I’ve not really seen with the three of them, it’s like laughing and smiling is something they save.

“You've got money, Sunshine. What’s mine is yours.” Blakes skates off, and August pulls out a book from her back, and places it under my sketch pad.

“Not much into hockey?” I ask.

“I only come here because it makes him happy. I like to read so it's a win-win for both of us.” She’s not into hockey, how the hell did these two really end up together, if he had fun with her, he must have fallen hard for her.

“I love hockey, watching hockey isn't the worst thing to watch.” I watch

Logan thrust on the ice, and he looks over at me, and even though I can't see his lips I know he's smiling. "Do all of them really have a lot of money, or is it for show?" I turn to August.

"Yes they do. But they all have to finish college before they get the money. It's written in the will of their grandparents. Logan to be honest, I don't really know what he has to do, or what Travis has to do. Just ask Logan, I asked Blake, and I will tell you my mouth dropped."

I know I could ask him, but don't want him to think I'm asking because I want his money.

Looking over at Logan when the coach shouts at him for the fourth time in the last twenty minutes.

"Well if this prick wasn't in my fucking way, I'd be able to see. We need a new defenseman, this one is shit." Logan shouts and pushes the player harder this time.

"You need to work around him Logan--"

"Like fuck I do--" he then turns to the player. "I just need you to get out my fucking way, and I can stop the puck without someone being in front of me." Logan skates back to the goal, and I wonder how many times he's been in a fight with the team.

I have to admit, one of the best things about watching hockey is the warm ups. The big advantage of them in bedrooms, if you ask me. Logan certainly doesn't disappoint. As I watch him thrusting on the ice moving from one post to the other. Yes, the best view in the world. Logan looks over at me as I smile watching him, and he knows what I'm thinking too.

I hear Blake talking to August, but I don't pay attention to what's being said as Logan continues to do his stretching.

"Get in position!" Coach shouts, and I get ready to watch them play a small game. It will be the first time I see Logan in action, I glance over at August looking through my pad, then look back over at Logan as the game starts.

* * *

One thing about Logan's practice; it goes on for a lot longer than at my old college. He was there all afternoon, I mean I didn't mind it was fun watching him, and I can see why they hardly lose. Getting the puck past Logan isn't

easy, the other thing is, he's not scared of shouting at his defense, and I love watching it.

August and I spoke pretty much throughout the whole practice, she told me it was nice to have another girl around. I did ask her if she has any, like girlfriends. That conversation was cut off quickly with an answer, No.

I wanted to ask more, but I chose to stay quiet. Whatever happened before she started college, I don't think it was anything good.

"Pizza is here!" Travis shouts as he walks through the front door.

"Mom also sent us another cake." Logan adds, showing us the box.

I told him I would come with him to get the food, but he said he needed to talk to Travis, which was his way of saying I didn't need to know what was happening, a part of me doesn't want to know what is happening.

"Is it the chocolate cake?" Blake asks as he walks into the kitchen.

"That's what mom said it was, I haven't looked in the box yet." Logan puts the cake on the counter, pulls me in closer to him, and gives me a kiss.

"Please tell me you guys think the defense is shit, we need fucking new ones." Logan snaps, making me smile, the whole drive here he was complaining about them, and hasn't stopped even now.

"Yeah, they are, but the coach thinks they're good," Blake is the one to answer, and Logan shakes his head. "Nothing I can do, I'll probably be worse than them, Travis is the one who can help you back there."

"You focus on the goals," Travis laughs as he takes a bite out of his pizza. "First game against your ex Meadow, should be interesting. I mean, what are the chances of the game against them?"

"Looking forward to it, an excuse to punch him-"

"Don't think you need an excuse." Blake laughs, and I stay quiet on the subject.

"That's true." Logan jokes. I don't know what he's going to do to Ryan, and I don't want to know either.

"Blake, can I have your phone to put music on?" August asks, putting her hand out for him.

"Put your phone on." Blake looks at her, and she whispers something to him, then answers.

"I'm messaging dad. My phone's going to beep every five minutes. Why are you hiding something on your phone from me?" She leans on the counter, and Blake shakes his head.

"Could be cheating on you August," Logan jokes, and they all start

laughing.

“Yeah right.” August looks over at Blake again.

“Yeah, I would never cheat on you, you’re stuck with me Sunshine.”

Blake leans in and kisses the side of August’s neck.

I feel Logan staring at me, making me look over at him, He’s watching me watching Blake and August.

Are they really that perfect? There's got to be something messed up between then, has to be.

August takes Blake's phone, and the music plays on the speakers.

“Your plain cheese pizza.” Logan hands me a plate. “Could you be more boring with your pizza?” He jokes, and I snatch the plate off him.

“Sometimes simple is nice.” I stick my tongue out at him and he grabs a slice of a meat feast.

“You should mix it up a little bit.” Logan leans on the counters next to me.

“Have a feeling you're going to make me mix it up sooner or later.” He wraps his arm around my waist, as he eats his pizza.

“Travis, how's the girl you've been with? The new cheerleader, she’s not been around yet,” Logan asks.

“Why would I bring her around here? She is a pussy to fuck, she doesn't need to lie in my bed.”

Making both Blake and Logan laugh, and I roll my eyes. Seriously? I think to myself.

“She’s a bit crazy. You remember Jordan from highschool-”

“Don’t need to bring her up!” Blake roars, and he takes August’s hand, okay don’t ask about Jordan.

“Well, she kind of has a Jordan vibe about her, a little bit crazy but god can she suck my dick.” Travis nods his head, and that's my cue to stop listening to this conversation, because it makes me wonder what Logan has told them about me.

“You spoke to the teachers I sent you,” Logan asks.

“You speak to them-”

“No, got the numbers, gave them to you,” Logan cuts me off.

“I ask because their rates are cheap. Even the shitty ones I found weren’t that cheap.”

“No, I got numbers for you-”

“Why do I not believe that-”

“So what did you think?” Logan cuts me off, and I stare at him for a moment.

“One of them said he could start this weekend, but I have a feeling you had something to do with it.” He said he didn’t but I don’t believe him.

“Like I said nothing to do with me. Take Poppy to the lesson, she might not even like him.” I didn’t think of that, I need to make sure that Poppy is happy with the person teaching here.

Am I being stupid for not giving Poppy what she wants, because Logan is helping me? The question is when he's not helping me, what am I going to do?

“Fine. I'll send him a message now. To tell him that we'll see him Saturday.”

“Bring her to practice, then I’ll go with you,” Now I love watching hockey, but I have a feeling I'm going to be doing it every single weekend.

“Are you at work this week? August asks me

“Yeah, I've got today off and I've been working tomorrow evening. But I’m pissed off because Cain’s put me on bar duty. I bet you had something to do with that too.”

“I actually didn’t. I said nothing to him, I was going to have words with him, to ask if you can make sure that you don't get in the cage anymore. Don’t want other men seeing what's mine-”

“The last I checked you don't own me-” I stop talking when he starts laughing.

“I do not own you, but I want to protect what is mine-”

“So you did talk to-”

“I swear I haven't spoken to him yet. I was gonna go talk to him tomorrow. But he's done it, without me having to say anything. So not sure why you're pissed at me.”

“Just pissed off, behind the bar pay is okay, but most of the money is from tips-”

“Fine. I'll come in every night and tip you-”

“That's not the point.” These three are going to drive me crazy. “Can I get another pizza?” I put my empty plate in front of him.

“You're going to need energy tonight little Dove.”

“Why do you think I'm eating?” My answer makes him laugh, and I lean forward when my phone beeps.

Tick Tock. Won't give you much more time.

ASSHOLE

I'm looking forward to it.

He doesn't need to remind me, I know I'm running out of time. I'm been thinking of how I can get more time, but I can't risk it, I can't risk Poppy getting hurt.

Just the thought of him touching me has me feeling sick, I feel Logan's eyes on me but I don't look at him, I can't hide how I'm feeling at the moment. My whole body tenses up when my phone beeps again.

ASSHOLE

You'll remember it all again.

Now I do feel sick, and put my plate on the counter, because if I eat I will throw up.

I close my eyes when the beat of the song starts, and I try to block everything to block the words, but I can't. The drink I was holding slips from my hands, as the words vibrate through the speaker. James Blunt, You are beautiful.

"Can we change the song, please." I stutter on the words.

"I like this-"

"Can we please change the song." I plead again, and nothing.

I can feel him touching me, I can feel his hand on my stomach. I have no idea what's taken over my buddy, but I grab the hockey stick at the side and smash it into the speaker. "Can. We. Turn. The. Song. Off. Please?" I shout hitting the speaker over and over until I can't hear the song any longer. I swing it like a hammer.

Throwing the stick on the floor, the four of them are staring at me, my eyes go straight to Logan, who's leaning on the counter with his arms folded.

"I'll pay for both of these," I point to the hockey stick and speaker.

"You know what I think there's a preseason hockey game on the TV inside." Travis and Blake both pick the pizza boxes and rush out the kitchen and I'm left with Logan staring at me.

Logan, not moving from where he is, takes a sip of his drink. "All you had to do was ask."

"I asked again, but you didn-"

"You didn't give us the chance. So what do we hate about the song?"

Logan asks, I'm not sure if he's pissed off or not, he seems very calm at the moment.

"It's a stupid song-'"

"I think the million people who loved it would disagree with you-" I swallow the nausea working its way up my throat. "So what did we hate about the song?"

"Nothing. It's just a stupid song." Logan laughs, and it worries me. Always worries me when he laughs, because you know he's planning something, and that something won't be good.

"Now there's songs I hate. Mostly because I don't like singers, but I never bash a speaker over it-"

"Really, you should do it. It's so refreshing when you hit something-"

"Don't change the subject. What the fuck is with the song?"

"Nothing!" I shout, and he shakes his head slamming his drink on the counter, and it makes me jump. "Is this another thing you're not going to tell me about like what's happening at home-"

"Nothing's happening at home," I snap at him and he starts laughing. Fucking hell the laugh

"You know you've not felt pain yet-"

"You're threatening me-"

Threatening, threatening you, no." He shouts at me, and I look away from him. "Don't fucking turn away from me." His tone makes me look back at him, I can't hide anything from him, he can read me, if he asks the right questions I can't hide them.

"You want to play the game, let's play little Dove."

What the fuck does that mean, what is he going to do?

LOGAN

“YOU'RE GOING to need energy tonight little Dove.” The things I have planned tonight are going to be fun, I've been thinking about the things I would like to do to her. Pain, I want pain.

“Why do you think I'm eating?” I have to laugh at her reply, I hear her phone beep, a second later my phone vibrates in my pocket, but I don't look at it. Not yet anyway.

I watch how her body tenses up, someone messages her, and she's not happy. My phone vibrates again, and her hand grips the phone. I'm watching her like a hawk to see every inch of her body react to the messages. Again my phone vibrates, and, who the fuck is sending her messages? If it vibrates once more, I'm getting my phone out, the only reason I haven't yet is because I don't want her to know I've tapped into her phone.

She puts her plate on the counter, her hand on her stomach, her whole-body language changes. Is she shaking? The cup slips out of her hand, the drink slipping on the floor, yet I can't take my eyes off her. What the fuck is happening?

“Can we change the song, please.” The words stutter from her lips, but something is not right.

“I like this-”

“Can we please change the song.” She cuts Blake off.

He looks at me, and I shrug my shoulders. I have no idea what the hell is going on, she's never mentioned to me she doesn't like songs, so whatever this song is, it's triggered something in her head, but what?

I have no idea what the fuck has taken over her, but she's moving fast now, grabs Travis hockey stick and hits the speaker fucking hard too. “Can.

We. Turn. The. Song. Off. Please?” She shouts each word as the stick hits the speaker until there is nothing left of it, the song stops, and she throws the stick on the floor.

The four of us watch her, and I don't move from leaning on the counter, arms folded over my chest, Meadow takes in a few more deep breaths then looks over at us.

“I'll pay for both of these,” She points to the stick and speaker. Does she really think I give a fuck about them. Fuck no, but I can already see my plans for tonight might have changed slightly, because she won't be talking so easily.

“You know what I think there's a preseason hockey game on the TV inside,” Travis and Blake both pick the pizza boxes and rush out the kitchen, and I stare at Meadow watching me.

“All you had to do was ask.” I take a sip of my drink, and wait to see how this conversation will be going.

“I asked again, but you didn-”

“You didn't give us the chance. So, what do we hate about the song?” I ask, she hasn't seen me get pissed off yet, but she will if I don't get any answers, so I try to stay calm for now.

“It's a stupid song-”

“I think the million people who loved it would disagree with you-” I stop for a second when she breaks eye contact with me. “So, what did we hate about the song?”

“Nothing. It's just a stupid song.” Now she is pissing me off, but I laugh at her reply, she wants to play games, I can play fucking games, and I always win.

“Now there's songs I hate. Mostly because I don't like singers, but I never bash a speaker over it-”

“Really, you should do it. It's so refreshing when you hit something-” I cut her off the same way she did me.

“Don't change the subject. What the fuck is with the song?”

“Nothing!” She shouts, and I slam my drink on the counter, and it's the first time I've seen her truly scared of what I can do.

“Is this another thing you're not going tell me about like what's happening at home-”

“Nothing's happening at home,” she snaps, which makes me chuckle to myself.

“You know you’ve not felt pain yet-”

“You’re threatening me-”

“Threatening, threatening you, no.” I shout and she turns away from me, which only pisses me off even more. “Don’t fucking turn away from me.” She snaps her head back towards me, if she thinks I’m letting this one go, she’s fucking wrong, so fucking wrong.

“You want to play the game, let’s play little Dove.” I take a step closer to her, and she takes one back. “Let’s play.”

“Logan-”

“What’s the song about?” I ask again, that’s all I want to know from her, nothing else. That song will tell me everything I want to know about what the fuck is going on in her head.

She doesn’t answer my question, and I close the gap between us. “Get upstairs, the pain you will be in, is up to you.” I go to walk away from her because I want to see the messages but stop when she whispers something. “Want to speak up, little Dove?” I ask her, she shakes her head, making me shake mine. “Get the fuck upstairs then.” I shout and walk away from her, giving me enough room to control myself.

For two reasons, one I need the space to calm the fuck down, because I’m pissed off that she’s not talking to me, and two I want to see the messages.

I hear Meadow behind me, but I don’t turn to see what she’s doing, taking my phone out to see the messages which came through.

ASSHOLE

Tick Tock. Won’t give you much more time.

One thing I do know is asshole is her stepdad, so what the fuck does he want? There is something about him which didn’t seem right to me when I first saw him, and I am looking into him.

ASSHOLE

I’m looking forward to it.

ASSHOLE

You’ll remember it all again.

Does he touch her? I need to prove before I can even do anything, but I think Meadow won’t be talking so openly about it, but I’m sure I can find ways to get her to talk.

Turning around to face her, but she's not there, she better be where she should be, dancing in her fucking cage.

I walk into my bedroom, I gave Meadow the code to it when she came over, so she could get her things without having to ask me. The light beams down on the cage, and I walk over to my bed, not saying a word to her, right now she doesn't deserve me talking to her.

My phone connects to Bluetooth, the first beats hits, and Meadow starts dancing without me having to say a word. Her hips move in a circle as she moves around the pole, she has one fuckable ass, and I can't wait to fuck it..

Meadow moves around for a bit, not once looking over at me, it's the first time I've seen her dance with a little more freedom. I know she's not fully relaxed in the cage, but it's the freest I've seen her.

"Take off your clothes." She stops in her movement, and I see her mouth open, then close. "Take them off, little Dove, or I'll do it myself," I snap, and her fingers move along the pole in the middle of the cage.

She swallows, then takes a step away from the pole, and wiggles out of her jeans, moving them down her sexy hips, showing me her ass as she steps out of them.

"You missed something." I lick her lips, as her thumbs move to the string of her thong, lowering them slowly before kicking them to the side. "The top." She starts dancing again, until she's fully naked, and moving her sexy body for me.

This is it, my Dove is dancing for me, her naked sexy body swaying. I could watch her walk around my bedroom, and dance naked all day. Her brown hair moving over her breast, as she swings around the pole, then as she spins slower, she opens her legs wide for me to see her pussy, and fuck is it a pussy to be showing off.

My dick jolts in my pants, and I know it won't take long for me to get hard, it never takes me long around her, but I like the pain of not being able to come, but not tonight. Tonight, I get to come, and she doesn't and if she does, I will make it worse for her.

Watching her dance for a while, she doesn't know what is going to happen, and I can see her body is full of tension. I get off the bed to grab a few things from my bedside table, so the fun can begin.

"Come here." Meadows' body stills at my words, she holds the pole not

moving. "Tell me the song's meaning or come here!" I snap at her, letting her know I don't like repeating myself.

She drops her head, gets out of the cage and stands in front of me. I bring my finger to her belly, and trail the tip down to the side of her hip. tip of trails to the side of her hip, causing her body to break out in goosebumps. Both my hands on her hips, I pull her closer to me, and she parts her legs without me having to tell her. Meadow sits on my lap, and I pull her hard against me, parting her thighs wider, she goes to bring her hands to my hair, but stops when I say.

"You don't get to touch me." Her eyes widen, and I tilt my head slightly, leaning in closer to her, I press my lips into hers, but she's not here, her mind is somewhere else, and it's where that song took her.

Pulling away from her lips, planting kisses on her jaw to her ear and whispering. "If you leak on my jeans, I'm getting out the whip, until you cry with pain, or you can tell me." I'm met with silence, her mouth pops open, but closes quickly.

Placing my hands back on her hips, I slowly move them up her ribs to her breasts, my fingers capturing her nipples, and pulling on them hard, making her moan out a little.

Not letting her go off her nipples, pinching them harder, as I pull on them, I press my lips on hers hard making sure she knows it's me kissing her, making sure she knows I'm the one who controls her.

Finally pulling away from her, she lets out a little sob, I start palming her nipples, they are hard, and swollen, I look up at Meadow watching me,

"You with me now?" I ask, and she gives me a small nod.

I smooth my hands over her back, pulling her into me, and kissing her again, I would kiss her all day if I could. She gives a little sob again, her mouth soft and open, and our mouths move together, tongues touching, circling, retreating.

"I don't think you'll last, little Dove," I say, my lips still on hers. "I don't think my little slut can help herself. Your pussy is begging me to touch it."

I push my fingers up into her clean, loose, fragrant hair, and massage the back of her neck, and Meadow moans into my mouth, her tongue gently moving over my lips, and I do the same to her, and I pull back a little to see her face.

"I think you're going to make a mess on my thighs, I think you're probably leaking already, if I put my hand between your legs, my fingers

would come away all wet, because you're a dirty little slut, aren't you? I think I'm going to get to whip you and you'll just have to take it, enjoy the pain, enjoy the ride.

She doesn't say anything, but I see the tear drop on her cheek, and I lean in closer to her collarbone, and bite down on the skin, as I suck at the same time, almost all her body will be covered with me by the end of the night.

"I'm going to whip you, then fuck you, I will come over and over inside my sweet little pussy, but you little Dove, you will not come, you will take the pain, you will control the pain. I have so much planned, are you going to tell me?"

Meadow makes little breathy sounds, and a little whimper, her hips moving more deliberately now. I kiss her deeply, sucking her lips and pulling her tongue into my mouth, making her follow me. I cup her face in my hands, and stop her from pressing forward. She thinks her kissing me, pressing against me, will make things better for her, they won't. I mean I'm going to have fun, either way.

"Or maybe I'll just wet my fingers with your wet pussy, then slick the head of my dick, and put my hand on your lower back to angle your ass for me, so I can fuck your tight little ass. Would you like that?" I ask her, and her whole body goes stiff. "Have you been fucked in the ass, Little Dove?" She shakes her head quickly and it makes me smile, oh I will be fucking her ass.

Taking her nipples in my fingers again, I can clearly feel they're still hard, taking them very firmly in my fingers, I pull her into me, there's nowhere really for her to go, and she gives a little sob again into my mouth as I kiss her. Sucking her bottom lip between my lips, then kissing her cheek, her ear and down her neck, she gives a little moaning cry as I pinch her nipples hard, she can't escape or move away from the pressure on her nipples, and I put my mouth by her ear, whisper.

"Tell me, and this will be over." I feel her head shake slightly, and I release Meadows's nipples, and grip her neck tight. "You want the pain? You want to feel like you can't do anything, but cry?" I ask pissed off; she can't tell me what the fuck is happening to her.

I push her off me, and stand-up towering over her. I slap my hand over her pussy, making her cry out in pain. "Shhhh. Shhhh little Dove, you can stop this when you want. Look at me." I shout at her, and her head snaps up to me. "Your pussy is wet for me; your pussy is begging me to play with it."

I walk around her, cupping her breast, then slapping them a few times,

each slap makes her cry out, but I don't stop.

"I'm going to whip you little Dove." I can't keep the growl from my voice, my heart is pounding, and I can't think of a way to get close enough to her. I want to lick and kiss and hurt and fuck her. I really want to fuck her. My dick is so hard it hurts, but I like the pain.

Grabbing the whip off the bed, I grip Meadow by the hair, hard, and she's up on her toes a little, pushing her forward, until she's up against the cage, I press my weight against her and push her head to the side to kiss her neck, then bite her shoulder.

I take her arm and bring it up to my lips and kiss on her wrist. "Last chance little Dove." My grip tightens on her hair and I bend her head back so I can lick her neck, and I can feel my tongue pass over the tendons and smooth flesh. "Let the games start," I whisper.

I step back from her, but she doesn't look back at me. "You might want to hold the bars, little Dove." Her hands shaking, she grips them, seeing her breathing deepen, I place the whip softly on her skin, which makes her whole-body shiver, and I hear her cry. "Open your legs." She does it without a fight, which makes me smile.

I let her stand and wait for a long time. I used to stand for a long time, sometimes a day, and it broke me the first few times, but I learned quickly how to control the thoughts, where to put them, so I could control the pain.

The smooth muscles in her calves flex, as she comes up on her toes, her fingers are wrapped tight around the bar as she waits. The view is delicious, God does she look edible right now, and even from here I can see a pulse in her throat.

Meadow stands there naked and waiting for me to do something, but all I can do is admire her body, so soft, so smooth, that by the end of the night it will be covered in me.

Moving the whip around her body, I hear her whimper waiting for the first hit, which I do, and it makes her move her hips forward, she cries while moaning at the same time. Doing it again before she can get herself settled, this time she screams out in pain, and leans her head on the bars, as she cries.

Fucking hell my dick is begging to be out of my jeans, and I remind myself this is her pain, not mine.

I come to her as I unfasten my jeans and get them down enough to free my dick which is painfully hard, and the pre cum is there on swollen head, I move it along her ass, Meadows body tightens.

Lifting my hands around her hips, I pull her away from the cage a little and give her a little shove between the shoulder blades to lean her over. “Want to start talking?” I am met with silence, which pisses me off.

What the hell is she hiding?

I grip her hair, and pull her head back hard, making her moan in pain, arching her back, her feet part, and my cock is literally dripping, at this point.

I push my fingers into her pussy a few times, making her moan, I’m not being gentle, as I thrust my fingers deeper inside her, and I feel her pussy tightening around my fingers and I pull out of her, slapping the whip on her pussy. “You don’t get to come, Little Dove.” I snap at her as I whip her pussy again, making her cry out.

I slam my dick into her pussy, and fucking hell she’s perfect for me, as I thrust Meadow moans, quickly pulling out of her, I lean in closer. “It’s not your pussy I want tonight.” I slap her ass hard with my hand, then with the whip a few times.

“Logan-”

“Unless you’re going to tell me what the fuck you’re hiding I don’t want to know.” I shout, and she cries a little more.

I take my dick in my hand and stroke my fist up and down the length, because it’s in pain, and needs to be buried inside her.

The head of my cock hits Meadows’ tight ass, I should open it up, get her used to something being in there, but no. Maybe this wasn’t the plan for tonight, but I’m making it my plan now. Fuck does it feel impossibly tight as I press forward and open her with the head of my dick. I stop just there, because I know it’s hurting her from the way she gasped and is trembling.

Leaning a little closer to her, to get my mouth near her ear, and pull her hair back hard making her scream. “Do I have your attention now Meadow?” Nothing, nothing from her, she’s going to let me fuck her ass and not just tell me. “Are you going to take the pain?” Meadow nods, as tears escape the corner of her eyes, and I lick it away.

Sliding my cock up and down her ass, my cock is so hard, and if she wants the pain I’m going to give it to her.

I pull on her hair hard, to make sure her back is arched over for me, and without warning, I push my dick deeper in her ass, and she screams so much louder this time, to the point my ears are ringing. Fucking hell is she tight, there is no way I’m going to last long inside her.

Her legs are shaking, and I draw my hips back, wait a moment, then

thrust forward again deeper this time. Meadow grips the bar tight as I move inside.

“Please!” She begs.

“Tell me!” I snap at her, and she doesn’t reply. “You don’t fucking come, you come, it will only be more painful for you.”

Meadow pushes back with her hands against the bars, and I feel her belly cramping up. Taking hold of her hip to push forward, to have more of her, she moans again, and gives a little sob at the same time. I get the whip, and start slapping her pussy with it, which makes her cry, she’s sobbing now.

“I need to-“

“Don’t!” I shout as I whip her pussy again.

I want her to talk to me, want to fuck her, want to hurt her, and fuck do I want to come in her ass.

She’s mine, she’s my little slut, and I want my dick to hurt her.

Pulling her hair back, her back is arched even more now, and I know this won’t last long, because she’s so fucking tight and the slick friction is too much, and I’m trying to take as much of her as I can. I’m fucking her, my girl, my dirty little slut, fucking her hot tight little ass, and hurting her, and I don’t care, I don’t give a fuck if I am,

Fucking hell, the pleasure sings through me, as I come hard, I come in her ass, my cock swelling, pulsing, and pumping. Meadow cries out, as I thrust forward harder each time.

It finally ends, and I slide my dick out of her ass, and I’m annoyed I couldn’t last longer, but I knew if I did, she would come too, and that is not happening.

I turn Meadow around, and slam her against the cage, slamming my lips into hers, and a little too hard when our teeth click together. My hand cupping her pussy, and rubbing on her clit hard, God she wet, dripping, I pull away from her lips and smile, when I press hard with two fingers on her clit, and start forces making circles, fast and rough.

“Please, Logan-“

“Start talking,” I move my hand away from her pussy, and she cusses to herself. Taking a step back from her I move the whip up and down her body, as I get to her pussy and give it a flick.

“I can’t-“

“Yes, you can.” I flick her clit once more, and she can’t stop, as she comes, her orgasm making her body stutter like crazy, and I take a few steps

back, watching her let the high come down. “You let me down Little Dove,” I shake my head, but she doesn’t look at me, I don’t think she can even open her eyes now, but they snap open when the whip hits her breast, I do it again and she screams out in pain.

“I’m-”

“My little slut needs to learn to control, not just when to come, but the pain too.” I bring the whip down to her pussy, teasing her, she’s going to go through all this again, until one of two things happen. She talks to me, or she learns to listen not to come.

I leave her in the cage for a moment, and walk away to my bed, and grab my phone, and tap away on my phone.

LOGAN

Be here at 3am.

I think she needs to know how serious I am, and how far I’m willing to go.

LOGAN

I THOUGHT MEADOW WAS STRONG, but fucking hell, last night I gave her a lot. A lot more than I thought she could take, yet she didn't say a word about what the fuck was happening, or what the song meant to her.

She came when I told her not to, which only pissed me off more, she wasn't working through the pain, and she wasn't listening to what I told her. Put the pain in a box, not let it win, yet she wasn't listening.

Four hours, four hours, and nothing.

Whatever she's hiding she wants to take it to the grave with her.

There are things I've been through and I don't plan on telling her, fuck there are a few things I haven't told the guys, which I'd take to the grave, but Meadow needs to know I can protect her, and I will no matter what.

I left her in bed this morning. I could have woken her up, but if she was going to play the game of not telling me anything, then I'm not in the mood for it. She's hiding something and it's pissing me off, to the point I'm actually scared I'm going to hurt her because she's not talking.

She was screaming through the pain, so I know it's hurting her, I know her body is going to feel everything I've done to her when she wakes up, and her body is going to be covered with marks, yet she's not talking.

One thing I will say, she's strong. A lot stronger than I thought she was. I can't help my lips curling up into a smile, just thinking about what she is going to be feeling this morning. A part of me wanted to be there when she woke up, to see her reaction to her new gift, but there was no way Coach was going to let me miss practice.

This morning mom sent me a message asking me to come over to the house to pick up a cake. I love that she's baking, doing something she loves,

but if it keeps up then the three of us are going to need to train more, to lose weight.

Taking my phone out of my pocket as it vibrates, it's the guys chat we made.

BLAKE

I'm looking into the step-dad, and Travis is looking into the Crawford brothers.

LOGAN

Picking up the cake, I'll be back soon.

TRAVIS

And the brownies.

LOGAN

Don't think she would forget them.

I check the rest of my message, making sure Meadow hasn't got anything. There have been no messages from Ryan since I beat him up, but there will be something soon as the game against us gets closer. She's had a few messages from Poppy, asking if she's having fun, she misses her cute little sister things. She's also very excited about her first lesson on Saturday. Which Meadow replied saying they need to buy new skates for her, which I will buy for her, far as Meadow knows I've not seen her messages, so this will be an innocent gift for her.

Walking into the house, I hear my mom talking to someone, it's not my dad, I know he's away for some Mayor conference, one of the reasons I'm here. There is no chance of a fight.

"What does he look like? She asks.

"I don't know. I've not seen him." Narrowing my brows when I hear my grand-dads voice. What the hell got him out the house? I know he never comes over, because he doesn't want to be in the same room as my dad, don't blame him.

"I always thought he looked like his dad." My mom says, who are they talking about? Who's dad? Are they talking about me? Is Dad not my real dad? That will be good.

"They don't know anything, but-"

"Dad." She snaps, and now I do wonder what the hell they are talking

about.

Nothing but silence is coming from the kitchen which means they are disagreeing about something, what's happening between them two?

I walk into the kitchen, and my mom looks over at me in surprise. "Logan, what are you doing here?" She walks around the counter, and gives me a hug. "You never need a reason, but you don't just come over."

"You sent me a message this morning saying you've got cake and brownies for me to pick them up." I watch her and my grand-dad looking between each other, before she looks over at me again.

"Oh yes. I forgot," she smiles at me, but glances over at my grand-dad. What are these two hiding? Something's going on.

"What are you doing here?" I turn to my Grand-dad, smiling at him. "Did you need a pass? I'd be happy to sign it for you." I can't help but laugh at my own comment, because the look on his face is priceless.

"Now you really are going to get a slap from me." He brings his hand up, making not just me but himself laugh. Now we know he would never hit me, he loves me too much.

"Did you need a day pass-" I duck when he throws a spoon at me, and I shake my head at him, "Grand-dad violence isn't the way."

"Says the boy who's fighting at the club-"

"No, I only fight sometimes, Blakes the one who fights." I quickly correct him, I've not had a fight in a while now. "So what is this visit for? It's not like you come to the house."

"He's not here-"

"You do know I can hear you." My mom shouts at us, and we both point to each other.

"We're not hiding it." Grand-dad shouts, and it makes me smile. Then answers my question. "Wanted to talk to my daughter without someone being here and giving me his option."

Listening to him talk, he takes a quick peek over at my mom, wondering what they are talking about. There has only been one thing I've spoken to him about is the Crawford brothers. Fuck do they know something?

Think Logan, how to get one of them talking, one right question and I could get a lot of fucking answers.

"Mom, do you have my yearbook here? Travis's girl wants to see the

highschool hockey team?” Mom keeps all the pictures, even the ones on the phone she gets them printed out, and put in an album.

“Yes, in the other room with all the rest of the photo albums.” She points to the room but doesn’t turn around as she packs the cake up for me. I can pick up a few more albums while I’m there, something has to be in them, a clue even. Sending a quick message to the guys

Logan - Meet at the house, might have something.

“Here you go, tell Travis not to eat them all in one sitting,” Mom places the two boxes in front of me, and I raise my brow at her, we both know that’s not going to happen. “You want to stay?” She asks, wrapping her arm with mine, and I lean in closer to her.

“I have to get back, but lunch tomorrow?” I ask, making her smile, I wish I could see her smile like this all the time. “And I thought of a bakery name for you, Vipers Bakery, already got the rights to the name for you.”

“Vipers Bakery?” Mom asks, and I nod to agree with it.

“You said you want something to do with the three of us-”

“Yes, so where do Vipers come from?” Mom asks looking at grand-dad who agrees with the amazing name,

“It’s what the three of them are called, and no you don’t want to ask about it. But it’s a good name. You going to open-”

“No!” My mom snaps, and he drops the conversation, and I don’t say anything, because I know it’s a touchy subject for her.

“Well the name is there ready for you mom, I will see you for lunch tomorrow.” I give her a kiss, and say bye to my grand-dad as I leave the house.

She didn’t take the news about the company name the way I hoped, so I’ve chosen not to tell her I brought a place for her to open up a bakery, and it’s in town too, with a lot of foot traffic. Saw some company putting up the sale board, and told them to stop, called the number and got the building. I didn’t need to ask questions about it, I know what was there before and I also know how busy that part of town is. It will be amazing, so I’ll give her that place at a later date.

* * *

TRAVIS

When you home, your girl is losing her shit.

LOGAN

Pulling up.

I smile at the message because she's seen her little gift, and I thought she wouldn't take it so well, but didn't think she would lose it on them.

As soon as I open the door, I hear. "Have you lost your fucking mind!" Meadows' voice echoes in the room, and I'm not even in view yet.

"Watch it!" Blake shouts, and I put my free hand out to catch the puck, and I have to laugh. Does she not realize what I do on the ice?

"You fucking asshole!. Is it not enough that you're making all of these decisions for me and telling me what to do at every turn? You had to go the extra step and put marks on me!" Meadow shouts as she throws the controller at me, dropping the puck, I catch it.

"Have you forgotten which position I play, little Dove?" I ask walking further into the house, and place the cake on the table, ready to catch whatever she throws at me next.

"Are you fucking crazy?" Meadow shouts at me, and I smile. "I will fucking smack the smile off your face-"

"All you have to do is talk, and the frustration-"

"You think this is about last night? Its what you did while I was fucking sleeping, which I swear you gave me something to knock me out and not to feel it." Meadow isn't shouting at me, it's more like screaming at me. She shakes her head, and turns around and I hear her whisper to herself. "How much more do men have to take from me in this world?"

Which men have taken things from her, I've fixed Ryan, and when I'm feeling like I need to hit something, it's him who I will go visit.

"What did you do?" Travis asks, and I turn to the three of them watching us, I don't answer but I smile, and they both shake their heads with a grin on their face, while August rolls her eyes at me.

"What did he do, shall I show them?" she snaps at me.

"Sure, you're not taking off anything more than you have at the club," I lean back on the wall folding my arms, waiting for her to strip to show them. If she thinks I'm going to hate them seeing her body, she's wrong, she has a body which needs to be shown to the world, and I fucking love the idea of men being jealous of me having her.

"Are you crazy?" Meadow asks me again, and I remember how August

reacted when Blake pierced her nipples, so I knew Meadow would react, just wasn't sure if she would hurt herself like August did.

"No, I just know what's mine. I haven't even see what it looks like, it's exciting, feels like Christmas-"

"You're fucking joking-"

"Kind of, I know what the gift is, just want to see if it's what I wanted. Are you going to unwrap it for me, or can I?" She throws a cup at me, which again I catch, licking my lips. I go to take a step closer to her, but she takes one back, and quickly takes her top off, giving me a great view of what has to be the best piece of artwork in the world.

"Shit," I hear them both behind me, but I can't stop the smile spreading bigger and bigger.

"And the rest-"

"What?" She shouts at me.

"There are two, or more" Now I know I shouldn't be smiling, but it looks so fucking good, it's what I wanted and now she will always be mine. "I did ask them not to cover that one up, I thought it would be nice to see which one doesn't fade."

"You can't fucking tattoo me, and think it's okay!" She shouts at me, and I take another step closer to her, she puts her hands up and shouts. "Don't fucking touch me." So I stop in my tracks.

It was a week ago when I thought of what I wanted to put on her, and it looks perfect. She now has my bite mark, and hickey tattooed on her body, the beautiful purple, red tone on her skin which will always be around my teeth. I couldn't ask for anything more sexy than this right now. Not just the tattoo though, almost all her body is covered in the same marks as the tattoo.

"Where is the other one?" Meadow asks, feeling her torso to see if any of them are sore or raised from the tattoo.

"I can't spoil it for you-"

"You can't think this is right?" She looks behind me at August, and I look over my shoulder at her, who looks over at Blake, who nods but I'm not sure why, Blake doesn't control her like that, he never stops her speaking freely, so I'm not sure why she's asking him.

"He pierced my nipples, and we weren't together, not even a thought of being with him. Since then, I have had two tattoos, one with his name and one of his initials. I told you Meadow, they know what they want." I watch Meadows' reaction to what August's just told her, and she looks at me, and I

smile.

“Where is it?”

“Where is what?” I play stupid, but I know what she means, but I want her to ask me.

“Your name,” she bites back.

“Go have a shower little Dove,” I walk away from her, because I can see her wanting to hit me, plus I have something I need to talk to the guys about, which right now is the only thing I can think about.

“I guess you got your wish the world will know I belong to you, even if it wasn't my choice, but it never is. You Fucking crazy-”

“Finish the sentence little Dove, I might have to shower with you, and I promise you, you don't want that!” I shout at her, and yes it sounded like I'm pissed off, because I am. There is no way she is calling me the same word she calls her step-dad.

August walks away from the counter, she's pissed off, lucky I'm not fucking her, so she can give Blake the attitude, once she's out the room, Blake and Travis both start laughing.

“You fucking tattooed your mark on her you crazy bastard,” Travis is the first to comment, I know neither of them are going to think I'm actually crazy because Blake did the same thing, and Travis will too when he gets the girl he wants.

“So what's happening?” I ask them, they must have found something on the step-dad.

“Nothing, the man is squeaky clean, helps at the hospital with his wife, pays his taxes, never been arrested, never even got pulled over for a ticket.” Blake slides the file over to me, and I look up the stairs to make sure Meadow isn't listening to the conversation. “She hates him, only she knows why.”

I nod agreeing with him, but she's not being so open about it. Picking up the file, I walk over to the kitchen and put it through the shredder, at the end of every day that paper will be burnt, in case there is something we don't want others to know about.

“You said you found something,” Travis fills a mug of coffee for us.

I tell them about the conversation between my mom and grand-dad, and how the only person I've spoken to grand-dad about is Cain.

“Well he's not telling us anything, and by the looks of it your mom will be just as talkative about the Crawford family.” Blake is the first to say what I was thinking.

“Start looking through these-” I slide the photo albums over to them. “-Grand-dad knows them, and the way they were talking knows them well enough to ask who Cain looks like.” I’ve never looked through the albums before, never needed too, but now I will find something, I have too.

“So, what do we think our grandparents were friends with the Crawfords' grandparents?” Travis starts looking through one album.

“Yes.” A simple answer, because he said to look into the brothers, we need to know more about the family.

“You know you look just like your grand-dad-” Blake turns the album for me to look at, mom always said I looked like him when he was young, and now I see it. “Our grand-dads really were doing everything together,” I hear Blake.

We’ve only heard stories from my grand-dad, Travis and blakes grand-dads told us stories when they were alive, but it was a while ago now.

I stop on a page, looking at the picture of our grand-dads with someone else. “Who’s this?” I whisper to myself, but they both stand next to me, to have a look.

“Don’t know,” Travis turns the page, and continues.

“Stop.” I place my hand down, and lean in closer to one of the pictures. “Who does that look like?” I ask, pointing to the man behind my grand-dad. They both lean in closer to get a better look.

“Cain, maybe a younger version of him, but it’s him.” Blake takes the album off me and looks at a few more pages. “Our grandparents’ and Crawford's grandparents, so what the hell happened for them to stop talking to each other?”

“Isn’t that the question?” I drink my coffee, and lean on the counter. “The bigger question, who’s going to tell us, Cain, or grand-dad?”

“We know what we’re looking at now, we might be able to find something.” Travis stands in front of me, and I agree, we can look for information, and see what happened.

“Fight tonight?” I ask.

“Yeah.” I hear Blake as I walk away.

“Meadows coming too-”

“If she doesn’t kill you.” They both start laughing behind me, and I choose to ignore them, as I make way to my bedroom, to have some fun before we leave for afternoon class. She talks or she can be in pain for the day, her choice.

MEADOW

GETTING OUT OF THE SHOWER, still feeling like I could kill someone. I knew Logan was crazy in the head, but I didn't think he would go this fucking far.

Three, three fucking tattoos.

Unwrapping the towel from around me, I stare at the tattoo under my right breast. If he didn't put a bandage over it, there is no way I would have known it was a tattoo, because it looks exactly like all the other marks all over my body. Looking further down, it took me while to find the other tattoo because the person who did this, is a fucking artist. Every detail they have done is so life-like.

On the inner thigh, very close to my pussy is another bite mark, with the purple, reddish now on my skin forever. No matter what, he walks away from me, I want to walk away from him, there will always be a part of Logan on me, and then to make this even worse than it needs to be, the asshole tattooed his name. It's not as bold as the bite marks, and I can easily cover, but it's there now, he's marked me, he's told me I'm his now, until he's finished playing his game with me. His name on my bikini line, letting me know my body, and pussy now belong to him.

Grabbing the towel, and wrapping it around me, I open the door, I stop in my tracks when I hear his voice. "Thought I'd have to come in to get you out." Logan sits on the bed, eyes locked on mine. "If you were thinking of leaving, you can think again. You're mine now little Dove, and if I have to tattoo every mark on you, I will."

"You're fucking crazy—"

"All you had to do was talk," Logan leans back, and leans on his elbows, and looks me up and down. "You want to talk, you must be itching to come."

The smile on his face appears again, and I want to smack it right off.

I was thinking about touching myself, but stopped, he would know, he always fucking knows.

Logan stands up, and walks over to me. "Lose the towel," he snaps at me, and I do, maybe if I do what he wants he will let me come, he will touch me the way he always does, and I'll come like I've never come before. "You do look sexy covered in me." his finger moves over one of the marks on my shoulder, then to my breast, to the new tattoo.

"Why did you do it?" I whisper the question, and the corner of his lips curl into a smile.

"Because you're mine." His finger moves to his name. "All mine." Leaning in closer to me, whispers. "You have two choices, talk to me and come, or get on your knees for me to fuck you."

What the hell do I tell him? How do I tell him how he broke me?

I drop to my knees, and blink letting the tears escape because I know I'm going to be in so much pain, the itch is going to be crazy, it's driving me crazy now.

Logan strokes my hair a few times before, taking a handful and pulling my head up to look at him. "Is your secret so bad, you can't talk to anyone about it?" He almost shouts at me, but I break eye contact from him. "I'm going to enjoy fucking your mouth. Now open." He demands as he undoes his jeans button with his free hand, and pushes them down.

Logan's hard cock springs free hitting the end of my chin, I watch Logan looking down at me and tilting his head, with a devil smile across his lips.

"Are you going to be good little slut, and let me fuck your mouth, or are you going to be a good little slut and tell me what you're hiding?" Logan asks, and his voice is so husky and deep, should I tell him, and have this torture finished with, but I have a feeling he is a man who doesn't like his woman weak, so I do the only thing I can.

I run my tongue over the tip, collecting the drop of pre-cum, and a grunt of approval escapes Logan's mouth, accompanied by a slight tug on my hair.

Sliding my tongue along his dick from root to tip before taking the swollen head in my mouth, sucking on it, and running my tongue along the base. I know I can give him something amazing, something which will make him happy.

Logan's grunts, then thrusts his hips hard, making his dick hit the back of my throat, I choke but control myself, and when I look up at him he smiles.

That's it, good little slut." I start sucking harder, and I go to hold his hips but stop when he pulls me away from him. "You don't touch me, but I want you to touch yourself, but you don't get to come."

I spread my legs and reach between my legs, and start rubbing my clit, Logan thrusts into my mouth again, and I moan around his dick.

I'm struggling to breath, the tears building in my eyes as Logan tries to get deeper, and I feel his hand wrap around my neck, feeling how deep he's going. Finding it even harder to breathe now, I stop rubbing my clit, wanting him to stop, but he holds my head, my nose hitting his pelvis.

"Rub yourself!" Logan snaps, I try to, but I can't. Spots start to fill my vision from the lack of oxygen, just then Logan pulls away from me, letting me take a deep breath, but not letting me take another one as he thrusts into my mouth.

Moaning from the pleasure I'm giving myself, which is becoming painful, I need to come, but I can't, spit dripping down my chin.

Fucking hell, he's pumping himself in my mouth, hitting the back of my throat harder with each thrust, my pussy burning to let free. Logan fucks my face, with more speed, more aggression .

"Swallow! Stop touching yourself!" He shouts at me, and I remove my hand, feeling both hands tight in my hair as he thrusts non stop. Logan focuses getting himself as far down as he can go in my throat. "Fuck, fuck, fuck." I hear him shout as the salty taste of his cum hits the back of my throat, and I try to swallow it all, which is hard to do, when he's not giving me the room to move.

Feeling some cum escape my mouth, Logan finally pulls his dick out of my mouth, and I quickly lick my lips to collect all his cum.

"So beautiful," I look up at Logan watching me, his eyes still dark, and anger, which scares me. "Open up." He pulls my hair so my head is as far back as he can, and I open my mouth for him, his thumb moving over my bottom lip. "Doesn't my cum look pretty in your mouth?" Then he spits in my mouth, and why the fuck did that one act turn me on, so fucking much that it made my pussy twitch.

Logan takes a step back, and buttoning up his jeans, looks down at me. "Ready to talk?" He asks, and I look away from him. "Then you suffer longer before you come," he walks away from me, into the bathroom, and I sit in the middle of the room naked, and used.

Nothing new there.

Logan's angry because I'm hiding my past from him, he thought I would break, and I have so many times in the past, I don't think there is a difference between a broken me, and a fixed me anymore. He's angry, and I feel horrible about it, but fear of his reaction scares me more than what he will do to me.

* * *

Class has finished and I wait for all of the class to leave, as I would like to talk to my teacher about what art work we need to do for part of the grade. He has to be one of the best teachers I've ever had teaching me about art. The way he explains how to look at things is amazing.

"Sir, could I have a minute please?" I ask, grabbing all my things on the table, and walking over to him.

"A minute, I think you can do a few more." He jokes, putting his books away, and I smile at him, as I walk closer to him. "So what can I do for our new student?"

"Someone was talking about a 3D project which links with the artwork we wanted to do, but I wanted to make sure it's true. I don't think they are-" I stop to look around to make sure no one is around me. "-welcoming to me, just yet." My comment makes him laugh, which makes me wonder what's so funny.

"They don't like to see they have competition, but yes, I did send an email, I must not have your email." He leans over his desk, and grabs a piece of paper, and a pencil. "Give me your email, and I'll send all the information over. Do you have any idea what you're doing?" He asks, as I take the paper from him, and write my email down for him.

"I do, but not sure how to make a 3D version of it-"

"No, you don't have to make the whole thing as a 3D version, but I want something, like this one-" He nods his head to follow him to the side, which I do. "So this person from last year had drawn, what was a nightmare which she kept living, about how her family would die then dig themselves out the grave and come for her, so her 3D was hands coming out of the grave, and one running towards the house." I take a closer look at it, to see how much detail they've put into it. "So it can be anything as long as it follows the story."

I smile, knowing what I would like to do, and he smiles at me. “That’s a smile, which tells me you have an idea.”

“I do, just have to hope it's good enough to pass.” I haven’t been this excited about an idea in a long time, yes it will be my life, but it will be something I can put all my passion into it.

“I’m sure it will be.” he turns around to walk back, and I do but stop in my tracks when I see Logan by the door.

“You finished?” He asks, eyes locked on my teacher, glancing over to me a few times.

“Yes, he didn’t have my email to send over some work, so I wanted to make sure the other students weren’t lying to me.” I smile wanting to make him stop with the death stare, with the man who will pass or fail me.

“Why would they lie to you?” Logan walks over to me, and takes all my things from me, and I don’t answer his question, they don’t like me because I got into this college because my boyfriend paid my way in.

“Thank you sir,” I answer as we walk out the classroom, and Logan pulls me closer to him, as we meet up with the rest of them, and see August and Blake shouting at each other, and Travis laughing at them.

“You’re a dickhead.” August tells him, which makes Blake laugh.

“A dickhead you love.” Blake pulls her in closer, and she shakes her head.

“What’s happening?” I ask Logan, as he opens the car door for me, but before I get in Logan leans in for a kiss.

“You’ll see, I thought you’d like to see the club.” Travis gets into the backseat, and shuts the door, and before I can say anything he walks to the other side of the car. Looks like I get to see this club they keep talking about.

Getting my phone out of my bag when it beeps.

ASSHOLE

Not long....

I throw my phone back, and look out the window. Tonight, tonight is the night I have to give him something, or he hurts my little sister. Logan places his hand on my leg which makes me jump, and he picks up on it, but I refuse to look at him.

What the hell am I going to do?

Following Logan down the corridor, talking to August who still seems to be pissed off with Blake, but he hasn't let her leave his side, which makes me wonder what this club is. It can't be a sex club, because I would like to hope Logan wouldn't let anyone touch me, but then I don't really know what game he wants to play with me.

We get to the door, and Blake is the first to enter, Logan pulls me closer to him as we walk through, and every single person watches us walking in. I look around to see where we are, it's a fight club. And it looks like these three are the main fighters.

"Are you fighting tonight?" One of the guys behind the bar asks, and Logan looks over at me, before answering.

"No, the other crazy fucker is." He points to Blake, and now their fight makes sense, she's pissed off he's fighting.

"So you fight-" I stop when Logan pulls me closer laughing.

"Little Dove, we own this place. Blakes the big man, and Travis and I have a share in it." He kisses my wrist, then moves his thumb over the scars, which make me tense up, just because I know they're there, doesn't mean I like to be reminded of them. "You need to learn not to hide things from me."

"So, when is Blake fighting?" I ask, wanting to change the subject, I look over at Cain standing with the Crawford brothers. "Does he fight here?" I nod my head over to him.

"No, but the others do. Good to watch them," Logan pats Travis to get his attention, leans in closer to him, but can't hear what he says as the music's too loud for me.

Logan looks over at Cain who hasn't taken his eyes off Logan since I saw him, talking to the four brothers.

Travis and Logan continue to talk to each other, and I watch Cain watching the three of them. I knew there was tension between them, but this feels more than that.

Logan pulls me closer to him and kisses my neck. "Stay with Travis," he whispers, then walks off towards Cain, and August hands me a drink.

"Thanks," She sits on the stool. "How many fights do they have?" I want to know more about this side of their world, it seems like they are here a lot.

"Blake fights a lot more than those two, but he's here all the time because he wants to make sure the business is running smoothly." She takes a sip of her drink before she continues. "Logan fights the least, but the three of them haven't lost a fight. The club is always busy when one of them is fighting."

Blake walks over and wraps his arm over August's shoulder.

"Ready to cheer me on, Sunshine?" Blake asks and I look over at Logan talking to Cain, which doesn't look like a friendly chat.

My phone beeps in my pocket, and I ignore it, still watching Logan talking.

Are they talking about me?

Logan walks away from him and I make my way over to him and he wraps his arm around me and leans in for a kiss.

"You okay?" I ask.

"Yeah, I hate when people can't just talk without the fucking riddles." Logan's tone is dead, nothing but anger in the words.

He hates secrets, he hates when no one talks to him. I know it pisses him off, that I don't talk to him.

"How come you're not fighting?" I ask as we walk back to the others and notice Blake isn't there.

"Fucking wish I was now, I need to hit someone." Logan looks over at the group gathering around and when the announcer starts talking the whole room is cheering.

"Who are the Vipers?" I almost shout the question and Logan leans in closer to me.

"You're fucking one of them." I turn to face him, "Welcome to our world, little Dove." I feel his hand on my waist under my shirt. "How are the tattoos?" Is he serious? I roll my eyes at him and he bursts out laughing. "You'll love them."

"I hate you," I shout at him.

"You hate me, but you're aching for me to touch you. Admit it, I'm growing on you." His other hand brings my arm up and plants a soft kiss on my wrist. "You like it," he whispers in my ear.

Do I admit it? I do like it when he kisses my wrist, it makes me forget, but it also makes me think about what he's kissing away. Can Logan really be able to make me forget the past?

"Until you get bored." I lean in closer so he can hear me over the noise from the crowd.

Logan's grip on my wrist tightens, his eyes darken and he pulls me closer. "Get used to the idea of me being around, the tattoo proves I'm not getting bored. Say it again and I'll take you out into the woods and fuck you so you never say it again." His free hand wraps around my neck and pulls me closer.

"Do you understand?"

The question escapes with a demand meaning he isn't messing about. "Yes." I wish I could believe him, yet I can't.

Travis leans in to whisper something to Logan. I have no idea what they keep talking about, but whatever it is it's annoying Logan. He shakes his head, and looks at his phone, but I can't see anything, so I finally look over at Blake's fight.

August hasn't left Travis' side, so it means even though they own this place they know how to get to them, people can get to us.

Travis wraps his arm around my shoulder and kisses my cheek. "Play along." he

whispers and I look around to see who I'm playing the part for.

Logan's dad is walking with two other men towards us and Logan looks over at Blake, nods his head and pulls August close to him.

"I'm sure you're not allowed here anymore," Logan is the first to talk, as they've spent a few minutes staring at each other. "So why come-"

"My son is fight -"

"So?" Travis questions. "Whatever game you're playing it won't work."

Do they all hate their dads? Are all dads horrible? It seems that way.

Travis pulls me closer when one of them steps closer to me. "Touch her, and I'll knock you on your ass." Travis snaps, making the man laugh.

"Son, I'm sure I can still fight- "

"Try me." Travis cuts him off "I do have one question for you, if you want to answer."

"And what makes you think I'll answer?" His dad asks.

"You won't. The Crawfords?"

All three laugh at his question, what is it about Logan and those Crawford brothers. You ask me, stay the hell away from them.

"Bad news -"

"Not here to help then why?" Logan cuts him off.

Logan's dad looks over at me then at Travis who pulls me closer. "You're a smart boy, not having one girl. Free to fuck who you want." He stops talking when Logan stands up and takes a step towards him.

"Like it stopped you." Logan takes a step closer to him. "She will leave you, I'll make sure of it or I'll kill you. Either way you won't be in her life for long." They both stand toe to toe not saying anything to each other. The whole place starts cheering but Travis doesn't leave Logan's side and then I

see Blake standing in front who I'm going to say is his dad.

"You three enjoy your freedom, it won't last long." Logan walks away from them, even though I want to go to him I stay with Travis.

No one is saying anything, but it's a waiting game to who leaves first.

"Until next time." Blake's dad says.

Assholes, what are they high school kids? Because I don't think grown men act like children. We watch them leave and Logan's right by us again. "Easy fight?" He asks.

"Just needed something to hit." He jokes and Logan pulls me closer to him. "Notice that Crawford left the second our dads walked in?" I didn't even notice they had left, how is Blake fighting, and picking up things around him too?

"I would have too," Travis looks at his watch.

"Got somewhere to be?" Logan asks him.

He might not, but I do. I need to get home before it gets too late, and I lose Poppy to the same messed up world I live in.

"Hooked up with the cheerleader." August and I both roll our eyes and I turn to Logan.

"I have to get home tonight, Poppy doesn't have anyone in the morning." Hoping this is enough for him to drop me off and without too many questions.

Logan turns to Travis, "Drop Meadow off, then I'll drop you." Travis agrees then both turn to Blake.

"I just have to check a few things, then I'll be home." He walks away with August, who waves bye to me, and tells me she will see me tomorrow at college.

I follow Logan out of the club, and I look over at the woods behind me, how does anyone even find this club, it's in the middle of nowhere. Sitting in the car, Travis and Logan start talking about a hockey game tonight, and how a player is lucky he's still playing after the last game. I glance over to the time a few times, hoping to make it home before it's too late.

Am I really going to let him touch me?

Is there a way out of this?

I'm feeling so sick at the thought of his hands on me, holding the tears back as much as I can, if Logan sees me crying, it's more questions that I don't have answers for.

"I'll pick you up in the morning," Logan pulls outside my house, I give

him a nod. Needing to get out, but not wanting to. “Taking Poppy to school?”

“I am.” I look in the house, and see the upstairs lights on.

“I’ll be over early.” He gets out of the car, and comes to my side to open the door for me.

“See you tomorrow Meadow,” Travis gets out of the car to swap seats with me, and I say bye to him as Logan walks me to the door.

“See you in the morning,” he pulls me in for a kiss. “Dream of me.” If only I could tell him I’ll be thinking about him the whole night just to get through the horror I’m about to live.

I close the door behind him, with a shaking hand. “Poppy?” I shout for her, but don’t hear her, shit. Running up the stairs, to her bedroom. “Get off her!” I shout at the asshole as he has Poppy on his lap.

“Told you, time has run out-”

“I’m here, leave her alone.” I power walk over to Poppy, and pull her off him. “You said if I give, you’ll leave-

“And you ran out of time.” He grabs my face, and pulls me closer. “I don’t want you-”

“You don’t fucking touch her!” I scream at him, and I’m thrown on the floor hard, when he slaps me hard. “You fucking asshole.” I kick his leg as he walks to Pops. “Pop get into your room. Now!” I kick him again, and this time he comes for me. “Poppy run!” I scream at her, as he sits on top of me.

“You want me to touch you fine.” I hear his sick voice, as he punches me in the stomach, then in the face. I try to fight him, I try to push him away, but he’s too big for me. “You can fight, but I will have you.” One hand grips hard around my neck stopping me from breathing, while he punches me again with the other, the fucker hits my lip.

I fight, but it’s getting me nowhere, then I feel his hand on my jeans, and I wriggle, needing him to stop. Yet the only thing I can think about is Poppy, and how she might be able to hear me.

LOGAN

“SO HOW ARE things with this cheerleader going?” I ask Travis as I drive out onto road.

“Fine, just crazy, yet if you ask me sometimes fun is crazy, isn't it?” I laugh at Travis' words. The man always has to find the girl who is a little more adventurous with not just sex, but life, and she always has some issues.

“Still can't believe you fucking tattooed her.”

“She will learn to love it sooner or later-” I stop talking when my phone rings, looking at my screen. Did she forget? I see Meadows' name flashing. “Hello. Do you miss me already?”

“Logan, Logan.” I hear a whisper, but a panic at the same time.

“Poppy?”

“Logan, can you hear me?”

“Poppy, I'm here.”

“He's hurting her, Logan he's hurting her. Help.”

“Poppy who's hurting?”

“Lolly he's hurting Lolly-”

“Where are you, Poppy?” I shout and do a hard right turn to get back to the house. My hands grip hard around the steering wheel, the roads are quiet, so it's going to be quick to get there, as we didn't get far.

“I'm upstairs.”

“Come downstairs Poppy, I need you to open the door for me. I'll be there in one minute. Come downstairs. Open the door. Stay on the phone with me though.”

“Logan-”

“Poppy, I'm one minute away. Come downstairs, stay on the phone and

open the door for me.”

What the hell? Who the hell is hurting her, and why would you hurt someone when there is a kid in the house. Ryan wouldn't dare come to the house I'd fucking kill him.

Slamming on my brakes I rush out of the car, Travis follows right behind me. I get to the front door, and Poppy opens it for me.

“Poppy, where is she?” I kneel to her level, and wipe the tears away from her cheek.

“Upstairs.”

“You stay here with Travis, do not move away from Travis.” She gives me a nod, and I get up the stairs.

I hear Meadow screaming, I kick the door open, and look down at the floor, Meadow lays on the floor with her trousers down to her ankles, and the bastard's hands wrapped around her thong.

It's the fucking stepdad, I knew there was something about him, I grab his T shirt from the back swinging him off Meadow, slamming him against a wall behind me. Slamming my hand on his chest so he hits the wall, and I punch him in the face.

“You think you're some kind of big man. Come on then! Fight someone your own size. Come on!” I punch him over and over again feeling the blood seep onto my hands.

“Can't speak. Come on!” I punch him in the face again. “Meadow?” I question.

“I'm fine.” The word just comes out of her mouth in pain, but I don't look around to see how she is. I already want to kill this fucker. He tries to fight me but I hold him still and punch him and then knee him in the stomach.

“Meadow, get a bag, get Poppys stuff and get in the car.” I don't hear her moving which pisses me off. “Get in the fucking car, Meadow.” I shout at her, there's no way I'm letting her stay here. “Get in the fucking car!” I take a quick look over my shoulder as Meadow is fighting to stand up. “You okay?”

“I'll be fine.” I hear her walking out the room.

I continue to beat up this low life prick that stands in front of me, he's pretty fucked up in the face now, and I'm not even finished with him.

“Logan, get off him!” Travis tries to pull me away from him. “Logan, Come on. You fucked him up enough leave it for another day.” But I don't listen to him, as I try to fight him. “We have Poppy downstairs crying.” Travis finally gets me off the asshole and I stand there looking down at him

covered in blood.

“You might want to make a good excuse for your face. I promise you this, I'm not finished with you.” He looks up at me with a smile.

“She will always be broken-”

“And you will be dead soon.”

“Logan, come on.”

I walk out the room, and get downstairs. Looking around for the girls, but don't see them.

I hear Travis behind “They're by the car.”

I don't even look at Meadow because I'm so angry. Not wanting to know what he's done to her face, I open the door for Poppy.

“You good, little one?”

“Yes,” Poppy gets in the car, Meadow follows and I slam the door shut and I look over at Travis over the car.

He starts walking over to me. “Give me the keys-”

“I'm fine.”

“You're wound up, you're angry. You're in a fucked up mood. Give me your fucking keys.” Travis takes the keys out of my hand.

Sitting in the car and driving home in silence. I don't talk to anyone. I hear Meadow a few times telling Poppy that it will be okay.

If she had just told me, I could have protected her. Why the fuck does no one talk anymore? Does she think I tattooed her for fun, I was coming into the club every night just for some pussy. I can get pussy whenever. I'm so angry, I can feel my heart pounding in my chest because of what she's done. All she had to do was tell me her stepdad does stuff to her, the fucking prick hit her and was about to rape her.

I try to keep my temper down, mostly because I don't want to scare Poppy with my temper.. She's only a little girl.

Taking my phone out of my pocket, I send Blake a quick message.

LOGAN

You home?

Travis phones beeps, it's just me asking Blake, I whisper to him.

BLAKE

Just walked through the door.

LOGAN

Stay downstairs, tell August to be there too, two minutes away.

I need August there to keep Poppy away while I try to talk to Meadow, but I'm not sure if Poppy will leave Meadow.

The car stops and I get out to open the door for Poppy and Meadow follows her out, again I don't look at her.

We make our way into the house, and meet Blake in the living area. Blake looks at my hands and I just shake my head at him saying I'll explain in a minute. Travis goes off into the kitchen to get a towel so I can wipe my hands.

Meadow and Poppy stand by the couch, just looking at each other. Meadows says something to Poppy, I'm not listening because I'm still so pissed off with what happened, but I watched them for a moment, seeing how Meadow is with her.

I think the fucking asshole has been doing other stuff to Meadow as well what she's been hiding, I asked what was happening in the house, but nothing, she didn't want to fucking tell me.

Why can't people talk anymore?

Taking a deep breath I walk over to the both. "Poppy, you know we've got an ice rink downstairs in the basement. August, you want to go show her?"

"Yeah, it's amazing. I can't skate so I don't go on it. It's pretty big, say the size of the house, well half the house." August smiles at her.

"Really? Lolly, can I see?" Meadow nods her head, and Poppy takes August's hand.

"Come on, Poppy. I'll take you. I don't have skates your size but I think that this one time we can go on with our shoes." August laughs, making Poppy laugh too, they start walking away, but Poppy runs back over to me, and wraps her arms around my legs.

"Logan?" I look down at her looking up at me. "Thank you for saving my sister, she's my everything."

I get down to her level smiling. "Always." She gives me a kiss on the cheek, and runs back over to August.

"Don't you fucking move." I shout at Meadow and she stops. "Do you think you're some kind of game for me, Meadow? Is that what this was, where you thought you didn't need to talk to me?" My voice is loud, but I don't care, I know Poppy can't hear me in the basement. "You think I can't get any

other girl to spread her legs for me that I came to you even though I knew you didn't want to be with me, even though you had a boyfriend. No. I still came!" I shout, making her jump a little. "I still fucking came and then I put my fucking mark on you. I'm here and yet you couldn't fucking talk to me!" Now my voice makes my throat hurt, she stands there in silence.

I don't even know what to say to her right now. Does she want to talk to me? Does she not want to talk to me?

My phone starts ringing but I ignore it in my pocket. I've got other things to be thinking about.

"Why did he hit you, Meadow? This isn't the first time he's hit you, is it? Has he raped you Meadow?" And that's the first time her eyes snap to mind telling me she's been being abused by him for years.

My phone rings in my pocket again, I take it out and it's my mom. Quickly answering.

"Mom, can I phone you back?"

"Logan." her voice is broken, and I stand up straight.

"Mom, is everything okay?"

"Logan, grand-dad's in hospital?"

"I'm on my way." I end the call, and look over at Travis and Blake and tell them that I'll be back, or I'll send them a message a little later to let them know what's going on.

"You and Poppy have the spare room. Don't even think about leaving. I will fucking find you. I have questions and you'd better find the answers to them." She doesn't say anything, and I shake my head at her.

Grabbing my keys off the table, I leave the house not saying anything to anyone, mainly because I don't want to hit anyone. She needs to know I'm here, she needs to know I'll protect her, but no, she wants to hiding her fucking secret.

Slamming the door shut, I punch the steering wheel a few times, I need to be calm for mom, need to know what's happening with grand-dad, and help mom through it, I need to put Meadow to the back of my head for a moment.

* * *

Walking into the waiting room, I see my mom talking to the doctor, and I make my way over to them.

“Logan,” she gives me a hug. “This is my son,” he looks back at the doctor.

“Like I was saying we just have to wait until he wakes up, and once he does we will be able to see how he is.” The doctor tells me mom gives him a nod, and he walks away.

“Mom?”

“The home called to say he fell, and one of his friends found him unconscious, the doctors have said once he wakes up, they will do a few more tests.” I walk my mom over to the chairs for her to sit down.

I look around and not surprised my dad isn’t here, he’s just waiting for the day he dies, fucker.

“So we wait, have you seen him?” I ask.

“Yes, he’s sleeping. Are you okay to stay with him, I’m going to get him a few things if-”

“Not if mom, when he wakes up. You go, I’ll spend the night here with him.” My mom places her hand on my cheek, and tiptoes to give me a kiss.

“Are you sure-”

“I’m sure mom. Get some dinner, some rest, I’m here.” I pull her in closer for a hug, and then walk away to see my grand-dad.

Maybe being here will be good for me, might calm me down a bit, yet the only person I can think about is Meadow, and I’ve had to leave her when she needs me. Does she need me?

Walking into the room, my heart feels heavy, seeing my grand-dad like this. I pull the chair closer to me, and sit down taking his hand in mine.

“You need to wake up old man, don’t think you’re leaving just yet.” I kiss his hand, and lean back in my chair, listening to the stupid fucking beeping noise. “So, life is shit at the moment, you meet a girl, have a plan, then you get hit in the fucking face.” I’m thinking out loud, and talking to grand-dad at the same time, but not too loud. “Just found out my girl has been sexually abused by her step-dad. I asked her so many times grand-dad to tell me what was happening, but she never told me.” I shake my head, take out my phone, and send the guys a message letting them know what is happening.

BLAKE

You need anything?

LOGAN

No, mom will get me dinner. How is Meadow?

TRAVIS

You call us with any changes. I cleaned up her face, she's in the shower now. Poppy wants to order pizza.

BLAKE

And asking when you are back.

LOGAN

Might be in the morning. Need the time to calm down.

TRAVIS

Got someone watching the stepdad.

LOGAN

Don't want him leaving town.

BLAKE

We're on it.

Putting my phone to the side, I stare at my grand-dad, praying he wakes up soon, and tells me all his stories, or even tell me what the hell I should be doing about Meadow.

One look in her eyes I knew she was broken, there was something inside which had cracks, and I wanted to fix them, only to make the cracks break more. But the asshole broke her in more ways than one.

BLAKE

Your girl wants to go to Skyline.

LOGAN

What?

TRAVIS

Said she needs to work, needs the money.

I get out of the group chat, and get to Meadows chat.

LOGAN

You are not going to fucking work. You need money. I will give it to you.

Going back to the group chat.

LOGAN

Give her my card.

TRAVIS

She's taken it.

I close my eyes to think, only to picture Meadow being helpless, no one helping her. Why did her mom not help her? What were his tick tock messages for? Was he going to hurt Poppy? Was she protecting Poppy? How long has the abuse been going on for? I have so many questions, but one question is coming to the front, and only she can answer it.

I look down at my hands, still covered in a little blood, the man will die, and I will make sure it hurts.

I know how Meadow is feeling, I know how broken she feels, how much she hates life, and wishes she can do anything to change what happened, but you can't, you can't do anything, but fight. You learn to crave the pain, learn to make it your strength. I did it. And it's what I was teaching Meadow, but she's broken and doesn't know how to build herself back up.

Rubbing my forehead, still angry at the situation, and how she had to hide all this from me. I turn the door and shake my head.

"Told you to go home, mom."

"I picked up dinner for us, and it will be nice to spend time with my favorite boys."

I laugh while answering her. "Don't let him hear you calling him a boy." I get up and bring over a chair for her, as she gets the food out of the takeaway bag for us.

"I wanted to show you something, which I hope you will like-" she stops when I stand next to her. "I'm having fun with the baking again, and thought of a few ideas."

Now after the day I've had, there is nothing better than an evening with my mom talking about what makes her happy.

LOGAN

I THROW my keys on the side table as I walk into the kitchen. It's been one long night, grand-dad hasn't woken up, but the doctor thinks he will, and it looks good for him.

I need a shower and some breakfast, I didn't want to leave the hospital but mom said I should get going. I've got practice this morning and Coach will kill me and then grand-dad will kill me again, if I miss practice. I have a headache, and lack of sleep. It's not going to be the best practice, so I need to get ready for the coach to be shouting at me.

"Logan, Logan, you're here." Poppy runs over to me and wraps her arms around my leg.

"Yeah, I'm home. So what have you been up to, trouble?"

"I played on the ice rink again this morning-" she takes my hand in hers. "August cannot skate. I look over at August who shakes her head as I laugh at Poppy.

"Are you not getting ready for school?" I ask Poppy as I walk towards everyone, not looking over at Meadow. I thought so much about her last night, but no matter what the anger was still there, I tried to work around it, I tried to see her side, but I couldn't.

"Lolly, said I don't have to go." She jumps back on the barstool.

"Well, you're so lucky. What are you going to be doing with yourself while we are off studying." She seems chatty this morning, and I haven't had any coffee in me for her energy just yet.

"I don't know. I might spend the day with mom-"

"You know what, do you want to come to our practice this morning?" Then when we're in class, I'll figure something out, but there is no way I'm

letting her in that house again, not until the asshole is dead.

“Can I? Lolly can I?”

“Sure.” Meadow plays around with her food. “Poppy, do you want a shower or a bath?” Poppy plays around with her phone. “Poppy, which one?”

“I’ll get the water ready for you.” Meadow says, and I see Blake nudge August.

“I’ll get the water ready for you. Meadow, you finish your breakfast.” August gets off the stool, and takes Poppy’s hand as they go up the stairs.

Slamming my elbows on the counter, rubbing my eyes and Travis places a coffee in front of me.

“So I get the silent treatment?” I hear Meadow, but I don’t look at her, as I take a sip of my coffee, and god does it feel good.

I still don’t know what to say, I’m still pissed off and still angry. I don’t know what she wants me to say to her?

Taking a deep breath, I finally look at her face and it’s bruised up from what her stepdad had done to her. My grip on my mug gets tighter, seeing how he hurt her, how many times he has touched her, since I’ve known her.

I look behind her as Poppy makes her way up the stairs, then back to Meadow. There is only one question, I’ve been thinking about it the whole night. How long has the abuse been going on? How many years? I will never know because she never fucking talks.

“How long has the abuse been going on?” She doesn’t answer, “Is Poppy yours?” I look over at her slamming my hand on the counter. “Answer the fucking question.”

“Yes.” One simple word, a whisper.

The blood runs cold through me. She’s nineteen, Poppy’s five. Fourteen years old, she was fucking fourteen years old.

Finishing my coffee, I slam the mug on the counter, and walk off. I need a shower before I go to college, and I’m not in the mood for this conversation either.

“Are you going to ignore me?” I hear Meadow shout and stop in my tracks, and turn around to face her, and see Blake and Travis both walking out the room.

“Ignore you? What the fuck do you mean ignore you?” I take a step closer to her, as I continue to shout my anger. “I asked you what was happening with Ryan? You ignored me. You fucking ignored me, and look what happened. He hit you, tried to rape you. I asked you what was

happening in your house. I asked you what was happening with your fucking stepdad, and you ignored me. And look what the fuck happened. So I'm ignoring you? You have got to be fucking joking." I ram my hands through my hair, needing to do something with my hands, other than make a fucking fist.

Meadow stands there staring at me, and I shake my head, then walk off. She doesn't want to talk, then I don't have to fucking stand here.

"You wanted to break me, but how can you break something, that's already broken-"

"And I was here to fix you, but you never wanted to be fixed. It's like you want to be broken-"

"You need to know everything about me, you want to know what broke me, you want to know about my house, but you-"

"But fucking nothing!" I shout at her.

"You tell me nothing-"

"Did you fucking ask? Did you once fucking ask me. You asked why Travis is your boyfriend in front of my mom, I told you the truth, but other than that, did you fucking ask me anything. No. No you fucking didn't. Ask me what broke me, and I'll tell you what you need to know. I asked you, and you told me nothing." I take a step back from her, because I'm getting too close to her, and I don't trust myself right now, and I see the tears escaping her eyes, because I'm telling her the truth. "So don't, you don't get to fucking say that shit to me!" I smack my chest, as I want to hit something, fucking anything right now. "I told you, control the pain, and it can be your biggest weapon, but you couldn't do it, because you want to stay broken." I take a deep breath in, and stand there for a moment. "I knew you were broken, but I still wanted to protect you, I still *want* to protect you, but you're too broken to even open up to anyone."

Before she can say anything to me, I walk away, because I can't stand there and have a fight with her, I've lived with people fighting all the time, and it fucks up a person. I saw it every day with my parents, and there is no way I'm living a life where I'm fighting with someone all the time. Not fucking happening.

* * *

There isn't enough coffee in the world to be ready for Poppy, the whole drive to college she was talking non stop, Travis thought it was hilarious and spoke the whole time, me not so much. I wanted to tell her to stop talking for five minutes, but I tuned her out for a moment of peace.

The three of them walk off to the ice rink to wait for us, as we go towards the changing rooms.

"Are we going to talk about what's happening?" Blake is the first to ask, as the three of us stop by the door then move to the bench, because this might be a conversation we don't want anyone to hear.

"Honestly I have no idea." It's the only thing I say, because I have no idea what I want to do. "All she had to do was fucking talk-"

"Logan," Travis cuts me off. "She was fourteen, abused, then had a baby, and still had to live with the man, it's going to fuck anyone up. You know better than us how that feels." I do know how it feels, I fucking lived it long enough, but the point is she couldn't talk to me, if she can't talk to me about that when I asked her over and over, it means she can't talk to me ever.

"Whatever you want to do, know we're on the same page no matter what. If that means Poppy lives with us, we will make it work." Blake adds, it's like they're in my head, and know what I'm thinking without me having to say it.

I'm not ready for a kid to be living in my house, yeah I like the kid but not to have in my house twenty four seven.

"I know you are, but I need to work out what I want to do." Isn't that the question -what do I want to do?

Can I walk away from her, can I just ignore everything? No, but can I get over the fact I could have protected her a long time ago, if she talked to me.

One thing I hate, when people don't fucking talk, especially when I ask over and over again

My phone beeps in my pocket, and I hope it's my mom telling my grand-dad has woken up.

CAIN

We need to talk.

I show the guys the message, then put my phone back into my pocket, not replying to him. He's another person who's pissing me off, fed up of asking him what his game is. He doesn't want to talk to me, I don't have to talk to him, so the prick can wait.

“Ready for practice?” Travis pats my back knowing my head is all over the place, and I still have a fucking headache.

“It will be fun,” I joke, walking in so we can get changed. My phone beeps again.

MOM

Grand-dad is awake and asking for you.

Told him you have practice and you’ll be over after.

LOGAN

Is he okay?

MOM

Yes, doctors have said they want to keep him in for a few days, just to be safe.

LOGAN

Soon as practice is finished,

I’ll be over.

“Grand-dad is awake, I’ll go over after.” I tell the guys, getting into the locker room.

“Tell him, if he wanted the attention all he had to do was call us,” Blake’s comment makes me burst out laughing, and Travis agrees with him.

At least it’s one good thing for the day, there is no way I’m losing my grand-dad not when I need him in my life. Good news, is something I needed.

MEADOW

“YOU KNOW you’ll only ever be mine.” He whispers in my ear, as his hand moves up my leg, and I look over at my mom in the kitchen. “She won’t believe you.” He sits back, as close to me as he can.

Would she believe me?

I’ve been wearing clothes which are too big for me, and she’s not once noticed the bump, the human I’m growing because her husband has been raping me for so long.

How is he going to explain when the baby is here? I’ve already told him if he gives the baby away I will go to the police about everything. They can do a DNA test, and they will know it’s his, so where will he run? Nowhere.

I can’t have a baby out there in the world, knowing it’s mine, I might be fourteen but I can’t do it. I have no idea what he will tell mom, but it’s not my problem.

“Lolly, Lolly, this is so cool,” Poppy brings me out of my thoughts, she’s been standing by the glass jumping around excited to watch them. I give her a smile, she knows something is wrong, but I told her that her dad wasn’t happy because I was going out with Logan, and he was angry.

I had no idea what else to tell her, she’s been asking about mom too, and she’s been sending me messages, and I told her I was staying at Logan’s house for a few nights, and to make it easy for her I took Poppy with me. She wasn’t happy, but said because she was working late it helped her a lot.

My mom loves Poppy, and treats her the same as she treats me, never

showing a difference. The things Poppy wants to do like skating costs a lot of money, money she doesn't have, so I can't get mad at her for it.

I told mom once she has finished her night shifts I'll be back home, Logan hasn't spoken to me since the fight this morning, he hasn't even looked at me. Can I blame him?

He did ask me, but I was too scared to tell him anything, I was too scared to even mention the past, I'm not sure if it was because I didn't want to relive it, or because I didn't want to see the look of disgust in his eyes.

I see it everyday when I look in the mirror, I didn't want to see it in his eyes, I couldn't.

My finger moves over my scars, if it only worked when I tried the first time, even the second time, fuck I tried five times and the fucking asshole saved me each time, only because he wanted to play with me.

"Lolly, they're coming," Poppy points to the team coming out.

Logan moves straight to the goal and another player starts shooting the puck at him.

"This is amazing." I hear Poppy and I look away, at my scars, three different ones on each wrist, twice I tried over the same one hoping the skin was weak enough it would be quick, it wasn't.

Logan hates me, yet is keeping me in his house, and it's crazy how much all I want is for him to hold me and tell me everything will be okay, Logan tells me he knows me, but yet he can't see I'm about to crumble and fall apart, that all I need is him, why can't he see that.

But nothing.

Right now.

I'm alone.

I'm here for Poppy, I try to fight every day for her. Sometimes I think mom's with her, and she will be safe, Poppy's strong, and I can stop living in this life of horror. Where I live alone.

"Hey," August sits next to me. "You okay? You've not spoken much-"

"Yeah, I just don't have anything to say." I'm not lying, I don't have anything to say, what I want to do is be alone.

My fingers move back to my scars and I hold back the tears, as I think about having no one to talk to, thinking to myself again. My mind's going places it shouldn't.

"They seem to be having a lot going on at the moment, the guys." August looks at the rink, but I shake my head wanting to reply with a comment,

which I know will hurt her feelings. But I keep my mouth shut, already getting the silent treatment from Logan. I don't need Blake mad at me too.

It's me against the world, I feel like no one knows how I'm feeling right now. My head is hurting from overthinking and not sleeping. My heart is thinking about Poppy, my head is going to a very dark place. A place I've lived before and as fucked up as it is, it's a place I feel safe.

"Coach." I hear Poppy shouting, which gets my attention. The only thing I'm thinking is please don't get Logan in trouble. "Coach," she shouts again.

"A young supporter. How can I help you?" He asks, leaning on the glass.

"Can I come to the first game?"

Coach starts to laugh. "It's open doors but I expect to hear you cheering the loudest." He jokes with her, then snaps his head towards Logan when he tells a player to fuck off. And I'm not surprised to see that it's the same player as always.

"We have a kid in the rink, language," Coach shouts and Poppy watches Logan standing face to face with the player.

"Logan would win." Poppy laughs.

"You're not wrong. Time to calm him down." He winks at Poppy, then turns back to the rink. "Logan lights."

Logan throws his stick and skates off to the side, getting on his knees and several small objects light up which are spread out in front of him. He moves side to side on his knees, picking up some speed. It's always the best thing watching players warm up.

Logan stops in the middle and then moves to press the light off, then the light moves to another and again and again and he has to switch them off at speed.

"That looks like fun." Poppy looks at Coach.

"Not sure Logan will agree with you." He jokes and walks away to the team calling them all over but Logan.

Logan's words replay in my head, "*and I would have fixed you.*"

Would have, meaning I'm too broken for him now.

So why is he keeping me around to protect me from the asshole?

I don't know, but I can't rely on him, I can't let Poppy get attached to him because he's about to kick me out. All I'm good for is someone to fuck when they want, when they find out I'm too broken they throw me out.

* * *

Logan sits in front of me, Poppy next to me and Travis on the other side. Again, Logan's not spoken to me, and it's pissing me off.

We got to the diner and Logan sat down, before I could sit next to Logan, Blake got in there. They must have spoken about it after training but I said nothing and just slid in on the other side in front of him.

All I want is something from him, A, I need time, or B, I don't want anything to do with you. Something, anything's better than this.

"Can I get ice cream?" Poppy asks, pulling my arm and before I can answer Logan talks, at least he is talking to someone.

"Which flavor?"

"Chocolate," she gets out of the booth and runs to the ice cream machine, so I can still see her.

"Is this the game you want to play, ignoring-"

"I'm not in the mood." He cuts me off, still not looking at me, but I'm watching him as his jaws clenches, he can be pissed off, but it's pissing me off too.

"You can at least look at me." I snap but it's like he doesn't care. "Logan."

"What? I'm still pissed off. I'm still angry. You don't fucking-"

"You've not asked me anything-"

"What's the fucking point!" He shouts, his hands slam on the table getting Poppy's attention, and I turn, giving her a smile.

"August, I think Poppy needs some help." Blake tells her and I watch August walking over to her, it's only to keep her away from me for a bit.

"There is no point, I've been asking you since I met you and you've left it to this moment to tell me anything. Fuck Meadow, if Poppy didn't phone me begging for help, he would have fucking-" he stops quickly, before continuing. "- and you would have come to me, like nothing fucking happened. This situation we're in is because you thought of nobody else but you, Meadow."

Where's the little Dove, the nickname he calls me, all I am to him is Meadow, the whore, the woman to fuck and nothing else. I'm nothing special anymore to him.

"Going to go see my grand-dad." He turns around to Travis and Blake.

"Is that it?" I ask myself more, but Logan answers.

"There's nothing else to say. I need time to get my head around this. I'm hoping one person will talk to me." He pushes Blakes out the way, and I

watch him walk out the diner.

And I'm left with the two of them. I don't see them letting me go anywhere anytime soon. So again, I'm stuck. But I'm not going to be stuck for long, I will get out of here. Logan wants to stay away from me, fine, there is someone who could help me, I just have to get there.

“Are you two ready to go?” Blakes asks Poppy and August, they nod, as Poppy has a mouthful of ice-cream.

Walking to the car, I look at my phone and my mom's sending me a message asking if we are okay, replying say we are good, just had food.

Now I need to think about how I am going to get out the house with Poppy, without Logan finding out.

August got dropped off at her dads house, and Travis and Blake had been home all night until Logan called them, telling them to get to the hospital. It was the only chance I had to get out of the house, no one was here. I left my phone, Logan's card so he couldn't track me, but before I left I called a taxi to come get me two blocks away from the house, to take me to the only place I could think of. Skyline.

“Hey Dee, can you just watch my sister for two minutes, need to talk to Cain?”

“Sure,” she shouts, and I tell Poppy to stay with her, and I will be back soon. I wasn't going to take her into the club area, god no, so I took her to the girls dressing room knowing they would be dressed in here, well semi dressed.

Knocking on Cain's office door, walking in when he shouts I can. “Thought you quit on me-” he stops talking and walks closer to me. “What happened,” he asks looking at my face.

“Nothing, I need a favor, please.” Cain takes a few steps back, and sits on the edge of his desk.

“Name it.”

“I need some money, and somewhere to stay, only for a night-”

“Did Logan do that?” Cain cuts me off, and I'm not going to lie to Cain, he looks like a man who gets things done, and not in a good way either.

“No, but I need some space. Please. I'll pay you back.” It might sound like I'm begging, because I am, he is the only person I know who might be able to help me.

“Are you okay?” The first time in two days, someone has asked me how I’m leaving, but what do I say, no, because I’m not okay, I’m far from it.

“Yes, I just need a break.”

“I’ll have someone drive you to a place, and give you some money,” Cain walks closer to me, and cups my face. “You sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah,” I whisper, holding down the sob stuck in my throat, I just want to leave, before I break down. “Head to the back, and James will be there.”

“Thank you,” I walk out of the office before he asks me anything. Getting down to Poppy, I take her hand, and get to the back waiting for James. “We’re going to be staying somewhere-”

“I want to go home or back to Logan-”

“Poppy, we are going to stay somewhere else!” I shout, and she looks up at me. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have shouted. Mom is working, and Logan has things on-” I have no idea what the hell I’m saying anymore, I’m making things up as the day goes, I’m losing it, I can feel it. “-it will only be for the night.”

“Okay,” she whispers as James pulls over to me, and I quickly get in the car. I know it’s late, so Poppy will go to sleep quickly, and once she’s asleep I won’t have to worry about her seeing me break down into tears. She asked a few times if I’m okay, and she hates that dad hit me. I had to lie to her, and tell her we were just fighting over something, but the fact I have to lie for him again makes me sick. Being in the same room as him made me sick, but having to say good things about him is even harder. Now I’m fighting with Logan, the one person who I thought was going to be my security, the one to get me past everything, but even he hates me. I Can’t talk to my mom, I wish I could, but I don’t think she would believe me.

The car stops, and I look at the hotel. I don’t know when I can pay Cain back, but I will.

“Thank you James,” I give him a smile, I look at Poppy asleep, her head on my lap.

“You need some help?” James points to Poppy.

“Thank you,” I smile. Poppy isn’t heavy, but if I have to carry her for a long time, I struggle.

Walking into the hotel, James gives a nod to the person at reception and we carry on walking to the elevator, to the top floor.

“The key is in my coat pocket,” James stands by the door, and I get it out, and let the door open, letting James go in front and he puts Poppy on the bed.

“You need anything else.”

“No, thank you.” All I need is a shower, and to feel like I’ve not lost everything in the world, but I don’t even think the shower will wash the darkness away from me.

“Call if you do.” He walks out the room, and closes the door behind himself, pulling the cover over Poppy. I go into the bathroom, and put the shower on. Staring at myself in the mirror, my knees give out and I hit the floor, just as the tears escape, my body starts trembling, and I feel as if the world has swallowed me whole.

Standing back up, I splash some water on my face, the steam from the shower filling the room, my sight moves to the razor, quickly looking away from it, but only for a second. With shaking hands I pick the razor up, before sitting back on the floor. I play with the razor between my fingers, then break it so the blade is free. Moving it along my scars, would this be the end of this misery?

LOGAN

“YOU LOOK like you've got the whole world on your shoulders,” my grand-dad says as I walk through the door.

“Hello, to you too,” I smile as I get closer to him.

“Good to see you, boy.” He wraps his arms around me, with a pat on the back.

“Good to see you too. Had me worried there for a minute.” He is my father, I don't care what anyone says, this man protected me when I needed it, when I wanted to give up, he's the one you told me to use the pain as my weapon, and fight.

“Can't get rid of me that easily.” He laughs, and I shake my head at him.

“Well, Blake said, if you want the attention, just call us next time.”

“And you can tell Blake I'll slap him across the head.” I have to laugh, and my mom does too. I might laugh but he would do it too, he's already done it a few times.

“I'm going to leave you two alone. I'm going to get some stuff for you dad. They want to keep you for a few days, so I will see you in a bit.” Mom grabs her bag, then gives grand-dad a kiss on the cheek.

“Okay, honey,” he replies.

I pull up a chair next to my granddad's bed. “So what happened?”

“Nothing. Forgot to take some medication and got lightheaded.” I like that he thinks not taking his medication is nothing serious, and is brushing it off like nothing.

“Do I need an alarm on my phone to let me know when you need medication? I'll come over-”

“I have no doubt you will-” he cuts me off, and I don't say anything else

to him, he knows I'm not happy about it. "-It already looks like you've got enough on your plate. Why stress over me-"

"Because I love you," I snap, he is so bloody stubborn.

"Talk to me about whatever it is on your mind, I can see it's playing on your mind a lot."

"Nothing"

"Logan Derek Miller, what is going on?" My full name has been used a lot in the last few weeks, I stare at him for a moment, not sure where to even start, Cain or Meadow.

"Don't know what to say, a woman-" I stop when he starts laughing.

"What is it about us men? We think we've got control of the world, but soon as a woman comes into the picture, that's it. It crumbles."

"Is that what happened with grandma?" He doesn't talk about her much, not since she passed away, since then he's kept all the stories to himself, as if they are just for him and her. My mom used to tell me, my grand-dad, loved grandma more than any of the others, she had him hooked.

"You have no idea. It took me six months to win her over, six months before she even considered going out with me-" he laughs to himself at the memory. "-But nothing was going to stop me. I knew I wanted her, if you find the right woman, and she can be by your side, you can be touchable. You just need to find the right one."

Is Meadow the right one? I thought she could have been, but now I don't know.

"She won't talk. She pissed me off by not talking to me. I knew some shit was happening to her with her ex boyfriend and I asked her. I asked her not just once, I asked her a few times and she didn't tell me, one night he tried to rape her and instead of calling me she went to someone else. If I knew I would have protected, before he could even think about touching her." We both stare at each other, and my grand-dad narrows his brows together.

"It's really hurting you, I can see it in your eyes. fighting something hard. You need to talk to someone, and I have a feeling your friends don't know what to say to you, right now." I lean forward, rubbing my hands over my face, because he's right. Blake and Travis have tried, but I know they don't even know what to do or say to me. "Logan, talk to me."

"I asked her, more than one, I asked what was going on, but nothing.

There was something off about the vibe in her house, and I asked, but she didn't tell me anything. A couple of nights ago, her little sister called me, begging me to help her sister-" I shake my head, and take a moment before I carry one. "-I got to the house, and found her step-dad on top of her, about to rape her." I lean back in my seat, when grand-dad sits up, wanting more to the story.

"Is he dead?"

"Will be." I don't need to answer any more, my grand-dad and his friends have enough bodies in the woods to know what happens.

"Why do I have a feeling there's more to this story?" I let out a small chuckle to myself, the man can read me so fucking well.

"There is. The little girl who I thought was her sister, is her daughter. She was fourteen, when she gave birth to her, fucking fourteen. That man was abusing her for years-"

"Stop, breath." my grand-dad can see me starting to lose my temper just thinking about it all again.

"So you don't want to be with this woman, because she has a daughter?"

Now that's a question, how do I answer that without sounding like a prick?

"I don't know. I want to enjoy college, I want the college parties, I throw the college parties, I want the freedom to do what I want, and not worry about a kid. But what's pissed me off the most is she didn't talk to me. Since she was little, he's been touching her, and she didn't talk to me."

"Have you asked-"

"What's the point? She isn't talking." Why, is that the reason I'm ignoring her, almost hating her?

"So this girl, have you fallen for her?"

"Does it matter, she can't talk to me, how can I have her next to me," I snap. He said the right girl can make you untouchable, but if she doesn't talk I'm not untouchable, because anyone can use her to break me. Because for her I would do anything to protect her.

"Maybe you need to sit down with her, and ask why she let the abuse continue, the reason might even shock you." I shake my head, because I don't think I can stand in front of her and be welcomed with silence. It will just push me to the point of not caring at all. "You expect her to talk with you, but have you told her about your past?"

"No. She never asked. We went to mom's house and told her she was

Travis' girlfriend, she asked why, I told her. If she asked the question I would have answered." I lean back in my seat, and look away from my grand-dad.

"Maybe you need to talk to her about what happened to you?" I snap my eyes towards him. No one needs to know the full shit that happen, fuck I don't want to relive that shit, I do enough of it when I'm asleep.

I don't say anything, and he pats my hand to look at him. "What else is on your mind?"

"Nothing." My grand-dad makes a noise, shaking his head. "Crawford."

"Which one?"

"Cain, Cain Crawford, he doesn't seem to be letting go of wanting to kill dad. Again, it's nothing new on my list." I haven't had the chance to talk to him about the photo, and what I found, because he was here, so he wants to talk, so we will talk.

"You need to stay-"

"You need to start talking-"

"About what?" His question and tone both make me laugh, standing up and I start pacing the room.

"This is the problem, grand-dad no one wants to talk. Meadow, Cain, you, no one talks." I turn my back on him for a moment, before I turn back around. "I found something a few days ago, so start talking, or someone else might tell me their version of the story. You and the Crawford grandparents were once friends." Grand-dad's body shifts a little, he knows I've found something and he can't hide it anymore.

He stares at me shaking his head. "You might want to call the other two."

The stubborn man is about to tell me what the hell is going on, and why Cain Crawford wants my dad dead.

* * *

I called Blake and Travis as soon as granddad told me we needed to talk, and now we've been standing here for thirty minutes and he keeps avoiding whatever the reason is, he wanted us.

"Grand-dad, we're not here to catch up on old stories." I cut him off, mid sentence to his story.

I know Blake and Travis aren't happy about this either, because they keep side eyeing me.

“Logan-”

“You tell us a story or I’ll find someone else who will.” I’m not playing any more so people will talk to me, and keep throwing me riddles.

Grand-dad takes in a deep breath as he sits up in bed. “Let’s go back twenty years.....”

Grand-dad's POV

“Dad, I love him and I can't have him spend his whole life in prison.” Lizzie shouts at me.

I knew the Millers were going to be trouble. I thought he got rid of him, but he's been following my daughter for years, a decade even. He's taken stalking to a whole new level, to having an obsession with her.

Being the mayor's son, the police won't touch him, and right now we can't either. We've tried, and now we're in this mess, to the point Crawford might be spending life in prison.

“He will never agree.” I snap because she's not thinking about anyone else, but herself. Wanting to save the man she loves, Elizabeth has been in love with Crawford since she was a little girl, and he fell in love with her too.

He protects my daughter. There is no one in the world more important to Crawford, than my daughter. I couldn't ask for anyone better for her. The first time Miller came for Lizzie, Crawford made sure he knew my Lizzie was a taken girl. But the bastard never stopped. Even now, he's still trying to take my Lizzie away, she's a taken woman, married to Crawford for ten years now.

This was something both families were very happy about, my daughter marrying one of my best friends' son. It was what we wanted but we didn't want to force it on them, we wanted them to marry each other because they loved each other.

We've been friends for decades. we've got plans for what we want to do, and the Millers are fucking everything up.

“Elizabeth, we won't allow it!” I shout before she can say anything.

“Lizzie you're not doing it.” I turned towards the door as the Crawford's walk in.

“Life. They'll put him away for life.” Lizzie shouts at them, and I shake my head, this has been the conversation for weeks.

“Life is better-”

“What?” Lizzie cuts her off. Please.

“It also means a year away from us, a year with him. I will spend life in prison knowing he's not hurting or touching you, a life in prison is better than knowing the unbearable things he will do to you.”

“Lizzie, we're working on it.” The oldest Crawford tries to calm her down. “We're working on it.” He cups her face as he wipes the tears away.

The deadline is coming, he gave us a month and now it's approaching, in a few days. The Miller family had someone follow us around, fuck knows how long for, but they got what they wanted, footage of Crawford killing a man in cold blood.

We knew there was nothing we could do to save him. We've all made peace with it. But now I have to watch my daughter break, but she needs to be strong.

“There is nothing we can do-

“Lizze, babe it will work-”

“You're crazy. He won't stop. He. Won't. Stop.” Lizzie cries, and Crawford pulls her in for a hug.

“All you need to know is, I love you.”

Logan's POV

Grand-dad shakes his head and I take the moment to register what he's just told us. My mom was in love with a man and my dad ruined her life. He stalked her and made sure no one was going to get in his way.

No wonder she's never been happy with him.

She never wanted to be with him.

My dad became obsessed with my mom and it ruined her life.

“You can see the choice she made,” Grand-dad whispers to himself and I look at him for a moment. She picked dad to protect the man she loves, so he wouldn’t go to prison for life.

She chose a year of misery.

“You mentioned mom was married to Crawford. What's his name? I asked. I like how he told me a story or part of a story but never used first names. “Grand-dad, what is his name?”

“Derek Crawford.” The name escapes in a whisper.

“Logan Derek,” I whisper. Now I know why the bastard hates my middle name, mom named me after the man she was in love with.

But it still has me questioning one thing of this whole story.

“Grand-dad you said if my mom went with him, it would have been a year. So why is she still with him, and why didn’t Derek fight for her?” If he loved her as much as grand-dad says, then where is he now?

“Derek got released, one year later. Your dad kept that part of the deal. But in that time, your dad did a lot of things to her, a lot, he abused her physically, mentally, raped her-” he whispers that part of the story, not sure if it so I didn’t hear him, or because it still hurts him to think he let it happen. “-and she got pregnant with you.”

“I’m sure if Derek loved mom enough, he would have still took mom back-”

“Oh, he would. There's nothing going stop him. Nothing was going to stop Derek from getting your mom out of that hell-hole. But one thing did stop him.” Grand-dad stops and stares at me.

“And what was that?”

“A bullet between the eyes. Derek came out of prison and didn't go home. Called us all to meet him outside your dad’s house and went in for a fight to win. Get your mom out. It turned ugly. In the end your dad pulled out a gun didn't even hesitate and put a bullet in between his eyes-”

“Why didn't you take mom?”

“Because by that time Derek got out, your dad and his dad both found a lot of dirt on us all and blackmailed your mom, again and again and again. Derrick was dead. She had to think of how to live and protect the family, the Crawfords, you. She stayed to protect all of us.” Grand-dad wipes the tear away from his cheek, all the pieces are fitting together, why everyone hates my dad, why the Crawfords were banned from the fight club, a feud which never stopped.

The whole room goes quiet. Not sure what any of us should be saying right now. I knew it's was going to be fucked up.

From all this, there is still one thing which doesn't fit. "How does Cain fit into all of this grand-dad?"

"Cain Crawford is the son of Elizabeth and Derek Crawford. He's your half brother." My head goes fuzzy, not able to think about the words, I can feel my heart racing needing to say something. Before I can reply my phone beeps, a message from Cain.

CAIN

You might want to check up on Meadow something's fucked up.
She's at this hotel.

A key is in the reception waiting for you.

What the fuck is she doing now? I show Blake and Travis the message and I look at granddad. "I have to go."

"Do you not want to ask-"

"What's the fucking point? I've asked you to talk to me over and over again. I had a half brother out there and no one thought I needed to know-" my voice begins to get louder. "-If I knew, I would have got mom out of the house, a long fucking time ago. If you'd told me the truth. So what's the point talking granddad? No one tells me shit, anyway." I walk out the room punching the wall as I do.

I don't even know what I'm feeling right now. Anger should be at the top of my list, but there's so much more going on in my head.

"You want to talk-"

"Need to get to the hotel." I need to talk but I need to know what game Meadow is playing with me.

I get in my car, the hotels not too far. Why the hell is she in the hotel? I don't get it. There is one fucked up thing after the other, when did my life start getting so fucked up.

Walking into the hotel, Travis has the key, and we make our way to the elevator. "Hey-" I turn to Blake. "-we're here, know we're here for you." I give them both a nod.

Getting out of the elevator, and I look around for the room. Quietly opening the door I see Poppy fast asleep in bed. Pointing to Blake to pick her up and take her home. Travis waits outside to make sure no one comes in while I look to see what Meadow is doing. I hear the shower water, and I

walk over to the bathroom.

I open the door and see her sitting on the floor, you've got to be fucking kidding me. I slammed the door behind me and grabbed her by the hair so she stands up, making her scream out in pain and dropping the blade in her hand. Slamming her against the door behind me.

“What the fuck are you doing? Are you that fucking stupid to do this?”

“Let go of me, Logan.” She screams.

“No. What are you doing, Meadow? Poppy is in the other fucking room and you're doing this? What do you think she would have done in the morning, she'd see you lying here on the floor covered in blood. Dead. You think that's not going to fuck her up? It is. It's going to fuck her up for life. The only thing she will ever remember is her big sister dead, wondering why, what happened?” I scream into her face, and she screams and cries out in pain.

“Let go of me-”

“What are you doing? Why are you being so fucked up in the head right now-”

“You don't know how it feels.” I have to laugh, my hand wraps around her neck, and it tightens because I'm so angry with the view that I've just seen.

She tried to harm herself again, she'd tried to do it all over again.

“I don't know how it feels. You've got to be joking. Yeah, it's fucked up. What happened to you, Meadow. Your stepdad should not have touched you. It should never have gotten that far. But my dad, my fucking dad stood there while I was getting abused. My dad was the one who put me in a room and made me get abused. Day after day, year after year until I was old enough to fight.” I punch the mirror to my right, making it break, having some of the piece dig into my hands, and I don't even care that it hurts so much right now because I'm so angry.

“Pain Meadow, pain, use it as your fucking weapon.” I finally let go and take a step back and she stares at me.

I didn't want to tell her about my past. God, no one needs to know about my fucked up past but she thinks I don't know how it feels, how it feels to be abused. I do, I know better than anyone, how she feels.

“I was abused for days. and I wanted to give up, I wanted nothing in this life anymore. But my brothers out there, they helped me through it. You didn't have anyone then, but now you've got me. You've got me to talk to,

you've got me to help you and you're not taking it, Meadow. You're pushing me away." My heart is ready to explode, it's beating so fast, and hard, full of anger.

"Logan-

"No, seriously Meadow, you've pissed me off. Get outside. Travis is there, just get in the car." I can't talk to her right now, because my temper is out of control. "Pain. Use it to your advantage." She walks out the bathroom shutting the door behind her.

Letting out the rage, what I've seen Meadow almost do and everything my grand-dad's told me, I start punching the mirror, over and over again until it shatters into a million pieces. That's how frustrated I am.

I need to hit something and the only thing I have is the mirror and the wall, and the door. My blood splattered around and my hands covered in glass.

How fucked up has my life become?

I leave the room quickly and walk over to reception, put some money on the counter and tell them that we're sorry about the damage in the room. Anything we can do, they can call Cain, and he will call me.

Getting in the car, Meadow sits behind us and Travis drives off. What was she thinking? Her sis- daughter was in the other room.

I look at my phone to see Blake's sent a message saying he put Poppy in the spare room and she's still fast asleep. As the car pulls up on our driveway, I shake my head when I see Cain standing there.

I don't bother looking at him and walk straight towards the house.

"Just wanted to see if she was okay. She did not look right when she came to the club-

"She's fine." A walk up two steps and stop when I hear him.

"She's breaking Logan, and she needs someone to be with her. And the person she wants to be with is pushing her away and is messing up with her head-

"You don't get to give me advice. You don't get to get to tell me fucking nothing." I turn around snapping at him.

"I'm not giving you advice Logan, I'm telling you the truth. You're going to lose her, and not just because she's walked away. She's getting messed up in the head and she needs you to forgive her."

"Do you don't know what the fuck happened to her-

"I don't, but you do. So why are you pushing her away?"

I chuckle as I take a step down and look at him. “You come here with your big brother's advice. Don't need it. You're nothing. The two guys standing behind me are my brothers. They were there when I needed a brother. They were there when I needed a brother to tell me everything will be okay and one day they will get what they deserve.” I turn back around to walk to the house, but stop and turn to face him again.

“How long have you known that you had a little brother?” We both stand there staring at each other.

“Since the day your dad shot mine.” We both stand there in silence just staring at each other, and I shake my head and go to walk off, but stop when he shouts at me.

“Your dad took everything from me. He took my dad and he took my mom. I had nothing. You still had mom,” Cain shouts at me.

“Fuck you.” I shout at him, as I turn to face him again. “If it makes you feel any better. Mom had you because she loved your dad, she wanted a family with him. You were loved. I'm the result of her being raped over and over again. I wasn't wanted. You were, and I bet you any amount of money in the world, she thinks about you every single day. Knowing she has a son, with the man she loved out there, the son she wanted to be with, but instead, she got stuck with the son she never wanted so if it makes you feel better, mom might have not been in your life but you always had her heart.”

I walk up into the house and straight to the kitchen, not wanting to hear anything Cain has to say.

I need to sort out my hands and get all this glass out, but right now all I want to do is scream at the world, asking why they've put me here, just to give me all of this shit that's happened.

Mom says she loves me, but she never even wanted me.

MEADOW

I GIVE Poppy a kiss on the cheek, pull the cover over her, and stand by the end of the bed, looking down at the little girl I've been fighting for, the one thing I needed to protect, but I got weak. I didn't think I would ever fall so hard again, but I did.

Logan's words hit me, I never thought about what Poppy would have seen in the morning. I wanted to scream in his face, because the words hit me so hard. Everything he said hit me as if he knew I needed the truth said to me.

Wiping the tears away from my face, I exit the bedroom, and downstairs where I can hear the three of them talking.

"You don't believe the words you just said do you?" Travis asks him, I don't know what happened with Cain as I walked straight into the house. I wait for Logan's reply but nothing. "Logan!" Travis snaps.

"Don't want to talk about it-"

"Logan-"

"Just give me a fucking minutes," I hear a slam on the table.

I stop at the entrance way to the kitchen, and Blake and Travis both turn to me, but don't move. Are they worried about what Logan would do, or just scared for their friend?

"Can I talk to Logan, please," I whisper, and they both turn to face me, then look back over at Logan, who finally looks at me. Logan looks at Blake and gives a small nod, letting them both know to leave the kitchen.

They walk past me, and Travis whispers, "we're only in the other room." Now that does worry me.

Walking closer I watch Logan picking out the mirror pieces out of his hand with a pair of tweezers. I take a look into the first aid box, taking out the

smaller pair of tweezers, and I pull the bar stool closer to him, and he puts his down, as I start looking at his hand.

“Why did you even think of it, Meadow?” It’s the first question he asks, also the one I was hoping he wouldn’t. I move my thumb up and down the tweezers, not looking away from his blooded hand, which is still bleeding from the mirror pieces still in his hand.

“I wasn’t going to-”

“That’s not what I asked. I asked, why did you think about it?” Logan’s voice is still low, and it always worries me. I never know which way he will turn. At least when he’s shouting at me, I know he’s angry, this tone scares me.

“I felt like I had nothing, mom is happy, yes I knew it would hurt Poppy, but over time she would become strong again, I know she would. The only person I thought-” I stop when he flinches as I take out a piece of mirror from his hand. “-I was left alone, and no matter what I was feeling there was nobody in the world who would want me. I felt alone,” I whisper the last part, and work on the other hand not looking up at him.

“No one is ever alone-”

“Says the person who has everything,” my comment comes out harder than I wanted it to be, but I quickly add a comment. “Nothing else I can say, but I felt alone.” Was I going to do it? I have no idea. Did Logan save me tonight? Yes, but is it only to break me?

Logan pulls his hand away from me, I just look at the first aid box, seeing if there is anything I can use to put on all the cuts, but he walks away from me.

“Were you going to let him touch you, then come back to me like nothing had happened?” He places a bottle of water in front of me, and I hear him pulling the bar stool out again, “Were you going to let him touch you, while you were with me.”

I’ve never asked for help, I’ve never spoken to anyone about the abuse, always too scared of what he would do to Poppy, if I said one word. But there is only one answer for him, one he will hate, and one I will hate.

“Yes,” I whisper.

We both sit there in silence, for a moment, and all I can wonder is what he’s thinking. Does he hate me more than he did before, not sure that is possible for him.

“I need to know why you continued to let him touch you,” Logan asks,

and it was the only question I was waiting for, from the start this is the question I wanted him to ask, so he knew I had no choice, I was pushed into a corner, I had to protect her.

“He gave me a choice, I give him what he wants, or he starts touching Poppy, I couldn’t do that. I couldn’t let her live through the hell I did. I needed her to keep the innocence. I had to protect her,” I stop to wipe the tears away as I can’t control them anymore. “I had to protect her,” I whisper.

“Your mom-?”

“Mom, she loves him, and always takes his side. There is nothing he can do wrong, he stayed with her after she lost her hearing, so to her he-”

“Stop, start from the beginning. The story is all over the place at the moment, so let's rewind to the start,” Logan snaps, and I lick my lips, take in a deep breath, and tell the story.

“My dad left my mom when I was one, I don’t remember him, I don’t even know if he is alive, then when I turned three mom met the asshole. It all looked good, I was about to have the family I always wanted, then when I turned five, he started touching me, but I was a little girl, I thought it was what dads do-” I can feel my heart pounding as I relive this time, but I need him to know I didn’t want this, I never wanted this. “- this went on for about a year, and by that time mom’s hearing had gone. The doctors were baffled about it, they had no idea how she went to sleep fine, but woke up and was not able to hear anything. He stayed with her, he helped her, and she fell more in love with him because he didn’t leave. I don’t know if he stayed because of mom or because of me, and I never want to know the answer to that question. He started coming into my room, and it just got worse each time, until it went too far, and I cried, screamed, begged him to stop, but he didn’t, he didn’t stop-” I cry out, as the tears over my face now. “- he would play that song every time he came into the room, even now he played the song, and when I screamed he would say ‘she can’t hear you,’ he was right she couldn’t hear me.” I take a moment before I continue, taking a sip of my water, because I still have to explain Poppy to him. “I got pregnant when I fourteen, I didn’t know what was happening, and one night he came into the room, made me undress so he could play, it what he liked to call it, that night he beat me, shouting I let this happen, I didn’t know what he was talking about. The following morning he took me to the hospital, but they said I was too far along to get rid of the baby, and he said I wasn’t to say anything to mom, and not to wear anything tight in front of her.”

Logan's phone beeps, stopping me, but he doesn't look at it, even when it beeps for the third time. I finally look up at him watching me, but not with the hard eyes he did at the hotel, or the day before, this look is different, like hurt. Not able to look at him when I continue with the story, I start playing with the sticker on the water bottle.

"A few days before I was due to have Poppy, he bought mom a trip away, it was something the hospital was doing, ten day trip to help with adjusting to the world, as a deaf person, she was so happy, I couldn't even remember the last time I had seen her smile so much. Poppy was born, and I told him I'm keeping her, and if he didn't I would tell the doctors that I was raped, and that it was him who raped me. He fought me, not knowing how to tell mom, but I didn't give him a choice, he knew I'd have doctor's visits, he knew I had more chances to tell the doctors, he agreed." I stop for a moment again to drink some water, as my mouth has gotten dry. I'm also hoping maybe Logan will say something, even if it's to stop for a moment, but nothing, he's not even reaching for his water bottle, so I carry on.

"Mom came back to a house which had changed in more ways than I could ever think. He told her when she first lost her hearing he started drinking, and ended up having a one night stand with some woman, two days ago she left the baby outside the front door-" I let out a small chuckle, shaking my head as that's the fucked up excuses he came up with. "-My mom was angry, but she forgave him. Said she understood, it was a big change for him, her losing her hearing. She didn't hate Poppy, but it took her time to adjust to her. Now my mom loves Poppy, but sometimes, I feel my mom wishes Poppy wasn't there-" Sighing I look up to the stairs to the room where Poppy is sleeping, before I continue with the part where I continue to let him touch me. "- A year and he didn't touch me, I thought maybe I was out of living in the hell I was in, but the song came on, and my whole body froze, I knew my nightmare was coming for me again. He told me, if I give him what he wants, he will never touch Poppy. I couldn't let him touch Poppy." I stop to again wipe the tears away, pulling on my sweater sleeves, and wait for Logan to say something, anything.

There is nothing but silence, so I'm not sure if I should be staying here, or go up to Poppy.

Logan places his hands on the kitchen and starts wiping the blood off from his cuts, then starts tapping his fingers on the counter.

"What are you going to tell your mom?" He asks.

“I don’t know, nothing maybe.” I haven’t thought about any of that yet, not had a chance to think, but I know I need to tell her something.

“I’m not ready to have a kid in my life, not just because of the parties, or the college life but for the fact we do some pretty fucked up shit, and my life is one big fucked up place.” I didn’t think he would want Poppy in his life full time, and I know I will struggle to look after her and college if I leave my mom.

But I don’t want Logan to leave me, he was the only person I thought would get me through all the darkness, but I don’t think he will now.

“Where does that leave us?” I ask the question in a whisper.

“I don’t know,” he whispers and walks out of the kitchen and up the stairs, while I stare at the empty water bottle in my hand, trying very hard not to cry, because I’m losing the man I’ve fallen in love with.

* * *

I could not be more thankful for not having a morning class today. I think I slept for two hours. Every time I heard a noise, I thought it was Logan coming to hold me and tell me everything will be okay, and that he has me. But that never happened.

Getting out of the shower, Poppy was up early, I told her not to go downstairs as everyone else is still sleeping, and she can watch anything she wants on my phone. I shouldn’t avoid Logan, he’s the one who has me here so why should I be hiding, yet I couldn’t let Poppy downstairs without me.

I stop in my tracks when I don’t see Poppy sitting on the bed, great she’s gone down without me, and I don’t even know if anyone is down there or not. Quickly getting changed, grabbing my phone, I rush out the bedroom, and downstairs, and stop by the kitchen when I hear Poppy laughing.

“Two pancakes.” She shouts and laughs when Travis plates them up for her.

I look around for Logan, but can’t see him anywhere, and walk over to Poppy as she eats her food. Glancing over at Blake kissing August's neck, and he pushes him away laughing at whatever he’s just said, and Travis pushes a plate towards me then places a pancake on it.

“Lolly, they are so good.” Poppy takes a mouthful of the pancakes, and I push her hair out of her face. “Guess what?” She asks me.

“You’ve had more pancakes than you needed-“

“Noooo,” Poppy waves her hand in front of me which makes me smile at her.

“What?” I ask and look at Travis as he pushes the plates to me, then nods to the plate. “I’ll eat,” I smile, and he returns it with a wink.

“Travis and Blake are taking me ice skating-“

“And me,” August looks at her, and Poppy starts laughing.

“And August, she’s going to read.” Poppy tells me, dips her finger in the chocolate sauce, then turns to face me. “They don’t have class until the afternoon, so I get to have fun.”

I turn to Travis and before I can even ask the question, he answers. “He had something to do, he will be here soon.”

Now I am worried, but they all keep calm as if nothing has happened, like they don’t know anything, or maybe it’s the way they are, and they don’t want to get in the middle of something which isn’t for them.

“We’re leaving in five minutes,” Blake tells her, and I grab my bag to give Poppy some money to pay, and if she wants anything. “You give her a penny, Logan will know-“

“I can’t have you pa-“

“Put it away, and let’s not tell Logan about it,” Black snaps at me, and I look between Blake and Travis both staring at me, and I look down at my money in my hand. “Poppy get ready, the quicker we go, the longer you get.” Blake walks away from me, and Poppy pulls my t-shirt to get my attention.

“Can I go?” Poppy asks, and I can’t say no, if I did the guys would take her anyway, I look down at her with a smile.

“Of course, be good, and listen to what August tells you.” Giving her a kiss on the cheek, she wraps her arm around me and says thank you. “Have fun.” She runs over to August and takes her hand and leaves the house, Blake and Travis grab a bag which I’m going to say has some of the hockey stuff in there, as it’s a big bag.

I turn to the door when I hear Logan’s voice, as he talks to the other two, and it’s the first time in a few days I’ve seen him smile and laugh. My glance moves to his hands, which aren’t covered in gauze or a bandage, they were in a bad way last night.

As Blake and Travis leave, and Logan stands by the door, and my heart sinks when I see my mom walking into the house. What is he doing?

“Meadow, Logan is so sweet. Did you know he has learned some sign

language.” She pulls me in for a hug, and I look over at Logan, when the hell did he learn that?

“Since when?” I sign and talk at the same time, it’s a habit now to always sign when my mom is around as I never want her to feel left out.

“I’m a man of many talents.” He nods his head towards my hands, so I sign his answer. “I’m still learning.”

“Well, thank you,” smiling at him, and he walks off to the kitchen, and we both follow over. “Mom, you want some coffee?” I ask, filling my own mug up, and Logan places an empty mug next to mine, letting me know he would like some too.

“No, so Logan said you needed to talk to me.” I freeze in my position, he cannot be serious about this, I should have the choice on when to tell my mom, but Logan isn’t giving me it.

“I’m right here,” Logan whispers, and puts a file on the counter, but I don’t look at it, I don’t need to. The small time I’ve been around him, I know he could get anything he wants if he tried hard enough.

“Not sure what he means-” I stop when he cuts me off and starts signing.

“Do you love your daughter?” Mom looks at me, but I look towards Logan. “If she was hurting, would you do anything in the world to protect her?” Before he can ask another question, I stop him.

“Logan, stop-”

“Meadow, is everything okay?” My mom snaps at me, the first time she’s ever raised her voice at me, and I shake my head. Maybe I thought I could go my whole life without having to say anything to mom.

“Yes-”

“Meadow!” Logan slams his hands on the table, and turns to face me, so my mom can’t see what he is doing, and he leans in closer. “You tell her, because no matter what happens between us, there is no way I’m letting you back in that house.” Even though he’s whispering, the words hit me hard, and I shake my head, knowing I can’t but I have to.

Picking my coffee up, I take a sip, because I have a feeling this is going to be a long morning for me. Sitting on the barstool on the other side of the counter so I’m face to face with mom, I build up the words in my head before I say them out loud. How do I tell her everything that happened? Where do I even start?

Logan slides the file over to me, again, and this time I do open it. I snap my head at him, he’s got my hospital report, and a DNA test, I don’t even

want to know how he got this. Rip the bandage off quickly, they always say it's the best way.

"It's about Poppy-" I can't do this, my mouth goes dry, and I take a sip of my coffee, my leg twitching on the stool. "So, Poppy-" I take a deep breath, I'm about to throw up, I can feel it, I can feel myself sweating too. "The thing is-" I take a deep breath, but they are uneasy breathing. Fucking this is hard.

"Meadow?"

"Your husband has been raping me for years, and I got pregnant with Poppy because of it," I blurt out signing fast. Not even sure I said the words I have, but words came out of my mouth, but I quickly slide the hospital file over, but my mom's eyes are locked on mine.

"No!" She shouts. No, it's a lie, no it's true and can't believe it, what is she saying no to?

"Mom-"

"I'm deaf, not blind. Was-" She shakes her head, and she starts whispering to herself, but I can't make out the words she's saying, I hear the word no a few times.

Logan waves his hand so she looks at him. "You don't want to believe her don't, but everything in the file isn't a lie." Logan points to the file and my mom continues to shake her head, wiping the tears away from her cheeks.

"Is...is he still...is he still-" She starts rubbing her head, as the words stutter from her mouth. The way she's looking at me right now, I don't know if she believes me, or hates me.

She places her hands on the file, her fingers tapping on the file, as new tears escape her eyes, as she locks eyes with me, and I wipe the tears away and she leans over and grabs my wrist, and points to them, not answering her I pull my wrist out of her grip.

She takes a deep breath in and opens the file but doesn't look at it. I lick my dry lips pulling the sleeves up a little and wiping the tears away, as she opens and starts reading the file. I know Logan has pushed this on me, but I'm thankful he got this file, and I don't have to tell her everything.

I hear her sobbing, and I have to look away from her, because this is what I didn't want, to break her heart. "Meadow," she cries. "You...how did...I'm sorry." Mom's still reading the file, and Logan gets off the barstool, and brings the coffee pot over, but doesn't join us. He stands at the counter, and Mom closes the file and pushes it to the side, she quickly gets off the stool and walks over to me. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, there is nothing I can..."

sorry...sorry, my baby was hurting and I did nothing.” Her grip tightens, continuing to say sorry, but it was never a sorry I wanted from her. All I wanted was a hug from my mom to tell me she believes me.

“Mom-”

“No, I should have protected you from him, I should have seen it.” She cups my face, “I should have been your mom, and looked after you.” She shakes her head a few times, still telling me how sorry she is. Taking my wrists in her hands. “You hated life so much you wanted to end it, how many times, Meadow how many times?” I’m not sure if that’s a question she wants me to answer, or if it’s her thinking out what is happening in her head right now. She takes a step back, and shakes her head, “Poppy, has he-”

“No!” I quickly stop her, knowing I’m going to have to tell her the deal I made with the sick asshole. “He promised never to touch Poppy, if I kept giving him what he wanted.” She takes a step back, covering her mouth.

“God, I feel sick.” I get off the stool, get her a bottle of water. “Meadow-”

“Mom, I don’t blame you, I never have. This was a sick horrible man-”

“I should have protected you!” She screams, standing back up, she holds herself up on the counter, using the other hand to wipe her tears.

“Mom-”

“Meadow, you lost all of your childhood, you lost everything, even now your-” she stops talking and looks at Logan, then to me. “Not anymore, I’m going to be the mom I was meant to be. I can’t give you your years back, but I can give you freedom now-”

“Mom, I’m not asking-”

“Meadow.” She shouts, making me stop, and she sits on the stool next to me. “Do you want Poppy to know the truth, not now but in the future?” I’ve never thought about it, it was never something I thought I would be sharing with anyone, never mind Poppy.

“No, I don’t know,” I whisper.

“She is my daughter, I will love her like my daughter, and I will do a better job at protecting her, but I want you to be free, not worry about her, or yourself.” She stops talking when Logan takes a step forward.

“And him?” He asks.

“I’m leaving, I will go to the police-”

“No.” Logan snaps, and it makes me snap my head to him. “Your daughter is with me, which means I protect her, and her family. So we can do it my way, with you both saying yes, or we can do it my way without you,

you pick?” Logan looks at me, then to my mom who looks at me.

“Your way,” I whisper and my mom nods. She knows Logan is a good man, someone who will be there to protect me when I need it.

“Good-” he turns to me, “can you sign for me?” I give him a nod, and get ready for whatever he has to say, “You and Poppy after the first game are going away for a week, it will all be booked, and when you come back there will be a new house for you to move into, don’t want you living in the house your daughter was hurt in. Poppy will also be moved to the private school which will be paid for. In the meantime you and Poppy will be staying at a hotel, and as for him, he won’t be around when you get back.” Logan stops, and I can’t stop staring at him, what?

“Logan, you can’t-”

“Do you want to be with me? You think before you answer, because if you say yes, it means you never leave, so do you want to be with me?” He signs this time, not wanting to hide the question from my mom.

“Yes.”

“Sign for me-” he turns to my mom. “-Then I protect what’s mine. Poppy will be looked after, your mom will be looked after, they need anything it will be there. You can still be in Poppy’s life as you are now, nothing needs to change, but now Poppy has three big brothers who will protect her, your mom gets three sons, who will help her, and you get a boyfriend who will kill anyone for even looking at you.” There is nothing I can say to what he just said to me, I watch my mom walking over to him, and pokes him.

“Wanted to make sure he’s real.” She smiles, and I shake my head.

“I’m real, I would send you away now, but promised Poppy she can watch the first game this weekend,” Logan smiles at me, and I’ve missed the smile on the lips I can’t wait to kiss.

“We can’t accept the house-”

“Already signed the paperwork this morning, Poppy’s enrolled into the school, and-” he stops and locks eyes with me. “I have a specialist, to look at your moms notes, and he would like her to come in-”

“Logan-”

“You’re mine, little Dove, remember that.” He walks over to me and gives me a kiss. “After this I get to eat you for breakfast.” He whispers, and my legs go weak, because he’s mine again. He stands up tall towering over me. “I never said it was over, I needed time to figure things out with you, and how I was going to help, and now I have.”

“I love you.” I whisper.

“You are stuck with me now, Little Dove.”

LOGAN

HOCKEY PRACTICE KILLED ME, or maybe it was the coach. I swear the man is trying to kill me. He knows I hate my defense, I shout at them enough to move out my fucking way. So I think because I shout at them, he wants to make me suffer. Little does he know the more he shouts, the more I'm going to do it. The last thing I wanted after practice was class, but I had to go.

Meadow took her mom and Poppy to the hotel. I would have gone, but I can't miss class, she said she'll be back before I'm finished with the day. Meeting up with Blake and Travis, as they finish their class too. I enjoy my classes, but sometimes I think after hockey they need to give us the day off. Plus coach wants us to train more as the first game is this weekend, and there is no way we are losing, so I would rather be in the rink than a classroom.

"How was class?" I ask Travis.

"Too long," I joke, as we make our way to the cars. Business Studies was the path I wanted, the hotel, the fight club. It would be good to have one of us to know the business side of it all. "Don't you still have one more class?"

"I do, we get the assignment, I have a plan for it, if it's what I think it can be." I see Meadow and August laughing with each other.

It's good to know they both get along, after last year August needs a friend, someone she can trust, and Meadow, well I think she just needs someone good around her. She's never had friends, or a group around her who will be there for her. She's in for a shock now, because when you have the right people next to you, there is so much you can do with it.

"Your mom settled in at the hotel?" I ask, leaning down to give her a kiss.

"Yes, Poppy has dragged her to the pool, don't think she will get out of there now," Meadow laughs, as I wrap my arm over her shoulder as we walk

to the cars, I know she has a class, but it finishes the same time as Travis, so he will drop her off wherever I am at the time.

“Have you told her about her trip?” I ask, which is something Meadow, and her mom aren't happy about because I'm paying for it, but I'm paying for a lot of things, so they can moan all they want.

“Telling her tomorrow, I have the day off, and I have a feeling she will want to go shopping, and before you say anything, mom and I have money,” she snaps the last part at me, which makes me laugh, but I choose not to say anything, because I want her to have the freedom of her own money, I just don't want her stripping at the club. I would like her to stop the club altogether, but it's a fight for another day, I already have too much going on in my head to fight about that.

I stop in my tracks when the guys do, and look over at my car. “What do you want?” I ask.

“Talk-”

“Not interested.” I cut Cain off, and see the Crawfords in one of the cars. “You had the chance to talk, you didn't. Too late.” I go to walk around him but he grabs my arm to stop me, and I push him away, I see Travis pulling Meadow closer to him.

“Only want to talk-”

“And I've said too fucking late,” I push him again, shouting the words at him, feeling the adrenaline or rage rushing through me.

“Logan-”

“Fuck you!” I shout at him as I punch him in the face, and god does that feel good to do.

If he's as crazy as I think, then he could kick the shit out of me without even breaking a sweat, but nothing, not even trying to fight me back. Does he think not fighting me, or pushing him away is going to make me stop?

I punch him a few more times, until he finally falls to the floor. “You think you can come and everything will be happy, no!” I shouts as I kick him a few times, the cuts from the mirror on my hand open, as I punch Cain in the face, but I don't care.

Maybe I am taking out all my anger on him, all the hurt I feel from my family, the ones who should have told me, were all hiding something.

“Get the fuck off him.” I'm pulled off Cain, I fight the Crawfords, but Blake and Travis wouldn't have stopped me, knowing how pissed off I am about everything at the moment.

“Don’t touch him!” Cain shouts, and they let off of me straight away, almost too scared to touch him themselves. “No one touches him.” Cain stands up straight, brushing off the dirt of his t-shirt and trousers, not even wiping the blood from his face. His eyes move to me then the Crawfords, then stop at me, and I shake my head at him, as he walks closer to me.

“You’re no one to me,” I tell him and push him away from me, making the Crawfords punch the side on my stomach knocking the air out of me. These guys have hands of fucking steal.

“I said no one touches him!” Cain shouts, making the Crawford twins let go of me, and I push them out the way.

“Cain you could have-”

“I said no one touches him!” Again he shouts at them, and I hear two of them cuss to themselves.

“We can’t touch him, we won’t but you need to tell us why?” Now this will be interesting, but the thing I’m working out in my head is, why do they not know the truth?

“No one touches him because he’s my brother.” Crawfords look at me, and the corner of my lips curl into a smile as I stare at him with amusement.

“I’m nothing to you, nineteen years you knew who I was, and you didn’t want to know me, so what the fuck do you want from me now?” I ask him.

Blake and Travis stand to the side of me, they know how much this has all fucked me up in the head, they know how hurt I am knowing my mom wanted him, but not me. They’ve been there when I’ve been in the basement not able to sleep, they are my brothers, not him.

“Does grand-dad still talk about the time they started a fight with a biker gang? Still keep his whiskey in the flash grand-ma got him, or-”

“Go fucking ask him. You want to know, ask him.” I cut him off, and I turn around to get to my car.

“Does mom still make hot chocolate, with mini marshmallows, and cream with only blue sprinkles when you’re not well?” For the first time I’ve heard Cain’s voice crack a little while talking. “Did she tell you santa only got gifts for the boys who hugged their mom every day, or how the first sign of frost, that Jack-”

“STOP!” I shout, turning to face him. “STOP!” Trying to keep my emotions together and breaking down because she does, even now, she still does. “Go find out, I’m sure she’ll be over the moon, the son she wanted is back in her arms. Remember that Cain, she will, and has always loved you,

because your father was the man she loved. I'm the result of a fucked up situation. She will look at you and see the love she had for your dad, she looks at me, and sees the hate for mine. For mom, you'll be the happiness, and I'll be the misery, the pain she lived, the heartbreak. So go see her, and ask her." I stand there for a moment staring at Cain, why he thought I would help him, I have no idea, but it's not happening.

The way I'm feeling I don't even want to be close to him, or mom, even grand-dad, yet it's him I'm going to see once I leave here.

"If I go to the house, your dad will find out. He will hurt her." He shouts, just before I open my car door. "He has cameras all over the place, I can't get close to her." There is it, he knows I might feel like I mean nothing, but I will still protect mom in any way I can. Taking a deep breath in, I feel Meadow taking my hand in hers, and it's crazy but it's what I need to calm down a little. Not saying anything to him, I get in the car, and look over at Blake and Travis, who give me a nod telling me they will meet us at the diner for lunch. Before driving off, I stare at Cain watching me, and fucking hell can this get any worse?

* * *

Meadow didn't talk in the car, but neither did I. There was nothing to say, my heart was still pounding, my fists were tight around the steering wheel, blood was coming out of them, but all I wanted to do was punch something, fucking anything.

"Are we sitting in silence or are you finally going to say something?" Blake is the first to talk, and I lean back in the booth as our food is brought over to us.

"What do you want to talk about?" I ask, making them both laugh.

"You're a prick." Blake jokes.

"Nothing to say-"

"You're not telling your mom, you know about Cain?" Travis asks.

It the fucking question, how do I even tell my mom I know the truth, I know what happened, and she kept it from me, she kept the fact I had a brother.

"What do you think?" I ask them, if anyone is going to give me the right advice it's them. I chuckle to myself when they both look at each other. "You

want to talk, but you have nothing to say about the topic.” I laugh, thanking the waiter for the food, and I take the milkshake, checking the time. “What time is your class?” I ask Meadow.

“Two, then off. Where will you be?”

“At the hospital-”

“Can I come there after?” She asks, and Travis laughs.

“Not sure you’re ready to meet Aaron,” Blake laughs, but I agree, it will go one of two ways, a questionnaire, or a nice warm welcome, not sure which one he will do.

“Travis,” you okay to drop her off?” I ask him.

“Yeah, now back to Cain, and your mom. What are you going to do?”

“I need to figure out how to have the conversation first, but unlike them I talk to people, so I’ll call mom to come over tomorrow, and tell Cain to come over, they can have their happy reunion.” There isn’t much else I can do, I can’t keep this from mom, and Cain isn’t going to stop either. To get him off my back, and from my head pounding it would be easier for me to get it over with. “Also going to ask grand-dad why we couldn’t find anything on him, that crazy fuckers been through some shit, and I want to know what.” There is more to the Cain story, the Crawfords didn’t know about me, so there are things even they don’t know. How much will grand-dad tell me? I have no idea, but it’s got to be enough for me to know why there is no record of him anywhere.

“That will be a fun conversation with Aaron, he was so open about the Crawfords when we asked him.” Blake jokes, but he’s not wrong, he could have told me from the start but nothing. “What time are you calling your mom over, we’ll be out of the house?”

“It will have to be after class and practice, you guys want to go to the club after, and I’ll call mom over.” Pulling the burger closer to me, so I can eat, I might need to order some more, because two burgers isn’t enough with my low energy at the moment.

“Do I have to go to the club?” Meadow asks, and without turning to her I answer.

“Yes.”

“Can I not go to the hotel-”

“No. Your step-dad is going to see where your mom is, and she’s not there. I don’t know him enough to say he won’t come for you. You stay with Blake and Travis if I’m not there-”

“Seriously?” She asks, and I snap my head to face her, she looks at me and knows I’m not fucking about with her. “I’ll stay with them, but can we go over after?”

“Yes.” I continue to eat my burger, and hope the conversation about Cain, mom and step-dad are over, and I can enjoy my lunch without anyone pissing me off.

“Ready for the game?” Travis asks, changing the subject, which I’m thankful for.

If I’m still in a bad mood, Ryan needs to stay out of my way, I need someone to take out my anger on, and he’s the best person for the job.

“Should be an easy win,” I look down at my phone when it beeps.

GRAND-DAD

Bring me a burger, this food is going to be the reason I die!

I laugh, and show them the message. “He’s just missing his girl, I bet.” Travis jokes, and a part of me agrees with him. The man loves his parties at home.

“Well, I’ll order, and get going.” I’ll order his, and order myself some more food too. “Let me know when you’re outside, so I can tell you the room.” I lean in and give her a kiss, saying bye to the others, I go over to the hospital for a nice chat.

“They said you can go home tomorrow,” Taking all the empty bags from him, and throwing them in the bin. “Having a housewarming party?”

“If I do, you’re not invited-”

“What if I’m the one throwing the party?” I ask him, and he stares at me to see if I am or not. “Don’t worry, you get to have all the ladies you want, I won’t be there.” I see the relief on his face which only makes me laugh, as he throws his pen at me.

“How is the girl of yours?” Grand-dad asks, and I take the moment to play my card.

“I’ll answer your question, if you answer mine first.” I pull the chair closer to the bed, I have a feeling this will be a sitting down conversation. He gives me a nod. “You’ve told me about Cain, but I want to know why we couldn’t find a single thing on him, no birth record, no school, I couldn’t

even find out how he got into the club. Why is he a ghost?"

Grand-dad nods his head slightly a few times, as if he's thinking about what to say, but what I want is something which isn't a lie. "When his dad was killed, Crawford's grand-dad said he was going to protect him, turn him into the man Derek wanted him to be, to be feared when he heard his name. There was nothing I could do, I could have fought for Cain to stay with me, but I knew your dad would have killed him sooner or later, so we had to let him go. He was seven, almost eight, he was a smart kid, he knew how to fool people, work them. His grand-dad put him underground, no one was to know where, or when he came out of there, until you mentioned his name I thought he was still there."

"Underground?" I ask, never heard of anything underground from anyone, so this must be something only they know about.

"You have the fight club, but where Cain was, he was sent to a world where you learn to fight alone. You remember the film Batman with Bane, and he sent Batman to the cave. Well that's where Cain was sent, there you learn to fight, you learn to kill, you live surrounded by fire, ice, water. You fight someone everyday, to survive-" He stops talking and takes a deep breath. "- I know more people that have died down there, than come out."

"Who died?" I whisper the question.

"Cain's grand-dad refused to send him down alone, no matter how much I fought him on it, he went down there. I don't know the full story, you never do, but he was sent back five years later, and-" Grand-dad shakes his head. "- Cain was alone down there." My phone beeps.

LITTLE DOVE

I'm here.

I send her a quick message with the room number, and look back up to my grand-dad.

"Does Cain know you know?" He asks.

"Yes." A simple answer: there isn't anything else to say, grand-dad knows me well enough to know there is nothing else to say on the subject. "I'll answer your question now." I get up, and open the door so Meadow can come in.

"Meadow this is my grand-dad, grand-dad, this is Meadow."

"So nice to meet you," Meadow walks over to him, and he pulls her in for a hug.

“Too pretty for him-”

“I can hear you,” I snap.

“I didn’t whisper, did I?” Grand-dad's reply makes Meadow laugh. “Get her a chair-” He snaps at me, and I roll my eyes at him. “- Come sit down and tell me everything about you, and why you said you’d agree to date my grand-son.”

Meadow sits down, and I take my phone out and send a message I didn’t think I would but here I am sending it.

LOGAN

Come over to the house tomorrow,

I’ll let you know the time.

CAIN

Thank you

Listening to Meadow talking to my grand-dad, I try to figure out what I’m going to say to mom, either way, I’m going to have to see her cry, with bad news and good news. Maybe now she can finally leave the asshole, and move into the house I bought her a few years ago, with grand-dads help. This could be what she needs, seeing Cain, and knowing she doesn't have to stay with the asshole anymore.

LOGAN

“COME ON LITTLE DOVE, who's little slut are you?” I watch her dancing around the pole in her cage, she has just given me the best strip tease I could ask for and fuck yes, I've been hard since the second she got in there. “I'm waiting for an answer.” She looks over her shoulder at me, with a smile then swings around the pole, as she does, she spreads her legs wide giving me the best few of what is mine,

“Yours.” She licks her lips, and sits on the floor, bending her legs closer to her, and she jolts a little, as the vibrator in her ass goes off.

Meadow walks out the cage and stands in front of me, all sexy and naked, just the way I like her to be. “Ready for some pain?” Tonight, she will be begging for the pain to stop, begging for the pain to continue.

I move the flogger up her stomach coming to her breasts, and slap each one with the flogger a few times, and every time she screams a little in pain. Moving my hand between her legs. “Aren't you wet for me little slut?” I smile when she starts grinding her hips on my hand, but I remove it quickly.

Moving the flogger back over her stomach, her thigh, each stroke getting stronger, then I swing it softly over her clit, which does make her scream this time, as the leather touches her pussy.

My hand moves to her throat, wrapping around her neck, holding her where she is, so she can't move away from me.

“I think my little slut, needs to lie on the bed, and spread her legs for me, what do you think?” I lick her lips, down her cheek to her back, and bite down and suck on her skin.

“Y...yes.” She moans out, and I smile at the new mark I've added to her body.

Letting go of her neck, I watch her walking to the bed, and I stand up, pulling my trousers down, and she lies on the bed, smiling at me as she spreads her legs open for me. Walking along the bed, I move the flogger up and down her body, slapping her skin a few times.

“Pain, little Dove. Learn to embrace it.” I slap her skin again, before getting on the bed. Grabbing both of her wrist tight in my hand. She ignores me, and screams again when I hit her, then I sit on top of her. “Pain, it will be your friend.”

She looks up at me, tears filling her eyes, my bite marks on her neck and chest, a fucking view which makes my dick jolt. But I can see she wants to tell me to fuck off, and I smile at her, slapping her breast hard enough that I hear the sting.

“Open, little Dove.” She opens her mouth, and I move over her mouth. “Don’t swallow, and keep your mouth open.” I spit in her mouth, and place two fingers into her mouth. “Suck little Dove,” the second she does I switch on her butt vibrator, and smile when her eyes widen. She sucks hard, and every time she does my dick hardens which is becoming painful, but it’s only going to make it that much better.

“Did I tell you how sexy you look naked?” she continues to suck on my thumbs, and I lean down and suck on her nipples and bite them at the same time, making her stop and scream a little, then she continues to suck.

Removing my fingers, I spread her legs even further open, as I sit up, running my fingers up her inner thigh, slowly moving to her pussy, which smells so incredible. I push my fingers to her entrance. “So wet little Dove.”

Meadow moans, as I move my fingertip up and down between her pussy lips, feeling how wet she is. My finger is quickly coated, her body twitches as I flick her clit. I remove my finger from her pussy and bring it to her mouth. “You’re mine, Meadow, and I can do whatever I wish.” She moans as she sucks on my fingers.

I leaned down, removing my hand and sliding it into her dark hair, pulling it back and angling her head up. Meadow whimpers at the pain of me pulling her hair. I cover her lips with mine, muffling the small noise as I push my tongue into her mouth. Fuck she tastes so good, her tongue dances with mine.

“Your kiss is so submissive,” I smile at her.

“And your kiss is demanding.” Her comment makes me laugh, and she looks at me.

“And you love it.”

“I love you.” She whispers.

“Turn around.” I tell her, I’ve not said the words to her yet, and I don’t know if I will, but what we have I know I’ll never have with someone else.

Meadow looks at me, then turns around slowly. “Put your arms up above your head.” She has one sexy ass, and I’ll be fucking it tonight. Moving the strands of the flogger, letting them fall like rain against her skin.

“Are we comfy, little Dove?” I slap the flogger against her ass, and she screams.

“Yes.” The reply is a little muffled by the pillow, I know she’s in pain, her ass is in pain, her skin after being hit with the flogger a few times is hurting, and I love that I am the cause of her pain.

I flick my wrist again, faster this time. The tips of the flogger's tails slap onto the smooth skin of her upper back, scraping along, then flicking around to land again, and again, and again. I watch her as I work, listening to the rhythm of the tails, watching her arms pushing against the headboard, hearing her breathing over the swish of the flogger. Is this the best view in the world, yes. Red skin, covered with marks from me.

Meadows' legs aren't as tightly pressed together as they were before. I didn't think I could smile more, but seeing how wet she's getting is one of the best feelings a man can have.

I twist my wrist so the tails of the flogger spin faster, letting them slap into her back with some force, and each time she screams.

“What a sexy view,” I play with the flogger a little longer, wanting to see how fast I make the tails spin on her skin. This is going to be amazing, I lift the flogger up, and slap all the tails down on her ass, making Meadow jump, and gasp, her head coming up as she screams.

I let the scream finish, and as she does I slap the flogger on her ass again, and she screams.

“Does it hurt?” I ask.

“Yes!” Meadow screams.

“Control the pain,” I demand, dropping the flogger on the floor. “Spread your legs, lift your ass.” As she does, I push the butt plug and twist it around, making her body jolt for me.

I reach between her legs and press my palm lightly against her pussy, and it makes her body tremble. I thrust inside her without warning, and she moans out my name, music to my ears. I’m not fucking her pussy tonight, I get her ass, I only want to get my dick wet for her, because she is dripping right now.

"Turn your head, and look at me," I shout, I want to see her face when I fuck her ass.

She obeys, like a good little slut, meeting my gaze, the most intense emotions in her eyes stare at me. I smile at her, seeing her face covered in tears.

Pulling out of her, the same time I pull the butt plug out, and her body relaxes a little, her eyes start to close, but snap wide open when I slap her ass hard. "Be a good little slut, and open your eyes."

Bringing the head of my dick to her ass, Meadows eyes locked with mine, I've fucked her once, and it was so tight, I enjoyed it more than I thought I would, and I've been waiting to fuck her ass again. As I inch in, her mouth pops open.

"Fuck," I grunt out. "So fucking tight." Fucking hell this is not going to last long for me. Meadow moans, small shallow breaths, small whimpers escape her. "Look at me and touch yourself."

As she touches herself, Meadow's asshole relaxes a little, and I enter her slightly deeper. She needs to relax for me to be fully inside her.

Her hand vigorously masturbates her wet pussy, my dick is so hard, and it's big for her ass, so it's going to hurt.

I pull out of her, and spread her ass cheeks wide, and spit into her hole so I get it as wet as I can for her. Pushing back into her, inch by inch, smiling when I can feel her heartbeat inside her asshole pulsing against my dick.

"Logan, you're too big-"

"Trust me."

"I do."

Meadow continues to rub her pussy, her ass relaxing more, and I finally push all my dick inside her.

"Holy fuck." Meadow screams.

I grab her hips and begin to gently thrust into her as slowly as I can not just for Meadow, but for me. The tightness of her ass is so exciting I have to restrain myself from thrusting aggressively.

Her sexy ass is stretched out for me, and I see the tears building in her eyes. As I thrust inside her, Meadow moans out my name.

I move my hand to her breasts and pull on them hard, she's perfect for me, everything I want, and she's under me right now, as I fuck her ass.

Leaning in closer to her, "I've got you little Dove." I whisper.

I could feel the pressure of her ass stretched around me, and she starts

moving her hips with me. Meadow takes my hand, and brings my fingers to her mouth, and starts sucking on them.

“Oh fuck,” her mouth sucking my fingers, her ass clenching around my dick, fuck she’s going to drain me tonight. “You’re a good little slut, and I’m going to fuck your ass, and you’ll be leaking me all night.”

Slapping her ass, I grab her hips, Meadow grabs the bed sheet, as I thrust hard inside her, Meadow screams in pain, I feel the ring of pressure around the base of my cock loosen and I begin pumping harder, grunting with each thrust.

She digs her fingers into the sheets, as I fuck her ass so hard that its driving me crazy, I start fucking her ass like I have so much anger inside me I need to fuck it out. I need to cum, and I’m coming in her ass.

“Logan-” Meadow screams, I pull her hair so it arches her back, my other hand slapping her ass, which makes her cry in pain.

Meadow starts rocking her hips with me, I’m ready to explode, but I let her continue to bounce and fucking my dick. I want her to enjoy it too.

I let go of her hair, grip her hips tight, and shoot my load into her, slamming into her ass, as I let every drop of me go inside her. The sensation of pleasure is clouding my head, and as I continue to fuck her ass.

“Oh my god!!!” Meadow screams so loud it echoes in the bedroom, her body shakes harder than I’ve ever felt it before, her legs shake as I thrust again and again. “Logan, fuck!”

I pull out of her ass, and I hear her moan, but she falls flat on her stomach on the bed. I slap her ass making her moan, and I see my cum covering the entrance of her ass, and I move my finger over it, and sliding it down to her pussy.

“You’re my dirty little slut.” I kiss her back, to her ear. “All mine to fuck again, get ready for no sleep.

If she thinks I’m finished I’m not. I’m going to fuck her pussy, her mouth, and I will be fucking her ass again, this woman tonight will be screaming for me, and I’m going to make her beg for more.

* * *

“How is college?” Mom asks, and I continue to make her coffee. “Logan is everything okay, you’ve not spoken since I got here.” I smile while placing

the coffee in front of her.

“It’s going well, first game tomorrow-“

“Logan, you didn’t tell me, I will be there. I haven’t missed a game, not going to start now,” she tells me with excitement. Mom hasn’t missed a game, once she got sick, couldn’t even walk, but she somehow got there, and cheered throughout the whole game.

“Sorry, it slipped my mind.” Taking a sip of my coffee and looking at the time. I sent Cain a message letting him know mom was here and give me about thirty minutes to talk to her, before you come over.

“Logan, you’re scaring me.”

“Where did my middle name come from, normally it’s the grand-dad’s name, but it’s not.”

“I like the name-“

“Why?” Mom doesn’t even look at me, as if she’s holding back her tears. “Ma I know who Derek Crawford is-“

“Never heard of him.” She gets off the sofa and walks over to a picture of the three of us in our hockey gear.

“Mom, you can’t lie to me anymore, Grand-dad told me the whole story. The story which you’ve been hiding from me-“

“Not hiding anything Logan-“

“Mom you’ve been miserable with dad from the start and now I finally know why. You had to be with him even though you loved someone else, Derek Crawford.” Mom’s whole-body tenses up hearing his full name.

“Logan, you have to stop talking about this-“

“No, no I won’t.” Mom wipes the tears away, she knows I’ve hit a spot, a subject she never wants to relive, a part of her life she thought she could hide away, but she can’t, not now, she must relive it, she has to face it, because Cain isn’t getting off my back about it.

“Mom, I know, I know everything-“

“So why can’t you just leave?”

“Derek’s dead. The Crawford grand-dad is dead, grand-dad doesn’t care what dad does to him anymore. He wants you to be happy the exact same way, I want you to be happy.” This time my voice is a little louder, but the only thing I see in my mother’s eyes is pain. I’ve seen pain so many times in her eyes before with what dad would do, but now, this is a whole different pain. The pain of losing someone you love. “Mom, come on, you can leave.”

“Logan sweetheart, twenty years, twenty years, I’ve lived this life and I

can live the rest of my life this way-”

“No, no you can't Mom, what are you doing?” I'm starting to lose my temper, because it's like she's been brainwashed to be with him. “I've got you a house, I've got you everything you want. Please, I'm begging you mom, take it.”

“Logan, I did everything to protect the people I loved”- The people she loved, she protected, but when I needed protecting no one was there, but she protected so many others for love. “-I didn't want them to get hurt, I didn't want-”

“Mom stop, Grand-dad told me everything, so if you can't do it for me-” I stop for a moment, because this moment is hard for Cain, but it's too hard for me to stand here and watch this. “Maybe you do it for him.” I point behind her, and her eyes snap to me, but she's not turning around. “You'll do it for him,” I whisper.

Very slowly, she turns around and she takes a deep breath, her hands to her mouth.

“Oh my, you look just like your dad,” she whispers the word and Cain just stands there staring at her, taking her in as if he hasn't seen her before, but I know he has.

I take a few steps back towards the kitchen, this isn't the reunion I want to be a witness to, it's hard enough letting him in my house. Taking one more look at mom who's so focused on Cain she's not even noticing anything that's going on around her.

“You have his eyes,” Mom says through sobs.

Neither one of them are moving closer, it's almost as if they don't know what to do. I take my keys softly off the kitchen counter and leave through the back door and get into the car. I told the guys I would meet them at the fight club, but I just need to be alone right now. Pulling out the driveway, I make my way to the only place I can think of, the place which always gave me some peace.

Pulling the puck closer to me, I swing my stick and shoot it towards the goal, I do it again and again, until I run out of pucks. I've got a few missed calls from mom, but I wasn't in the mood to hear about her happy reunion with Cain.

“Your mom is worried about you,” I hear Travis shout behind me, not

turning around to face them both, knowing they are skating over to me. “She hasn't left the house, finally got her to agree to go home, and we will call later.” Blake gets into goal and slides me a few more pucks.

“Talk to us,” Blake taps his stick on the goal wanting me to shoot at him. “What’s going through your head?” I shoot the puck past Blake, knowing he can’t save it.

“Nothing, I should be angry, or upset, but I’m nothing-” I shoot another puck towards the goal. “- I don’t care mom got the son she wants, I don’t care-”

“Logan, your mom loves you, you know that.” Travis passes the puck to me, moving it around with my stick. “What happened, it’s fucked up, but you need to remember, she went through a lot of shit, and was trapped you can’t punish her-”

“Punish her, no. Yeah I have thoughts in my head about what I feel, but I won’t take them out on her, just need time to figure it all out,” I tell them both as we pass the puck along the ice to each other.

“Is it Cain?” Blake shoots the puck hard into the goal, then gets another and passes it to me. Now that’s the question I was hoping they wouldn’t ask. “So, it is Cain. Well I admit I didn’t see the whole brother part, but it makes sense why Cain was so protective over Meadow, you liked her, and he put her behind the bar, why he called you when she left the house, why-”

“So, you think we should play happy families?” I snap, and they both laugh.

“Do we really look like the type to play happy families? Cain doesn’t look like it either, all we’re saying is, your mom will want him to be part of her life, he wants to be a part of your-”

“Ours, not just my life, it will be ours,” I correct them.

“Fine, but is he the worst person we get involved with? He might even have some fucked up shit on your dad.” Blake slides the puck to Travis, who skates around with it for a bit, before passing it over to me.

“We’re not saying you should forget he never told you, but your mom will want him around, give him a chance.” I shoot the puck to the goal with everything I have, and glance at Travis and Blake, maybe they're right, I can’t avoid him forever.

“Want to go to the club this weekend?” I ask them both, because if they think I want to be in a room with him alone they’re fucking crazy. Someone has to do the talking, I don’t even know what to talk to him about anymore.

“I don’t mind,” Travis skates closer to me. “And phone your mom.” He tilts his head, shaking it a little. “This is the last thing she wanted, remember that, she’s never wanted to hurt you, she lost her husband, and her son. Don’t let it be she’s got one back of those backs, and loses you.”

“You just want your brownies,” Blake comments, which makes me laugh.

“She’ll still make you brownies.” I skate to my bag, and grab my phone and see more missed calls from mom.

LOGAN

Sorry I didn’t answer your call.

Dinner tomorrow?

MOM

Yes, please don’t cancel.

LOGAN

Promise.

I can put everything aside for my mom, and pretend nothing happened, smile, have dinner. It might be fake for a while, but to keep a smile on her face I can do it. Cain on the other hand, I don’t know how I’ll be around him, or what relationship I want from him. But again for mom, I will sit in the same room, and smile, maybe one day I can put it all aside, and maybe not be brothers, but friends, but only time will tell.

MEADOW

THE WHOLE ARENA IS FULL, I don't think anyone is missing the first hockey game. Poppy hasn't stopped talking about it all day. She stands by the glass waiting for them to come out, I love how she is cheering for Logan, but isn't wearing his jersey, no matter what I was saying to her, she refused to wear it, she wanted another name.

"What is Logan going to say when he sees Poppy?" Mom asks, laughing at Poppy jumping up and down.

"I'm not saying anything that's between them two," August starts laughing. Even she was surprised when she saw her, and asked the same question.

"I take it we're coming to every game."

"I don't have a choice because of my boyfriend, you don't have a choice because of her." I point to Poppy, who turns around to face me with a smile, waving her banner which says. Go Logan Go.

"At least we get to spend one evening together, it will be a fun day for us." Mom signs, and I lean my head on her shoulder.

"Well, we can make it a thing, if Logan doesn't mind, we can go for dinner together after every game.

"Lolly, Lolly, look they're coming." Poppy starts waving her banner as she jumps up and down cheering for them.

Blake skates straight over to August, a thing they must do all the time, and I look over at Logan as he stands in the middle of the goals, hitting his stick on each pole, as the players start shooting pucks at Logan, warming up for the game.

"Coach! Coach!" Poppy shouts.

“Poppy Stop it,” I pull her away from the glass.

“He will want to know what I've got to say.” Poppy goes back to the glass and starts shouting again.

“I think he knows what he's doing. Pops.” First game against my old college and Ryan, this should be fun. I'm hoping Logan knocks him out. “Poppy please, stop.”

“Look he's coming, he's coming.” Coach stops by the glass.

“Look, it's our biggest supporter. What are we cheering for today?”

“Win, win.” Poppy jumps up waving her banner.

Coach looks up at it and smiles. “Logan will be happy, that doesn't look like Logans,” he points to the jersey, then looks at me and all I can do is smile.

Poppy turns around, points her thumbs to her back and he starts laughing. I shake my head.

“Miller, Carter, Parker here!” He shouts, oh this can not be good. Logan takes his helmet off.

“Coach?” three of them ask in sync.

“Looks like our biggest supporter is here today,” they all look at Poppy, who shows them the banner, then turns around to show the name on the back of her jersey. Travis starts laughing, and looks over at Logan.

“Traitor. Thought I was your favorite-”

“What about me?” Blake jokes.

“You scare me-”

“I scare you. I'm soft as a teddy bear.” His comment makes Travis, Logan and coach laugh and to be fair, it makes me laugh too. August sits next to me in a fit of giggles, which proves our point, not a soft teddy bear at all.

“Travis is sweet. He makes me pancakes.”

“So if I make your pancakes in the morning, you'll wear my jersey?” Logan asks, which makes me laugh with how hard he is trying to win Poppy, hating she likes Travis over him.

“Let's see.” Logan looks at me, and I shrug my shoulders, letting him know, this is between you two I'm staying out of it. Travis puts his fist to the window, and Poppy fist bumps him back.

“You three get warmed up, and before Logan goes he tells me to get closer to the glass, knowing whatever he has to say is not going to be PG.

“You'll have to make this up to me now.” Before I can say anything he skates off, and I look at Poppy.

“You’ve got me into trouble.” She starts laughing, pushing her playfully. I sit back down next to mom. “He’s not going to forget you picked Travis.”

She turns her back towards me, and watches the three of them warming up and laughing with each other. If only she knew the three of them are far from the angels, she believes them to be.

“Mom, are you excited for the vacation tomorrow?” I see a few people looking over at me as I sign, it’s something I’ve gotten used to.

“Yes, I still can’t believe he did this for us.” Mom looks over at Logan, he’s won my mom over not with the vacation, but with how protective he was with me. How she could tell he was going to make sure I was happy no matter what was in the way. “How are the classes in this new fancy college?”

“It’s good. I’ve sketched out all of my work. And now we’re just going to work out the 3D aspect of it. I’ve been thinking of asking Travis if he can help me, I don’t think Logan’s business degree is going to help me-” I stop when August starts laughing, shaking her head.

“I would still ask Logan, they will surprise you with what they know.” All three of them seem to be good at everything. They’ve made it their purpose to learn life skills every way they possibly can.

“Mrs. Miller, so nice to see you here.” August gets up and hugs her, and I look over at Logan.

“Oh sweetheart. I wasn’t going to miss his game. I haven’t missed one yet.” She jokes, and I look at Cain standing behind her, I didn’t think I’d see him here. I give him a small smile and then look over at Logan staring at us.

This is not what he needed for his first game, Cain sits down leaving a gap between him and August.

Logan skates over, “You made it.” He smiles.

“I told you I wasn’t going to miss the game,” he takes a quick glance over to me, then back to his mom.

“Mom, this is Meadow, Meadow this is my mom. she’s my girlfriend-”

“I knew she was your girlfriend. Travis wasn’t too touchy touchy with her.” I have to laugh because it’s true. He never got too close to me, not the way Logan is with me or how Blake is with August.

“Well, just put the wedding album away,” he skates off before she can say anything to him, which she was about to. But he hasn’t even acknowledged that Cain has come too.

I introduce my mom to Logan’s mom, signing at the same time.

“Very nice to meet you, your son is wonderful.” Logan’s mom looks at

me, wondering why I'm signing when she can talk.

"My mom can talk but she can't hear. We've got a specialist looking at it, next week. So fingers crossed, he'll find something. Logan found a really good one, who's helped so many people."

Even a hearing aid might be good, I don't know if she wants a hearing aid. But fingers crossed, something will help her.

"So nice to meet you-" She turns to me, to help her sign. Oh I have to learn. I don't like it, not having a conversation with people." I smile, and reply.

"Logan's learned well, he's still learning but he can have a pretty decent conversation with mom." I watched him the other day watching a video learning some words, it was so cute.

"Logan always thinks of others." She turns to August. "Could I sit next to Meadow?"

"Of course I'll sit on the other side." She looks at Cain, "no offense, but I think Blake will go crazy, and it's something no one wants." She jokes, but I really don't think it is.

Cain gives a nod and he looks over at the three of them training, and Logan still hasn't looked over at him, and I don't think he will.

I jump when I hear a bang on the window, it's Ryan. "Ready to watch your boyfriend lose?"

Before I can answer he gets slammed into the glass and Logan takes off his helmet. "Get ready to meet the glass a few times throughout the game." Then he skates off, not wanting to be benched already.

I can't help smiling, and feel Logan's mom looking at me. "Ex boyfriend, used to hit me-"

"This is not going to turn out well." She whispers to herself.

"No, it's not. Mrs. Miller. No, it's not." I look back over at Logan, who is watching Ryan like a hawk.

"Elizabeth, my name is Elizabeth. Or Lizzie, a lot of people call me Lizzie." She takes my hand in hers and pats the top of it a few times. "If he's introducing me to you, it's serious enough for you to call me by my name." I smile and also have a nervous feeling throughout my body. I'm the first girl he has introduced to his mom, it's a lot of pressure at the same time.

"I will try my best," I smile, and thank god the lights start flashing as everybody gets ready for the first game of the season.

The crowd starts to cheer and the roar gets louder when the team skates

into a team huddle. After a few seconds Logan skates out of the team huddle and towards the goal, and before putting his helmet on, he looks over at me and winks, and I wave back to him.

He hits the goal posts with his stick, puts his helmet on, and gets ready as the puck is about to be thrown in the middle and Blake gets the first touch.

The players move up and down the ice towards the goal. This goes on for a few minutes, as both teams fight for the puck.

Blake looks towards Travis who gives him a nod, they seem to have an idea of what to do, and they start skating fast passing the puck to each other, moving between themselves. Blake goes around the goal and passes the puck to Travis as it hits the side, he quickly turns around and passes it to Blake who hits it hard and it goes in the bottom corner.

“We scored, we scored!” Poppy screams the loudest, and it makes me laugh.

My attention goes back to the game, and players start changing over, as the game is still in play. The puck goes towards Logan's end, and the other team passes the puck quickly, making it hard for the defense to see what is happening. Logan gets down quickly blocking the shot, but they're still in danger. Another shot and Logan blocks it again. He pushes his own player out of the way.

Ryan skates close to Logan to get the puck but Logan slams into him making Ryan fall on the ice, but he quickly stands back up and goes toe to toe with Logan as the other players continue passing the puck.

Travis skates over and slams into Ryan making him fall on the ice, and I smile seeing him knocked to the ground. Logan gets back in the center of the goal, ready to save the puck.

This is going to be a long game for Ryan, he moves around the goal, and Logan moves around with him, and slams him in the glass, and Ryan tries to get back into the game.

Poppy hasn't stopped jumping and cheering, not sure she will have any energy after this to do anything.

It's been a good game, we won, two-one. They got lucky with their goal, Logan was ready, but the defense got in the way and hit his leg. Logan was pissed off, shouting that he was in the fucking way, and how he needs to move. Coach quickly made changes to the team hoping to calm Logan down

and it didn't work, not one bit.

Poppy starts rubbing her eyes, I'm not surprised she's been nonstop jumping since she got here and has eaten enough food for two people for the next two days.

"Not sure she will last much longer." I look at my mom who's pulling Poppy closer to her.

"I think we'll get back to the hotel, and I'll order some room service." She turns to Logan's mom and says bye, and it was nice to meet her. "I'm going to leave before it gets busy-"

"I'll take-"

"No, stay, you have to celebrate with him." She leans and gives me a kiss, then picks Poppy up who is fighting saying she needs to say well done to Logan.

"You can tomorrow Pops, promise." I tell her as mom leaves and not long after the final whistle goes and Logan skates over to Ryan and says something.

Whatever it was, it pisses Ryan off because he takes a step closer to Logan but gets pulled away by his teammates. Logan starts laughing, skating to his teammates, then over to the glass where we're sitting.

"Well done," I get closer to the glass, and he looks over at his mom.

"Knew you'd win." she tells him, and he looks back at me.

"Dinner?"

"You bet."

"Mom, dinner?" I look at his mom, who turns to Cain, then back to Logan.

"Can Cain be there?" There is a silence between them both, and I give Logan a nod, he needs to know Cain is a part of his mom's life, meaning his too.

"If it makes you happy." A small smile, then he skates off, and I turn to August grabbing our things, and smiles.

"At least they're happy tonight." I laugh because if Blake is anything like Logan, we both know what it means. We get to play nice tonight.

* * *

Dinner hasn't been as bad as I thought it would be having Cain here with us,

but he hasn't said anything to anyone either. Logan's mom is the only one who's been talking to him, but they both know it will take some time before these three will play happy family. Well they only need Logan to be good with him, then the other two will be as well.

"Logan, you know Meadow was think of asking Travis for help with her art work-"

"Was she now, and why was she not going to ask me?" I look at August who's smiling, and then look over at Logan.

"Because your business degree won't help me, and Travis' engineering will for the idea I have. I mean he already took my car off my hands." I turn to face Travis who is laughing.

"That's because it's a piece of shit," Logan jokes, and I slap his arm. "Just so you know I can fix a car, yours just isn't worth it. I would scrap it, Travis is going to get rid of every part of the car, and put a new piece in, then sell it." Logan reaches over for another burger, they got enough of them to eat. "So what do you need?" He asks, and I look at Cain watching Logan through his eyelashes pretending to be on his phone.

"I want a 3D book, and I want three pages to flip open to show the story I've drawn. I will make and paint everything, I just need help with making the book and the mechanics of it work." The second the professor said what he wanted us to do, I knew I wanted a book, telling my story. The only difference now is, the ending is happy.

"When do you need it?" Logan asks.

"Not until the end of the year, but if you could give me an idea of what size the 3D parts for the book need to be, I can start making them." I finish my food, and grab my milkshake, and August leans in and whispers.

"Told you they will surprise you," I turn to face her and stick my tongue out at her, which makes her laugh.

"We can sit down this weekend, and you can give me your ideas." Logan leans back, arm around my shoulder and looks at his mom.

"Do you want to go out for lunch tomorrow?"

"Are you moving into the house I bought you? There is no reason to stay there anymore, the piece you lost is back." Logan still hasn't once looked at Cain, and if that was me I'd find it so annoying, but not him.

"Logan I can't leave the house, it holds too many memories-"

"Memories, are you joking?" Logan snaps, and I know the tone all too well, he's pissed off, and nothing good is coming from this.

“Yes-”

“Memories of what mom? The time he beat you up so fucking bad, you didn’t leave the house for two weeks, or the memory of him raping you, or the memory of the time you tried to kill yourself-” Logan stops, eyes still locked on his mom. “Or the time he beat me up, or when he hated me so much and wanted me gone that he threw me out the kitchen window and I broke my arm, or the time he locked me in the dark shed when there was a thunderstorm, or when he choked me so hard because you said you loved me, or when he took me-” Logan stops and I place my hand on his thigh hoping to calm him down, but I don’t think it’s helped him. “So which memory is it you want to stay for?”

I know I had it bad with my step-dad, but Logan had all this with his dad, the man he shares DNA with, he lived through all that with his dad, and still stayed strong for his mom. He’s lived in pain, and used it as his weapon, which he keeps telling me to do.

“Logan-”

“Mom, I love you, no matter what I love you. I will stand in front of you and take the beating from dad over and over again, if it meant it protected you. You know I will, I did it enough times, and have the scars. But you have no reason to be there anymore, you got the child you loved returned to you, you got a piece back of the man you loved, why stay with the man you hate?”

His mom stays quiet, she looks at Cain a few times, but Cain has his eyes set on Logan. First time he’s hearing the things Logan went through, how he protected their mom. Logan was protective from a young age, and he’s even more protective now.

“You want breakfast, lunch or dinner, it won’t be at that house, I’ll meet you anywhere, anytime, but not there.” Logan gets out of the booth, punching the wall as he exits the restaurant, and I turn back to his mom, with a weak smile.

“We’ll pay the bill, thank you for the brownies, and we’ll talk to him.” Travis gives her a kiss, and they both get out of the booth, August follows, and I stay where I am for a moment.

“He’s had a lot of information thrown at him in the last few days, I think he’s still processing it all.” I have no idea what to say to her but Logan feels like he was the unwanted child, and now she’s got the son she did want, I don’t blame him for shutting off, he needs the time to just figure things out.

“You’ll look after him, won’t you?” She takes my hand in hers, and I lean

closer to the table, and glance between Cain and her.

“I will, but he just wants his mom.” I smile, and leave the restaurant, and see the guys talking to Logan, who opens the door for me as I walk in closer to him.

“Ready to celebrate, my win?” He gives me a kiss, as I start laughing. “I fancy a dance.”

I lean in closer to him, moving my lips over his, and whisper. “And pain?”

“You have no idea, little Dove.”

I love it when Logan goes full out on me, because no matter what I know he will never hurt me, and he will always care for me after. He might not say he loves me, but the way he protects, cares, and looks at me, I know he loves me.

His head is so full of everything else, with his mom, dad, and now Cain, I don't even think he's thinking about the words to say to me. But I will wait, because I love him, and I'm not going anywhere.

LOGAN

IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY, and I am so happy it is over. Now I can do what I had planned for the evening. Finish something, and end the misery for my girl.

Coach didn't even give us a day off, it was half a day. No practices but it was a full morning of looking at last night's game, telling us the things we did wrong. Two hours of him not saying one good thing about the game, it was we should have done this, the puck should have been on this side more, the pass was too late, the list went on for a while.

Not what I had planned after taking Poppy and Meadows mom to the airport, the whole drive Poppy was telling me how amazing the game was. No matter how much coffee I had, I still wasn't ready for Poppy's energy that early in the morning. I also told her she better not be wearing Travis number again, otherwise she's not allowed at games, and she made it very clear she was coming and I couldn't stop her.

Now that they're on the plane and will soon be in a different state, I can finally get rid of Meadow's step-dad. I couldn't do anything while they were here, just in case someone reports him missing. Even though we have looked into him, every year of his life we've looked into. He has a sister who hasn't spoken to him in over ten years, so she won't be asking for him, it was in case work colleagues started asking about him.

"Logan, are you listening to me?" Meadow puts her drawing pad in front of me.

Once we got back home, she talked about the 3D book she wants to do for her final grade, which I want her to pass, but I still want a few hours to do nothing.

"I'm listening," I take the pad from her and there is nothing to do but look

at what she's been drawing all morning, at what she wants to make.

She showed me her art pieces which she drew, and wants to make into a 3D creation. I have to admit, when I looked at it, the first thing I thought was how the fuck is she going to do this. It's not an easy thing to make the way she would like it to be.

She's telling her own story of how she was abused, then a baby being born and then finishing it off with me holding her hand and being happy, and now she just wants to make that into a storybook.

The teacher said he wanted a darkness in life, can't get any more dark or fucked up than this story.

I told her I can make the book, she just needs to let me know what size I need to make it. Once we got home all she's been doing is drawing on her pad, I even told her I'll put things in the basement to the side for her to make all the parts from clay, and if she needs anything else to let me know.

"Meadow, I've told you just tell me how big you want the book to be. Do you want it to look like an actual book, so you want the curves into it?" I look through the pad at all the ideas of what she wants her 3D parts too look like.

"Yes, I want it to look like an actual book. I want to be able to open it and the first chapter is about my life and I want to be able to turn pages so it moves into the second part of my life and then when you turn it towards the end, it's the happy part." She shows me her phone and I look at the image she's seen for me with any ideas.

"Okay, we'll do it. Obviously it's going to be bigger than an actual book-" I hand her phone back and look back at all the images she wants in there. "-There's no way that you're going to fit your 3D parts into a small book, did you ask how big it can be?" Handing her pad back, I look at the hockey game on the TV.

"He said it just needs to be 3D, so any size."

"I can make it as big as I want, let me just work out how to make it so you can turn the page, maybe a spring. Give me some time." Not looking at her, the three of us shout at the TV for a foul.

"Tomorrow or today I will tell you the actual size and then I can start everything else. I still have to do the actual artwork. This is just a mock up of what I want to do-"

That's not the real thing." Blake takes the pad off her.

"No, it's going to be like a big canvas."

"So you spent hours and hours drawing this on here. Just to spend triple

the hours doing it on a big canvas with paint and color.”

“Yes, it's towards my final grade. I have to make it the best I can make it.” She takes the pad from Blake, and starts drawing something.

“Can't really say anything, that one's been playing the piano non stop, to learn a piece for her class.” Blake points to August on the piano.

“I like it when she plays the piano.” Travis adds his comment.

“You would, you're in your room playing the guitar every second you get,” Blake replies, and I smile looking over at them.

It is true, but Travis isn't bad; he's actually pretty good at it. I think if he didn't play hockey, he would be in a band or something. I suppose his best friends don't play any instruments so it wouldn't be much of a band.

We turned to the door to see who walked in. We should lock the door, but we're all too lazy to go open it if someone rings the bell. Plus we're not too worried if someone did try to break in, I'm pretty sure we would fight them.

“Oh look, it's my loving father who's come to see how his son is.” I don't bother getting off the sofa, I don't even bother looking at him as he stands there. “What do you want?”

“I haven't seen you in a few days-”

“And since when do you care?”

“I don't. But you guys, when you disappear you seem to be up to something-”

“And you three are never up to something. You've barred us from the hotel, you know?” Still not looking at him, because I don't want him to think I care.

“Yes, I've done that for a reason-” A reason, it's to piss me off. “- So what do you three have planned?”

“Honestly we have nothing planned. We haven't even wasted our time thinking about you.” Blake and Travis both laugh at my comment. “So what do you really want?”

“Have you spoken to your mom recently?”

“Saw her yesterday, at the game. You know the game I play every week and practice for every single day, the one you've still never come to-”

“Why do I want to sit there and watch you hit a black thing?”

“Asshole,” I don't even whisper it.

“Well she seems to be a bit off at the minute and I wanted to know if you knew why.” I chuckle to myself, prick.

“She seems happy to me-”

“And why does she seem so happy to you?”

“Well I'm hoping she's woke up and realised you're a fucking asshole and she can leave you any day now-” I stop when he starts laughing.

“That's what you want, isn't it-”

“Yes. Is there a reason for this visit or is it just to piss me off?” I ask, I know he doesn't care about how mom feels, so there is a reason for him being here.

“Just to piss you off-”

“Well you've done your job, now fuck off.” He still doesn't move., and I finally turn to face him as I stand up. “Mom isn't here to stop me from beating the shit out of you this time. So if you want to walk out of here I suggest you do it, or let me beat the shit out of you then I'll call an ambulance or you'll be dead, and leave in a bag. Pick one.” I take a step closer to him, there is no one here who will stop me, so he needs to leave.

“You're gearing up to something and I know this because you're my son. Keep a lot of things bottled up-”

“Get the fuck out of my house.” Once he leaves the door slams shut. I sit back down.

“What are they up to?” Blake asks

“Isn't that always the question.” I reply

“Now I know you don't want to talk about Cain, but hear me out.” Blake starts and I turn to face him to hear what he has to say. “Cain has hated your dad for a very long time. He might have something on him we can use against him. Maybe it's worth asking him.”

I've never thought about it, maybe Cain has been watching him long enough. “You got to come with me to ask.”

“Good with me.” They both reply.

“You think he knows about Cain?” Meadow asks.

“I don't think so because he would have mentioned it to mom or made her life a little bit more miserable. Not sure if that's possible, but he would have found a way.” I look at my phone when it beeps.

CAIN

Do you think your, our grand-dad would want to meet me?

I laugh telling Travis and Blake the message.

LOGAN

I don't know.

Here's his phone number. Ask him.

If he thinks I'm going to help him meet everyone in the family, he's wrong.

CAIN

Could you ask him?

LOGAN

No.

I put my phone away, shaking my head. I helped him with mom which I knew was going to be a hard thing for him, but grand-dad, I'm pretty sure grand-dad would love to meet him.

"August, I'm going to drop you off at your dad's in a bit. We've got something to do." Blake tells her as she walks over and sits next to him.

"Yeah, that's fine. Just let me know when we're ready."

"Where are you going-"

"We're going, you're coming with us." I inform her, the place we're going is for her.

"And where are we going?"

"To get rid of a problem." A problem which we've had for a while. We've had the step dad since Meadows mom and Poppy were put in the hotel.

That night Travis went out and took him, there was no way I was letting there be a chance of him getting out of the city or the state. We've had him in a secret place only we know about, but I haven't had a chance to go pay him a visit with everything going on.

Blake's been having some fun with him though, I suppose if we want to scare him, it's that crazy fucker you would send.

"Blake, shall we meet you there?" I ask.

"Yeah, once I've dropped August off, I'll pick him up and come over." Blake and August walk off to get his keys, and I look over at Travis shouting at the TV, what did I miss.

"Let's go-"

"Let me get some brownies for the drive." Travis walks towards the

kitchen, as I grab the car keys.

“What the hell is it with him and brownies?” Meadow asks.

“Mom used to give us them when we were little. Every time he did something good because he was the problem child-” I shout that part so he can hear me in the kitchen. “- so when he did something good or actually apologized for his stupidity. Mom would give him a brownie.”

“So he’s still a baby?” I laugh at Meadows' comment.

“Yeah, he's still the baby.”

“It’s for the energy, we’re going to need it.” Travis grabs the keys from me, and he has a point. We've got to dig a fucking grave which Meadow is going to have more questions about unless I give her the benefit of the doubt and say she's smart enough to realise what we're about to do.

We get in the car and Travis drives off, Meadow sends a message on her phone talking to her mom. Before I can ask if they’ve got the hotel my phone beeps.

GRANDDAD

Why did you give Kane my number?

LOGAN

He wanted to talk to you.

GRANDDAD

And you couldn't do it for him?

LOGAN

No.

GRANDDAD

You're going to be there when I see him for the first time.

LOGAN

Why?

GRAND-DAD

Because I'm older than you and said so.

LOGAN

Fine.

I like how they all hid Cain from me, but to talk to him they’re coming through me, thinking I give a shit what Cain wants to do.

Travis parks the car and we get out. I go to the truck and get out the bag

with everything in there.

“Logan?”

“Just keep walking,” I take her hand in mine, as we walk towards the woods. This place is a maze in the daylight, at night it’s worse, but we’ve been coming to the woods for so long now, we could get you out without even having a torch with us.

“It’s too dark, I can’t see.” Meadows’ voice comes out in a whisper, which makes me smile because she thinks we’re doing something wrong, which we are, but she doesn’t need to whisper.

“I’ve got you, I’ve always got you,” I pull her closer to me, as we walk further into the woods.

“Remember the first time we came here?” Travis asks.

“Yeah, the first time we saw someone being killed. It was a crazy night,” I reply and feel Meadows grip tightens around my hand. “Don’t worry little Dove, we’ve bruised a lot more people out here since then,” I turn to her smiling, but I’m not sure if she can see me.

Meadow doesn’t say anything back, but I can feel she’s getting tired now, because she’s slowing down, but it’s not much further. I think for us, because we’re so used to coming here, it doesn’t feel like a long walk.

“Here?” Travis asks, and I nod, putting the bag on the ground, and pulling out the flashlights from the bag, I place them around so we can see what we’re about to do.

Throwing him a spade to start digging, I get the other, and take my t-shirt off, and look at Meadow staring at me.

“Questions?” I ask her, because I can see it on her face, she wants to ask something.

“Who...who are we burying?” She glances over at Travis who’s started digging, knowing Blake will be here soon too, and I don’t want to waste time digging while he is here.

“A problem,” I reply, turning my back to her, and help Travis make this grave as deep as I can make it. “How’s the cheerleader?” I ask, it’s always better to talk while we do all this, otherwise it feels like we’re here forever.

“I’m trying to get away from her, fucking crazy-”

“You already knew that,” I laugh, because it was one of the reasons he wanted to sleep with her, so I’m not sure why he’s complaining.

“I know, but she’s pissing me off.” He stops and stands straight, making me look at him. “Can I ask a question?”

“Anytime?” I look at him, then he continues to dig. Travis hides a lot more about himself than I do, he won’t talk about his family if he doesn’t have too, a part of me doesn’t blame him.

“A few weeks away at your moms house when she was talking about my mom, I was wondering-” he stops talking, and shakes his head, as if he’s fighting with words. “-you know what, it’s wishful thinking.”

“Hey,” I stop digging so he looks at me. “If mom knew she would tell us-”

“Maybe she can’t because of our dads, maybe.”

“If you want we can start looking into what happened again.” We looked in Travis family history like crazy, after everything that happened, but couldn’t find anything, which didn’t surprise us, they know how to cover everything up.

“We’ll see,” he replies and gets back to digging.

I look over my shoulder at Meadow still watching us, my phone beeps and I ask Meadow to check it.

“Blake, he’s here.” That was quick, both of us start to dig a little quicker, we have just under ten minutes before he gets to us. “Logan?”

“Yeah.” I shout as I get a little further into the grave.

“Why am I here?” Ignoring her question, I look at Travis and he gives me a nod telling me he will finish the rest, so I get out, and walk over to her.

“You know what, I could tell you where every grave I’ve dug is, I can even tell you who the people we’ve killed are, but every single one of them deserved to be here for one reason or another-” I stop when I hear the twigs snapping behind me telling me Blake is close. “-and tonight you get to get rid of the man who hurt you, the man who abused a little girl when she wasn’t strong enough to fight, tonight you get to get rid of the man who was willing to hurt Poppy to get to you.” I move out of the way of her view, and she stares at her step-dad.

“Meadow-”

“You don’t get to talk to her!” I shout, and Blake kicks the back of his leg hard enough for him to fall to the ground. “You look a little broken there, can’t fight someone bigger and stronger than a girl, I see.” Meadow moves closer to me, and as I hold her tight next to me I feel her body shaking, but she can’t take her eyes off him.

Blake grabs his arm, and gets him in front of the grave once Travis gets out of it, and walks to the bag, to hand me the gun.

“Logan, I... I can't-”

I lean closer to her ear. “I know you can , but I'm not going to force you to do it.” I turn her around to face me. “Meadow, this man hurt you, and there is only one place for him to be.”

“Meadow, you can't let him do this-”

“If he walks, he will do the same thing to another girl, and I won't let that happen. Another little innocent girl.” I wipe the tears away from her cheeks, and she looks at me, taking in a few deep breaths.

“For years, I wished he would die. Then when I met you, I wished you'd be the one to kill him for me, then I wished I killed him, and now I don't know what to do.” She looks at the gun in my hand, taking it off me, with a shaking hand, she drops it back into my hands.

Leaning my forehead on hers, “I'm here, never leaving your side, little Dove.” I feel her take the gun from my hand again, slowly turning around, leaning her back on my chest.

“Logan,” she whispers. She's telling me she needs my help, and I place my hand on hers, and help her bring the gun up in front pointing it at him.

“Meadow, you're not like him, you're not a killer. You have to remember I loved-”

“Stop talking!” She shouts.

“I promise never to touch another little girl, or a woman-”

“Stop!” Meadow shouts, and her whole body begins to shake, and I quickly wrap my arm around her waist holding her up, so her legs don't give out on her. Holding her hand out in front of her, and I move my finger just over hers on the trigger.

“Meadow move your finger,” I tell her, she's getting too weak to even hold the gun.

“No,” she whispers. “Help me, please.”

“You ready?” I ask her, I'll pull the trigger for her if that's what she wants, her finger is there ready, I'll just finish it.

“Yes,” I hear the cry from her, she's about to kill a man, it's going to mess her up in the head, but before she changes her mind, I pull the trigger, and Meadow jolts back into me, then falls to her knees watching her stepdad falling into the grave, and she cries out loud.

I sit behind her, and wrap my arms around her, “I've got you.” She's still shaking, but leans into me, and cries more.

“Thank...thank you.” She cries out.

“Take her home, we’ll finish this,” Travis tells me, and I bring my arms under Meadow to pick her up, and take her home.

I have no idea how she will feel in the morning, or even if she will sleep tonight, but she needed to do this, she needed to get rid of the man who took everything from her, she needed to see he could never hurt anyone again.

MEADOW

WHAT DID I DO? What did I do? I can still hear the ringing in my ears, my arm hurts from the push, my hand is shaking, and my heart pounding in my chest. What did I do?

Logan puts me in the car and walks to the driver side and without saying a word he speeds out, but I bring my knees up to my chest, and start rocking.

“What did I do?” I whisper to myself.

“Hey hey hey, little Dove, stay with me, don’t disappear on me.” I feel Logan’s hand on my back, but it’s not helping me.

“What did I do?” I repeat.

I held a gun, then killed someone. Yes I’ve wanted him dead for a long time, I just never thought I’d be the one to kill him. Looking at my hands as they tremble, I can’t stop them, I can’t stop them from shaking. Is that blood?

“Logan, is that blood?” I put my hands out in front of me. “Logan!” I shout, and he takes both my hands in one of his, and I feel the car moving fast.

“No blood,” he replies.

Taking a deep breath, I need to calm down, but my heart is pounding to the point it’s hurting now. Logan takes a hard left, and I grab the door handle to stop me coming out of my seat.

“I...I...what did I do?” I whisper, more to myself than to Logan, and he doesn’t say anything to me. Closing my eyes for a moment, but they snap open quickly, as I see my step-dad falling into the grave. Wiping the tears away, I look outside to see we’re close to the house, and I can’t move, even if I wanted to I can’t.

The car stops, Logan runs around the front of the car, and opens my door.

He doesn't even wait for me to get out, he picks me up, kicks the door shut, and walks into the house.

"Breathe, come on little Dove, deep and slow." I hear Logan whisper, but I can't. It's like my body is shutting down on me.

Logan sits me down on the counter, and walks away from me to put the shower on. Once he stands in front of me, he cups my face. "I'm here, I'm not leaving. You did what was needed, right now you feel numb, but I promise you, you'll wake up maybe not tomorrow, but the day will come, you'll wake up knowing what you did tonight was the right thing. He can never hurt anyone again." Logan pulls my t-shirt over my head, then takes my bra off.

"Do you see it?" I show him my hands. "The blood?" I ask him, because I can see it.

"There is nothing there. Remember I pulled the trigger, I killed him, you held the gun, but you never pulled the trigger." I lean my head on Logan's chest, as he removes my leggings, lifting myself off the counter a little to help him. I sit on the counter naked, and still shaking and he starts removing his own clothes, he picks me up, and walks into the shower.

The warm water running down both our bodies, neither one of us saying anything, I feel the water jets hitting my skin from the sides and on my back.

Logan tilts my head up, "I've got you. No matter what, I will always protect you." The words come out so soft, something I never thought I'd hear from him.

I stand on my tip-toes, and kiss his lips, no man has ever cared for me the way Logan does, and I don't think I will ever find a man who will even be half of what he is. Logan kisses me back, his hands softly moving over my back.

I whimper in disappointment when Logan pulls away from me, right this very moment all I need is Logan to hold me, I don't want anything else.

Logan smiles at me. "Now you know I'm never going to say no, but-"

"Logan all I want is for you to hold me." The warm water finally relaxes my body, as the trembling calms down.

"And I will until my last breath, but first, I'm only going to wash your body." He grabs the body wash, and starts rubbing over my shoulders, down my arms, over my breasts, soaping me thoroughly, caressing me everywhere, I don't think this is what he was planning, but it's all I want from him. He spins me around, pulling me closer, my back slithering against his chest, his

hands sliding over my ribs, one rising to capture my right breast, his thumb brushing repeatedly over my nipple, the other moving lower across my belly then lower still, finding my now-aching pussy. I smile because he knows this is what I want, and to please me, to make me feel safe again, he will give it to me.

Turning me back around, he looks down at me. "Do you trust, I'll never let anything happen to you?" He asks, and I tilt my head to the side.

"Yes." I whisper.

He pulls me closer, and back under the spray, allowing the water to rain over us both, washing all traces of soap away.

"Do you know why I did what we did tonight?" Logan moves the hair away from my face, and I shake my head. "To give you the power, to give you what you needed, to know the man who hurt you can never hurt you, or anyone again. To use the pain he gave you, and use it everyday to get what you want. I did all this for you." He leans down and kisses me.

"But why?" It's the only question which escapes my lips.

"Because I love you-"

"What?" It's the words I wanted to hear, the words I was dreaming of him to say, but for some reason I never thought he would say them.

"Did you really doubt I didn't? I might not say the words, but fuck do I love you, and I will kill anyone who hurts you."

"I love you." I kiss him, he loves me, it's all I wanted was for him to love me.

I pull away from him, and he turns me around, pushing me forward, taking my hands and planting them on the tiles in front of me. "What are you, little Dove?" I love it when he calls me that, but I also know what he wants from me.

"Your little slut." I gasp as he moves in behind me, edging my feet apart with his own, and I smile, when I feel his hard dick ready for me.

I moan when he thrust inside me, "Oh God." The jets around me seem to be coming out a lot harder now, but I'm not complaining, it just gives me more pleasure, heightening my desire, my need for him.

I start pushing against him, his hand moving to my lower belly, pulling me even more tightly against him with each thrust, I hear Logan grunting, moaning my name, as I scream with each thrust.

"Yes," I breathe, unable to speak, the sensations almost too intense for me to control, the pleasure consuming me now. "Oh God, yes. Logan. Can I

come?" I ask, I know not to come until he says I can.

Logan reaches for the shower head above my head, he pulls it down from its holder. I hear the beeping of the control panel and watch as the stream of water becomes a hard pulse. He turns it to me, allowing the jets of water to spurt across my over-sensitive breasts, then my belly, then finally- "Oh fuck" I moan out loud as hit hits between my thighs.

"You can come." I don't need to be told twice as my orgasm floods through me in a devastating burst, Logan tenses behind me and drops the shower head, he grips my hips to help my legs not give out on me, but also for him to slam into me hard for his own release.

"Fuck!" Logan moans, while I come down from my own pleasure.

It takes me a moment, before my vision goes back to normal, my breathing settles, Logan's arms still around me, holding me close, my legs feel like jelly. I know without his suppose I will fall.

"Fuck," he murmurs, planting kisses on my neck.

I don't reply, and he turns me around, and smiles, adjusting the spray to normal, and he gently cleans me up then returns the shower head to its bracket, and turns the shower off, and grabs a towel.

My eyes start to become heavy, and all I want to do is sleep, wanting him to hold me while I lie in bed with him.

"Let's dry you up, and get some pain killers in you to relax you so you can sleep," Logan starts rubbing the towel over me, once I'm dry he puts the towel around me and starts drying himself. "Think you can sleep naked tonight," he winks, and I shake my head, I don't have anything left in me to have sex again.

I smile when I see the bed, but Logan stops me and hands me two tablets, and a bottle of water. "Take them, it will help with the headache you have-"

"What?"

"You have one, it will also help with how your arm is hurting." I don't say anything and take the tablets, because it's true, they are both hurting me. Logan takes the bottle from me, and places it on the bedside table, and gets into bed with me.

"Say it again." I cuddle closer to him, my head on his chest, listening to his heart beating, my arm over his stomach, and he kisses the stop of my head.

"I love you little Dove."

"I love you, Logan." I've loved him for a while now, but him saying it to

me, means everything to me. My eyes start closing listening to the rhythm of his heart, but before I fall asleep, I quickly look up at him and plant a small kiss on his lip.

“Good night, little Dove.”

LOGAN

MEADOW FELL ASLEEP QUICKLY. I gave her two sleeping tablets. She thought they were pain killers, but I know she was going to be waking up in the middle of the night reliving what she did, but she did the right thing, and in time she will know that too.

“You think Meadow will be okay?” Travis asks.

“Yeah, she’s strong.” I reply as we park up outside Skyline. “She just needs a few days to process what happened.” I don’t think it will take her long, once she sees how not just her but her mom and Poppy will be safe too, she will know it was the right thing to do.

Walking straight into the club, Cain must have told the bouncers not to stop us anymore. We make our way up the stairs, looking around at the club full again, even at two in the morning the club is full. Not bothering knocking we walk into the office, and I have to chuckle a little to myself.

A naked woman stands to the side of Cain, who’s wearing his suit, so I’m going to say he didn’t fuck her, he doesn’t look like he’s just fucked anyone, but who knows what shit he’s into. Not looking at the woman, I lock eyes with Cain who turns to me. Blake walks over to the window, and Travis stays next to me, probably looking at the woman, knowing him.

“You can knock you know, I might have a woman under the table sucking my dick-”

“No you don’t, and if you do she’s doing a shit job if you’re not even excited about fucking her mouth,” I cut him off, as I walk closer to his desk, and start rocking his chair side to side, and the woman walks around and stands next to Travis.

“I could have fun will this one-”

“I’m sure you could, want to teach me something?” He asks her, and I smile. Always the player, and thinking about sex.

“Get my number from Cain,” she tells Travis and leaves the office, and Cain laughs.

“She might break you-” he looks back over at me. “How can I help you?”

I can’t believe I’m asking him for help, the one person I don’t even want to be in the same room as him, but here I am.

“You want my dad dead, which is fine, but not yet. We can't kill him until we get the other two. Blake's dad is ready. We're working on my dad and then Travis' dad, but all three of them need to disappear at the same time.” Can’t believe I’m sharing this information with him, but both Blake and Travis think he needs to know, and I know they wouldn’t want anything bad to go our way.

“Disappear?” Cain asks.

“Right now, we're taking everything away from them, and I need your help.” One thing I can say about Cain, he knows what he wants, and he will get it one way or the other.

“What do you mean taking everything away from them?” Cain looks down at his phone, then over his shoulder at the CCTV footage, and picks up the radio. “Get him out the fucking club, and rough him up a bit, so he remembers never to come back.” He puts the radio down, and looks back over at me, but my eyes on the footage, not even sure which camera to be looking at to see what’s happening.

“Blake's dad was the dean of the college and he had the fight club. We took those off him because we had something on him. I want something on my dad, so he's no longer mayor, and then we work on Travis's dad. Once they've got nothing and none of them can help each other because they have no friends. That's when we take them down. Blake doesn't want his dad dead, he wants him behind bars to spend his miserable life behind bars. He'll have no money, nothing and he won't have the other two to help him-” I stop talking for a moment, one to get some air in my lungs, and two to see if I can read Cain’s expression but nothing, never playing poker with him. “I like, you want my dad dead. I'm waiting for the day to kill him. But if we kill him, well the other two will still be around, it's going to get ugly and the same with Travis. So we need to break them down.” I take another glance at the footage, remembering seeing Meadow in the cage for the first time, the day which changed everything for me.

“You've been thinking about this for a while, haven't you?”

“Too fucking long-”

“What did he do to you?”

“None of your fucking business.” Like I will tell him anything, I didn't want to tell him this, does he think I'm going to tell him the shit that happened to me.

“Got a bit of it at dinner the other night-”

“And that's all you need to know, you don't need to know anything else. Mom has opened her arms to you, it doesn't mean I have to.” Cain just stares at me for a moment, then he looks between Travis and Blake. Maybe if I knew about him from the beginning, then things might have been different, but I didn't, so now to me he's a stranger who has power, and I need it.

“Now you've thought about it smartly. You know the three of them have got a tight bond. The same way you three have, I'm taking it that if something happened to one of you the other one would be there to back you up. Smart. I like it. So how can I be of assistance to you?” Such a cocky prick. He knows he has power, he knows he can probably kill us three quickly, especially now that I know where he was brought up. The man's a fucking killing machine

“You've been looking into my dad for years, centuries even. Your dad probably had shit on him. I need something I can throw at him to make him drop his Mayor post, something I can go to the press with something, I can go to the police with, if he refuses and he has no choice.” Cain looks at his phone again, and now I notice it, the man has four phones, who the hell needs four phones. Make me wonder even more what other fucked up shit he's into. “I need something, we've been looking into him for so long. The man has covered his tracks. So maybe he's done something before I was born, when he had all the money and he had everything he wanted, and he could push it under the table.” Cain leans forward his elbows on the desk, thinking of what he might have I hope.

“I have something, I have a few things, never wanted to use them because I just want the bastard dead-”

“Then give it to me. I want to break him. I want him to have nothing. I want him to know what it feels like when you have nothing and you have to give up what you love and I want him to feel what mom felt-”

“How does of murder sound then-”

“What?”

“A murder, the year he sent my dad to prison. I don't know the full story,

never found out, didn't need to. There was a woman I don't know if she witnessed something, or she was fucking them, and had something on them, but whatever it was, it was worth killing her for-" Cain stops, and I move my weight from foot to foot, how did we not find a murder? "-she was walking home after work, he stopped her, and shot her."

"And you have proof?" I ask quickly.

"Yes. When your dad sent my dad to prison, my grand-dad was going to bring him down. He was going to throw it in his face-"

"Why didn't he?"

"Because your dad killed mine before we got the chance. And we're smart men. We hold grudges and we know how to make sure the other person is punished." I have no doubt the Crawfords work in a messed up way, we know that when we met the brothers.

"Then give me the proof-"

"It's yours like I said I want your dad to suffer. But here's a question for you. His dad goes to prison. He's dad, I'm assuming he's going to be dead. You want to kill yours, but how about you let me have him for a bit, a year-"

"To kill him?" I question, now I don't mind who kills my dad, but I want to be there when it happens.

"No, that's too easy. To live in hell, my hell." I stand there in silence. Would that place be any better for him than in a grave? After everything Cain has been through, he deserves to give his punishment to him too.

"Deal."

"I'll get the stuff sent to you or I can bring it to you." I crack my neck and shake my head, remembering the message my grand-dad sent.

"I have lunch with grand-dad tomorrow. He's making me be there with you. I'll send you the address-"

"I can come with you. I'll come to your house-"

"No, I'll let you know what time." I leave the office, before he says anything else, or finds a way to come to the house, a way to spend brotherly time with me, something I'm not interested in.

"That was easy-"

"Think he's trying to get his brother to be friends," Blake jokes but I don't laugh, or smile.

"You're an asshole, I have two annoying brothers, don't need another one." Leaving the club, wanting to get home and sleep, I'm so tired, practice, airport, killing the step-dad, now this, I need to sleep.

“Well we have something, it’s what we wanted, and it’s enough, we have him. “Blake says shutting the door, and Travis drives back home.

“We do, we’ve got them where we want them, can’t wait to throw this in their face, what do you guys say, tomorrow night we go to the hotel?” I ask, closing my eyes, knowing one head is done, well two. The step-dad is gone, and my dad will finally get a slap in the face.

“Are you excited, I am, this is going to be amazing.” Travis says, and I’m too tired to reply, but tomorrow is going to be a day I’ve been waiting for, for so long. Time to take the bastard down.

* * *

It’s been a long time since I’ve woken up buzzing for the day. Cain sent me a message early this morning saying he has everything to give me, and it made me smile. Never thought a message from him would make me smile.

I drink my coffee, leaning back to see who’s walking into the house. “Morning, Mom. early, isn’t it?” I get off the stool and take the bag from her giving her a kiss on the cheek.

“I wanted to talk.” She walks in saying hello to everyone, she looks at me, and I can already see the tears building in her eyes.

“Mom, are you okay?” I take a step closer to her, and she nods.

“Are you all okay, if I talk to Logan alone, please.” Now mom is scaring me, she’s upset, and if it means I kill dad today, I’ll fucking do it. Everyone leaves the kitchen to the basement, it’s normally where we go if someone needs the house to themselves.

“Mom-”

“Do you really think I don’t love you?” Mom snaps at me. “Cain told me what you said to him when you first found out, do you really think that?” I hear the brokenness in her tone, but I don’t reply, because I don’t know how to answer the question without hurting her. “Logan!”

“Mom, I don’t know what to say. Everything that happened, everything was thrown at me. It was like I was hit by a bus, then a car, then a fucking train. Something this big was hidden. What else was I meant to think? What else am I meant to think Mom?” I never wanted this conversation with her, I was happy to keep my mouth shut, so she could be happy.

“That I love you-”

“Mom, I know you love me, I know you do. But, you didn't want me. You wanted Cain and you loved him the second you knew, because you had him with the man you loved. Me? I was forced on you, I was the thing that was going to remind you of the worst time of your life. I still am-”

“No Logan. No. I'm not going to lie to you. I think you've had enough happen in the last week or two. It was a year. It was meant to be a year, Logan. It wasn't meant to be more. He didn't want you, you know he didn't, he makes that very clear to you every time he sees you. He was him raping me continuously and then I found out I was pregnant-” Mom stops and wipes the tears away from her cheeks, takes a deep breath in. “- I don't know how to tell you, I thought of a hundred different ways to end my life, but I couldn't because I couldn't kill an innocent child who has nothing to do with the reasoning for why he's here.” I walk closer to her, wrap my arms around her, she needs to know no matter what I'm here for her, always will me. “But I also believed Derek would be here again, no matter what he would have taken care of you. I know that-”

“Mom, please. I don't want to have this conversation. I'm happy to put everything behind me, Mom, all I ever want is for you to be as happy-”

“And how do you think I'm going to be happy knowing that you think that I don't love you? Especially now that Cain's back. I didn't know Cain was so here. His grand-dad took him and that was the last I knew about it. I thought I'd never see him again.”

“Mom, Please-”

“Let me just finish. When I found out, no I didn't find out. I saw your dad kill Derek. It broke for me. Everything broke for me. Yes, there were days I was weak and didn't want to live. But you-” she cups my face, “- it was for you that I fought every day. I tried to kill myself twice but stopped because of you. I couldn't leave you with him knowing very well he would have just gotten rid of you the second I wasn't there. Logan, you were the one that brought some light into my darkness. You're the one that I fought to live for every day. Every time you smiled I knew nothing was going to happen to me because you were there for me. Logan for you to think that I'm going to love you less because Cain's back in my life, is crazy. You need to know, if anything Logan, I love you more for not being selfish, and caring for me by showing me that you're open to seeing me happy. How can I ever not love you for always wanting me to be happy?” Now the tears are falling harder on my mom's face, and I'm doing everything in my power to hold it in because

it's killing me.

“Logan, you've always wanted me to be happy. You've begged and begged me since you were ten years old to leave that house. You worked hard. You've saved money. You didn't even buy your own car, because you wanted to buy me the house, and you're right there is no reason for me to live there-” she stops when I take a step back, now Cain is here she's leaving. “- And before you say anything or think that Cain's the one who's spoken to me about this, he didn't, he doesn't even know I'm talking to you first. I know you will keep me safe and your dad away from me. I know no matter what you will always be there for me Logan, so if it's okay with you, I would like to have the house you brought me.

I don't say anything because what I've wanted for so long she's doing it. She's leaving and moving into the house, it's like everything I wanted in life is all coming true today.

“Logan, I love you more than words can ever say. You were the one who protected me. You were the one who showed me that there is love out there in the world. You are the one who when I was dying brought me joy. You're the reason I am still alive today Logan, it's not Cain or Derek. remember that I love you so much.” She pulls me in for a hug, and I hold her tight close to me.

“I love you, Mom. I love you so much.”

“I know you do. Please don't ever think that I don't know. You might not have come into this world the way I wanted you to. but you've given me everything in this world I could ever ask for.” She pulls away, cups my face and gives me a smile. “You're my light, don't ever lose it.”

“I have got you something else, now you're moving out, I think you might want it.” I walk away to the sitting room, “don't move.” I shout, smiling to get the paperwork, she's leaving him, it's all I've ever wanted.

“Logan?”

“I'm coming, stay there,” I get the paperwork, and rush back over to her. “Time to live now, mom.” I give her the paperwork, and I must be like a kid on Chirtmas morning, waiting for the gift to make her smile.

She reads the paperwork. “Logan, what is this?” She looks up at me, and I tell everyone to get back up here. “Logan?”

Once everyone is in the kitchen, Meadow stands next to me, her hand on my back, but I like that she's close to me right now.

“Mom, you're leaving dad, it's all I've ever wanted, but I want you to live

the dreams you had. I brought this empty shop, for your bake shop-”

“Logan-”

“You had one before, the asshole made you give it up, so now it’s time to live the dream again. It’s all paid for, and I’ll pay for everything you need, top of the LINE everything, but we’re going to do it.” I cup her face, wiping the tears away, and smile. “You’re not alone mom, you have everyone in this room.” I know she has Cain, but I’m not ready for him to be in my world just yet.

“Tha...thank you, always looking after me.” Mom looks at me, then looks at Blake and Travis smiling. “You’re moms would be so proud of you two, I know they would be.” Mom leans into me, and I kiss the top of her head.

“Start thinking of a name mom. And tonight, me and the guys will get all your things from the house. You three want a shopping day, mom might need to order a few things.” I look at Meadow who’s smiling.

“Who’s paying?” she jokes.

“He is, they have enough money for five life times.” August jokes, and the three of us laugh, and Meadows pops her mouth open, she’s never asked me how much money we have so I send her a quick message with a rough figure.

“Shut the fuck up!” she shouts looking at her phone. “Yes, we will go shopping.” She turns to August. “Lunch and dinner on Logan.”

“Deal.” They both walk out the room, Meadow takes my moms hand as they do, and I smile.

“Think we have a store to clean up,” Blake jokes, and I laugh, yes we do, but I will be there everyday, because mom is free, and that’s all I care about.

Now time to take down the Mayor.

* * *

I lean on my car, as Cain parks next to me, grand-dad again reminded me I needed to be here. The main reason is because I need the file, but grand-dad has always been there for me. I can do this for him.

“Here is the file, and the video.” Cain hands me the envelope, and I put it into the car, under the seat. “Logan-”

“Shall we go in?” I push myself off the car, and walk into grand-dad’s

house. "Grand-dad?" I shout.

"Garden," I hear him, and I shake my head, the man is always in the garden drinking.

"You know, the amount you drink-"

"Oh shut up." I laugh.

"Someone is cranky, do you need a refill of the V pill?" I ask him as I sit down next to him. "Are you not making the ladies happy?"

"I will slap you across the head, you know." Now I burst out laughing, Cain stays back in the doorway, I look towards him, the back at grand-dad. "You know your mothers leaving him?"

"I do, she came over this morning, but before we talk about that, you might want to see who else has come," I nod behind, but he doesn't move.

"Boy, I'm old, are you really going to make me turn around?" I chuckle to myself, I'm not sure who's more nervous about this.

Cain walks over, and sits on the chair next to me, and they both just stare at each other, this isn't getting uncomfortable at all.

"My grand-dad used to tell me all the stories about when you all started the fight club, I think it was Blake's granddad who had the idea, but he always said, if there was one man to watch it was you. You had iron fists, and never let anyone walk out of there, they were always carried." Cain starts, and I lean back, sending the guys a quick message letting them know I have the file, and I'll meet them at the hotel.

"Did he tell you, he once beat someone up, the guy's eye popped out," grand-dad laughs talking about the old days.

"He told me it was you," Cain laughs.

Again they both stare at each other, then grand-dad looks between the both of us. "You both have your mothers eyes." His eyes locked on me, and I wait for him to say something about giving Cain a chance, I know it's coming. "Your mom taking the house?" I tilt my head a little. "The comment you know I'm going to make, how about I don't make it, and you do it." I lean back in my seat, and look at Cain.

"I went to his office yesterday, I'm sitting here now, not sure what else you and mom want from me."

"Your mom wants him to be a part of her life-"

"And I'm not stopping it, she wanted him to come to dinner after the game, he was there-"

"Logan."

“Grand-dad,” I mirror his tone.

“All she wants is for you to talk. Cain is trying, you’re holding back, give him a chance.” He looks at Cain, who’s staying quiet, but I knew mom would go to grand-dad, she knows I listen to him.

“And all I ask is to give me time. To answer the other question, she has taken the house, moving in tonight.” Wanting to change the subject, because I don’t want to be talking about how I should let Cain into my life. “And she’s going to open a bakery, but I need to clean the store though.”

“I can help,” I hear Cain.

“See, we’re already getting along.” Grand-dad keeps his eyes on me, because he knows I’m being sarcastic.

“One day boy, I’m going-”

“To slap me across the head.” I finish the sentence for him, and Cain laughs.

“You used to say that to me all the time, when I took one to many cupcakes from the kitchen, or when I used to hide your keys.” Cain laughs, and it makes grand-dad laugh too.

“Well your mother said one, you took more, and I was the one getting in trouble.” Blake sends me a message.

BLAKE

Your mom isn’t getting express delivery because of the cost.

I call my mom, I knew she would be like this. “Hello mom-”

“Which one told you?” she asks, and I bet she is looking at Travis and Blake with that look now too, which makes me laugh.

“Doesn’t matter, it’s an extra fifty dollars, just do it, either do that, or you live me for two weeks until the stuff is delivered-”

“You’re saying that as if it’s a bad thing,” Mom cuts me off, and I shake my head.

“Mom, just get the express deliver, the quicker all this stuff in at the house, the quicker-”

“I don’t want to spend too much-”

“You’re not spending to much, just buy everything you need, and do express delivery, otherwise I have to go to the store and change it to express deliver and pay more because of it, so-”

“Fine you win, I will get it.”

“Thank you. Love you.” I end the call, and see both of them watching me.

“She wouldn’t get express delivery on the house stuff she wants. It’s going to take her time to adjust, but I’ve-” I stop when grand-dad coughs. “We’ve got her, don’t we Cain.”

“Yes, anything she wants. Talk about helping, you can say no, but can I pay for half the store with you?” I know he wants to do something for mom, and knowing he has helped will make her happy, it will make her even happier knowing I’m making the effort with him. Grand-dad gives me a little told you so and I roll my eyes at him.

“Sure, I’ll get the paperwork set for you, and you can transfer the money over,” I smile at grand-dad. “Now you two have met, and you’ve made me do this, can I leave now?”

“Two questions before you go. One, where are you going, and two, have you sorted out the step-dad?”

“I’ll answer yours if you answer mine.” I smile, and cuss to himself. “Do you need a V refill? I can get one here within an hour.” I laugh, as he throws his beer can at me. “You really are getting old, you missed me.”

“Answer my question, smart ass.”

“Step-dad is dead in the woods, and I have to go take down dad, something I’ve wanted to do for years, and before you ask, you will be happy to know Cain helped me.” I know him and mom both want me to talk more with Cain, have him in my life, and they need to let me do that in my own time, not theirs.

“See you tomorrow?” He asks, I give him a nod, but don’t say anything to Cain as I leave the house, maybe now I won’t have to get so many messages from Cain, there isn’t anyone else in the family to meet, and I only have to see him when he is there when I see mom. Which I can do.

For the first time in a while, my life finally looks like it’s not going to have all the downs in there, can life be that kind though? Only one way to find out, take each day as it comes, and fight whatever comes my way.

* * *

“Ready?” Travis asks as we stand outside the hotel

“Cannot be more ready,” I show them the file and the USB stick Cain gave me and we make our way into the hotel.

We don't bother signing in at reception, we know where the office is.

Walking in without knocking. Oh, this is nice, all three of them are here. Didn't ask for that but I'm going take it.

“What do we owe this pleasure? The last time we checked you three are barred.” Dad smiles.

“Oh, Dad, I've been waiting for this day for so long, the day I get to slap that smirk off your fucking face.” I walk closer to the desk, and the three of them look between each other.

“Oh really? And how do you plan to do that?”

“By saying this, tonight you will be telling the city you are stepping down as mayor. You will be leaving and no longer in office.” The three of them start to laugh at my request.

I smile because we knew this was going to happen. We knew they thought they would have the upper hand on us. That's why we needed something that they could not do anything about.

“And why would I do that?” He questions.

“It's even step down as mayor or spend the rest of your life in prison. Now while I think we're being nice, what do you think Blake and Travis, do you think we're being nice?”

“Yes. He should be in prison.” Travis answers.

The dads look between the three of us, and we're smiling, because this is what we wanted, to catch them off guard, thinking we're doing nothing, then bang, it's thrown in your face.

“But here's me giving you the option of freedom.”

“Again, why would we do this?”

“We've been looking into you. We know something is going on with you three in the past and slowly ghosts, they reappear and when they reappear, they come to kill. I've made a copy of what's on these two things-” I put the file and the USB stick on the desk and slid it over to him. “So you can try getting rid of them but we actually have like five copies. So drop down as mayor or the breaking news will be what's in that file.”

All three of them have a look at the file, as Blake's dad takes a USB and puts it into the computer. The three of us walk around the office giving them the moment to have a look at the video and the file that we have.

“You fucking bastard-”

“Not a bastard. My dad is sitting right in front of me. Times I wish I was one but look at you, scared. Not a nice feeling. Is it being scared?” I ask, and he throws the file at me.

“Where did you get this from?” He shouts.

“Does it matter?”

“Yes, it matters. Where did you get this from?”

“Like I said, Dad, ghosts come back and when they haunt they haunt to kill.” I’ve never seen him scared, I’ve never even seen him tremble, but now I have the upper hand.

“That’s still not answering my question. Now. I know you didn’t get it off the dead woman.” The comment makes me laugh.

“No, Dad, I got it off someone else. Does the name Derek Crawford mean anything to you?” The smile spreading on my lips is huge when the color drains from my dad’s face.

“He’s dead.”

“He is dead, you killed him. You point blank killed him. But you might know another name. Cain Crawford-” I give the three of them a moment to register what I’ve just said to them. “Oh, he has so much on you, and he’s given it to me. So what’s it going to be? Let the ghost haunting you, take you to prison or step down as mayor, also you can transfer the money, which doesn’t belong to you.” I know my dad’s a crafty bastard. I know he will do anything to get the upper hand on anyone. Even my mom, Derek Crawford left mom money which I did not know about until mom told me but that money was hers and I’m taking it back.

“I don’t owe you anything.”

“No you don’t, but the money you owe mom. Pretty sure Derek left it to her. I don’t need your money after you finish with the mayor, and this hotel is gone too, you’ve got nothing. So what’s it going to be? What is the breaking news this evening gonna be? You’ve been arrested for murder or you’re no longer the mayor.” My dad stands up, thinking it’s going to scare me, it’s not. “You have until eight o’clock this evening to make up your mind and when you’ve made up your mind, which I’m hoping you make the correct choice of how you want to spend your life. I want the money transferred into my account.”

“You are-”

“I learned from you to be heartless. I’ve become heartless because of you. The pain you gave me for years and years, you know what I did with it? I’ve used it, bottled it all up and used it all for the sole purpose of destroying you.” I take a step closer to him, and stand face to face with him. “I will destroy you, one step at a time, until you have nothing. You have until eight,

or I make the choice for you.”

The three of us walk out the office, and both Blake and Travis pat my back. “Don’t you love it, when you get something, out of the blue and throw it in their face. That was fucking amazing.” Travis shouts at me, and Blake adds his comment too.

“The look on his face was...no words. He was white as a ghost when you mentioned Derek, fucking hell you hit him with two things, and they didn’t have anything to fight with.”

Blakes right, they had nothing, for the first time, I had the upper hand with him, I had all the power, and it was the best feeling, nothing comes close to how amazing I feel right now. Almost as if so much weight has been lifted off me, I’ve won against him.

The nightmare will still be there, the memories will still be there, the pain will still be there, but I will use every ounce of pain to make sure he never wins again, until the day comes that I can bury him in the woods, and know he can’t do anything to hurt me or my mom again.

EPILOGUE

LOGAN

IT'S BEEN A CRAZY YEAR, never thought my first year of college would have ended this way. After forcing my dad to step down as Mayor, he left town. I know he's still around because the other two let me know about it, he will be back soon, and when he does I'll be ready for him.

And who would have thought I would have a girl on my side, not me. But Meadow has been the best thing to ever happen in my life. She's there when I need her, whenever I have a bad night she's the one who is there to calm me down, and I do the same for her. It took her a little longer than I thought it would to get over what happened with her step-dad, but the last few months she's not mentioned it once. I told her mom the truth about what happened, the only part I left out was Meadow was the one holding the gun, she doesn't need to know that, all she needs to know is the man is dead. Poppy has asked a few times, but it's cutting down now, which I'm happy about because Meadow panics when she does ask.

"Hey Logan," Jason walks over to me and Meadow.

"She's got a long better," I point to Poppy skating on the ice.

"She has, and that's the reason I wanted to talk to you two," he looks back over to Poppy trying to do a spin but falls, and I laugh, she has been trying to do it herself for a while now, but it's not working.

"Stop laughing at her," Meadow snaps at me.

"I was thinking about getting her a partner-"

"No," I cut him off before he can finish the sentence, there is no way I'm letting anyone touch her, don't care if it will be a little kid.

"Logan." Meadow shakes her head, and turns to Jason. "You were saying." She smiles and now I shake my head.

“She is good, and at the end of next year there is a couples competition, and I have a little boy, he’s seven, very good, and I think if he works with Poppy, she will become better and they can do something amazing.”

“Really?” Meadow asks in surprise.

“Yes, she just needs someone to guide her, this boy has been skating since he was three,” Jason turns back to me, he knows me, he has known me since I was a little boy, hell he helped me with body movement, so I know he knows what he's talking about. “I will tell you his name, you can check him out, and let me know but I would like to get them together soon.” I have to smile because he knows me so well. I will be looking into not just the boy, but his family, and everyone they talk to.

“I’ll get back to you,” Jason nods, and skates off. “Poppy, we have to go now!” I shout as she’s on the other side of the rink.

“I think it-”

“Yeah, well not happy about some little boy touching her, and until I get a full check on the family it’s not happening.” There is no way I will let anything happen to someone around us, she needs to know what sunshine and happiness looks like.

“She’s five, she think boys are smelly-”

“Good.”

“Did you see me Logan?” Poppy runs over to me, and I pick her up. “Nearly did a spin.”

“You’re getting there, if you want we’re coming to the rink to practice, you can join us after.” I start walking out to the car, and Poppy starts cheering. “You’ll be a pro in no time.” Letting her down, she gets in the car, and I send my mom a message telling her we’re on the way now.

“She has you wrapped around her little finger,” Meadow tiptoes and gives me a kiss.

I’ll never admit it, but it’s nice to see a kid happy, so I would do anything to keep a smile on her face, and I don’t care if I go broke doing it.

“So do you,” I wrap my arm around her waist, and pull her in for a deep kiss. “So do you, little Dove.” I bring her wrist up, and give it a kiss, no matter what she will be mine, and I will protect her from everything.

She’s my world, and there is nothing I wouldn’t do for her, she’s my broken toy, and I’ll fix her every time.

I give my mom a kiss on the cheek, and say hello to the guys, and a nod to Cain. He's messaged me a few times, and I've chosen to ignore them. We've been in the same room when mom wants dinner or something, but other than that, I still have no interest in having a brotherly relationship with him. It might be petty, but I'm not ready to be all friendly with him. I can fake it for a few hours here and there for my mom, but he still needs to give me time.

"Now you're all here-" Mom wraps her arms around me, and I pull her closer. "-I can finally share the name of the bakery."

Mom had the name for a while, registered it, but made all of us promise not to look at it, because she wanted us all to see it at the same time, and it was hard to do, but I can't break a promise.

"Ready?" She asks the four of us, and we nod. She looks over at the man to pull the cover off.

Four of Hearts Bakery.

"I have four boys, and Logan you know I wanted a name which involved you all, and this one, this one has a piece of all four of you. Each of you has a piece of my heart." Mom looks between us all, and I smile. "Logan?"

"Mom, it's perfect," she gives me a hug. "So happy you're doing what you love." I whisper to her.

"All because of you, thank you for protecting me."

"Always." Even now she's free, but I'll still protect her. She walks over to Cain, to see what he thinks.

I stand next to Blake and Travis, looking up at the sign. "Two down, one to go. Ready?" I turn to Travis, who is still looking up at the sign, then to my mom.

"Ready. For them both I'll break him." He looks between Blake and I, and we both give him a nod.

I took down the man who made my life hell, and along the way, I saved my mom, and found myself a new little toy, a girl who's my little slut, my little Dove, and she won't be going anywhere.

THE END

Are you interested in Travis, well you can pre order his story today [Play Boy](#)
Have you read Blakes story? [Rich Boy](#)

Update join my newsletter [Here](#)

ALSO BY RUBY WOLFF

STANDALONES

Dark Romance

[Cold Heart](#)

Ghost Series

[Shadow of War](#)

Romance

[Hidden Secrets](#)

Dark Romance

[Broken Doll](#)

Duets

King Duet

[King's Revenge](#)

[Fall and Rise of the King](#)

Dark Romance Duet

[Cruel Vengeance](#)

[Psycho Royals](#)

TRIGGER WARNING

Jealous/possessive H
OTT H

Forced proximity

Child SA- referenced

Violence

Childhood trauma - off page?

Touch her and

SA

Domestic Abuse/Domestic Violence (side character)

Dub con/non con

FAFO vibes

Branding

NOTE FROM AUTHOR

Thank you all my readers who have took the time out to read my book. Your support means so much to me.

CONNECT WITH THE AUTHOR.

Facebook Page - <https://www.facebook.com/authorrubywolff/>
Facebook Reading Group - <https://www.facebook.com/groups/440387630059784/>
Goodreads - <https://www.goodreads.com/author/dashboard>
Instagram - <https://www.instagram.com/authorrubywolff/?hl=en>
TikTok - <https://www.tiktok.com/@authorrubywolff>

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Goal Boy was a ride to write, but one hell of a ride and I can't wait to dive into his world.

And with that there are people who have been with me along the way for it, I mean if it wasn't for them I'm not sure if I could have finished it.

Thank You all my readers that have taken time out to read Goal Boy, it always means so much that you've taken the time out to read my words. My Beta Team, I mean you guys have been my rock through this, me sending you messages asking question after question. Jennifer, Amber, Kasey, and Jennifer for always being there when I need advice and the push to write. And listen to all the crazy ideas I have, for Logan.

Thank you to everyone on my street team, for being so amazing and posting everyday for me, without you spreading the word my book wouldn't have gotten to others to read.

Someone new took a leap of faith in me and I have to say thank you to her to. Bre thank you for taking a chance on me, and helping me with TikTok, and now joining Christina in the PA family.

Thank you to Autumn for this amazing cover, I mean no words for it. And to my PA Christina, who has helped me so much, I don't even know what to say to you, as thank you doesn't seem enough. They always say people come into your life for a reason, and I truly believe you are the one to push me to be the best I can be.