

SONS OF SATAN MC

BRASS

PT. 1



BEX DAWN

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Proceed with caution and remember to practice self-care before, during, and after reading this series. Enjoy!

Self-injurious behavior/self-harm

Masochistic behaviors on-page

Gang/MC violence

Drugs/Weapons

Sexual trauma and abuse of an adult

Human trafficking

Graphic language

Racial and sexual slurs

Physical and mental abuse

Gaslighting

Kidnapping

Sexual kinks/BDSM

Breathplay/choking

Bondage

Murder

Child abuse/sexual abuse past reference, death/murder

Religious Abuse/Biblical Content

Drug/alcohol abuse

Mention of suicide

Stripper/Sex Worker

Stalking

Blood Play

Two Psycho Serial Killers

Cliffhanger

If you have a specific trigger and you are unsure if it's in this book or one of my other books, please do not hesitate to reach out and ask. The best way is through email or Instagram.

This is book one in the Sons of Satan MC series. This series is interconnected with the *Los Diablos Syndicate* and *The Trichotomy of New York*. For those of you following along, this book picks up THE DAY OF the Bakersfield job where the Sons helped the Los Diablos guys save a big rig full of trafficked women and children. This book happens at the same time as *Evolve* and *Rough Love*. They are loosely connected. This book does end on a cliffhanger. It's not the end for Brass and Trixie, just the end for now. (We will see them again VERY soon.)

Brass Official Playlist

Enjoy on Spotify [here!](#)

These two little lunatics found love in a hopeless place.

Well...their version of love.

It's messy, dirty, crazy, and bloody, but it works for them.

For all of you who can't help but love the psychos out there,
you're welcome.

Brass is his own kind of special.

Trixie is her own kind of nuts.

You've been warned.

This is the beginning of Brass and Trixie's wild love affair
and the first taste of the Sons of Satan MC.

Welcome to the OC. Buckle up.



BRASS
PART ONE
sons of satan



BEX DAWN

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One

“Please, just let us go. We won’t tell no one nothin’, fool. We swear it.” *Right.*

“Lying liars, tell lies,” I mutter, my eyes never leaving the road in front of me.

“Please, man, we—” the other guy cries but is quickly cut off before he can even finish his annoying and useless plea.

“Shut the fuck up back there!” Chains bellows from the passenger seat of our rented cargo van, his southern twang sounding stronger the more pissed off that he gets.

We weren’t prepared to haul these pieces of shit all the way back home, but we’re making due. After we knocked them out and tossed them in the back of the vehicle. I used our balaclavas from the human heist as makeshift hoods for our captives. I turned them around, so the eye holes were on the back of their heads, but that has done nothing to keep them quiet. They’ve been bitching and moaning since they woke up. We weren’t prepared to bring anyone home from the job with the Los Diablos guys in Bakersfield. We went to help them save a truck full of trafficked women and children, not bring

home two of the men responsible for kidnapping them. But I couldn't pass up an opportunity to get some revenge and bleed them for their sins.

"*Maaaaan, come on,*" the one that's particularly whiney whines again. I think his name is Crusher. Boss says he's the idiot of the two, but honestly, they're both pretty stupid, in my humble opinion.

"Jesus Christ, Mary, and Joseph, I will kill him, I swear," Chains murmurs. "Don't we have any fuckin' thing to gag em' with?" I know he's not talking to me because we already searched the van once and, unfortunately, found nothing. I took my socks off and stuffed their mouths when they were sleeping, but with no tape, they easily spit them out.

My brain spins with different ways to keep the deserters quiet for Boss, but nothing short of bloody torture and murder comes to mind. The men annoy me too, but I'm able to shut them out easier than he can. I guess they weren't really bugging me *that* much. I don't want Chains to be uncomfortable, though.

A thought comes to mind, and I turn to my VP, offering him a big grin that makes his brows pinch together like he's sucking on some sour skittles or something. *Mmm, candy.*

"You look like you're tasting the rainbow right now, big guy," I chuckle, smacking his shoulder. His face scrunches up even more like he doesn't know what I'm talking about. Oh well, wouldn't be the first time.

Looking back at the road, my grin grows as we come to another bend on the winding mountain road. We hit the curve, and I jerk the wheel much harder than necessary. Chains throws his arms up, grabbing onto the dash while I proceed to swerve the big van back and forth, all the while cackling from the tumbling sensation in my belly.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Brass?” he barks, but quickly shuts up when he hears the loud thumps and shouts coming from the open space behind our seats.

The cargo van is nothing but an empty shell, other than our two chairs. Our prisoners don't have anything to keep them from rolling around like pigs in the mud. Pigs with their arms and legs tied up by our belts and shoelaces that is. Lookin' like trussed-up turkeys.

A particularly loud *bang* echoes through the vehicle seconds before everything goes silent. Chains turns his big body around, looking between the seats. He stares for a minute before turning back to me with a big-ass smile on his bearded face.

“Well, I'll be damned. Pretty sure that one scrambled his brain,” he says excitedly, tossing a thumb over his shoulder to point at one, or maybe both, of the soon-to-be-dead men. I nod, proud of myself for pleasing him.

We've been driving for just over two hours, and I'm pretty fuckin' thankful that it's such a short drive from bumfuck Bakersfield back to our hometown. I don't like being separated from my family like this, even if it's only for a few

days. Well, it's not just my brothers I don't like to leave. It's also my home, my sanctuary.

I'll be back soon enough, though, with two new shiny toys to play with.

My mind wanders again as I plan out the different ways I can hurt them. Let's see... there's the standard beating, with my favorite set of brass knuckles of course. Or maybe I could hang them from our suspension rig, cut them up, and let them bleed out. Oh—I could play with my new throwing stars. Yes, that could be fun. And bloody.

The bloodier, the better.

“Why are you fuckin' smilin' like that, you weirdo?” Chains mumbles as he looks up from texting on his phone. I hadn't even realized I was smiling, but it makes sense, I suppose. Thinking about torturing people, making a mess of their bodies always makes me happy *and hard*. It's like, my favorite thing ever.

No, scratch that. Top three favorite things ever.

My club.

My bike.

My knuckles and the blood they spill.

Even a good, warm, wet pussy doesn't compare to those three things. My brothers, the Sons of Satan MC. The club and what they stand for means everything to me. I wouldn't be where I am today, living a good life, reaping the souls that need reaping without them. Especially Chains.

He's the reason I live a free life outside of a cell. He saved me, brought me into the fold, pleaded my case with our Prez, and convinced everyone that I have redeeming qualities, making me worthy of a life with them.

Not sure what those qualities are besides the fact that bloodshed and murder don't affect me the way they do others, but I don't think I'm the only man in the club like that. All of us are okay with it to an extent. We have to be. It's the lifestyle we've chosen to live.

I think what really separates me from them is the fact that not only do those things not bother me, but I actually enjoy them.

A lot.

My mind spirals once again as I go back to envisioning my room beneath our home. Some people would probably find the basement space that I've taken over and made into my liar, creepy. Correction; *most* people would find it creepy. Some of the guy's old ladies even started a rumor that it's haunted.

Four cement walls. Bare concrete flooring, slightly slanted toward a drain in the middle. Walls covered in my toys. It's fucking beautiful if you ask me.

I sigh contentedly at the thought. It's perfect, and it's all mine. I'm actually happy that it freaks people out. Means they won't go down there and touch my shit.

"Fuck, finally home. That was a long-ass trip," my VP says, drawing my attention to the large black wrought iron fence

surrounding our compound. I hadn't even realized we were home. I was so caught up in my thoughts and driving instinctually.

Nodding my head in agreement, I lean forward and crank the knob to lower the window as I slow the vehicle to a stop. One of the prospects eyes us immediately. I think his name is Dave or Fred.

“Oh, look. It's Mustafa,” Chains murmurs.

Or Mustafa.

“I'm surprised he hasn't quit yet,” my VP continues, his face scrunched up in distaste. Mushed-tatas walks toward the nondescript cargo van, his hand already on his holster as he approaches my side slowly. The windows are heavily tinted, and I'm guessing he doesn't know it's us.

He looks terrified. It makes me smile.

When he finally reaches my lowered window and takes in the scene before him, he gulps loudly, and his face pales, making my grin widen even more.

“Fuck, so sorry, man. I mean, Brass, no, I mean, s-sir. Brass, sir.” His stuttered response isn't completely new to me. Prospects and strangers alike, who know about me and my *ways*, tend to all shit their pants whenever I'm near them.

I decide to fuck with him a bit more. I like watching people squirm.

Oh, maybe that's on my top three. No. Top five.

“Prospect,” I bark, losing my smile and instantly replacing it with a blankness that I know terrifies people as much as my toothy grins. “You forgot to show your respect to your VP, or do you think he’s chopped liver? Is that it? You don’t think he deserves your half-assed apologies as much as me, huh?”

His already pale face whitens to the point that he resembles a fluffy cloud. Or a ghost. His mouth flops open and closed like a dying fish for so long that I can’t keep my laughter in any longer. It comes out loud and harsh, making him jump. He damns near drops his gun from his shaky paw.

“For fucks sake, Brass. Leave the poor kid alone so he can open the damn gate. I need to take a piss,” Chains rumbles irritatedly from his seat as he waves off the prospect.

My lower lip pouts in his direction, sad that he’s taken away my entertainment. The prospect finally pulls himself together and re-holsters his gun while spinning on his heel and running toward the security booth to open the gate.

“Nope. Keep that shit up, and I’ll cancel your birth certificate. Sons don’t pout like bitch boys.” Chains points his thick, meaty finger in my face while chastising my ways. I clack my teeth together like a piranha less than an inch from his finger. He snarls and yanks it away before I get a chance to chew on him.

His loss.

The heavy gate slowly peels open, and I reluctantly drive through instead of staying and toying with the sissy boy the way I want to. Dude’s seriously going to need to toughen up if

he wants to stick around here. There is no place for weak men within the Sons of Satan MC.

We are ruthless, psychotic, cutthroat, brutal men who revel in murder and torture.

No, wait.

That's just me.

I drive forward, entering the massive grounds we call home. When a person thinks of where a successful, if not somewhat batshit, Motorcycle Club in Southern California lives, I doubt they would ever imagine a place like this. But it's why it works so well for us. No one would ever know that beautiful, upparty-gated community houses over 50 hardened criminals and their families.

We live and hide in plain sight because we're brilliant like that.

I hum happily at my assessment as I flip my blinker to turn the van left, driving deeper into the neighborhood, careful not to hit any of the angel babies riding their bikes while they play with their friends.

The Canyon is a huge housing development in Irvine that was built near a national forest and lake. When the recession hit, the construction company went belly up and was forced to abandon the project. It sat half-built and incomplete for years until Brick, our Prez, found and purchased it five years ago.

Honestly, we were lucky as fuck that Glock, our Enforcer, came to us a few years prior. He's one of the smartest

motherfuckers I've ever met, and he just happens to be an architect. Well, almost. He had just graduated with his degree when circumstances landed him as a part of our club.

Shitty for him, lucky for us.

For the first few years that we lived here, we used the houses that had been finished, as well as the big ass fire station that sits right in the center of the development. Glock and his team worked for almost two years to finish the incomplete houses and completely redo the station. Now, everyone has a place of their own to call home.

Each of us officers technically have a house meant for us, but we've all chosen to live in *The Station*, which became our official clubhouse after Glock gutted it and fixed it up. It's a massive, badass space with everything we could possibly need. But, that's not the reason for living there.

Way Boss sees it—if we're all together, we can be the first line of defense to protect the community. A few of the guys bitched about living in close quarters, but I didn't mind it. I like my brothers, and I don't really want to take care of a whole ass house. My room and basement are all I need. All six of us are single dudes without families to care for, so really, what's the big deal?

I pull into the parking lot in front of *The Station* and can't help but smile. We haven't been gone that long, but somehow, I've missed it. This is the first place I've ever really felt at home. Looking over at Chains, I see the same happy, dopey look on his face that I'm sure is on mine.

“You happy to be home, Boss?” I ask, already knowing what his answer will be.

“Happier than a tornado in a trailer park,” we both say at the same time. He shoots an annoyed glare in my direction, making me bust up in delight. I love fucking with these guys. He goes to open his mouth and likely give me some sort of scathing comment about how stupid I am, but I beat him to it.

“Jinx! You owe me a hooker!” I shout, quickly opening my door and flying out before I can catch a smack to the back of my head like some sort of chastised kid.

Making a run for the front door, I dart back and forth, weaving like a weasel being chased by a coyote as I head inside the clubhouse. Heavy footsteps pound the pavement after me. Chains really is a big motherfucker and surprisingly quick.

“Ain’t you forgettin’ somthin’, Brass?” he grunts the second I reach the door. Spinning on my heel, my brows bunch up in confusion. Tapping my waist, I feel for my two guns and three knives. Weapons, check. Patting my chest, I feel for my cut. Check again. Phone’s in my pocket. Shoes on my feet. Dick between my thighs. What else is there?

At my confused look, he barks out a laugh and glances back at the van. “You gonna leave ‘em to bake out here, or what?”

It takes me a minute to understand what he’s talking about, but then I remember. I brought home souvenirs. I grin and clap my hands with glee, but quickly decide that a little bit of heat stroke will do the idiots some good.

“Eh,” I shrug and turn back to the clubhouse to head inside. “It’s not like they’ll die out there.” Chains chuckles but doesn’t disagree with me as we make our way through the lobby and up the first flight of stairs.

The entire ground floor of the huge, converted fire station is almost exactly as it was when originally built. Five roll-up doors make up the front of the building and open to reveal a massive garage that was built for the fire trucks. It’s an open space with high ceilings and concrete floors, making it a perfect place to repair and house our bikes and vehicles.

The connected lobby was previously an office but is now just an entry point where the front door and first set of stairs are. We climb them quickly, both of us excited to see everyone and be back. Chains is probably looking forward to a whiskey and a woman. I’m just happy to be able to shit, shower, and shave in an actual bathroom.

“Woah, look what the cat dragged in,” a deep voice rumbles as we cross the threshold to the first floor. I look around the wide-open space and fall into a fit of laughter at the sight before me.

Our usually pristine rec room looks as though a hurricane blew through it. Chairs are toppled over, glasses are broken and littered across the floor, and something that looks like it could possibly be whipped cream or maybe even jizz, coats one of the tables. Apparently, our brothers partied without us.

My eyes slide to a very disgruntled-looking prospect holding a broom while another follows behind him with a

mop. Tears leak out of my eyes with how hard I'm laughing. Poor, miserable looking devils.

“What the fuck happened here?” Chains mumbles, his wide eyes taking in everything.

Stepping further into the room, my boots mash through piles of glass and food as I make my way toward the bar on the opposite end of the vast space. I ignore the irritated looks I get from the cleaning crew as I fuck up their freshly mopped floors. I really couldn't give a fuck less. I wasn't here to make the mess, and I paid my dues as a prospect for the club a long time ago.

“Welcome home, Brassy-boy. What can I get for you?” Sheela, one of the hang-arounds, purrs from the other side of the bar. She's a pretty girl, but her sugary-sweet voice always gets on my nerves. She's more seductress than play-thing, and it's safe to say, neither of us is the other's type.

I wouldn't know what to do with a woman who just wants a simple fuck.

“Just a beer, Lala. In a bottle. I'm headed up to shower.” She giggles and shakes her head, apparently finding my statement funny. I'm not sure why. I was just being honest.

I don't understand a lot of what people say to me. Some think it's because I'm dumb or uneducated, but that's not the case. I went to school just like everyone else. Not a great school, but I went, and I graduated. School stuff isn't what I struggle with. It's people stuff that flies over my head. I've always had a hard time with it.

Conversations, social norms, context clues, facial expressions, and emotions. Those are the things that escape me. It all completely and utterly boggles my mind. I know I don't process shit the same way everyone else does. I don't always pick up on subtleties or words, but over the years, I've learned how to fake it. I know when to laugh, to be mad or happy. I understand what's expected of me most of the time. I've adapted. Not so much for myself but for everyone else.

I learned a long time ago that not being normal made everyone else uncomfortable. No one gave a fuck about how my difficulties affected me, but how it made things harder on *them*. It wasn't really a huge deal until I became a member of the Sons. These people are my true family, and I've only ever wanted to fit in with them. To please them and make them happy.

To want them to *want me*.

So, I watched, and I learned. I picked up on other people's behaviors, how they process and react to shit, and I emulated it. For the most part, it's worked. I think those who know me the best are aware that I'm different and weird in some ways, but no one here makes fun of me or calls me out on it.

Maybe they're all just pretending that I'm normal just as much as I am. Who knows or gives a fuck? Not me. I've made my way into this club. I've become important and valuable. I've become a friend and an officer. As long as I keep doin' my job and doin' it well, I'm solid.

My name is Brass. I am the Sons of Satan Sargeant at Arms,
and *I am a psychopath.*



Two

“Church,” a deep voice bellows.

Fuck.

My eyes roll with genuine irritation. I’d barely made it three steps on the stairs, headed to the third floor where all of our bedrooms are, before the command was barked out. I just want to take a shower and scrub off the bullshit from these past few days. Probably jerk my cock a few times while I’m at it, considering I’m currently sporting the worst case of blue-balls ever.

Something about madness, mayhem, and murder gets me so fucking turned on, and a lot of times, I can’t fight the urge to fuck my fist. But considering we’d been in mixed company for this entire mission, I wasn’t allowed to, even though my body was craving it desperately. *Apparently, it’s uncouth to jerk your meat in front of strangers.* Fucking horseshit is what it is.

Letting out a loud sigh, I turn around and head toward the room we’ve reserved for Church. Looking around, I see a few prospects and members lounging on the leather sofas in front of our massive television.

The way Glock and our president, Brick, planned out the clubhouse was pretty fucking brilliant, in my opinion. It suits all of our needs and so much more. I haven't been to many other clubhouses, but I have to admit, it's probably the coolest around. Brick wanted something nice for the club and their families. With how hard everyone has worked over the years, we had the finances to make it happen.

Doesn't hurt that Glock isn't just a normal architect. Apparently, he went to some fancy-ass private college specializing in high-end, modern design. He came from a long line of privilege and deep pockets, so I doubt it was difficult for him to transform *The Canyon* the way that he did. Especially considering it was basically a blank canvas when we got here.

The firehouse is three floors of livable space sitting on top of the massive garage. The first floor is where parties happen, on the rare occasion that they do. Brick has always wanted to keep this place private as much as possible. There is no point in living in secret if you tell everyone about it. Only close friends of members or their families are allowed here. Sometimes, strippers and whores come through, but it's with the threat of their life in exchange for silence.

It's not surprising how well scary bikers can get the point across when necessary.

The party floor is a big open space with pool tables, foosball, and dart boards. An awesome custom-made bar runs the length of one wall. The heavy oak bar top is accented by a

corrugated metal base. Leather barstools line the bar, giving it a rustic vibe. There's a jukebox and a few televisions, but club members rarely hang out there to kick back and watch TV. If you're on the first floor, it's to drink, party, or fuck a random.

The second floor is only accessible to members, prospects, families, and officers. No one from the outside world is allowed on the upper two floors, mostly because private club business happens up here and also because this is home for some of us, myself included.

The second floor is often called *the mess*, which is short for the mess hall. It's similar to the first floor due to the couches, big screens, and generally relaxing vibe, but it's the extras we've added that make it special. Since we're often on lockdown and a lot of the guys here have families, Brick wanted people to feel like they weren't missing out on the outside world. So, Glock designed a cafe complete with a fancy-as-shit coffee bar. We even have a chef and some dude that makes lattes. I'm not sure what those are, but bitches love them, and I love bitches so...whatever. The second floor also houses Brick, our Prez's suite, office, and Church.

The third floor is where the officers live. It reminds me of a hotel. All of the rooms are identical. Suites, complete with private bathrooms. A long hall adjoins all of the rooms, keeping us close enough in case shit goes down, but far enough away to have space.

The Canyon's not your typical MC scene, but it works for us and keeps morale up.

“How was your vacation, man? Get any good pussy while you were trekking through bumfuck nowheresville?” Arrow, one of our newly patched members, jokes with a lopsided grin. I smile back but say nothing as I entire Church, leaving him behind. He’s a nice kid. Young, blonde, surfer-lookin’ fuck, but nice. Also, dumb as rocks. He’d have to be to make a joke like that, considering the vacation he’s talking about was actually a rescue mission, but whatever.

I take a look around and realize I’m the first one in the room, to my surprise. Normally, I’m the last one here. It won’t be a full house today since Axe and Glock are probably halfway to Idaho by now with the rig.

Dropping into my seat, I lean back and kick my feet up before pulling out a blunt and lighting up. I don’t smoke all that often, but it’s become kind of a ritual for me during Church. The guys, especially Prez, prefer it that way. They say it keeps me focused and calm, and I trust them to know what they’re talking about. Tilting my head to rest on my chair, I inhale deeply and close my eyes, relaxing and getting comfortable.

Fuck. It’s been a hell of a week. That job with those gangster fucks from up north was nuts. We were hired by some acquaintances Boss met a few years back, *Los Diablos*, a gang from San Francisco. Helping them save a lot of people who were being trafficked from Mexico to Central California. Apparently, the four highest-ranking members, below their boss, are looking to get out of the gang and have been doing everything in their power to shut the operation down from the

inside. I guess they hope to kill the leader once all is said and done, but it's a sticky situation because he's their father.

A father who is a sick son of a bitch, that has no problem profiting off of the sales and purchases of human lives. Women and children alike. It's disturbing on the deepest fuckin' level, and I personally would love to be there the day they finally put that sad sack of shit down like the vermin he is.

When Brick brought the assistance request to the club, not a single one of us said no. Unanimously, we voted to help them, vowing to save the lives of those innocent people no matter what. All of the officers except Brick headed a few hours north to offer our aid in the heist. With a well-orchestrated plan, some costumes, fake weapons, and a lot of help, we stole the rig carrying the women and children. Axe, Brick, and a few of the old ladies are currently driving it to one of the Los Diablos safehouses in Idaho right now.

The two men in the back of my cargo van were the original drivers of the rig. They work for a shady as fuck gang from LA called *The Broadway Boys*, who are wrapped up with The Diaz Cartel in more ways than one. The human trafficking job was just one of the disgusting projects they've had their grimy fingers in.

The drivers, Viper and Crusher, are two of the higher-ranking members of The Broadway Boys, and because of that, I think they believed they would have some sort of get out of jail free card with this job.

Before the heist went down, they abandoned the big rig so they could head to a bar and get drunk, but not before they took their time doing some shady shit in the back of the rig. I'm pretty positive they were terrorizing, if not actually assaulting, someone back there where no one could see them. I heard screaming, and the only reason I didn't step in and gut them then and there was because me and the other Sons were there undercover and couldn't risk breaking that.

Doesn't matter. I picked up the disgusting, gang-banging deserters before we headed home. And now I get to play with them.

It was an insane job but also a wild adrenaline rush. We do crazy shit like this all the time, but fuck, trafficking? That shit hits differently. Rescue missions and standing in as hired help isn't new to us. It's not necessarily part of the MC life, but it is a big part of being in *this* particular MC, especially in recent years.

We're more than just your average 1%er MC, but it hasn't always been this way. Shit has changed for the Sons in the last 14 years since Brick took over the club from his father, Scythe, after his untimely death.

From what I hear, Scythe wasn't a bad president at all. He worked hard as hell to turn things around for the club during his reign, but old habits die hard, and a lot of the club members around at that time were left over from his father's reign as president.

In 1977, Patrick Lowell started the Sons of Satan MC during a time when motorcycle clubs were becoming popular, and the 1% were emerging. Patrick, who soon became Hammer, ruled his club with unrivaled cruelty and hatred. He was a racist, bigoted fuck and his dreams for the club involved raining terror on unsuspecting people, furthering white supremacy, and murdering out of hatred, just because he could.

The best thing that he ever did was have kids and then die. Luckily for his son Daniel, Hammer started the club in his mid-thirties which gave Dan some time to grow up without being in an MC. Daniels' mom was a sweet woman who showed him how to function and live a life differently from his father. It gave him perspective. So when Dan saw the way his father ruled over the club and the havoc he wreaked, he knew that it wasn't right and that there was a better way to live and run the club.

Daniel, who was named Scythe after he was patched in, took over the club when Hammer was murdered. His kids, Freddie and Ian, were already born at that time, and even though they were little, they took to club life quickly. The whole family did. And in a way, I guess it was. MC life has been in the Lowell's blood for over 50 years, as have the Sons of Satan.

Scythe and his wife Dotty were incredible parents, and to this day, people still talk about how good of a president Scythe was. He struggled a lot at the beginning because some of the old-timers were die-hard supporters of Hammer through and

through. They rebelled against the changes Scythe implemented, and a lot of them ultimately ended up leaving. I have no doubt it was hard for the club to go through that back then, but it was probably for the best.

Scythe was killed at the age of 47, the same age as his father had been. Only difference was that Dotty was with him when he was killed, and she lost her life as well. It broke the club for a time, and that included Freddie and Ian. Regardless, Freddie, now named Brick, took over and did his absolute fucking best to bring the club back to life.

That was 14 years ago.

Now, Sons of Satan is the best it's ever been. The strongest MC in California. The wealthiest and most successful by far, and the happiest. We're a solid family. Every single person on this compound would die for one another, no questions asked. We're all here because we choose to be. Brick treats everyone fairly and does everything he can to make sure we're all taken care of. Everything he does is for us, and because of that, the Sons will continue to thrive and prosper.

A loud slam startles me from my relaxed state, and I jolt upward, nearly burning myself with my mostly gone blunt.

"The fuck?" I grunt, peeling my heavy eyes open only to find the table mostly full of my fellow officers who are all staring at me expectantly. Shit, did I fall asleep? Chuckling, I drop my feet and rub my palm across my face. There is a very fuckin' good chance that I did.

“Welcome back, sleepin’ beauty.” Chains smirks behind his whiskey glass before tipping it back for a big swig. “Might need a few more hours, though.”

Finishing off my joint, I dab it out in the ashtray and give him a questioning look. He continues to smirk, and I already know he’s going to say some stupid hillbilly joke that I probably won’t understand but will love anyway.

“Cause’ you’re so ugly, you’d scare a buzzard off a gut pile.” He roars with laughter at his own joke, and even though I don’t really get it since I’m not even sure I know what a buzzard is, I laugh my ass off with him. I can’t help it. He’s like a jolly, tan Santa in leather. Everyone around us groans and grunts in annoyance which makes me laugh harder.

Chains with his stupid southern jokes and comments are the reason I stay up late at night Googling comebacks and puns. I like being able to fit in and keep up with him. He’s my best friend, after all.

The sound of the gavel banging on the table silences the four of us, and our attention snaps to our surly-looking president, Brick. His full, black beard with silver strands twitches on his face, and I’m pretty sure he’s fighting a smile. He’s not the most boring out of all of us, that award goes to his younger brother Axe, but he is the bossiest. He gives straight Daddy vibes, and he knows it. He’s hard to ignore when he turns them on and commands us like he’s the queen ant and we’re his little bitch soldiers.

It's intimidating to have his full ire turned in our direction as he silences us with nothing but his pinched brows and narrowed eyes. However, now I can't suppress the vision of him wearing a crown and dressed like an old-school queen. A laugh flies out of me before I can catch it and his lethal glare flies in my direction. My mouth snaps shut, and I tuck my lips in like I can physically lock down my laughter.

Brick stares at me for another moment before shaking his head and subtly smirking as he drops down in his seat.

"Church is in session. Shut your traps unless it's relevant. I've got shit to do today." His barked-out words have everyone settling into their seats and taking on an air of seriousness that is reserved for this room and this room alone. The subtle feeling of the weed I smoked a few minutes ago filters through my body like a slow wave of water washing over me. It's relaxing without being suppressing, and not for the first time, I realize it helps my brain focus and my body to calm almost as much as spilling blood does.

Everyone nods in agreement, and the meeting begins.

"Welcome home, everyone. Let's get our other boys on the phone so all of you can give us a run-down of the Diablos job, yeah?" He jerks his chin in Chain's direction, and the VP quickly pulls out his phone and calls who I can only assume is Glock or Axe. He sets the phone on the large oval table and hits the speaker button. The phone rings a few times before the obvious sound of someone answering and muffled whispers in the background fills the room.

“VP,” Axe grunts. He’s always so short and growly. It makes me smile. The big bear. If Chains is my bestie then Axe is my enemy. Pretty sure he love-hates me and thinks I’m annoying as fuck, but I don’t care. He’s my brother-in-arms, and because of that, we’re family.

“Hey, man. We’re all in Church. Prez wants to talk to y’all.” Chains slides the phone across the table toward Brick, who catches it easily, his expression never changing as he addresses his little brother.

“Axe.” Brick says stiffly, though if I’m not mistaken, his voice warms just a smidge. “Where are you? Where’s Glock? How’s the rig and cargo?” The Prez asks exact questions knowing Axe will give exact answers and nothing more.

“Elko, Nevada. Driving. Normal.” His words are gritty, like even saying that much is difficult for him. Probably is. Chains chuckles and shakes his head, and Brick sighs, likely irritated that the status report barely gave him anything useful. There’s a grumbling sound and murmured words in the background before a shuffling noise that grates my ears.

“Boss, we’re four hours and forty-two minutes from Sawtooth. We switched off twice when we refueled. Everything is normal thus far. No issues or serious complaints. Some confusion from the cargo and a lot of crying, which is understandable given the circumstances but Ophie and Beso are with the women and children. They’ve cleaned them, fed them, and clothed them. Some first aid was administered, and more will be needed once we reach the safe house.” Glock fills

us all in on all the details, saying more words than Axe ever would.

Brick clenches his jaw, and Chains releases a low growl in his throat. “What injuries require more than first aid?”

There’s a pause—a hesitation, on Glock’s end of the phone, and I swear I hear his gulp. “We’ll need to make use of the Gynecologist the Diablos hired as well as a pediatrician. I think it’s best that we make sure all of the staff are women at this point. There was a...” he breaks off, breathing heavily. “An incident when we tried to check on them an hour in. It’s safe to say they do not handle men in their proximity very well, which is understandable and expected.”

Everyone on both ends of the phone is silent as we let that sink in, knowing what it means. I may not catch on to innuendos and facial expressions very well, but I knew what this mission was about. I know what happened to those women and children and what was expected of them.

Fifty-six women and kids were stolen, abused, bought, and paid for. Some were meant to be resold like livestock. Some had buyers who chose them like you’d choose a cut of meat at the grocery store. Some were requested based on their appearance and were to be delivered, inspected, and possibly purchased. We have no idea what all they’ve been through between the time they were originally taken and when we stepped in, but we have a pretty good idea. It was nothing good.

Not to mention what happened in the rig *before* we intervened. The thought brings me back to the two men in the back of our borrowed van, and I'm once again filled with disgust and rage. Like always, those emotions swallow me up whole until I feel like I might explode. Just as quickly, they dissolve into nothingness. It's like every single thing that I feel, down to the movement of my toes, my eyes blinking, my heart beating, disappears.

I don't know why it happens, but I stopped questioning the way my brain works a long time ago. Sometimes, I think it's protecting me from feeling too much. Like it knows that I don't handle emotions well. I don't understand them, and it's like some sort of safeguard for my brain.

Fuck, maybe even my heart if I still have one.

"Did the deserters touch them?" I ask, my voice blank and empty, referring to Viper and Crusher, the two men I have bound and masked *but not gagged*, unfortunately. Silence continues to flow through the room and is finally broken when Glock clears his throat like he's trying to drag the words up from the pit of his soul.

"It's unknown but assumed so, yes."

"What the fuck does that mean?" Brick snaps as he jumps out of his chair and begins to pace. This entire job has had all of us on edge, and our usually gruff Prez has been in an even worse mood since the day we all left. Seems that hasn't improved.

Glock sighs and lowers his voice, “One of the younger women was crying, naked, and uh,” he coughs again, “bleeding when we first checked on them. Ophie tried to calm her. Find out what happened, but she’s not talking. From the way she cowered away from Axe and me, I can only guess what went down.”

“How old?” Dynamite murmurs, speaking for the first time. His usual crazy, high-on-life attitude firmly tucked away for this conversation.

“Does it fuckin’ matter?” Chains barks, slamming his palm down on the table. Brick stops in his pacing long enough to shoot a narrowed glare at his VP, but I’m inclined to agree with my friend. It doesn’t matter how old she is. She could be fifty, and it wouldn’t matter. Her body is her own, not anyone else’s.

Not *theirs*.

Brick pulls his irritated gaze from Chains and walks back to the table, bracing his fists on it and leaning over the phone.

“Keep us updated when you arrive. Stay safe, brothers.” He ends the call before Glock can respond, knowing that if anything else was urgent enough to be discussed, our enforcer would have led with it. Brick breathes deeply for a moment before looking back up at each of us. “Anything else about Bakersfield? Any concerns or new developments, or can we move on?”

Chains shoots me an amused look across the table, one side of his mouth tipping up in a small grin. I’m not sure if he’s

trying to push me to talk, reassure me, or just thinks the situation is funny. Regardless, I took the deserters, so I know it's my information to relay.

Sucking my bottom lip between my teeth, I bite down hard enough to draw blood in an attempt to bring myself back into the present and out of the overwhelming numb vacancy that had swallowed me up. I have to bite hard before the tiny tingle of pain starts to zap some life back into me. I let the feelings slowly enter my body once again. Rolling my shoulders, I tilt my neck from side to side, popping it and bringing movement back to my sleeping limbs.

When I once again feel a little bit like myself, I drag my eyes up to my president and nod my head slowly. "Yes, Boss. The two men who were originally driving the rig are currently bound and being held in the back of our cargo van. I'd like permission to eliminate them, please."

Brick's eyes widen a fraction as he stares at me for a long moment. This could go a few ways. He could flip his shit and punish me for acting recklessly and taking the men. It's within his right as my president to do whatever the hell he wants to do with me, and I would accept it. No matter what. He's silent for so long that his sudden barked laughter actually makes me jump a little in my chair.

Rounding the table, he reaches my side in just a few steps, his laughter still filling the room, though less abrasive now. Stopping at my side, he smacks a flat palm on my shoulder a

few times, and I'm shocked to find a tendril of pride gleaming through his eyes.

"I'd like to watch, kid." A slow grin spreads across my face at the endearment and praise. I'm 27 years old, so I'm sure as shit, not a kid. But I'm half his age and barely older than his daughters, so I guess it's not that much of a stretch. Regardless, I like the way his recognition feels. It coats my skin like a hug, further bringing me back from my previous blank state.

Spinning on his heel, he makes it to his seat quickly and drops down in it. He kicks his booted feet up onto the table, crossing them at the ankles before pulling his smokes out of the chest pocket of his cut. Glancing across the table, I find both Dynamite and Chains looking between the two of us curiously. My grin still in place, I shrug my shoulders, just as surprised and confused as both of them.

Boss's mood swings lately are fucking crazy, and that's coming from a legit crazy person.

"Stone and Nyxon called me on their way back to San Fran to let me know how everything had gone on their end. Stone, their tech guy, assured me that we're square. Cameras, video feeds, and all other traces of everyone's involvement are exactly as planned. Your disguises held up, you each performed your jobs brilliantly, and they have extended their gratitude. They sent the rest of the deposit and a promise for a return favor if we ever needed to call on them. I'm assuming

you communicated with them in regards to The Broadway trash, yeah?”

He addresses his question to the room as he takes another puff of his smoke. Chains pipes in before I can answer. “Yeah, Boss. Stone said he’d cover it up, say they died in the explosion. We’re all good. No one’s gonna be missin’ those motherfuckers.”

Brick takes another deep inhale, finishing off his cigarette before ashing it. He smirks and blows out a billow of greyish-white smoke that immediately dissipates with the overhead fan blowing on us. My fingertips drum along the table as my mind quickly flits back and forth between everything that we’ve talked about; the trip, the poor angel babies and women, the sick fucks that started this all to begin with, and all the ways that I want to play with my prisoners.

“Anything else?” Dynamite grunts. His low, growly tone pulls my eyes to him. He’s usually so hyperactive and can barely sit still. He talks a mile a minute and is almost always fiddling with something. His mood is just as fucked as the rest of ours over this whole situation.

Glad I’m not the only one.

Brick drops his legs and leans forward, bracing his forearms on the thick maple wood that makes up our meeting table. He sighs heavily and nods once. “Yeah. I know you boys just got home, but we’ve got some local business to handle. Gotta call from Fenn a few hours ago. His daughter got roughed up and assaulted by some prick that followed her out of work last

night. The Iron Riders want to step in but can't since they're still being watched for that incident last month. Need our help to track the guy down and take care of him."

There are three MCs that are extremely well-known in SoCal. The first is obviously us. The second is the other 1 %er MC down here, The Anarchists. They're trash. Shitty humans. Everything we're against. They represent everything people think 1%er's are about. We've squabbled with them over the ears, but luckily, they've been silent for the last few months. *Too silent if you ask me.* The third well-known MC is The Iron Riders, but it's not for the same reasons as the rest of us.

The Iron Riders are a 99 %er MC that we're friendly with. All of them are Vets and super good guys. They keep their hands clean and their President, Fenn, does a lot to help his men heal from whatever wounds active duty left them with. Whether that be physical or mental. Last month, one of his officers suffered some sort of flashback episode while at a bar. He blacked out and lost his shit, injuring a few people and doing a hell of a lot of property damage, all while wearing his cut.

The bar owner wasn't hearing any of the club's excuses or logic and, instead, called the cops and pressed charges. One of the injured men claimed it was MC related and now the police are investigating The Iron Riders. Lucky for them, they're clean as a whistle, and the Prez is a straight-shot dogooder. I'm sure they have nothing to worry about in the long run, but I understand them being unable to step into this situation right now, no matter how much it's grating on them to ask for help.

Fenn has only one family member left, and it's his kid, a daughter who I'm pretty sure is 21 or 22. She works at a club downtown called, *The Distillery*. If someone followed her out, it could be as simple as a drunk asshole who didn't listen when she said no, or something more serious. Regardless, our friendly terms with Fenn mean that we'll be there for him when his men can't be, no matter the circumstances.

What is it with men taking what doesn't belong to them? Not accepting no as an answer and backing the fuck up? Why do they think that women are nothing more than property? I'll never fucking understand that shit. I may not be right in the head, but I know that no means no and when to back the hell off.

I may be a monster, but I've *never* taken what wasn't freely offered.

“What do you need from us, Prez?” Chains grunts, pulling me from my inner spiral and back to the present once again. Fuck, I really need to get out of this room and spill some damn blood. My head is all over the place, and I can't even concentrate on simple conversations anymore.

It's been a long few days, I remind myself.

Brick runs his fingers through his wiry beard while he thinks before he finally jerks his chin in my direction. “Dynamite will do some intel for us with the info Fenn gave me, and when he finds the guy, I want you to bring him in. Tail him, track him, whatever you gotta do. Bring him in whole, though, if possible. I want everything done clean. We may not

be publically affiliated with the Riders, but we never know who and when they're being watched. Clear?"

The three of us echo an agreement, and after once again checking in that we're all good for the time being, Brick knocks the gavel on the table and ends Church.

Finally.

All thoughts of a shit, shower, and shave have completely left my brain now that the bloodlust has steadily been filling me for the last hour. I need this. Now.

No point in getting clean just to get all dirty again.

Smirking, I stand and make my way to the cargo van, hoping my toys haven't gotten too cooked out in the hot Southern California sun before I've had my chance to play with them.



Three

“I think that’s high enough,” I muse, locking the crankshaft into place when my toy is finally at the perfect height. I step away from the lever attached to the wall near the entrance of my dungeon and make my way toward the freshly strung-up dude, who I’m pretty sure is named Crusher.

Doesn’t matter. Not like he’ll have a tombstone when all is said and done.

Circling his and his buddy’s suspended bodies, I feel a sense of giddiness fill me at the thought of what’s to come. “You look like a pinata all strung up and ready for a party, don’t you?”

The tall, lanky gangster doesn’t respond, which is understandable, considering he’s still knocked out cold. Glancing over at his partner, I’m bummed to see an equally vacant look on his bruised face.

When me and the guys made it out to the cargo van to unload them, I may or may not have insisted that the prospects drag the deserters all the way down to my basement by their bound feet.

They definitely took a few bumps and thumps to the head from the concrete stairs, ensuring that they were good and unconscious. I didn't mind at the time because hooking people up to my suspension rig is much easier when they aren't wiggling around like worms on a fishing line.

But now that everything is all set up and ready for them, I find their lack of attention annoying. I want them to see me, and I want to see them. Their anxiety about what's to come, the panic. Their fear.

I want to *smell* it.

Most people don't know that fear has a scent. It's potent and heady. Of course, there is the sweet and sour smell of sweat that tends to come with being afraid. Occasionally, the acrid scent of piss comes with terror, as I assume will be the case today. But more than that, the body lets out heavy doses of pheromones specific to fear when the body feels threatened.

If you're around it enough, the scent becomes second nature to your senses, like vodka. If you smell it enough times, your body can instantly recognize it.

That's where I'm at with fear. I know the scent well, and I fucking love it. It's as addicting as the finest chocolate and as tantalizing as the delicious aroma of luscious, dripping cunt.

"Alright, my little doves, time to wakey-wakey!" I coo, landing a hard slap on the chubby one's plump ass. He groans slightly and then falls right back to sleep. I roll my eyes in annoyance. Well fuck. They might be a bit more damaged than intended.

I leave them to their naps and jog quickly up the short flight of stairs to the top landing. I swing the door open and call for Arrow, my perky little assistant for the day. Slowly, he makes his way to me, dragging his booted feet the entire way. His face is pale, and his lips are drawn in a tight line.

He stops in front of me and crosses his arms over his thin chest tightly. His eyes never leave my face, despite the fact that my dungeon door is propped open by my hip.

Hmm, that's odd.

He's not even a little curious as to what's going on downstairs? I'd be all over that shit like white on rice.

“What's up, Brass?” he grunts, swallowing deeply before shifting his weight from one foot to the other nervously.

My eyes narrow on him. “What's the problem, prospect? Why are you acting like that?” I gesture towards his feet which are now slowly shuffling backward away from me.

His mouth opens, but nothing comes out. Arrow's eyes dart behind me and down into my lair before widening slightly. He chokes on his saliva, and his face, which was pale-ish white just a moment ago, has now gone a tad green. Realization dawns on me. *Ahh*. The little grasshopper is grossed out. Why? I haven't even touched the men yet.

I chuckle at his discomfort, and he quickly brings his eyes back to me, wide and freaked the hell out. This will be so much fun.

“Go get Brick and Chains. Let them know I’m ready to begin.” The barked-out command makes him jump slightly. Christ, these prospects seriously need to grow a pair. He nods quickly, backing away. “Oh, and prospect. Make sure you join them downstairs when they get here.”

I enjoy a moment of his horror before turning my back on him and heading down to where all the fun happens. I decided what I wanted to do with our little guests earlier after the phone call with Glock. I need answers, so their death can’t be too swift, which means slow, minimal blood loss. At first, at least. Just from what I’ve seen of both men, they’re weak. I really don’t think it’s going to take long for them to break, especially once they see what I have in store for them today.

I jump up and drop my ass on my metal workstation. The supplies I’ll be using are already laid out and arranged like a Thanksgiving buffet at the dinner table. Taking a deep pull of my beer, I look around at my sanctuary, and as usual, I’m quickly filled with gratitude and a sense of rightness that I’ve felt so rarely in my life.

My torture room, liar or dungeon as I like to call it, is the lowest level of *The Station*, sitting underground and below our huge garage. When everything was remodeled and modernized, I asked Brick to keep the basement in its original state, for the most part. It’s got pretty high ceilings, surprisingly, but is made of mostly all bare, basic cement.

Essentially, it’s a concrete box. No windows, one heavy door, some stairs, and that’s it. It was never intended for

comfort or long-term stays. However, despite the crudeness of my lair, the add-ons Brick and Glock made for me make it impressive as fuck.

The changes to the space felt frivolous at first, but I quickly realized they were essential. Air ducts and ventilation were added on within the first week of my using the room. Bleach, blood, piss, and shit are not great smells by themselves. Add them all together, and you've got yourself a deadly and disgusting combo.

I may be nuts, but I don't hate myself, and I rather enjoy my lungs.

We also redid the flooring to make clean-up easier. The slanted floors with a drain in the center of the room were modeled after crematorium draining rooms, another one of Glock's brilliant ideas. He also suggested adding the pulley system, which is built into the ceiling. Three large chains with heavy-duty hooks are attached to three separate winches and levers for individual control. I use the fuck out of those hooks.

On the far back wall, we also added a countertop space with a sink and storage cabinets that are full to the brim with weapons and torture tools. Over the years, I've collected all sorts of random shit to make my job more fun.

I may be the Sergeant at Arms for SOS, but I'm also the resident torture expert. My main jobs are to make sure everyone in the club is following officers' orders and protecting all of our members and their families. That includes

ensuring our weapon stocks are always replenished and that combat training for members is up to date.

I also handle club members who need to be disciplined or removed. Our roles here in the Sons of Satan aren't like all MCs. Yeah, we officers have titles that we stick to for the most part, but Brick being the smart motherfucker that he is, realized early on that not all of us have the exact strengths for each of our job titles.

Take Axe, for example. He's our Prez's little brother and the only other male Lowell left besides Brick, so he should be our VP, right? Technically, yeah. Except Axe doesn't talk. Well, rarely. He sure as hell isn't personable, and he hates having to play nice. So a role where he's out, front and center, in meetings and making connections, just isn't for him. He straight-up would have walked away if it had been forced on him. Chains, on the other hand? He loves that shit. But Axe, the surly motherfucker, has a lot of pent-up anger issues, so the role of Enforcer fits him.

One of his jobs *should* be information extraction and torture when necessary. But Axe would just black out and kill whoever we had tied up before we got anything out of the poor sop. Me, on the other hand? I fucking *relish* taking my time and playing with my prey. So, I gladly took that part of his job for him. In exchange, his silent observing ass makes sure that everyone's following the club rules and upholding the SOS standards. I don't have a mind for that kinda shit, and frankly, I don't give a fuck about rules.

Everyone here knows their place and their jobs. We run like a well-oiled machine. Of course, there are hiccups, and mistakes are occasionally made, but all and all, I think the Sons of Satan is the best MC around. Where other clubs have dissension and drama, our members are loyal to a fault. They would never step out on us. We're a family, through and through. It's not like that for everyone, though.

I mean fuck, look at the Los Diablos guys. Their entire mantra is based on backstabbing and deceit. I get that they have their reasons, and after the trafficking job we just helped them with, I don't blame them at all for wanting to take down Augustus Luna, but shit. How and the heck they sleep at night knowing their boss, their leader, their *father*, is enemy number one is beyond me. I couldn't do it.

Nope. Fuck that. I'd just kill the bastard in his sleep.

A loud bang fills the room and echoes off the stone walls, making me jump. "Dang it! I almost dropped my beer. Can't you enter a room at a normal volume?" I whine as I slide off the table before polishing off my drink. Multiple sets of booted feet clomp down the stairs, making me chuckle. "You all sound like a pack of wildebeests. You could never be spies."

"You don't even know, man. I could so be a spy," Dynamite declares, sliding up next to me. He picks up one of my knives and runs his fingertip across the blade. His finger instantly wells with blood from a thin, but likely deep, slice.

"You would be a terrible spy," I grumble, yanking my knife from his gangly appendage. "You can't even handle a knife

properly, moron.” I tut him in disapproval as I wipe the droplets of his blood from my knife before placing it back where it belongs.

“Knife skills have nothing to do with being a spy. It’s all about brains and stealth. You have neither.” *Oh, them’s fightin’ words.* Spinning on my heel to face him, I shove him back a step, irritated that he would even suggest that he’d be better than me.

“Fine!” I snap, gnashing my teeth together. “You can be a silent, smart spy. They can call you Captain Three S for all I care. Meanwhile, I’ll be over here slicing bitches till’ they scream for me. I’ll be splashing in puddles of blood in my rain boots. I’d *so* rather be an assassin than a boring fucking spy.”

Dynamite’s face turns red with irritation. He opens his mouth and takes a step into my space, and my stomach clenches in excitement. My already heightened nerves ratchet up a notch at the prospect of a good fight. It’s been a while since I’ve tumbled around on the ground with someone.

Scratch that. It’s been a while since I’ve tumbled around *anywhere* with *anyone*.

A palm slaps my chest, interrupting me from advancing further on the blonde lunatic. “Really? Y’all are seriously arguing about this shit right now?” I turn my eyes up to my bestie, wide and innocent with confusion. It’s a normal thing to argue about, is it not? “Do you even know what you’re bitchin’ bout?”

Dynamite huffs in irritation and rolls his eyes. “Of course we do,” he grumbles like a petulant child. “He thinks he’s a better psychopath than me. Newsflash, he’s not!” My eyes widen even further. To the point that my mohawk shifts. I mean, that’s not what we were arguing about, was it?

“Huh?” I ask with genuine bewilderment. “I thought we were talking about our superpowers.”

D’s head swivels in my direction, and his face does the opposite of mine. His eyes squint so much that I’m surprised he can even see me. His long blonde hair falls in his face, further obstructing his view.

“Enough!” Brick shouts, emphasizing his angry demand with a fist on the table. All of my toys bounce and clatter around, making loud metallic sounds. Grunting in understanding, I step away from Dynamite and Chains but not before blowing a kiss to D, promising him that we’ll continue this debate later.

I walk away from everyone and head towards my sink to fill up a bucket of water so I can wake up our friends. Glancing over at the limp, hanging fucktards, a thought comes to mind. I grin and bypass the sink, making my way toward the back corner where my firehose is. “Arrow!” I bark without looking, knowing he’s here somewhere, probably hiding.

“Yes, Boss?” he asks quietly, his voice full of nerves as he approaches me.

We can't have that. We really can't.

Unraveling the heavy hose left behind by the previous would-be tenants, I toss him the end and wave him away. He pauses for a moment before getting the idea and heading back to the center of the room, where our guests are with the hose in tow.

“Point it at the dudes and hold tight,” I instruct. “Time for a wake-up call.” I hear the three other officers in the room chuckle quietly at my demand. I look up, catching each of their knowing gazes as they step far away from the prospect. Bending over, I block his view from what I’m doing and make a big show of *turning on* the water. After a few seconds, when nothing happens, I look back at him with a pinched expression.

“Didn’t come on, eh?” I grunt, rubbing my jaw and feigning annoyance. Arrow looks at me, then the hose, then back at me again. His face is scrunched up all adorably, and he looks like he’s worried that he’s about to be yelled at. As if he’s the sole cause of our technical difficulties. I tap my chin like I’m thinking hard about how to fix the broken hose and then nod a few times, making him think I’ve figured it all out. He’s starting to sweat a bit, and his feet are doing that nervous shuffle thing again.

What the hell is it about these new guys that make them, so freaking scared around me? I don’t get it.

“Check the nozzle, prospect. Is it plugged up? Maybe something got in there last time I sprayed down the room.” Arrow does a little hop like my voice alone gives him the

willies before quickly glancing down at the spray nozzle. He begins to investigate, and it takes everything in me to hold in my snicker.

When his face is well and truly all up in the hoses business, I bend down and quickly turn the water on. Massive amounts of water blast through the hose, filling it at a rapid rate before flying out of the end like one of the geysers in Yellowstone. Water pummels Arrow's pretty little face, nearly drowning him for a second before the hose flies out of his ladylike paws.

He screams, and my ass falls to the ground in laughter. Clutching my stomach, I howl and giggle as he frantically chases the flopping and squirting hose around my basement. Chains, Brick, and Dynamite roar with laughter that matches my own, and it makes something else inside of me squeeze. I like making these guys happy. I like doing things that bring us all together.

Even if it is mischief and murder.

Arrow finally gets tired of chasing the wayward hose around the room and finds a few brain cells to rub together. He dashes in my direction, bypassing me as I roll around laughing on the ground. He tries to avoid looking at me but fails, and I can tell he's fighting an angry scowl. The prospect reaches the valve and turns the water off.

With that, the commotion in the room dies down. When the laughter finally stops, I sigh and pull myself up once again. Looking around my lair, my smile fades into a grimace. Well shit. That prank didn't go quite as planned, now did it?

Pro: The aggressive, ice-cold water stream doused both of our swaying prisoners and woke them up abruptly.

Con: My dungeon floor, walls, ceiling, and all of my toys are soaked.

Oh well. Guess the room is clean now.

The silence only lasts a few seconds before Dickass and Douchebagette start to whine and cry. Their annoying sounds bring me back to the whole reason we're here in the first place. These disgusting motherfuckers with their wandering cocks and hands have answers that I need. Not that it'll change the end result, but it'll make Boss feel justified in the torture and killing that's about to go down.

Showtime.



Four

“**G**ood morning, Starshines. Have a nice nap, did ya?”

Standing behind their suspended bodies, my cooing voice causes both of them to jump, though the quick movement kind of just makes them wiggle and bounce around.

“Wh-what? What’s going on, man?” The chubby one stutters. His friend whips his head back and forth, trying to figure out where he is, likely.

“Viper? Holy shit, *güey*. Where and the fuck are we? What happened?” Crusher and Viper find each other’s eyes and stare at one another in confusion. I watch them from behind for a moment before circling them and finally exposing myself. The rest of the guys are all leaning on the edge of my counters, out of view for now.

“Oh, fuck no. Why the hell are you here, you hijo de puta loco!” Viper bellows as he begins to thrash about more vigorously. The motion causes his bestie to look up and *really* take in his surroundings. He finally realizes that they are both bound and hanging from the ceiling. I watch with rapt

attention, greedy and hungry for the fear that's about to be unloaded.

The acrid scent of piss instantly fills my nostrils, causing them to flair. *Gross, but oh so good.* What a weak bastard. It took barely anything to break him. I pout, unable to hold in my irritation. This is going to be over way faster than I had planned. I had booked out my entire afternoon and evening for them, and now he's gone and arrived prematurely.

"Seriously, asshole? You pissed all over my clean floors!" I snap, coming up and getting in his space, knowing he can't do shit about it. His belt still binds his ankles together. His wrists are chained and attached to the large metal hook from my rig. "Now, Arrow's going to have to wash them again."

"Fuck you, mother-cocksucking-ass-fu—." He doesn't get to finish his angry tirade as I quickly grow tired of his voice. My hand darts out, my fast reflexes barely giving either of them a moment's notice before I'm fisting his tiny dick and balls. I register the warm wetness beneath my palm seconds later and become even more incensed with this pissing pansy.

I squeeze tightly, committing fully to seeing him hurt. He howls loudly in pain, making me grin. Viper begins to spit similar words of anger in my direction, coming to his friend's defense. Lucky for him, I have two hands.

"You want some of this, Princess?" My grin grows, becoming something akin to a feral beast. He snaps his mouth shut so hard and fast that his jaw clacks loudly. My hand that's not holding his friend's junk juts out in his direction. Viper

shakes his head wildly, but it's too late; I've already got his cock and balls in a vice grip, causing him to whimper. "Aww, don't cry, Angel. All you had to do was ask. I'd never turn down anyone who wants to play with me, but I'm telling you right now, skinny boy, if you piss in my hand like your buddy over here, I swear on everything holy, I will make you drink it."

His jaw clenches, and he attempts and fails to clench his thighs together. *Fuck*. "Arrow, bucket. Now!" I bark, already knowing what's coming. I loosen my grip slightly, not wanting to make this dude blow before I'm ready. I hear boots scuffing quickly across the cement before a bucket is deposited right below Viper's feet. I give one more crushing squeeze before releasing him.

"Look how hospitable we are," I croon, tapping him on his fat, cherub-like cheek. "We're such good hosts, we've even provided you with a bathroom for your stay." Arrow steps away, but I grab his shoulder and yank him back, tucking him under my arm. Turning to Crusher, I release his limp noodle, and my damp hand reminds me of my irritation once more. "Apologize to Arrow for making a mess on his clean floors."

My growled demand makes Crusher's mouth gape open, and I fight the urge to stuff something inside of it. Like my fist or dog shit. Maybe arsenic. After a few seconds, when he still says nothing, my anger flares. "Apologize!" I roar.

Crusher dribbles a bit more piss, proving that even though his stupid brain is empty, his bladder is full as hell. I guess it

makes sense. Less than 6 hours ago, he was sitting at a bar getting drunk before promptly being kidnapped, manhandled, and strung up like lights on a Christmas tree.

I sigh as I watch his pee drip down his jean-clad leg and wet the floor below him once again. Apparently, homie has broken the seal.

“I-I-I’m so-sorry. I didn’t mean to, I swear, man.” Crusher stammers and trips all over his words as his body shakes. I stare at him for another minute, letting his fear fully sink in, filling him to the brim. What he’s lost in piss, he’s gained in terror. Good.

Turning to my blonde-headed buddy, I smile and pat his back reassuringly. Arrow’s not as nervous as before, especially now that we’ve thrown a little watersports into the mix. “What do you say, Arrow, my boy? Do you accept the thug’s apology for tarnishing your shiny floors?”

Arrow gulps, a hint of his nerves shining through briefly. He takes a deep breath and stands tall, sensing that I’m asking him way more than just that simple question. Looking back to our now silent and trembling guests, he steps out from beneath my arm and walks right up to Crusher. Without even pausing, our little prospect junk punches him hard enough to send him swaying back and forth.

I expect him to be done, but he lands a few more punches to Crusher’s gut before turning to Viper and giving him the same treatment. I beam at him, nothing but pride shining through. I slap him on the back a few times and look up at the other men

in the room, giving them all a nod. Our new guy did well. He may not have done anything exceptionally bloody or crazy, but he pushed his fears away and stepped up.

Violence and gore aren't for everyone, and torture is 100% an acquired taste, which bodes well for me. If every, Tom, Dick, and Harry, liked what I do as much as me, I'd be out of a job and probably go on a killing spree resulting in my untimely death or incarceration.

Yeah, no. Nobody wants to see what happens to Brass when he loses his outlet.

I clap my hands loudly, drawing everyone's attention back to me. This is my show, after all. Rubbing them together with glee, I smile at our guests and nod a few times, letting my inner demon out of his cage so that he can play with his toys.

"Perfect! Now that we're all here and accounted for, what do you say we get this show on the road, hmm?" Glancing up at Viper and Crusher, I see them both already staring back at me. Crusher looks as though he's about to pass out. Surprisingly, Viper looks a little bit more perturbed and less scared than I had hoped for. That can quickly be rectified.

I spin on my heel and skip to my workbench to gear up. Thanks to Stone's reports, we already know that these men have done horrific and terrible acts over the years. The Los Diablos tech guru has been keeping track of The Broadway Boys' movements so he and his boys would always have ammunition to use against the Southern California gang if

need be. An hour ago, he sent all of the files over to Brick, further solidifying these fuck-wads future.

If nothing else, it at least gives our Prez some peace of mind that there is just cause for what's about to go down. We may be an MC, but we do have morals. Well, the club does. *I don't*.

Grinning at the thought, I pick up Karen, my custom 4-inch Italian Karambit FX-598. It's the knife that D was playing with earlier, and as he quickly learned, it's got a thin as fuck blade, and it's sharp as hell. The blade is curved, resembling a handheld scythe. The handle is leather wrapped with stainless steel skulls woven into the material. She may be small, but she's beautiful. And deadly. However, death is not what my little baby will bring today. Just a little blood and a whole hell of a lot of pain.

Her name is Karen because even though she looks innocent, she's annoying as fuck after a while.

Turning back to gangbangers one and two, I let a smile fill my face, giving them a full glimpse into the crazy that lurks within me. "Alrighty, boys. Let's get to the reason for your visit today." Both of them open their mouths, probably to protest or spit some more useless garbage at me. I hold my hand out, stopping them before they can even begin. "Ah, ah, ah," I tsk, shaking my head in disappointment. "You will not speak unless you are spoken to directly. You will answer every single one of my questions quickly and honestly. Otherwise, I will make you wish you had never been born. And trust me, I will keep your sorry asses alive for months. In pain and

praying for death but never able to quite achieve it. You got me?”

I give them a second to acknowledge me and my rules, considering this is my domain they're in. I may not be anyone important in the outside world, but this room is *my* kingdom, and I am the motherfucking king.

Crusher swallows so hard and fast that he practically chokes on his saliva as he nods. Smiling at him, I give a little love tap on his belly before turning to his buddy, who seems to be less than convinced. When he does nothing but glare at me and grit his teeth with insolence, I decide it's time to show him who's in charge.

“That's your choice then, bucko,” I sigh as I circle around to the backside of Viper. “What do you say we skip the parade and jump straight to the fireworks, Sons?” I chuckle, glancing back at the four silent men still watching us, drinks in hand like this is some sort of Broadway show. Ha! I bark out a laugh at my own joke. Guess it is, in a way. They are the Broadway Boys, after all. Laughing to myself, I roll my eyes at their idiotic gang's name.

Stopping behind Viper, I give his ass a hard slap, scaring the shit out of him. Metaphorically speaking, thank the stars, considering I'm all up in his ass right now. I yank his pant leg up, getting it nice and stuck on his thick, meaty calf so that I have room to work. He begins to thrash about again but still says nothing, as though all of his gangbanger training has suddenly come back to him. *If you're ever taken, keep your*

mouth shut. That's the rule for outlaw groups like us. Club before everything else. Our secrets die with us. I'm not sure if lowlife gangbangers live by the same code as us, but I assume that they do.

“Hold still, Angel, or you'll make it worse,” I tell him sincerely. He whimpers but finally settles down, still playing the silent and stoic game. Crusher, however, is not. He's jumping around more than his friend is, trying to make himself spin on his chain so he can see what I'm doing. I allow it because, truly, I don't give a fuck if he watches. In fact, audiences turn me on.

Pulling out Karen, I consider going my normal route and making small, quick incisions behind his kneecap. It hurts like a motherfucker, and I've made many big dudes pass out within less than a minutes worth of her torture. However, this guy is far too quiet for my liking, and he needs to be broken, stat.

“Sure, you don't want to open that pretty mouth and agree to my rules, big boy?” I ask one last time as I settle the thin blade on his Achilles tendon, letting him feel the weight of it. He inhales sharply but says nothing. *Fuck yes. Blood time.* I slice deep and fast, severing his tendon in one swift move.

Silent treatment officially over, Viper screams bloody murder just as the first spurt of his blood coats my chest. After hanging for so long, his lower extremities are nice and full, making them the best areas for playtime.

He screams and thrashes, making a mess of himself and the floor. His over-exaggeration gets Crusher's attention, and

miraculously, dude finds a bit more piss to squeeze out. Fucking hell. “Arrow, we need another bucket, bro. This dude is like a never-ending waterfall.”

Coming around to the front of our guests, I grab Viper by his legs, stilling his movements and gaining his attention. He pants heavily but regains his composure and shuts his trap once more despite the tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Ready to agree, my guy?” He stares at me for a moment, gritting his teeth before jerking his head in a yes. I reach up and slap his fat cheek a few times, further pissing him off. “You’re such a good boy, aren’t you?” I coo, causing him to grind his jaw angrily.

Stepping back, I take a look at them, hanging and at my mercy. They both now have buckets under them, and I literally cannot wait to paint them in their own blood when all is said and done. Viper’s cheeks are puffed out and bright. His entire body has a slight tremble to it. He’s probably in a ridiculous amount of pain right now, and even though I hate the guy, I have to say, he’s one tough cookie not to scream from a severed Achilles.

Crusher, on the other hand, who has suffered next to no injuries, is crying like a baby and has already pissed himself a few times. He’s definitely the weaker of the two men and will be the easiest to get answers out of. Decision made, I turn back to my workbench and swap out Karen for the method of torture I’ve chosen for today. This is going to be fucking awesome. I make quick work of attaching my leather fanny

pack that safely holds my brand-new silver throwing stars and get into position.

Standing just about ten feet away from my hanging and slightly swaying targets, I give both of them a big smile that's 100% teeth and terror. "Son's, y'all might want to move for this. You're standing in the danger zone." The guys, who are leaning on the counter directly behind Viper and Crusher, give me a questioning look but quickly get the fuck out of the way. They know better than to ignore my warnings considering I rarely give them, generally opting to just act first and say sorry later.

Brick, Chains, Dynamite and Arrow come to stand next to me, and the way we make a unified front, standing shoulder to shoulder, gives me the warm fuzzies. I gently elbow our Prez and put my hand out, gesturing to our guests in offering. He thinks about it for a moment before shaking his head and tipping his chin at me, giving me permission to take the lead in getting answers. Excellent.

"Which one of you touched the sweet angel babies in the back of the rig? And don't forget what happens when you lie to me." Both men's eyes go wide at my questions, but neither of them jumps to answer. That's fine, totally fine.

Pulling out my first throwing star, I waste no time letting sail through the air in their direction. Unfortunately, it flies past both of them and embeds itself in one of my cabinets. Even though I missed, the threat was there and effective all the

same. Crusher opens his mouth almost immediately, but Viper barks out a “shut the fuck up” before his friend can speak.

“I should warn you that I have absolutely no practice with these, so even if my goal is to keep you alive, I might accidentally miss and hit you somewhere, like your face. Or your cock. Oh, maybe even right smack dab in your precious little hearts.” Picking up another star, I line up my shot, hoping to hit Crusher in his gut but honestly, fine with where ever it lands. My tongue pokes out of my mouth, and I bite down on it in concentration.

Just as I arc back and prepare to release it, my target begins to run his mouth. It takes everything in me not to smile like the cat that got the cream. “Wait! Wait! Please, don’t do it, man. I’ll tell you, I swear.”

Dropping my star back into my pouch, I cross my arms and tip my chin up at him. His crying continues, but he snuffles and tries to get it under control so that he can speak. All the while, his bestie is shouting idle threats that we all know he will never be able to deliver on. Can’t fuck someone’s mother in the ass if you’re dead, now can you?

“Go on, Sunshine. Tell us all what we want to know, and I’ll go easy on you, I promise.” Crusher snuffles again but nods in agreement. *Dumbass.*

“It’s not a big deal, man. Like the women, they were already back there and naked, you know?” He starts, and I have to fight back the urge to throw a star right at his shriveled-up

dick from that statement alone. I feel Brick on my right stiffen as Chains, who's on my left, sucks in a sharp breath.

We're all pissed. This entire confession will make each of us want to tear these motherfuckers to shreds. Swallowing down all of that, I nod sympathetically, like I totally understand why he made the decisions he made.

“Right, so, like, I just fucked two of them. It wasn't a big deal, though, man. They were totally into it, I swear. Their pussies were crying out for my dick by the time I was done with 'em, ya know?” My hand twitches, aching for my brass knuckles, but I promised myself that I'd play with these guys first, and everyone knows that once I get my knuckles on, there's no stopping death. Again, I nod, wanting him to continue. “But it was just those two women, that's it, I promise, man. And they were both fine when I was done. I didn't touch no one else, and the boss said that it was cool if we sampled the merchandise, so.”

He leaves it at that and moves his upper body in what I think is his attempt at a shoulder shrug, but I don't miss his subtly glance over at his buddy. Viper glares daggers at Crusher, and the latter cringes, attempting to cower. They're hiding shit.

I glance over at Brick, and even beneath his thick beard, I can tell he's scowling, and his jaw is twitching wildly. He's livid and probably disgusted. Understandably so. The other three Sons are not faring much better. This whole ordeal might not last as long as I was hoping for.

Sighing heavily, I rub the back of my neck and shake my head. I'm not the best interrogator out there. Asking the questions and forcing the answers are two separate tasks. Normally, Chains or Dynamite dig for intel while I inflict bodily harm, ensuring that the answers are given swiftly. However, I think they're both too pissed off to be able to come up with any logical words right now.

"See, that's the thing, my friend," Brick says, stepping forward. His stance is casual, his hands in his pockets and his face a mask of calmness that I know he's not feeling. Thank the stars he stepped up because I was ready to say fuck it and just kill the bastards. "We know your boss, and he didn't say any such thing, now, did he? Why would he want some lowlifes like you two to sample his expensive merchandise? To taint it? Nah, he wouldn't do that."

"You don't know nothin', fool, and you sure as fuck don't know our boss!" Viper has now channeled all of his venom and has decided to point it directly at the President of the Sons of Satan MC. He clearly has no idea who he's fucking with. Our Prez may look like a middle-aged bearded dude who's undoubtedly lived a rough life, but he's a crazy motherfucker in his own right. He didn't get or keep his position by luck.

"Oh, don't I?" Brick chuckles as he slowly circles the men "Raul Diaz, 57 years old. Head of the Diaz Cartel. Resides in Guadalajara. Has a new young wife named Katrina, who's only 18 years old. Poor thing probably didn't have a choice in that one, now did she? He's got a son named Raul Paulo Diaz Junior, age 9, from his second wife. Rumor on the street is that

his first wife Alana birthed a daughter, but when the child came out female instead of male, both mom and daughter disappeared. Raul Senior's underboss is named Jose Cardoza, age 38. No wife, no kids. Captain Mario Salazar, though, his life is quite the shit show, isn't it?"

Viper visibly swallows, but his anger grows with every word out of Brick's mouth. "That don't mean nothin', *Gringo*. You memorized some shit. That don't mean you know Raul. ¡*Jodete!*"

The idiot spews a heavy dose of bullshit, completely oblivious to the fact that he just admitted that the man he takes orders from, his *boss*, is, in fact, Raul Diaz, the head of the Mexican Cartel, and not Ruben Paloma, the head of The Broadway Boys. We figured that the Southern California gang was reporting to the Cartel, but more than that, it seems that The Broadway Boys are being run by Diaz and his men, completely under their command.

Brick's chuckle turns into a full belly laugh, and I'm not too manly to admit that the sound gives even me the chills. "Fuck me? Nah, homie. Fuck you and your pencil dicked friend." Before I even realize what's happening, Brick has Karen held up against Viper's throat. When and the heck did he get that?

"Think about it, *vato*," Brick spits. "Who do you think gave you two to us? How else did we find you and know what you'd been up to if not for your boss? So I'll ask you again. If it wasn't Raul that gave you permission to sample the merchandise," he growls out the last word, no doubt despising

the way these guys refer to humans, “then who told you to do it?”

“No one, man, okay? Fucking hell. We just did it.” Crusher’s bellowed confession isn’t a surprise. We already knew that, but that’s only half of the information we’re looking for. Viper, who continues to hold his tongue, does nothing but glare down at Brick, no doubt loving the few inches he has on him right now due to the fact that he’s suspended in the air.

Brick takes a step back from Viper, surprisingly leaving his throat entirely intact. Spinning on his heel, he tosses Karen on my workbench and storms over toward us. Stopping directly in front of me, he finally drops a bit of his restrained mask as he digs into my leather pouch, retrieving one of my throwing stars. I grin, already knowing what’s coming next. Brick quickly twists at his waist, arches his arm back, and releases the stainless steel weapon, all in less than 5 seconds.

I smile as I watch the whole thing go down. I have no doubt that Brick will hit his target. I may suck with throwing stars, considering I’ve yet to practice, but Brick is beyond talented with them. He is the one that gave them to me for my birthday, after all.

His aim is impeccable, and the star lands exactly where it was meant to, right between Viper’s eyes. Crusher screams like a little bitch and, not so shockingly, pisses himself once again. His friend’s eyes are wide and shocked as his life force slowly seeps out of him.

Brick walks forward and yanks the star from Viper's forehead, releasing a large amount of blood that sprays all over our Prez's face. Brick, too far gone to give a fuck or likely even notice, turns to Crusher and arches his brow expectantly. "Ready to talk now, or should I show you more of my skills?"

Crusher begins to sob in earnest now, making me giggle. Seriously? If I was his boss, I'd have fired his pansy ass. "I'll tell you everything, okay? Just, fuck man, stop, please!" Brick nods once and turns back, joining our lineup once more. I have to admit that I'm a little sad that boss killed Viper and that Crusher doesn't seem like he'll need much convincing to spill his guts. Hopefully, I'll still get to play when all is said and done.

"Who do you work for?" Chains barks out, finally speaking up for the first time.

"The Broadway Boys are under Raul's thumb, have been for years, man. Ruben is just their bitch or some shit, but we all work for the cartel." Crusher keeps looking between us and his dead bestie, and every time his eyes connect with the lifeless ones of his friend, he sobs more and more. Snot and tears cover his red and bruised-up face, likely from his rough trip between Bakersfield and my dungeon.

"How often do you do transport for shipments like yesterday?" Dynamite grunts. Fuck. Was it yesterday that we were blowin' shit up in Bakersfield? Pulling out my phone, I realize that it's already 1:00 am, meaning I haven't slept in

over 24 hours. Most of us haven't. No wonder the guys seem happy to rush this shit along.

Somehow, Crusher's already distraught face grows a bit paler at D's question, and his sobs which have now become background noise to me, pick up in volume. Growing tired of his theatrics, I pull a star out and send it sailing through the air. I'm almost giddy when I actually land my target, which is his bestie's fat belly. Dude may already be dead, but the subtle threat works wonders on his very much alive friend.

"Fuck, okay, okay," Crusher breathes. "We go on a run every 30 days for Raul. Most of the time, it's drugs, like cocaine, but sometimes we do pharmaceuticals too."

"And the women and children? How often?"

Crusher makes his little half-ass attempt at a shrug again while he seems to sort through the math in his head. "Every three runs are for livestock."

D and I step forward simultaneously, seemingly unable to hold ourselves back, but Chains darts both of his thick arms out to pause our movements. "Y'all transport cows and pigs now?" Crushers' unkept black brows furrow at the VPs question. "No? How bout' sheep? You and your homies transport chickens, that what it is?"

"Look, man, I don't know what the fuck you're ta—"

"Oh, you don't know what I mean? I'm talkin' livestock, amigo. Cows, chickens, sheep. Farm animals. That's livestock. ¿Comprender?" Crusher shakes his head rapidly. "I think the

word you're searching for is *people*. Women, children, and probably even men. Human fucking beings, you sick prick." Chain's is so heated that his southern accent is thicker than I've heard it in a long time, and for a second, I'm actually worried that he's going to say to hell with it and stab this dumbass in the face.

"Yeah, man, I get it. People." Crusher chokes on his spit before continuing. "We transport people every three runs. This is the first time Raul wanted us to use the Diablos and the only time we've ever transported in California." Brick gestures for him to continue, not letting him get bashful on us now. "Usually, we take them to Texas, sometimes Florida, and a few times to uh," he swallows again, almost having to force the words out. "To Las Vegas."

Brick crosses his meaty arms over his chest and runs his fingers through his beard. To someone else, he would probably look bored. But for those of us who know him well, we know it's his tell. He's trying to process things. Put shit together.

"Who's your contact in Vegas?" D asks, his voice deceptively calm. Crusher's eyes begin to shift back and forth as sweat drips down his forehead. He's panicking. Must be bad, then. Problem is, he's still afraid of whoever this guy is that the cartel is working with, which means he still thinks he's getting out of here alive. I can work with that.

Pushing past Chains, I walk straight up to our little hanging friend and smile up at him. I'm going for calm and reassuring, but who the fuck knows if I'm actually pulling it off. "Hey, my

man. Don't be nervous. Remember what I said earlier? If you follow my rules, you'll be out of here in no time. Lickity split. All you have to do is answer our questions honestly and quickly, mmkay?" I run my palm over his tear-stained, sweaty cheek and almost fucking lose it when the guy leans into my touch.

"Yeah, alright, man. Thanks." I release a massive shit-eating grin at the fact that this guy seriously just thanked me. I rub my thumb over his cheek. Crusher closes his eyes and continues. "We've run a few shipments for Matteo Grossi. He's uh—"

"Head of Las Vegas Mafioso, Italian Cartel," Brick interrupts. "And who do you transport to in Texas and Florida?"

"Texas is some rich ass guy named Garrett something or other. I've never been on a shipment there. I've just heard through the homies that have gone. Florida is just in-house shit since Raul took over the Cartel presence there last year. I don't know where the mercha—I mean, *people*, go from there. We drop off. We get paid. We leave. We don't ask questions, and I ain't high enough in the ranks for that information yet." *Yet, pshh.*

Right. Brick nods once at me and then storms out. Clearly, he's heard enough.

"Last question," I mumble, still stroking his pink and purple cheek. "Who all did you two touch in the back of the rig, and this time, let's not forget Brassy's rules."

“I meant it, man. I only touched the two women, and yeah, okay, maybe they weren’t like *super* into it. I’m sorry, though. I won’t do it again, I swear.” He rushes out his words, all of them squishing together and almost unrecognizable.

“Shh, it’s okay, Sunshine. I know you won’t do it again. I believe you. Tell me the rest.” He sighs and nods at my soothing words.

“Viper, he uh, he didn’t want any of the women. Ruben, he’s always braggin’ about how much better it is when they’re younger—when they fight. I wasn’t down for that shit, but Viper, he wanted to see what it was all about, and uh,” he pauses and squeezes his eyes shut. I’m thankful for his brief pause and distraction so I have a moment to get myself under control. I’m 2.4 seconds from losing control. “There was this little girl. I was driving, so I don’t know which one. Just saw her in the rearview mirror. She was small, black hair, only wearing a white shirt, at first.”

Something behind me slams before I hear my tools clatter to the floor, but I don’t stop stroking his cheek, wanting all of the information he will give us. I want to know who they touched so I can call Glock and make sure the angel babies get the medical and mental help that they will need. “Go on.”

“And then he took a little boy, too. Said he wanted to know the difference. He was maybe 8 or 9. Brown hair, light skin, red shirt.” I have to fight really fucking hard not to puke all over this guy. I jut my chin out at him expectantly because I

can't find any words right now. "That's it. I swear. We didn't touch no one else, man. No one."

"Alright," I nod. "Thank you for telling us." Stepping away, I turn to look at the remaining Sons in the room. I give them all a slight nod, letting them know I'm ready to finish this shit. Arrow and Chains both spin on their heel and take off out of the room, but the sick, sadistic gleam in Dynamite's eyes tells me that he's down for whatever I have in mind.

"What do you say we play with my flame thrower, brother?" I grunt, picking up a canister of gasoline. D chuckles and picks up the pliers he likes to use to remove fingernails.

"Wait, what? I tho-though you sa-said I got to leave if I was honest, man?" Crusher cries. Turning around, I show him all of me. The crazy, psychopathic serial killer. Whatever he sees on my face makes him sob even harder. Heaving, racking sobs. It's such a beautiful fucking sound.

"I never said you'd leave alive, *amigo*."



Five

It's just after six in the morning before I make it back to my room.

I'm covered in Crusher's blood, starving, and in need of a shower, a bed, and probably a shot of Jack. But my raging hard-on has other thoughts in mind. I eye my bed before looking down and taking in the state of myself. I'm not opposed to getting in bed filthy and bloody, but I'm not in the mood to have to wash my sheets.

Shower it is.

I head into the massive en suite attached to the bedroom. The auto-light kicks on and illuminates the dark, modern space. All of our bedrooms up on this floor are identical. They're about the size of a large master bedroom with small walk-in closets and big bathrooms. The rooms are simple but masculine and contemporary. It's all Glock and his minimalistic style. I didn't really give a fuck what the rooms looked like as long as I had a bed, shower, and place to shit.

The walls are large black slate tiles, and the floors are some sort of ash-gray wood. Everything else is slick, sleek, and

black. I'm pretty sure Glock did this shit on purpose, considering how likely all of us are, especially me, to track blood into our rooms and showers. Nothing in our entire compound is light in color, including the sheets, because blood is a bitch of a stain to get out.

Stripping out of my blood and sweat-soaked clothes, I drop them in the sink and turn on the shower. It has no door, another blood-proof idea Glock had, and basically, the entire ceiling is the shower head. He called it a rainfall or waterfall or something. All I know is that it feels good as hell on my tired, sore muscles. Torture and murder are a surprisingly good workout.

When the water is just south of scolding, I step in and immediately regret it as I see the blood start to wash off of my skin. I watch it as it mixes with water and glides down my body, coating my already hard and throbbing cock.

My hand shoots out to grip my aching dick before the water has a chance to get rid of all the blood. Using the pinkish-red mixture, I set a quick pace, stroking myself from root to tip with my right hand. My left travels down my body until I reach my heavy, full sack. I give it a harsh squeeze that makes me grunt in ecstasy.

I wish I could say I stood there fantasizing about a stunning woman and her tight, wet cunt, but I didn't. I never do.

In fact, women rarely grab my attention the way they do for other men. I've considered the possibility that maybe I'm just not into them, that maybe I like dudes but that never felt right

either. I've fucked women and men. I'm an equal opportunist, and I don't really give a fuck what that makes me. I don't require a definition. But still, despite the fact that I can get it up to get off with people, it's not what makes me ache for release. It's not what or who I fantasize about.

No, my fantasies are always the same.

Blood. Lots of blood. Screams and shouts of apology. Relentless begging for mercy. Tears, terror, *pain*.

Just thinking about it has me quickening my pace till I'm practically ripping my cock off of my body. It's never enough. I could cum a hundred times a day and never feel fully sated. Never feel like I'm actually able to scratch the itch that's always plaguing me, making my skin feel hot and tight. No matter what I do, it's never enough. *It will never be enough*.

No matter how much I whack off. No matter how much blood I spill, lives I take. Nothing ever makes it stop.

But for now, I think about the way Crusher cried in the end. The way his entire body trembled as we played with him. The sight of D holding the blow torch to the sick pedophile fucks limp dick and burning it till it was nothing but charred flesh. The way it felt to cut his drooling, flopping tongue out of his mouth. The way we took turns slicing into his skin, through the muscle, down to the bone.

My balls draw up close to my body. *Fuck yes, almost there*. Looking down, I find a smear of dark red blood crusted to the forearm that's currently flexed taught from the pressure I'm putting on my cock. I use my other hand to wet the blood

before dragging it down and smearing it across my dick, that's almost purple from my tight grip. The bright red liquid sends me over the edge, and I cum hard, painting the black tiles with my release.

"Ahhhh, fuck," I groan, slamming a palm down on the wall. A moment of euphoria fills me to the point that a rare, genuine smile spreads across my face as I bask in the afterglow of a hard-as-hell orgasm. But just like always, it's gone within minutes, and I'm back to feeling the same shit that I always feel.

Cold. Empty. Itchy. Alone. Confused.

Numb.

Always so fucking numb. I do a good job of masking it, for the most part. I cover it up with a fake smile, laughter, and stupid jokes. I make up for my shortcomings by offering what I can when it comes to the club and my brothers. I do it all to distract them. They think they know how fucked up I am, how messed up and twisted shit gets in my head. They think they have a good grasp of who I am and what plagues me on the inside. But they have no fucking clue. And they never will if I have it my way.

Rushing through the rest of my shower, I scrub my body and hair. I'm suddenly beyond exhausted and ready to sleep for a solid day, but knowing how much shit our club's about to deal with due to the information we gathered today, I doubt I'll be able to sleep for more than a few hours.

I finish quickly and step out to grab a clean towel from the cabinet beneath the vanity. Surprise, surprise, it's black. I wrap it around my narrow waist and do something I rarely let myself do. I look at my reflection in the mirror.

There's not much to see.

My skin is golden tan, a reflection of my mixed heritage. My mother was fully Hispanic, and her skin and features were on the darker side. My father, who I've never met and know very little about, was supposedly white. My eyes are boring brown empty pits. My hair is light brown. I keep the sides of my head shaved and completely smooth, leaving only my mohawk, which is usually slicked back.

My ears are average. My nose is regularly sized. My jaw isn't sharply cut like Dynamites or strong like Chains'. I can't grow a masculine beard like the rest of the guys. My skin is clear. I'm not tatted or pierced. I'm just *plain*.

I'm not super tall, but not short. I come in at 5'11, 170 lbs. I'm not overly muscular, not fat, just average. My abs and arms are somewhat defined. I sort of have an Adonis belt, sort of don't. Every single part of my face, body, and appearance is just so fucking utterly *normal*.

If there is a God, I'm certain he made me this way on purpose. He created my body in a way that is unassuming, average, and meant to blend in. But my insides? Well, those are where everything just went epically fucking wrong. It's chaos inside of my brain. Complete insanity.

If God made my body in the image of normalcy, the Devil made my brain out of pure anarchy.

I fight the urge to punch the man staring back at me. I don't hate how I look. To be honest, I don't really give a flying fuck. I have no one to impress. Women don't flock to me for my looks, and that doesn't bother me. It never has. I don't hate the random scars that litter my body from fights, attacks, and abuse. They mean nothing to me.

No, what makes me want to shatter this mirror right now is the fact that the man standing across from me in this bathroom, my mirror image, my reflection, is a goddamned stranger.

I have absolutely no connection to him, to me. I never have.

When I was 11, I had a conversation with another kid in one of my group homes. He was whining and crying about how he hated his ears. Said they were too big and that other kids picked on him for it. I told him it didn't matter what other people thought of his ears because it's not like he had to look at them himself.

That's the gift of being human. You get to walk around the world and not have to look at yourself. You can pretend you are whoever you want to be, that you look however the fuck you want to look. Yeah, everyone else can see what you look like but does their opinion actually matter?

Fuck no. No one has to live inside of your body, your mind, except for you. You determine what you believe and how you feel, no one else.

So I told that kid that if he hated his big ears that much, just to imagine that they were normal-sized and go about his life. The kid argued that it wouldn't work because, eventually, he'd have to look in a mirror or see a photo of himself, and then he'd see his big ears all over again. I didn't understand what he was saying. It didn't make any sense to me.

He dragged me over to a mirror in the bathroom, pointed at it, and started to cry all over again, going on about how his ears were huge and that the proof was right there in front of him. It dawned on me then that when the kid looked in to mirror, he saw himself. He saw what everyone else did. When I looked in the mirror, I saw a stranger. The person staring back at me didn't fit the image of myself in my head. Every time I had looked at my reflection before that, I would have sworn it was a whole other person standing there, doing the same shit I was doing.

The image I had of myself wasn't a tan, scrawny kid with average features and brownish hair. In my head, I saw someone else, *something* else. A Devil. A demon. Something dark, terrifying, otherworldly. Something that caused nightmares and repelled others. I saw something that was wholly unworthy of love, kindness, and affection. Something dangerous and evil that lived in the shadows.

When you've been told your entire life that you're unnatural, undeserving, and *wrong*, you begin to believe it. When your own mother shuns you and is repulsed by you, even as a small kid, you believe it. When she tells you that the Devil stole her perfect child and replaced it with a soulless

creature, you trust that your mother, the only person you have in the world, would never lie to you. You take her cries and promises as fact, and you begin to see what she sees.

Still, to this day, I don't recognize any of my normal features as being mine. I don't believe my reflection to be my own. I don't identify with the man staring back at me. And do you know what living your life disconnected from yourself fully and completely does to a person? To know without a shadow of a doubt that the shell on the outside in no way, shape, or form matches the creature on the inside?

It fractures you.

It breaks you apart in ways that can never be repaired. I may be a walking, talking, functioning person, but on the inside, I feel like a million tiny pieces trying to fit themselves together, but none of the edges match. It feels like twenty different souls live inside me, and none of them know how to communicate with each other while also feeling achingly empty. Maybe I am the monster my mother swore I was when she locked me away like a rabid beast.

Over the years, I've learned to embrace the bits and pieces that make up my identity. All the fucked up parts of me make for a damn good killer, that's for sure. The lack of normal human emotions makes my job easier, and honestly, the only time I ever feel even a fraction of *anything* is when I'm reaping damned souls and bathing in their blood.

Fuck. Maybe I am the Devil, after all.



Banging on my door startles me from a dead sleep so quickly that I damn near fall out of my bed. Groaning, I roll over onto my stomach and shove my face back into my pillow, hoping like hell that whoever is fucking with my sleep goes away.

“Wake the fuck up, you lazy prick!” the voice I instantly recognize as Dynamite barks. Grunting, I ignore him and toss a middle finger up in the general direction of my door, even though it’s still closed.

I don’t even need to check the time on my phone to know I didn’t get eight hours of sleep. I rarely do. Either it’s the nightmares and flashbacks of unwanted memories keeping me up, tossing and turning, or it’s bullshit going down with the club.

I’ve just started to pass back out when my door flies open and bangs against the wall so hard that I already know the wall was just dented...again.

“Fuck *right* off!” I growl with so much menace that a weaker man would probably run away, but D isn’t a weaker man. In fact, his crazy rivals mine.

I hear his heavy boots scuffing the floor as he walks toward me, attempting to be quiet and epically failing. My head is still turned away from him as I slide my hand beneath my pillow. My fingers wrap around the cold steel of one of my knives.

Happy anticipation fills me with a feeling that I would say is similar to Christmas mornings for a kid if I had actually experienced any of those.

Alas, I have nothing solid to compare this feeling to but fuck, I've seen the Hallmark channel. I get the gist.

I bide my time, keeping my breathing slow as I play possum. Dynamite creeps up, stopping just short of dropping himself onto my bed but still, I wait. The room falls completely silent except for our breathing, both of us waiting for the other to make the first move. His reflexes may be quick, making us evenly matched, but it doesn't matter. D loves violence and chaos just about as much as I do, but despite his crazy tendencies, his bloodlust is nothing compared to mine.

It's my driving force. It's what makes me one of the most feared members of the Sons, despite my smaller size.

Click.

The sound of D's switchblade flicking open in the quiet room is enough to set me into motion. My fingers tighten around my weapon in preparation. My eyes spring open, and a grin fills my face as I quickly roll toward him and flip onto my back. In less than a few seconds, his blade is pressed firmly to my throat. I look up into his dark, almost black eyes that are currently filled with delight over his apparent win and smile.

He opens his mouth to no doubt gloat, but I silence him by digging my knife deeper into the crotch of his jeans. My eyes never leave his. They don't need to. I always know where my

target is, as though it's second nature. A second nature honing in and directing me as to where my enemy's weakest points are. The best places to inflict maximum pain with minimum effort.

His eyes narrow into a glare that makes my grin widen to the point that I can feel my left dimple digging into my cheek. D presses the switchblade a bit deeper into the delicate flesh of my throat in irritation, and I respond by tilting my knife so that the extremely sharp point pierces his pants. The otherwise tough jean material is no match for Karen's strength and sharp edges. He flinches, an almost imperceptible movement, but we both know I catch it.

We stare at each other for another moment, neither of us moving before he finally relents.

"Well, fuck," he grunts as he quickly straightens and removes his weapon before closing it and sliding it back into his pocket. Following suit, I close Karen, tossing her onto my bed as I slide into a sitting position.

"What does that make the score now? 83 to what?" I chuckle. "Pretty sure that win pushed me into the lead with 84."

Dynamite mutters a string of curses as he runs an agitated hand through his long hair while beginning to pace. Leaning forward, I brace my elbow on my knee and lean my cheek against my fist while I watch him disintegrate into a man-sized tantrum over his loss which resulted in me breaking our tie.

Finally, he comes to a stop and spins on his heel before jerking a pissed-off nod. “Fine. I accept the tie, but this isn’t over.”

Grinning, I shake my head and stand, slapping a hand on his shoulder on my way to the bathroom. I need to piss like a racehorse. Walking into the doorless bathroom buck-naked, I call over my shoulder, “No shit, fuckface. We said we don’t stop till one of us bests the other 100 times, and I’m not quitting till the prize is mine. And it’s not a tie. I’m one win ahead of you now.”

Dynamite’s annoyed and loud scoff tells me that he’s followed me into the bathroom. Leaning over the toilet, I relieve myself while watching him primp his golden brown locks in the mirror. “That prize is mine, asswipe,” he mutters, but there’s no heat behind it.

I shake my dick off and flush the toilet before joining him at the vanity to wash my hands and brush my teeth. If he’s still here, there’s apparently news. Looking up into the mirror once more, I find D already looking back at me through my reflection. I fight the urge to look away, hating that I can see myself, but I don’t for the sole reason that D’s not just looking at me. He’s *looking* at me.

Specifically, my cock. My head tilts to the side as I watch him watch me. His gaze isn’t purely observation. There’s interest behind it. His eyes peruse my body lazily and slowly before finally flitting to mine. “Like what you see?” I murmur, my brows raised in question.

D smirks and shrugs his shoulders, not at all ashamed to be caught clearly checking me out. He and I have never fucked around with each other, and while I've openly fucked around with men and women, I've only ever seen him with patch pussy and hookers. He's a lady's man. Insatiable, good-looking, and a massive flirt. Dynamite has no fucks to give about openly screwing women around the club. Most of us here don't care. None of us are private, and sex is a natural and regular part of MC life.

But D's interest in me is surprising and not completely unwanted, judging by my hardening cock. Apparently, my body is interested even if my brain doesn't really give a shit. His eyes drop back down to my now fully hard dick, and he sucks his bottom lip into his mouth before biting down.

"Either do something about it," I mutter, gesturing toward my cock, "or get to the point of your visit." His eyes shoot to mine and flare with heat briefly before he shakes his head and turns back into my room. I don't miss him adjusting himself, which in return, makes my dick pulse. *Hmmm, interesting.*

"Yeah, Brick needs you in his office."

"Seriously?" I grunt. "That's it? You came in here like the clubhouse was burning down?"

He shrugs again as he reaches my still-open bedroom door. Spinning around, he grins and drops his burning gaze back down to my dick. "Maybe I just wanted to say hi."

My cock jerks, making him chuckle before he turns and walks out, leaving me confused, irritated, and hard as fuck.



Six

“Come in,” Brick’s deep voice barks. Following orders like the good little psycho I am, I open his office door and step inside.

The room is basically bare of any decor or comforts. Four light grey walls, a large modern black desk with a laptop, and the ridiculous amount of files and papers stacked everywhere take up the center of the room. His plush, black office chair sits on one side, and two charcoal sitting chairs with wooden arms and legs sit opposite of him for guests. Ha. The thought makes me laugh. Brick doesn’t have guests. He has lackeys. Sons who he commands. Minions.

No matter what you call us or how you spin it, though, we aren’t guests, but we are faithful supporters who will follow our President like a flock follows their god. Brick has earned that from us through blood and murder, hard decisions, and even harder commands. It’s a role he didn’t want or choose but fulfilled regardless. He made this club what it is today. He made us more than a 1% MC; he made us a family.

Despite all of that, I don't think he cares much for the job. Us? Definitely. The club? Their families? For sure. The culture, community, and what we represent? Till death. Everything else? I think he hates it. Resents it. Taking a look around his disheveled, empty and cold office makes that pretty apparent. Looking at the man himself, sitting behind his desk with a deep scowl written across his furry face. A cigarette hanging from his downturned mouth, solidifies it.

He hates all of this. The power. The throne he sits upon. The demands, politics, and responsibility. I don't blame him. I would have offered myself a long fucking time ago if the roles were reversed. You couldn't *pay* me to do Brick's job.

"What's up, Boss?" I ask as I drop down on one of the fancy club chairs Glock insisted on. They're uncomfortable as fuck, and no doubt cost a shit ton, but there's nowhere else to sit beside the floor, and something tells me my Prez would be pissed if I did that. Not surprised but pissed nonetheless.

Sighing, he pushes the computer he's been staring at away and props his boot-clad feet up on his desk. Leaning back in his chair, he takes a deep drag before ashing his smoke. "Yeah, Dynamite found the guy that assaulted Alana Richmond, Fenn's kid, the other night, and I want you to *acquire* him," he says with a flash of a smirk.

My spine straightens at that as my lips twitch in excitement. "Tell me," I practically purr.

He chuckles darkly and pushes the laptop toward me with his foot. Leaning forward, I grab it and spin it around. A

young-ish dude with blonde hair, a chiseled jaw, and dead-looking eyes stares back at me. He's not bad looking. He's actually probably traditionally considered handsome. Dude kind of has a rich, preppy, ex-frat boy vibe that likely makes him the perfect, unassuming predator. Most people don't know that normal, stable-looking men are the ones you usually need to look out for.

My eyes take in his every feature, committing it to memory before drifting toward the comprehensive data file attached to his photo.

Edwin Locke, alias Tommy O'Brian, age 33. Originally from Stockton, California, but currently resides in East Irvine, which makes sense considering that's where *The Distillery* is located. D also notes that traffic cams have shown him in a few different makes and models of vehicles, all of which I memorize.

Single, previously married twice. Did two stints in OC Men's Jail and another in the Long Beach Federal Penitentiary for assault, domestic violence, and robbery. He's just an all-around low-life piece of shit who's had quite the life for being so young. Not that age matters. I have more kills under my belt than most serial killers.

The more I skim, the more annoyed I become. The dude's rap sheet, both official and off the record, is disgusting. He absolutely has a difficult time with the word *no*, and that is a lesson that I am beyond willing to teach.

“Says he spends a lot of time hanging around the bars in Irvine, Anaheim, and even Long Beach.” My eyes continue to read the thorough report D compiled while I work through the pattern this guy’s trail has created. “Tourist areas,” I offer, glancing up to look at Brick. He nods and drops his feet before bracing his forearms on his desk.

“Yeah, I think so. Dynamite tracked him via bank records and found the places he regulars. Almost all of the bars and clubs he likes to visit have had reports of females being assaulted, drug-induced blackouts and rape, and missing women. D hacked into the various security systems and CCTV, and sure enough, our guy’s been to each of the locations on nights that reports have been made. He’s a fast fucker, though, and as much as I hate to admit it, he’s smart.”

That statement makes me growl, a sound of annoyance and doubt. Not in my skills, but in this fuckers capability to escape me. “I can get him.”

“I know you can,” Brick agrees, nodding stoically though I can tell he wants to laugh at me. “That’s why you’re on this, Brass. He’s slippery, but you’re hungry.”

My brow lifts in question, not understanding his meaning.

“You’re our resident bloodhound. Once you catch the scent, you won’t stop hunting till you’ve got the guy. You’re bloodthirsty. Hungry for violence, for death.” His statement isn’t a surprise, but the way he says it has something inside of me clenching. He doesn’t say it like it’s a good thing, but a

character flaw. Not that I generally care about my character, but I do care that I'm liked, at least by my family.

A pang of longing and loss fills me suddenly and painfully before my body tamps that shit down, retreating back to the numb state that I live in. It's not something that I do intentionally. More like a gut reaction or instinct. My body naturally suppresses any negative or extreme feelings and all memories from my life before. The only time they make themselves known is in my sleep. They crawl from the recesses of my brain like demons dragging themselves from Hell. Relentless, vengeful, and pissed the fuck off.

"Brass!" Brick grunts, pulling me from the thoughts I'd been lost to. My eyes drag up to meet his penetrating gaze. He eyes me in that way of his that sees far too much. It makes me twitch uncomfortably. "We're a team, a family. All parts of our engine are necessary for our machine to run smoothly. You're a major component of that. We *need* you. You got me?"

Warmth fills me, and though I'd never say it out loud, the small reassuring statement makes me think of what a father might say to cheer up his son. Unfortunately, the idea of a father is about as illusive as Christmas and the Tooth Fairy to me, but Brick has always felt like a protector of sorts. He looks after all of us, and considering he's damn near double my age, it's not a far stretch. He definitely has daddy vibes.

A small memory of a man with green eyes shaped like mine flickers through my mind briefly before being replaced with my Prez's brown eyes that are staring back at me with

confusion, warmth, and something that I'd assume is fondness. *Maybe love.*

My chest feels tight, and my heart rate picks up at the thought. Do these people love me? Am I even lovable? I'm not sure I'd ever be capable of returning the sentiment but the idea that someone, anyone, would actually care enough about me to feel that way makes my entire body tense. Swallowing down the thick, weird feeling that is suddenly clogging my throat, I jerk a nod and look back at the computer in an attempt to forget whatever the fuck *that* shit was.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

“Did D find any other patterns? I'm guessing the reason I'm in here right now is cause' he has a guess as to where this piece of shit will be?”

Brick huffs out a sound of agreement as he withdraws another cigarette and plops it into his mouth before lighting up. “Yep. Seems he saves his weekends for tourists and spends his weeknights trolling for hookers and prostitutes.”

I bark out a laugh at that. Jesus fuck. The guy must have some sort of addiction to pussy, both willing and not. Judging by everything D found, he's not killing the women. There's no way to track prostitutes and people who solicit off the books unless they have a pimp who puts the word out should one go missing. That never happens, though.

The way that side of things works is all basically underground and off-record. It's illegal, and no pimp is going to willingly draw attention to missing or battered women.

More times than not, those pieces of shit are the ones responsible for harming and murdering their girls. As soon as they can't bring in enough money, turn a profit, or turn tricks, they are useless to them. It's fucking horrible. I have nothing against sex workers, as long as it's voluntary and safe. Sad truth is that most of the time, it's not.

I should know. My mother taught me far too well. Gritting my teeth, I push those thoughts away and focus on the present.

This guy probably poses as a John in order to snag the women and do with them as he pleases. Based on his track record, it's nothing good. Even if he doesn't kill the women, he has a penchant for violence and causing physical harm, so that's expected, even with hookers. He probably gets off on pain and fear like I do. Difference is I don't get off on exerting my dominance and size, which is probably his biggest driving force.

We see lots of men like this guy. Men who want to watch women cower. Men who want their fear, who need it in order to feel superior. A lot of the people in the trafficking world like that kind of shit. People like Viper and Crusher. People like their bosses. I may enjoy hurting people, but it's only when they deserve it. Like the Grimm Reaper, I come in and take out the trash, making the world a happier and safer place.

Just call me the motherfucking Fairy God Reaper.

Pulling out my phone, I take a photo of the few shots D has of the guy before sliding the computer back to Brick. "Specifics?"

Nodding, he leans over and closes the computer before standing. I follow suit, stretching my arms above my head. I didn't get enough sleep for what sounds like a busy day and probably night, but the sudden burst of excitement over what's to come fills me with adrenaline.

“Dynamite has a pretty good guess based on traffic cams that tonight will be the Southside of Harbor Boulevard. Not sure exactly where, but it seems like it's a favorite spot of his.” Heading for the door, he pauses and turns back to me. “This is important, B, but don't forget—”

“Club safety first,” I cut in with a knowing nod. Brick smirks but gives a small shake of his head.

“Nah. Family first, then club.” Dropping an open hand on my shoulder, he gives me a firm squeeze. “Be careful, but get the guy. Fenn needs this, and based on everything D found, the streets will be a better place without this shit stain.”

Chuckling, I slap his chest and push him out of the door and toward the bar area. “No worries, Bossman. My bloodthirsty ass is more than ready to go hunting.”



After an entire evening of canvassing and hunting my prey, I'm thoroughly and completely pissed the fuck off. Edwin, AKA

Tommy, has been to none of his usual haunts tonight. *None. Nada. Zippo. Zilch.*

It's been a little bit more of a complicated search, considering the fact that he has three different vehicles that he generally alternates between. All of which are pretty standard and nondescript, making finding him on a busy street in the dark that much more difficult.

I spent the first half of the night canvassing his previous spots that he regulars, knowing there was a possibility he surprised us and chose one of them instead of the location Dynamite assumed Tommy would pick tonight. I figured it would be better to be safe than sorry, and I'd rather check every nook and cranny for the sick fuck instead of being remiss.

This final location is the one D figured he would pick for the night. It's still early enough that there's a good chance he turns up at some point. My skin itches in a way that I know will only be satisfied when blood is shed. I'm getting antsy and annoyed, and that's not a great combo for me, but I force all of the thoughts of murder and destruction down, knowing I've still got a long night ahead of me.

Sighing, I pull the basic Ford Focus I'm driving onto the shoulder before putting it into park. Another reason I'm so pissed off. I'm stuck in another cage. It's been six days since I've been able to go out on my bike, making me feel like I'm damn near suffocating. I need to get out on the open road. Feel the vibration of my bike beneath me, the sun on my back. Just

the thought settles something inside of me, and my restlessness dissolves slightly.

Sliding the chair back, I make myself more comfortable as I settle in for the long haul. Looking around the area, I take note of the vacant and abandoned warehouses that litter this part of the Boulevard. Everything on this side of town has gone to shit. It's been forgotten and neglected for a long time by everyone except those currently here.

It's now become the perfect place for people who hide in plain sight, using the dark, desolate corners for safety and survival. Those who thrive in the broken underbelly of society. But it's also the home of those who have no choice. People who were forced into a life they never wanted. Those who are prisoners of the darkness.

I understand them. I've been trapped in the murky black pits of Hell for as long as I can remember. Everything about me is so dark and bleak; I'm practically a void. You'd think I'd have made friends with the shadows by now, but no such luck. I stand here still, at war with them, while the broken child inside of me continues to cry out for the light we've been told exists somewhere out there in the world.

Shaking my head, I laugh into the quiet emptiness of the car. Where the fuck did that thought come from? There is no broken child living inside of me. He's gone. Dead. Deceased. Lifeless and buried away where he belongs. There is no room for him in my soulless body anymore. No. It's for the best that that part of me is gone.

Looking around again, I spot a few sex workers leaning against the walls of the various buildings lining the 4-lane street. It's mostly empty of cars, making it obvious when one pulls over to gain the attention of their chosen woman. I watch with mild interest as a white pickup truck pulls up right next to a thin blonde with a purple two-piece sparkly outfit that can only be described as a swimsuit.

I can vaguely see the shadow of a man inside as he leans over toward the passenger side window. I can make out the fact that he's pretty chubby; therefore most likely not my guy. I keep my eye on him regardless. The blonde saunters over, swaying her barely there hips as she tries to gain his attention. She bends over the truck, pushing out her nonexistent ass and thrusting her tiny titties in his face.

Huffing out a laugh, I watch the show, now slightly more interested. Not in the woman or her body. I don't really have a type that I'm aware of, but judging by the state of my super uninterested dick, I'd say she's definitely not it. If anything, I'm mostly interested in the performance she's putting on. She doesn't have many assets on offer, but her face is pretty, gentle, and from what I can make out, young.

A wave of repulsion fills me at the thought. How old is she? Headlights from the opposite direction flood the pickup with light and give me a better view of both people. Two things become obvious. He's not just chubby; he's a big, *big* boy. So most definitely not our playboy. The next thing I notice is the woman's face. Child is a better definition. She cannot be more than 15 or 16 years old, at most.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

I'm suddenly filled with disgust and rage in equal measure. The scene continues to unfold like some sort of macabre movie, and I watch in horror as the girl smiles with excitement before jumping in the pickup. My hand hits the gear shifter before I even realize what I'm doing. I shift to drive but hesitate. What the fuck am I supposed to do?

She's not my problem. She's not the reason I'm here. None of the women are. I can't stop everything to try and save her. What would I even do next? Take her to the clubhouse? Looking around, my eyes catch on the rest of the women. It's after midnight, and the dark street is now coming alive. There have to be at least twenty women out here waiting to score, either drugs or with a John.

Who knows how old they all are? I highly doubt that girl is the only one underage. Everything happening here is illegal, so why would I think that everyone's over 18? These women are likely not even here of their own free will, and if I had to guess, I would say that many of them are being trafficked in some way. Sure, there might be a few who want to be here, but most of them have probably been forced, and I sure as fuck can't help them by myself, and I definitely can't force them to come with me if they don't want to.

A resigned sigh gushes out of me as I drop back down on the seat. God fucking dammit. This whole thing is fucked, but I have to focus. I have to do what I came here for. Get Tommy and get him back to the clubhouse so I can finish him off.

Thoughts of what I can do to him for all of his past crimes replace the anger, and suddenly, I'm full of excitement and anticipation once again. My previously uninterested cock twitches in my jeans. I grin.

The hunt is back on.

I sit for over an hour, my car swathed in darkness and shadows, watching women and men come and go. Some return looking relieved and happy, counting their money before skipping back to their posts. Some return disheveled and exhausted. A few have returned bruised. And from my count, one hasn't returned at all.

It's hard to watch, and all I can picture is the terrified women and kids in the back of the rig the other day. Their screams. Their broken features, tears, and nearly invisible clothing. The sick recounting from Crusher about what he and his buddy got up to, along with the disgusting mentality his whole crew and boss live with, circles through my head.

I force it all back, saving it to fuel me for later after I've got my hands on Tommy Boy. A smirk fills my face as the cries from the sweet Angel Babies and women are replaced with the screams Crusher gave me in the end. I picture Tommy's face and replace Crusher's screams with his. His death will be so fucking sweet that I can practically already taste the bloodshed on my tongue. It makes me salivate.

A new set of headlights fill my rearview mirror and drag me from the beautiful memories that I'd lost myself to temporarily. Glancing down, I note that it's after one in the

morning. Not as many women are out now, a lot are either out on jobs, or they've returned to their pimps for the night. The women that remain watch the car slowly creeping up the road with hopeful eyes as they transform from tired and bored to wanton sex bunnies.

The car finally passes mine, and I chuckle at the fact that whoever the driver is, he's barely coasting at this point. He's probably new to this whole scene and is unsure how to go about it. My laughter dies on my tongue when the make and model come into view. Black Toyota Camry with blacked-out windows and a small white scratch along the back bumper.

Bing-fucking-O.

Sliding my seat forward, I grab my phone from the cupholder, shoot Dynamite a text, and shove it back into my pants. I double-check that all of my weapons are in place, never taking my eyes off of the black car. It slows to a complete stop right in the middle of the fucking road. If I wasn't so amped up, I'd be impressed. He's doing a damn good job of looking like a novice.

Unassuming vehicle. Nervous approach. Rich-looking blond frat boy. It's a good cover and an equally good performance. Granted, I haven't seen the guy in action yet but based on the info D gave us, Tommy is an excellent actor who knows how to draw them in.

Knowing that I have to wait for the guy to grab a woman and take her to a secondary location, I start my car, thankful as fuck for Dotty, one our mechanics, for making sure that this

old piece of shit car is damn near silent. I sit idly with the car on, watching and waiting. Tommy doesn't make a move to roll his window down or approach any of the women, nor do they approach him.

Everyone just watches his car, waiting for him to make the first move. The pause goes on long enough, I start to worry that maybe he's spotted me waiting in the dark and knows he's about to be caught. Or maybe it's not him.

I'm so caught up in my thoughts and trying to decide what my next move will be that I almost dive for my gun when someone suddenly appears next to my car. In the darkness, I can barely make out their form, but the slight curves and obvious dress tell me that it's a woman.

She's stopped on the sidewalk next to my vehicle but isn't paying attention to me and my car in the slightest. She's too busy adjusting her tits and outfit to even notice me, but for some reason, I can't draw my eyes away from her. I can hardly see her in the dark, but something about her keeps me riveted.

I know I should be watching Tommy, but from the looks of this woman, she's doing it for me. From the profile view I have of her, I can see that her body is incredibly slim, and her ass is a small, rounded peach. Her whole frame is thin, and as she turns her body slightly, I can just make out her pronounced ribs beneath her tiny black dress.

From my angle, her face is hidden, but I can vaguely see her hair. A massive amount of hair. It's big, curly, and frizzy. *Wild.*

Like a lion's mane. My first thought is that her hair is too big for her body.

Finally, she steps forward, her gaze set straight ahead. She stands tall and presses her shoulders back like she's trying to force a confidence that she doesn't possess. Or maybe she's preparing to act out a role like the rest of the women here. She walks forward, slowly but methodically, until she reaches the first lamp post.

The light immediately illuminates her, and I get my first real look at the woman that I can't seem to look away from. I was right when I said that her hair was too big for her body because, in the light, I can clearly see that her insane amounts of curls are definitely out of proportion to her lithe frame.

I can also now make out her subtle curves. What I thought were small and barely there are actually large compared to her frail body. I can tell she has a rounded ass and an average-sized chest, but I can't see any skin beyond her legs and arms.

It's a tease.

Whether she meant for it to be or not, it is. Her pale skin glows beneath the lights, and I can't help but imagine how beautiful it would be, covered in blood. The contrast would be perfection. My eyes travel up her body, from the tall, strappy black heels, along her long, thin legs, across her slim frame, until I reach that mane of hers.

With the light now giving away the rest of her features, I can tell that her hair is red. Not just red, but fire red. There is so much of it that I find myself annoyed with it. It's covering

her face, and for some reason, the only thing I want at this moment is to see what the rest of this odd creature looks like.

As if somehow summoned by my thoughts, the woman turns back and looks right at me. Her head cocks to the side in a way that is all predator and slightly creepy, like a demon. My breath catches in my throat. Her eyes are bright green and large on her tiny face. Her nose and lips are small and fit her face well, but her eyes... are huge.

Big, brown, and wide.

Her face is covered in freckles, and they stand out in stark contrast to her pale, snow-colored skin. Again, I get a vision of her covered in blood, and I find that her freckles remind me of blood spatter. I groan, my cock perking up at the idea. I wonder if her entire body is covered in those marks.

She'd always be walking around looking like a crime scene, and I find the thought of that makes my dick throb.

The weird-looking woman finally breaks the staring contest we've been having by blinking rapidly before shaking her head. The movement makes her big hair fly around her face, and again, it makes me think of a lion shaking a bloodied carcass around to make sure it's dead.

I smirk at the idea.

She smiles.

And I am done for.

Her teeth are white and large, but she has a gap between her front teeth. It should make her less attractive, but it doesn't.

It's fascinating. That's not what gets me, though. When she smiles, it doesn't look sweet. It doesn't look feminine.

It looks manic.

It looks like *my* smile.

The woman winks and spins on her heel, finally releasing me from her spell. I shake my head, and suddenly, all of my surroundings filter back in. Shit! Panic fills me rapidly at the realization that I likely lost Tommy. How did she do that? I'm never distracted by females, and I am absolutely never distracted from the hunt.

Witch. She must be one. It's the only explanation.

"Fuck!" I shout into the quiet vehicle as I quickly scan the area for Tommy.

My eyes finally find his black car that's now pulled up along the road up ahead, but that's not what has my attention. The red-headed witch does, *again*, as she casually heads straight for Tommy's car. She doesn't pause. She doesn't falter. She just walks right up to his passenger door, smiles that creepy, gappy smile, and climbs right in.

"Oh shit," I grunt, throwing my car into drive. She's with Tommy. Out of all of the hookers in the world to climb into my marks vehicle, it had to be the one whose crazy resembles mine.

I smile as I pull out onto the road to tail them. This night might not be such a waste after all.



Seven

I follow the black car holding both my mark and the witch for what feels like forever but is probably less than thirty minutes. Where are they going? Why did she get in the car like she already knew the guy? Are they working together?

The endless loop of questions rolls through my brain continuously for the entire drive. I don't know why the idea of her working with the sack of shit pisses me off as much as it does. It wouldn't be a complete surprise if Tommy works with another person and a woman makes perfect sense. It could be how he's getting the attention of so many of his victims and the cause for no one questioning him after the incidents occur.

I get that he looks like a rich preppy dude, and therefore he's unlikely to be suspect number one, but fuck. He's been there for *every single assault*. How have the cops not arrested him or, at the very least, brought him in for questioning? No. There has to be something else that we're missing, and the longer that I discretely follow Tommy's car, the more the idea of him not working alone sinks in.

However, the thought of the little red-headed witch with hair like a lion and a smile that could rival the Devil himself being Tommy's partner makes me want to lash out and kill things, and I don't understand why. It doesn't make any sense. None at all.

I'm yanked from my internal musings when the pair finally pull off the busy freeway we'd been traveling down and into a shitty neighborhood. It surprises me. We were just in one of the worst neighborhoods in Irvine, and this one isn't much better. Where could he be going that he'd need to travel so far from his original location?

My question is quickly answered when Tommy veers off the road and turns into an absolute nightmare of a motel. If the witch hasn't started to panic by now, this will definitely put her over the edge. If she's innocent, that is. I grunt in irritation, blindly finding the cold metal of my brass knuckles in the center console and running my fingers over them lovingly. Blood will be spilled tonight. One way, or another, my knuckles will meet their mark.

The pair pulls into a parking spot at the end of the lot, near the edge of the long strip of rooms. I don't want to chance getting caught or spooking them, so I slide into an opening on the street under a busted lamppost. I quickly turn the junker off, letting the headlights dim and bathe me in darkness. I watch with rapt attention as the couple climbs from Tommy's car and heads toward the last door on the right. The fact that he already has a room here means he was prepared for this. Clicking my tongue, I grab my phone from the cup holder and

send a quick text to D with my current location. He responds with a middle finger emoji which I assume means, “*Good luck, Brass. Be safe, Brass.*” I send him a heart back. It’s black like mine.

Tossing my phone to the side, I lean forward and clock the way Tommy stumbles slightly, swaying into the woman. She throws her head back, laughing almost loud enough for me to hear, even from across the street. My brows pinch up when her fire-red mane sways in the wind from the force of her laughter. I don’t like that. I don’t like it one bit. She shouldn’t be laughing at him. He’s a prick to the highest order. Besides, I doubt he’s all that funny.

Like a bear drawn to a juicy steak, the need to hear this woman’s voice has me practically salivating as I roll the window down. Unfortunately, I’m met with nothing but silence. It pisses me off.

With narrowed eyes, I watch as Tommy pulls keys from his pocket and struggles to open the hotel door. He bumps into her when he stumbles again. She easily catches him as though she was expecting him to fall, letting Tommy lean heavily into her side. He rights himself, grips her ass roughly, and shoves her into the harsh stucco. The witch loses her balance, and her small frame gets smashed between Tommy and the wall. The sight of her pushing against him for freedom nearly has me breaking my cover and killing him on the spot. My eyes flick to the gun I know is stowed away in the glove box. I don’t like using it, preferring to take a bitch out with my hands, but the

more Tommy puts his grubby fingers on the witch, the more I consider shooting his balls off.

Rolling my neck, I swallow down my anger and the violence simmering inside of me. *Not yet*. I need him inside the motel and unsuspecting. More than that, I have to figure out what the fuck to do with the woman, and I need to decide quickly before this escalates. The witch says something softly to the man and palms his cheek sweetly. Something in the act seems to sink through the haze consuming him. Tommy shakes his head rapidly, steps back, and turns to the door. My brows shoot straight up at that.

“Bruja,” I murmur, licking my lips. That’s the only explanation that I’m willing to accept because, at this point, it’s either that or them working together. Though all signs point to the latter being the reason for what’s happening in front of me, the idea makes me murderous. *More* murderous than usual.

Tommy continues to struggle with the set of keys, missing the hole repeatedly. I cackle. If he keeps that up, the only thing he’ll be fucking tonight is the mattress. “Dude’s hammered,” I snicker.

This wasn’t in the file. Surely, if D had caught Tommy this fucked up on any of the surveillance cameras, he would have made a note of it. Though, we don’t have any footage from nights he takes hookers. Nothing beyond traffic cams. Maybe it’s his MO. Or maybe, it’s part of his cover. I swallow, my eyes tracking his every movement. That makes sense. It would

lull his victims into a false sense of security if they thought he was nothing more than a horny drunk. The witch gently pushes him aside after he misses getting the key in the hole for the twentieth time and unlocks the door for him. He laughs like it's hilarious before shoving her inside.

“Fuck,” I groan, palming my face as I watch Tommy trip and fall into the room after her before slamming the door shut. My head cocks to the side in consideration. For some reason, his behavior stands out as odd to me. And I'm the oddest motherfucker around, so that's saying something. Why did he look like he was getting drunker by the second?

Grunting, I restart the car and pull into the lot, parking right outside their room. My car falls into darkness once more, and I release a heavy breath. Normally on jobs like this, we'd wait for our target to be well and truly distracted before we make our move. Or, in this case, balls deep in a hooker. But something about the entire situation has my guts twisting up. I'm not one to get distracted by a pretty face or big hair. Not even a solid set of tits is enough to keep my attention when blood and mayhem are on the line. But one creepy smile from a skinny hooker, and I'm all fucked up on the inside.

Sighing, I quickly slide both sets of brass knuckles on and double-check that Karen's in her holster. My eyes flick to the glove box again as I contemplate whether or not to take the gun. I glance around the surprisingly full parking lot and instantly think better of it. I don't need to be calling attention to myself right now. I slip from the car, close the door silently behind me and make my way to the hood. Checking the time

on my phone, I note that the pair have only been inside for six minutes. While that's definitely enough time to kill someone, I doubt sloppy Steve has even figured out how to pull his cock out, let alone murder the woman. Yet, as I lean against the front of my car and cross my arms over my chest, I can't shake the feeling that some shit's going down inside of that room.

A feeling that's proven correct not even thirty seconds later when the sound of glass shattering fills my ears. "Go time," I grunt.

Pushing off the car, I let a savage smile take over my face as I close the distance between myself and the hotel door in a few quick steps. My hand wraps around the door handle, twisting it just to be sure. You'd be surprised how often criminals forget to lock the door before committing a crime. I groan when I find it locked and whisper a silent *fuck you* to Tommy for remembering to get one thing right in his drunken stooper.

"Apparently, I'm doing this the hard way," I murmur.

Dropping to my knees, I fish my lock-picking kit and the tiny flashlight I keep with it from my boot. The flashlight makes a home in my mouth like a little battery-operated cock. My eyes constantly switch between the lock and the parking lot. This may be a shitty neighborhood, but the last thing I need to deal with right now is some high as fuck dickwad drawing attention to me. Especially when I've got a red-headed demon and serial rapist to handle on my own.

Shaking my head, I mentally whine at the stupid decision to come alone tonight. I can handle Tommy easily. No big deal.

But the woman? I'm not great with people, particularly females. The lock clicks, and I grin around the flashlight. A thought crosses my mind that has my smile dropping. Fuck. What if she's crying or traumatized or some shit? What if I'm too late? I shudder and quickly pack my kit away, dropping it back in my boot before climbing to my feet. I press my ear to the thin wood, listening for any sounds on the other side, so I know what to expect.

Silence. Weird.

My hand wraps around the cold metal handle, and I slowly twist it, remaining as quiet as possible. My heart beats rapidly in my chest as it prepares for the chaos we're about to create. My lips tip up so high that my dimple digs into my cheek. The door opens inch by inch, bringing the small, shitty room into view. It takes a moment for my eyes to adjust to the dim light, but when they do, my mouth drops open in shock.

What the fuck?

Beautiful. That's the only way to describe what I'm seeing. The choke-you-up-inside kind of beautiful. Like a brand-new bike, all shiny and clean, outfitted with all the bells and whistles. Or the perfect arc of blood splatter that hits my face when I slice through someone's carotid artery. Beautiful and surprising.

I stand in shocked silence, my back to the door as I watch the scene before me unfold. I'd expected to see a lot of things when I came inside this shitty hotel room. Tommy fucking the hooker. Tommy passed out next to the hooker. Tommy

drunkenly stumbling around. Worst case scenario, Tommy assaulting the hooker in one way or another. What I *did not* expect to see is Tommy tied to the bed, buck ass naked, and gutted to hell. What I *really* did not expect to see is the bruja performing some sort of ritualistic sacrifice with his super-dead body. Or at least that's what it looks like she's doing.

Stepping further into the room, I cock my head to the side and watch the very naked, very bloody woman lean over his body and etch words into his chest with a crude looking...is that a box cutter? I smirk. *Nice.*

Her hair is tied up on top of her head and out of the way, letting me take in the full view of her body. She's light-skinned and thin like I'd originally thought when I'd first seen her. Her ass is small and round but hard to make out in her current position. She's sitting on her knees next to the body, granting me a perfect view of her tits as they sway with her frantic movements. They aren't anything to write home about, but the sight of them covered in blood has my cock harder than it's ever been in my life. Except for that one time I ripped a guy's spine from his asshole. I nearly swoon at the memory. Good times.

The woman shifts, working her way down Tommy's hairy chest as she continues to carve her message into his skin. She lets out a little grunt, struggling to dig deep enough into his sternum to be effective. I stand there, still hidden out of view in the darkness, too entranced by her psychotic behavior to look around. Her tongue pokes out, wetting her dry lips, and my cock pulses in my jeans. I stifle a groan and silently grip

my dick, willing it to calm the fuck down. As much as I may want to, I can't jack off right now. This is a crime scene now, thanks to her. A sliver of anger fills me at the thought. She stole my thunder. My moment to come in here and save the day, which up until this exact second, I didn't realize how much I'd been looking forward to. Narrowing my eyes, I roll my shoulders back and slide Karen from her sheath, letting the bloodlust simmering beneath my skin out to play.

Kill. Kill. Kill.

The voice in my head chants the word again and again. For a normal person, it would be easy. Easy to ignore the voice or maybe to give in to it. The problem is—it's not just that *one* voice. It never is. There are so many. Some are quiet. Some scream. Some cry. Some just don't even make sense. It's confusing. Maddening. It's why I am the way that I am. Sometimes, they all get on the same page, agreeing to cause mayhem and destruction. To kill. To fuck. To ride. And sometimes they're silent. Those times are the worst. Lonely. Quiet.

This isn't one of those times.

Stepping forward into the dim light from the lamp on the end table, I cross my arms over my chest and wait for her to look up. When a minute passes, and then another without her noticing me, a surge of laughter bubbles up inside of me, replacing some of my irritation. She has no idea I'm even here.

“You're a shitty criminal,” I bark out between cackles.

Finally, *finally*, the little witch whips her head in my direction. A piece of her springy fire-red hair smacks her in the eye with the force of her movement. Her eyes are wide and pitch black as she rapidly blinks up at me. My laughter dies a sudden death as I take her in fully for the first time up close. A knot lodges in the throat, making it hard to swallow. She's pretty. Like really fucking pretty.

Can't kill the pretty witch.

Pale. Freckled. Wide, dark eyes that look way too big for her tiny face. Thick lips shaped like a bow that are cracked and dry as they part in shock, granting me a view of her two front teeth and that gap I like so much. She looks different from anyone else I've ever met before, and the realization that I *like* the way she looks has me freezing in place. Of course, I've found women attractive before, but not like this. Not the kind of attractive that has me thinking all sorts of fucked up thoughts that revolve around her—this woman, this stranger. Thoughts like who is she, and what is she doing here? What does she smell like? Does she enjoy killing, or did she just attack Tommy in self-defense?

Is she like me?

Taking advantage of my distraction, the bruja lets out a feral-sounding hiss and flies from the bed, losing her box cutter in the process. Before I even have a second to respond, her naked body is on mine. She knocks me to the ground and straddles my waist. Her tiny hands immediately find my throat, and with more strength than I'd thought possible, she

presses my neck into the ratty orange carpet. My eyes are as big as saucers as I suck in a desperate, shocked breath and stare up at her bloody, crazed face.

Later, when I tell this story to Chains, I'll have to remember to leave out the part where I lock up like an untrained idiot for a solid minute while she chokes the ever-loving shit out of me.

“Who the hell are you?” she demands in a harsh whisper. I groan when she emphasizes her question by shaking my head back and forth like a squeak-toy. The motion is enough to finally snap me out of it.

I grind my teeth as my skull smashes against the floor for the third time but use her distraction to my benefit. I know the exact second she realizes I'm not the weak little bitch she thought I was. Or maybe she's just reacting to the feeling of Karen pressed up against her blood-splattered tits. Either way, she freezes in place, granting me a reprieve from her incessant throttling. When her grip on my throat doesn't immediately loosen, I dig my blade in half an inch. At least, I mean to, but judging by her sharp inhale and how she winces, I may have gone a little deeper. Oops. Sorry, not sorry.

“I'm Brass, bruja. Who the fuck are you?” I grit out, my voice raspy. Her sharp jaw ticks as she flicks her gaze from me to the blade currently piercing her right nipple and back again. She says nothing, squeezing my throat harder.

Growing tired of her games, I thrust my hips up in an attempt to dislodge the crazy little demon. The knife slips, causing blood to drip from her chest to mine. The woman

sucks in a sharp breath, and at first, I think it's from the cut on her tit, but when my eyes meet hers, I realize my mistake. Her thighs flex around my hips, dropping her naked cunt down to my throbbing cock with a slow, intentional grind. Her mouth falls open, and a breathy gasp leaves her throat. I grin and wrap one hand around her hip, dragging her forward so she can feel my full length as it slides against her hot center. I can *feel* how wet she is through my jeans, and it causes a groan to leave me.

“Tell me,” I grunt, thrusting upward as I keep her pinned to me. “What has you so wet right now? The blood, my knife, or my cock?”

Her eyes flutter closed, and her hands loosen around my neck. Again, she doesn't answer, but she grinds down even harder, rocking her pussy on my dick as if I'm her own personal dildo. I chuckle and move Karen from her nipple, placing the sharp blade on her sternum. Her eyes snap open, and her nails dig into my shoulders like little kitten claws. Locking my brown eyes with hers, I run the tip of my knife lightly between her breasts and ribs. All the way down to her belly button. She moans...fucking *moans*, and I nearly jizz on the spot.

“Ah,” I mumble, nodding with a deep swallow. “It's the pain, hmm?”

“What? No,” she chokes out, rubbing herself harder against me. Her body writhes and rolls as I continue to fuck upwards, my own balls drawing up tight at the feeling of her on top of

me. Her bloody tits sway with every thrust, entrancing me like a pendulum.

I dig the tip of the knife in slightly, nicking her pale skin. I'm high on her right now. On her body. The heady scent of blood in this shitty motel room. The dead man only feet away, his guts spilling out over the bed. The crazy woman with nearly black eyes humping and grinding against my body like she has a right to. *You could throw her ass off*, my brain reminds me. Instead, I grip her hip harder, drop Karen and wrap my opposite hand around her throat. She tugs her bottom lip between her teeth, and the view of them has me seeing red. I flip our bodies. The woman grunts when her back slams into the carpeted floor, and her hazy eyes snap up to mine. The room is silent except for our heavy breaths, hers more labored than mine due to the harsh grip I have on her throat. Leaning forward, I slide my hand up her stomach, tracing the fine line I made with my knife. Her body shudders beneath me, and goosebumps break out under my fingers.

“Who are you,” I growl, needing to know her name more than anything right now.

Who the fuck is this woman, and what kind of spell is she casting over me? My mother always used to tell me I was a demon. That I was taken from her home as a baby and replaced by the Devil. She'd get high, lock me in a room and sit on the other side of the door, chanting words I didn't understand. She'd tell me she was praying for her real son's return, but I knew better. She was a witch. The only prayers she muttered were ones to the Devil she feared so much.

That's how I know this woman below me isn't normal. That's how I know *what* she is. Now, I just need to know *who*.

Her lips tip up in a manic grin. She fights against the collar I've wrapped around her throat and tilts her head to the side. The woman is completely naked, being straddled and choked by a psychopathic killer, and she's *smiling*. More than that, she looks fucking insane. She exhales roughly and taps my hand. Gritting my teeth, I fight the urge to squeeze harder. To end her here and now. To get rid of this strange woman that's making me question myself—my instincts. She's fucking with my head, and it has nothing to do with the fact that she's sexy as hell like this.

Okay, that's not true. It has a little bit to do with that.

"It doesn't matter who I am," she chuckles. Her voice is gravelly, like she's a chain smoker who's lived a hard life. "I'm a ghost." Not liking the sound of that one bit, I squeeze her throat so hard her cheeks instantly go red. Her hips thrust up as her head tilts back. A deep, almost painful moan slips from her lips, and I realize that she's getting off on my roughness. A shiver rolls through me at the thought, and my cock pulses angrily in my tight jeans. "Cum with me," she rasps.

"Fuck you," I grunt, pounding my hips against hers. The hand not gripping her fragile neck drops to her chest as I finally pay her blood-soaked tits some attention. I had no interest in them, too caught up in *her* to really care, but now that she's practically fucking me and attempting to drag me

over the edge with her—I can't help it. I flick her nipple and shudder when a droplet of her blood gushes from the wound Karen created. "Shit," I breathe, feeling the telltale signs of an orgasm barreling toward me. "I don't know you, bruja, but you look hot covered in Tommy's blood."

She nods her head, gasping for breath. Her cheeks are purple now. Her lips pale as I continue to choke the life from her. "Yes," she hisses.

The sound of her falling apart sends me over the edge and fully into the madness surrounding us. Bending down, I take her nipple into my mouth and bite down hard, sucking her demon blood like she's feeding me. The witch cries out, her back arching dramatically. My eyes stay locked on her face, and it's the pure insanity there that has me filling my jeans with my own cum like some kind of virgin. I grunt, swallowing a mouthful of her blood as I detonate pressed against her spasming, dripping pussy. A stranger. A hooker. A *killer. She's just like you. She's insane. Look at her.* Yes, look at her. My grip on her neck falls away, revealing purple and red fingerprints across her throat. She smiles widely before a breathy laugh fills the room. Her eyes flick down to mine, and her laugh turns into a cackle. My brow arches as I pop off her tit and lean back, eyeing her with confusion. What the hell just happened?

"You're not even going to ask why I'm naked?" she pants, shoving some hair that's fallen from her bun out of her eyes. Her thick red brow arches up.

I shrug. That question wasn't even on my mind. I knew the second I saw her why she decided to kill Tommy without her clothes on. It's smart. And it's something I'd do. *I've done*, my brain corrects. "You didn't want to get your clothes all bloody and risk getting caught." Her face scrunches up in surprise. "You're not the only killer here, Little Demon. You should remember that and answer my questions."

Finally settling down, she tilts her head to the side. "I'll tell you whatever you want to know if you get off me," she purrs. My eyes narrow, not trusting the bruja one bit. A bashful look comes over her. "I'd like to put my clothes on, please."

Shit. Nodding, I scoot back and stand before extending my hand to help her up. She gives me a shy, thankful smile and grips my hand. Hers is so much smaller than mine, but I like the way our skin feels together.

That's the last thought I have before the bedside lamp smashes into my face, knocking me out cold.



Eight

Climbing out of the shower in this fucking horrible hotel room, I peek out of the bathroom to make sure the freak is still knocked out. Grinning at the way I left him sprawled out on top of Tommy, tied to the bed and unconscious, I turn back to the bathroom and quickly redress. I hate having to get naked for jobs, but it's way better than walking around soaked in some creep's blood when I make my escape. Unfortunately, no matter how many times I've tried to keep it clean, it's impossible for me. I get too angry. Too worked up. It doesn't help that the men I kill are all disgusting pieces of trash.

I wrap the only towel in the bathroom around my body and dry off the best I can. I toss the towel to the floor and kick it next to the trash before tugging my hair out of its messy bun. Checking my appearance in the mirror, I grimace at what I see. The mottled marks around my throat are going to bruise. *Badly*. That'll be hard to explain to my boss. I guess I'll have to pass it off as a rough sex injury. I smirk when I realize that's actually the truth...mostly.

Chuckling, I flip my head over to fluff my curls. My phone vibrates on the counter, and I quickly answer it, knowing who it is without even checking the ID. “Are you here?” I whisper, shimmying into my panties. The line is silent for so long that I actually pull the phone away to make sure it didn’t disconnect. “B?” I murmur.

She lets out a loud groan. “You didn’t kill him, did you? What happened?” She sighs. “I told you that one of these days, you’d meet your match and get fucked up, girl. I—”

“Shut up,” I hiss, glancing back at the bed. The sight of the sexy asshole with the mohawk sends a shiver down my spine. If I look really hard, and I mean, tilt my head to the side and squint, I might actually feel slightly bad for what I did to him. Not the knocking him out part. He deserved that for breaking into my hotel room. I don’t even feel bad for using him to get off. That was great. Like, really great. No—I feel an ounce of remorse for the future that awaits him. Not enough to call it off, though.

“Trixie,” Bianca shouts. I blink rapidly, realizing I’ve forgotten all about her. “Are you okay? Seriously. Do I need backup?”

“No,” I murmur. “I’m fine. I just need you to hurry your ass up and get here before I get caught.”

She chuckles. “I’m already here. I’m in the parking lot.”

I drop my phone onto the small grimy counter so I can slip my dress on. The stretchy material glides across my nipples as I tug it down my body. I grimace as the right one throbs. What

an asshole. Lifting my phone back up, I keep it pressed between my shoulder and ear as I make my way out of the bathroom to find my heels.

“Did you bring what I asked?” I whisper, wearily eyeing the bed. The dude is still knocked out, but the gash on the side of his head has stopped bleeding, so he’ll probably wake up soon. We can’t have that.

The sound of a car door closing echoes down the line. “Yeah. Open the door.”

I do, trusting my best friend implicitly. Sliding my feet into my pumps, I silently open the door a crack, waiting for her to pass me what I need. Bianca tries to force her way into the room, but I shove her out with a palm to her forehead. “No,” I hiss. “You know the rules. I’ll meet you in the car in a minute.”

“Dammit,” she murmurs with a huff. “Bitch.”

I snicker, clicking the door shut behind her before flicking the lock. I drop the bag onto the bed and dig through its contents. I’m always methodical on jobs. I don’t usually touch anything that I don’t need to. I take off my clothes and put my hair up. I make sure to take everything with me when I go, and so far, my extra measures have paid off. I’m not naïve enough to think I’ll never get caught, but if I do, it’ll be because of a mistake I made. Not because some random fuckface barreled in and made me lose my head.

I quickly pull out the bleach wipes I made, slip on a pair of gloves, and set about cleaning off any surface I might have

accidentally touched, including the broken lamp. Once I've double then triple-checked the entire room, ensuring it's completely devoid of anything that could point to me, I put my cleaning supplies back in my bag and pull out the last thing I asked Bianca to bring. The syringe holds enough lorazepam to kill a person, and while that thought is tempting, considering the situation I've found myself in—the idea of killing the sexy psycho doesn't sit well with me. No, more than that...it makes me kind of stabby.

But he does need to be dealt with. Swallowing the nausea that pools low in my belly, I make my way to the guy's side and lean down, watching him slowly breathe. His eyes flutter rapidly under his closed lids, and his body twitches restlessly. He grunts, making me jump, but he doesn't wake up. His rounded jaw clenches in his sleep, almost like he's in pain or upset.

Running my fingers softly over his lips, I murmur, "What happened to you, little psycho?" He doesn't answer, obviously, but my brows pinch in frustration. Maybe in another life we could have been friends. "Sorry about this, my guy, but your night's about to get a lot worse." Sighing, I stab the needle into his neck. His eyes fly open, meeting mine, but I've already emptied half the injection into his body, and this shit works fast.

His mouth gapes open as he rapidly blinks, taking in his surroundings. He glances back at me, his head heavy and woozy. "You're so pretty," he slurs. My heart rate picks up, and my head cocks to the side. That's a new feeling for me.

“Funny looking, too.” My mouth tilts up in a smile at the weirdo’s words. He smirks back, but his lips only work on one side, and he sort of looks like he’s having a stroke. “I wanna lick your gappy teeth.”

A laugh bursts from my lungs so unexpectedly that I actually shock myself. Before I’ve even recovered, the man is passed out and snoring loudly. Shaking my head, I quickly untie his wrists and check his body over for any identification. He has no wallet, just a wad of cash that I slip between my tits. I tug his phone from his other pocket, growling when I find it password-protected. Dropping it onto the floor, I drive my heel through the screen repeatedly, making sure it’s good and dead. Once satisfied, I give the stranger one last long look before grabbing my shit and giving the room a final inspection. You can never be too sure when setting someone up for murder.

Something shiny drags my attention to the floor. Squinting, I dart forward, finding the knife the strange man pierced my tit with. Growling, I snatch it up, tossing it into my bag. “This is mine now, bitch,” I snap, tossing my curls over my shoulder and slipping from the room. I lock the door on my way out and jog across the parking lot, making a beeline for Bianca’s black Ford Focus.

“All set?” she asks, already throwing the car into reverse. I nod, dropping my bag onto the car’s floor and buckling in.

“Yep,” I say, popping the *p*. My eyes scan the busy parking lot, double-checking that no one saw me exit. There are cars everywhere, but no one’s outside. This motel is in such a bad

neighborhood that I doubt anyone who might have seen me would give two shits. I grin, feeling confident. That's why I choose places like this. A hooker and her John are the least of anyone's concerns here. "All good."

I can feel her gaze burning into the side of my face, but I look away, ignoring her. I always get like this after a kill. She assumes it's because I regret it. That I'm thinking about what I've done. Pulling it apart. Considering the ramifications. That I'm nervous. I nearly scoff. I don't regret it. Ever. I'm not worried. Never have been. And it's not because I think I'm invincible, either. It's because I've made peace with my choices. The decision to enact revenge on the vilest of humans. To take their lives into my hands and remove them from this earth. That's why I'm not worried. If I go down for this someday, it will be with absolutely no regrets.

But—I'm also confident that I'll never get caught.

Bianca sighs heavily. The leather steering wheel creaks under her tight grip. "Aren't you worried, Trix? You said someone else showed up. What aren't you telling me?"

"You know the rules," I murmur, my eyes tracking the passing cars on the freeway as we head back to my place.

She huffs out an annoyed sound. "Stupid fucking rules," she mutters, switching lanes. "You can't expect me to be your wing woman and not ask questions. I drop you off so you can't snatch your target and then pick you up when you're done. Every *single* time. I'm putting myself in danger here. The least —"

“Don’t,” I hiss, turning to glare at her. “You know why I do this.” She’s one of the only people who know the real reason. The reason this all began. “And you know why I took this job.”

She barks out a humorless laugh and rolls her eyes. Her long black hair is silky in the moonlight, and glitter reflects off her sticky skin. She’d just gotten off work when we followed Tommy to Hangers Alley. We’ve been waiting for this night for weeks. I don’t understand what her deal is. She knew what tonight was about.

“What’s the problem?” I snap.

She shakes her head, still laughing. “Stop calling this shit a job. It’s not.” She flicks her eyes to me, her smile turning brittle. “You know I support you, Trixie, but you’re my best friend. I don’t want anything to happen to you, and that includes getting locked up for murder.”

Sighing, I drop back in my seat, crossing my arms over my chest. I get it. I’m not mad at her. She’s the only person in this world who *really* looks out for me. I have the girls at the club. They’re my family, in a way. But they don’t know me. The real me. Only Bianca does. A pang of loss stabs me right in the chest. A few weeks ago, I had two people on that list. Two best friends. Two people who knew my whole story. Who cared and watched out for me. As if her thoughts have gone to the same dark place as mine, Bianca snuffles. My hand darts out, gripping hers. I squeeze it so hard I’m probably hurting her, but she doesn’t pull away.

We sit in silence until she pulls into the parking lot in front of my apartment complex. I let go of her hand so she can put the car in park. Bianca turns the car off, unbuckles, and turns to face me fully. Shifting awkwardly, I tug on my dress to pull the hem down, then immediately yank the neckline up when my tits nearly spill free. Despite the fact that I'm a stripper who kills in the nude and dry-humped a stranger tonight... I'm actually pretty fucking modest. Especially when I'm uncomfortable. Like now.

Bianca clicks her tongue and rubs her forehead. "Look," she sighs. "I love you, Eve." The use of my real name has my spine stiffening and my eyes darting around her car as though someone might have heard her. I swallow thickly, turning an irritated scowl in her direction. Unrepentant, she goes on. "I know why you're doing this. I support you. I always have and always will. But I'm worried."

"Why?" I murmur, then immediately kick myself for asking. It's a useless question. It won't change a damn thing. I won't quit. Ever.

She tilts her head to the side, and the silver flecks of glitter twinkle against her tan skin. "Because," she mumbles, her eyes narrowing. "When we first met five years ago, you were a kid. I got it back then. You were angry and scared. You needed to control something in your life." She shrugs. "But things have changed now. You've changed."

"No, I haven't," I groan. "I've always been this way."

She scoffs. “Oh, yeah? You just popped out of the womb a bloodthirsty murderer? Killing since day one?”

Pinking at the hem of my dress, I tip up my shoulders. I don’t know what she wants me to say. Maybe she just needs to be placated for tonight. Swallowing, I look out the window, focusing on the slow drips of rain as they hit the windshield. It’s humid in Los Angeles right now, even though it’s October. I hate it. It reminds me too much of the South. Of home.

That place was never your home, my brain hisses. It was a prison.

“B,” I whisper, letting the words tumble from my mouth quietly, admitting something I’ve never said out loud before. “I have to do this. I can’t stop.” I watch raindrops smash against her windshield, imagining them washing my soul clean. I almost laugh. Impossible. I’m not even sure I have one any more. “After the first time, something in me changed. Watching them burn—”

I break off, shaking my head. It was the best feeling I’ve ever experienced. But I was weak back then. Scared. I killed out of fear. Necessity. Survival. Now, I kill because I have to. I tell myself it’s because I’m cleansing the world of vermin. But really, that’s just an added bonus. I’m killing because if I don’t, I’ll die. The voices—the memories—they’ll consume me. They’ll destroy me. Pick me apart like maggots until there’s nothing left of me but bones and dirt. I’ll *die*. That’s why I kill now. Does that make it right? Probably not. Does that mean I’ll stop? Definitely not.

“Watching them burn?” she asks, wanting me to continue. I’m somehow shocked that even after all this time, she still doesn’t judge me when I talk about my past.

“Watching them burn was catharsis, Bianca. But watching these men die by my hand after the disgusting things they’ve done?” I turn to her, smiling. “It’s everything.”

She stares at me long and hard before her lips tip up in a wide smile. Shaking her head, she groans. “My best friend is a crazy fucking serial killer.”

A bark of laughter explodes from my mouth. “You just realized that?” Grinning, I bend down to pick up my bag and sling it over my shoulder. “Come on, Bianca. I’ve been a killer since I was 16, well before I even met you. You’ve known who I am for years. Nothing’s changed, and hate to break it to you, but I don’t see myself suddenly quitting cold turkey.”

“A girl can dream, can’t she?” she chuckles. We fall into silence once more, but this time, it’s not as heavy. “So, you got him? Tommy?” Exhaling roughly, I nod. I killed the fucker. Guted him nice and good, too. “Did you have to drug him first?”

“Yeah,” I murmur, thinking back to the way he tried to force me to suck his filthy dick while he drove to the motel. Gross. “Shot him up a few times to keep him compliant. Then I took his ass out the second we got in the room.” Grinning, I waggle my eyebrows. “You should have seen his fat ass fall over like a sack of shit. Men like to throw their body weight around, but at the end of the day, no one’s stronger than a vial of L.”

She nods her head, practically salivating. *This...this* is the best friend who I know and love. The bloodthirsty scrapper from the San Fernando Valley that taught me how to fight and defend myself. The one who took me in when I was a homeless 17-year-old in a massive, scary city and showed me how to make something of myself. Stripping may not be everyone's cup of tea, but it pays the bills. More than that—it granted me a safe place to hide from my past.

“What happened next?” she begs.

Chuckling, I reach over and tip her jaw up, snapping her mouth shut. I wipe off her lower lip and shake my head in mock disappointment. “You’ve got a little drool,” I sigh. “Such a terrible influence.”

She bats my hand away and glares at me. “Get on with the story, bitch.”

“Feisty,” I snicker. “Fine. I drugged him. Tied him to the bed. Used my knife to cut him open and spilled his guts all over the bed. Happy?” Bianca gags, making me laugh. “I don’t know why you insist on the details. Your stomach is too weak for this line of work.”

“Yeah,” she nods. “That’s why you do the killing, and I just drive the getaway car.” She tilts her head back, breathing deeply. “It’s really over? He’s gone?”

“He’s gone. He’ll never touch another woman again,” I whisper, throat burning.

She sniffles. “I miss Suzy.”

“Me too,” I agree, desperately trying to keep the tears at bay. I rarely cry. Like...never. It’s a weakness I can’t afford to have. But this—thinking of her. Bianca’s cousin and the third person in our little group. The woman who Tommy ruthlessly assaulted and killed only a few short weeks ago. Yeah. It fucks me up a little bit. Shaking my head, I lean over and kiss Bianca’s cheek. “I gotta go. I’ll see you at work tomorrow.”

Before she can respond, I practically throw myself from the car and bolt up the stairs to the third level where my apartment is. I run from her like I’m running from my feelings. Like I run from everything.

Past included.



Climbing from my third shower of the night, I finally feel clean. I’m not afraid of getting bloody, but there’s something about having the blood of someone like Tommy on my skin that makes me feel filthy. It’s bone-deep and borderline maddening. After scraping my flesh with a pumice stone until I was raw and red, I’m understandably sore but no longer feel the ghost of *him* on my body. Sighing, I gently towel myself off, careful not to aggravate my already angry skin. The soft cotton brushes over my nipples and the reminder of the rest of tonight’s events come back to me. A zap of pleasure shoots straight through me like a lightning bolt aiming for my clit.

Dropping the towel, I look my body over in the mirror just like I did a few hours ago at the motel, except now, I have the time and safety to really look. My normally pale skin is red and mottled with bruises, scrapes, and irritation. My brown freckles blend in slightly with how pink the steaming hot shower made me. My orange-red hair is dripping thick water droplets down my chest, but it's already starting to grow frizzy from the humidity in my bathroom. Curly hair problems. Tilting my head, my eyes rake over my reflection, catching on the red, swollen wound on my right nipple.

“Bastard,” I snarl, leaning in to get a better look. His knife was sharp as fuck. Almost like a needle at the tip. I brush my fingers over the aching injury, and my eyes gape. “He pierced my fucking nipple.”

Looking down, I inspect my breast, pinching and plucking to see how bad it is. Well, he nearly pieced it. I'm surprised by the sudden disappointment that hits me at the realization that my mystery mans gift will heal. Tugging my lip between my teeth, I bite down to stifle a grin as a thought passes through me. He may be halfway on his way to jail, but that doesn't mean I can't have something to remember him by. I don't know why, but the man called to me. Entranced me. I felt just as drugged up as Tommy the second my body landed on top of his. Maybe even before that. I've never had a reaction to anyone like that before. Never. It was...well, it was insane.

Shaking the thoughts of my little sexy psycho away, I rummage through my bathroom drawers until I find what I'm looking for. A small barbell from that one time I thought I

wanted a pierced belly button but kept catching it on everything. I dart back to my bedroom and dump my purse on my bed before snagging the second thing I need. Back in the bathroom, I make quick work of washing and disinfecting the very blade that started this whole thing. Once satisfied, I pinch my nipple with one hand, line up the pointed knife with the side that didn't quite get pierced the whole way through, and *push*.

“Shit,” I hiss, tipping my head back so I can't pant through the burn. Despite what the crazy fuck said, I'm not into pain. Not really. It was different with him, though. Don't ask me why. That's not something I'm ready to dissect yet.

Rolling my shoulders, I drop the knife in the sink and dap the blood away. I slip the barbell through my nipple, screeching at the sheer intensity of the pain. My head gets woozy as I screw the ball on the end to secure it in place. After cleaning the fresh piercing, I grin at my reflection. I'm probably going to regret the fuck out of that tomorrow.

Shaking my head, I flick off the light and head back to my room to get ready for bed. Once dressed and settled, I crawl to the headboard and dig my hand in the tiny gap between the mattress and wall. My fingers wrap around the familiar leather book, and something in my body settles like a druggie getting their fix. Dropping onto my ass, I pull the blankets up around me and lean against my pillows. Exhaling a shuddering breath, I trace the familiar golden cross. Like always, bile taints my mouth, and anger fills my veins. Cracking my neck, I

practically rip the cover open and immediately settle as my eyes lock onto hers.

“Fuck,” I choke out, lifting the picture carefully. Red hair and freckles. Pale skin. Shitty brown eyes. Curls for days. Protruding hips and bones. We could be twins. For a long time, everyone thought we were. Then I grew. And she didn’t. Partly because she was two years younger and hadn’t hit puberty yet. Mostly because it’s hard to grow in an inhospitable environment. One full of predators and danger. At the end of the day, prey is still prey, no matter how strong they are.

Pressing my lips to the photo, I give myself this moment alone with her. A moment of weakness. Sadness. I let myself feel something other than anger and rage. *Hatred*. I let myself mourn.

“I miss you, Abigail,” I whisper into the silence. She doesn’t respond. She never does. Because she’s dead.

Swallowing, I drop the photo on my bed next to me and flip to the passage I need.

Acts 3:19

Repent, then, and turn to God, so that your sins may be wiped out, that times of refreshing may come from the Lord—

Reciting it as I cross it out with my black sharpie, I smile.

25 down, countless more to go.



Nine

“**F**uck,” I hear a deep voice rumble. “I really hope he’s not dead.”

“Yeah,” a second voice laughs. “Brick will kill us.”

A scoff. A silence that I can hardly hear over the pounding in my head. Heavy footsteps that make the pounding worse. A pause.

Then...

A finger in my asshole.

I gasp, shooting up only to slip and fall back down to my stomach. I hit something squishy yet hard. It’s cold. Sticky. I blink rapidly, confused as fuck about where I am and what’s going on. It’s dark, but a dim light streams in through cracks in the blinds. Shaking my head, I look down and come face to face with...

“Who the fuck is this?” I grunt, cocking my head to the side. A deep chuckle has my neck snapping to the side. There, I finally find someone I recognize. Chains and Dynamite. The first looks pissed and maybe worried. The second is wearing a

shit-eating grin, looking like all his birthdays have come at once. I shake my head again, trying to clear my foggy vision, but the pain in my skull is relentless. “What happened?”

Swallowing, I shove back away from the dead guy beneath me, only to find myself straddling his thighs. He’s naked, and while that should freak me out, I’m too distracted by the fact that I was napping on his rotting guts.

“Fuck,” Chains gags, covering his mouth as he backs away. “Oh, that shit’s rank, y’all.”

D swallows, paling slightly. “Yeah, man.” Nodding, he swipes a hand down his face. “I’m all for a good, bloody fuck.” His eyes flick to the posts the dude is tied to. “And a little bondage, but Brass, dude—” he breaks off, licking his lips. “That’s way too fucking far.”

Growling, I rake my fingers through my hair in frustration. “I didn’t do this,” I hiss. Leaning forward slightly when my gaze catches on something across the dude’s chest, I narrow my eyes. Words are carved into his flesh. The realization has everything tumbling back with the force of a semi. “How long was I out?”

“Can you maybe get off the dead guy and, like, take a shower so we can have this conversation outside?” D drawls, slipping his hands into his pockets. I look up, finding his t-shirt tugged over his mouth. Arching a brow, I shoot him a confused look. “It smells like shit mixed with puke mixed with death in here, and my nostrils are burning. I can’t do it.”

Chains nods, then gags again. “Yeah, brother. Same.”

Sighing, I shake my head in disappointment but crawl off of Tommy's super-dead body. My limbs are weak and shaky. I know the second I stand up and my knees buckle that something more happened to me than a smash to the head. Looking around the crappy hotel room, I find nothing out of place. Even the broken lamp is on the end table where it belongs. It's cracked and leaning against the wall but clean, showing no signs of the damage it caused to my poor brain. My fingers run along the pulsing bruise on the side of my head, where I find a fat goose egg and a cut. Against my will, my lip tips up.

"That little fucking bruja," I laugh.

Chains eyes widen as he takes me in. "Who?" he barks.

"The hooker," I groan, rubbing my head. Mother-cocksucking-bitch-tits. That shit hurts.

"Hooker?" Dynamite pushes me aside and leans over the body. "*Repent, then, and turn to God, so that your sins may be wiped out, that times of refreshing may come from the Lord—*" He turns back to me, his brows practically in his hair. "I didn't take you for a religious bastard."

"I'm not," I growl, hating him even suggesting it. I have nothing against religion, but after the shit my egg doner put me through—nah. Fuck that. "It was the fucking bruja. She was already balls deep in his colon when I got here," I snap. D's shirt drops from his mouth, and he smirks at me. "What?" I practically snarl, hating the way he's judging me. Stupid sexy prick.

Tipping a shoulder, he points to the body. “So, you were attacked by a hooker-witch after she tied up a 175-pound dude, gutted him, carved him up, and then what?” He looks around the room for what, I don’t know. “I don’t see any forklifts around here, so tell us. How’d she get your big ass on top of him?” D chuckles. “She a big bitch, or what?” He doesn’t seem put off by the prospect, just curious.

Rubbing my temples, I groan when the room spins. I open my mouth to respond, but my stomach lets out a loud as hell growl. “How the fuck long did you leave me here?” I grunt.

“It’s only been a few hours since we lost contact,” Chains sighs, tossing something at me. I catch it, blinking rapidly. “We knew you had the target and where you were. Tried to give you time to take care of shit, but,” he shrugs, running a hand through his beard. “When you didn’t respond to D’s texts, we knew something was up.”

Looking down, I find my destroyed phone. It’s easy to tell something hard was shoved right through the glass. I smirk. Smart little hooker. Shaking the thought away, I look back up at my VP, finding his cute face all red and puffy. He gets that way when he’s mad or freaked out.

Grinning despite my pounding headache, I close the distance between us and slap his chubby cheek. Chains bats my hand away and growls like a hungry bear. “Were you worried about me, bestie?” I coo, my heart filling with warmy goodness at the thought.

A fist smashes against my aching and empty stomach, and I double over in pain. Chains stomps to the bathroom, gripping my shirt and dragging me along with him. “Should have left your dumbass here to rot with the body.”

Pushing him away, I right myself and straighten my shirt, only to find it blood-soaked and sticking to my chest. I grimace. I may like blood and murder, but I don't like to be caked in dry, flaky rapist goo. My hands hit the waist of my jeans, and I find them wet and sticky, but it's not the same liquid as I'm rocking up top. The memory of the bruja grinding on my cock like a dragon-dong and the way we came all over it each other fills my head. Before I let myself get caught up in thoughts of her, I kick my boots off and shove my jeans down. Smashing my teeth together in irritation, I turn around and fight the urge to punch my cock for betraying us so badly.

Bad dick. We don't play with feral murdering hookers. Bad boy.

Flicking on the shower, I absently strip, ignoring Chains as he watches me. I know my best friend. He's not into me like that. Far from it. If I had to guess, I'd assume he wants to make sure I don't pass out and hit my head. He's considerate like that.

“So,” Chains drawls, his thick accent more noticeable now that he's all frustrated and sleepy. “What happened? Start at the beginning.”

D pops in just as I'm climbing into the stall. His eyes rake down my body and zero in on my annoyingly hard dick, completely uncaring about our audience. He licks his plush lips and grins at me before flicking his gaze to our VP. "I called in backup." Chuckling, he nods excitedly. I watch him from the corner of my eye as I rinse off. "Made some special requests."

"What did you do?" Chains groans, his tone heavy with exhaustion just from dealing with the pair of us. "All I told you to do was call in some grunts to clean up the body. What else could you have possibly gotten up to in the last minute?"

D smirks and shrugs. "I requested Arrow and Kip." Leaning against the door, he kicks his foot up and starts to clean out his fingernails with a knife as he waits for that bomb to sink in. Chains lets out a huff, unable to hide his smile.

Barking out a loud laugh, I smack the shower nozzle to turn the water off and climb out. There's only one towel in here, and it's currently tossed on the floor next to the sink. Cocking my head to the side, I pick it up and check it over to make sure it's clean. I lift it to my nose, and that's when I smell it. I'd been too keyed up to notice before, but the bruja had a distinct scent. Sweat, sex, and sin with a hint of cotton candy. I nearly moan into the plush material, fisting it tightly against my mouth. That little bitch showered after she fucked me up, didn't she? I didn't hear shit. Means I was out cold. Narrowing my eyes, I pull my gaze from the towel and look to my VP.

“She drugged me,” I say, knowing I’m right without a shadow of a doubt. I don’t feel super fucked up, and I’d know. I’ve dabbled with my fair share of drugs. I don’t like them. Nothing but weed and alcohol these days. Everything else made the voices too loud. Too scary. Too *much*. Judging by the way I slept solidly despite my nightmares, I know whatever it was, it was hardcore. “I’m still a little woozy.”

“Shit,” D hisses, forgetting all about his plot to bring our weakest stomached prospects in for the cleanup. He drops his knee and his knife, sliding it back into its holster. The sight has my heart racing. “Are you ok—”

I shove past him, ignoring the fact that my cock is out, and I’m buck as naked in the middle of a murder scene. I start pulling the room apart, scrambling across the floor on my hands and knees in full-blown panic mode.

“What the fuck?” Chains snaps. “What the hell is wrong with you? Goddamn, man. I can see your fuckhole from here.”

D makes a choking sound. “Ever heard of waxing? Maybe take a razor to that ass every once a while, why don’t ya?”

I can’t respond. Can barely think. My heart is racing in my chest so hard it feels like it’s going to explode. I’m angry, irritable, hungry, and dizzy. It’s a bad combination for anyone but for me, it’s downright dangerous.

“Where is she?” I bark, crawling under the bed. My hand smacks around blindly, and I nearly cry out when my fingers wrap around something hard. “Thank shi—” My words break

off with a screech when I realize I've pulled a moldy dildo from under the bed instead of my beloved knife.

The disgusting toy flies across the room seconds before another shrill scream fills the air. My eyes flicker over my shoulder, finding Chains bolting to the bathroom with his hands raised above his head. Normally, I'd be rolling around laughing at that. Right now, though, I'm trying not to lose my shit entirely. *Or cry.*

D clears his throat and approaches me slowly, his palms out in front of him like he's afraid I might attack. "Hey buddy," he murmurs soothingly. "What's got my Brassy all feral right now, hmmm?"

Swallowing, I drop onto my ass. My hand goes for my hair, but I think better of it when I remember the last thing I was touching. Gross. "Karen's missing," I whimper, too upset to care how I sound.

D drops to his knees in front of me and pets my head. "Oh, honey, I'm sure she's around here somewhere," he coos, ruffling my mohawk. "We'll find the old baddy."

"You don't understand," I practically wail, shoving his hand away. "The bruja stole her. I just know it."

He tilts his head to the side. "There really was someone else here?"

"Yes," I hiss. "The hooker I followed. I told you that."

His eyes lift to the bed next to us, and he tuts. "And she really did all this?"

“She really fucking did,” I growl. Chains joins us, tossing me a soapy, wet washcloth. Nodding in thanks, I wipe off my hands. *Twice*. “She was with Tommy for less than ten minutes before I broke in here. His body was still hot, still bleeding, but he was already dead.”

I go into full detail about everything that went down, leaving out the part where the witch entranced me and made me lose my mind until I was practically fucking her on the shitty orange shag carpet. I don't know why, but the thought of them knowing she was naked or how she looked—the way she felt riding my jean-covered cock. The way she came all over me...every piece of that feels private. Swallowing down a growl, I look away. Yeah. They don't need to know any of that shit. I may be seconds from slaughtering her with the very knife she stole, but those memories are mine and mine alone.

“So, she likely shot you up with something,” D states, climbing to his feet. He shoots a worried look at Chains. “We need to get him tested. Full panel.” He glances back at Tommy and cringes. “Blood tests. Full spectrum and probably STDs, too.”

Chains sighs and pulls his phone out. “He's still being tested from last time.” He flicks his gaze at me. “Aren't ya, buddy? You have like three months left 'till they clear ya, right?”

Nodding, I think back to the incident he's referring to, and my skin breaks out in goosebumps. I'd found a pedo in a bathroom trying to go after a kid. I busted his face on the sink, then used a cracked chunk of the porcelain to slice his balls

off. May have nicked an artery because his blood sprayed right in my mouth. I've been getting monthly tests ever since, just to be sure I'm clean. Tests I'll probably have to get till the day I die with how frequently this shit happens to me. I smirk. *So worth it.*

Thinking about blood reminds me of how the bruja looked naked and covered in Tommy's, and I nearly moan out loud. Fuck. That was so damn hot. My fist wrapped around her breakable throat. My blade slicing through her pale, freckled skin. Her gappy front teeth. The sound of her shattering under me while she choked. Holy shit, what I wouldn't do—

A quiet knock on the door pulls me from my naughty fantasy. I automatically reach for my knife and almost fall into a fit of hysterics when I remember Karen is gone. Growling, I shove to my feet and stomp my foot. "I need you to find her," I snarl at D. His eyes widen in confusion. "The bruja," I hiss as Chains opens the door for the prospects.

Arrow's pretty-boy hair glistens in the moonlight as he tosses it over his shoulder. His eyes hit my very naked body, but unlike D, he doesn't linger. His head snaps to the ceiling as he stumbles into the room before thrusting a bundle of clothes at my chest. "Here you go, Sir," he murmurs awkwardly.

Chuckling, I snatch them from his hands only to purposefully drop them at his feet. Just like I knew he would, the good little prospect jumps to retrieve them. He bends over, and I take the opportunity to fuck with him. My half-mast boner finds its way to his face and my balls practically land on

his head. He shrieks like a little girl and throws my clean clothes at me before stumbling backward. He runs right into D, who watches the whole thing, enjoying every second of my torture.

He grinds his dick into Arrow's ass and licks up his neck. "You ever been in a psycho sandwich before?" he murmurs with a huge smirk. Arrow shakes his head rapidly, looking seconds from passing out. "Is that because you're—" D breaks off for dramatic effect and grinds what I'm guessing is a very hard cock into our prospect's thigh. "Straight as an *Arrow*?" He falls into a fit of laughter that I echo.

Chains groans loudly, palming his face with irritation before snapping, "Can we get the fuck on with it? Jesus H. Christ. It's like roundin' up a pack of rabid gators in the middle of hurricane season."

My brow cocks, not understanding his words. Sometimes, I swear it's like he's speaking another language. "Alright," he snaps, going into VP mode. "Arrow, Kip, get this shit cleaned up. I've already contacted the morgue. Haller knows to expect y'all for a body dump. Brick is on his way to pay off the motel owner. If you need more help to wipe the room, call Wes and Nero."

"And us, Boss?" I ask, tipping my chin at D as I slip into the new jeans the guys brought. I can tell they aren't mine, probably because I keep my door locked, but they fit well enough. The shirt's tight as hell. One glance at the pretty-boy pattern, and I already know these clothes belong to Arrow.

“Fuckin’ surfer boys,” I murmur, shaking my head as I toe on my boots.

Chains ignores me, and corals Dynamite and me out of the hotel room. “Call if you need anything,” he barks before pausing to look over his shoulder. “And don’t fuck this up.” With that, he shoves me out into night. “First breakfast. Then Church.” He gives me a knowing look. “And you’re buyin’ for the inconvenience.”



Ten

Three days. It takes Dynamite three whole days to find the information I need. Three days without Karen. Three days without being able to rip that little brujas tongue from her sweet mouth. Three days to fuel my anger and frustration to an unmanageable level.

Three days to think about the way she looked riding me. Under me. Choking with my fist around her throat. Cumming with a cry so beautiful, I've fucked my fist to the thought of it. Again and again and again.

Three days to become wholly and fully obsessed.

After breakfast, we'd met back at the clubhouse for church. It was weird as hell, considering half our crew is still in Idaho. But apparently, shit's hit the fan at the safe house, and it's best for the guys to stay in place to keep the women and sweet angel babies safe. Brick got them on speakerphone to catch them up on everything going down at home. He also contacted Fenn Richmond, the Prez of the Iron Riders. His daughter, Alana, was the woman who'd been assaulted by Tommy and the entire reason I took the job to track him down in the first

place. I gave him an edited version of what had gone down and let him know that he'd never have to worry about Tommy again. He was grateful as fuck and promised Brick and the club favor upon favor in thanks. Something I'm sure our Prez will cash in on eventually.

After giving as much information as possible to Brick and the guys about what had gone down, my ass was sent to meet with Dr. Rodriguez for the hundredth time in my life. She gave me a lecture that could rival my own mother's, and I nearly snapped her neck for it. Luckily, she gave me a lollipop for being a good boy during my blood draws, so I spared her life.

For now.

“Are you even listening?” D hisses, smacking the back of my head. I rip Ignacio from my holster and direct the tip straight to the prick's prick. Dynamite merely arches a brow and kicks his feet up on his desk, bringing his cock closer to me instead of panicking like he should. “Go on then.”

Growling, I press my blade in further and let out a scream of frustration when it doesn't even piece his jeans. Throwing my stupid backup knife on the ground, I kick the legs of his chair and revel in the way he falls backward, smashing into the cold concrete floor. I cackle, stealing his rolling chair from under him and leaving him on his ass. Dropping down, I take his place, kicking my feet up on his desk as I go through the file he created on my little demon.

My eyes narrow when I realize it's just two pages of extremely limited information. Normally, D can find

everything there is to know about a person in less than a day. In three days, he'd probably know where the person's parents fucked and conceived them all the way down to the position they fucked in.

“Seriously?” he grunts, climbing to his feet. Ignoring him, I read through the tiny dossier, eating up every word like a starving man. D grumbles and sits down in a chair across from me, mirroring my position. Pulling out a cigarette, he lights up and waits me out.

Trixie Jones

Ha. Stupid fake name.

25 years old

Yeah, doubt it. She looked younger.

Born July 9, 1999.

Exotic Dancer at Lucifer's Angels in Southeast LA.

Well, that's surprising as hell. Lucifer's Angels is a shitty strip club in an even shitter neighborhood. It's so bad, we don't even go there are we literally kill people for money. I huff a laugh. I'm the only one who kills for money. And for free. And for fun.

Shaking the happy thoughts away, I turn back to *Trixie's* file. Her info includes her current and last address, the make and model of her car, who her friends are, how long she's been in the area, and so on and so on. What I find weird is that he was unable to find any information from before she was 17, as though she simply didn't exist before then. I sigh in frustration

but accept it for what it is. I don't need to know who her parents are to kill her. Just need to know where she spends her time and who with.

But you want to know more, my brain whispers. I flick myself between the eyes. "Shut the hell up," I growl.

"Uh," D clears his throat. "Who are you ta—"

"I said shut the fuck up," I snap. His mouth drops open, but the murderous look on my face does, in fact, shut him up. "Is there more?" I grunt, throwing the papers on his desk.

D scrunches up his nose and runs a hand through his shoulder-length, wavy hair but says nothing. Jumping to my feet, I round the desk and rip his cigarette from his mouth. Brandishing it like a sword, I get all up in his face.

"Is. There. More?" Each word comes out like a demonic hiss, punctuated by me gnashing my teeth together.

Dynamite rolls his shoulders. All of his cocky swagger is firmly tucked away in his ass pocket now that I'm in his personal space. "Fuck. Right. Off," he barks back.

Leaning forward, he doesn't stop until there's only an inch between us. We stay locked on each other, breathing harshly and sharing air. My heart is racing from anger or maybe his proximity. Probably both. I've never wanted to throttle someone and fuck them so badly simultaneously as I do right now. I swallow roughly. That's not true. I wanted to murder and rail my little demon into the ground the other night. Maybe fuck her until I came, then snap her neck.

My palms sweat at the picture my mind creates. Her red hair fanned out under me as I fuck her into my mattress. The way her blood would look trickling from her mouth after I've stabbed her. Almost immediately, my stomach flips, and nausea claws up my throat, rejecting the idea of her being dead by my hands.

I blink away the thoughts, focusing on a heavily breathing D, who's somehow even closer now. Not even an inch separates our mouths. My eyes drop down to his lips, and as if on cue, his tongue darts out to wet them. I groan.

"Are you going to finally do something about it, Brassy?" he taunts, biting his lip.

"About what?" I murmur, gripping my pulsing cock. His eyes flick down, tracking my movement, and a thick breath wooshes from his throat.

"How badly you want me," he whispers.

A surprised laugh bubbles up and out of me before I can catch it. Not at his statement. He knows I'd be down to fuck around with him. He's a good looking dude. But mostly just because I wasn't expecting him to say that...at all.

D's eyes narrow, and his head snaps back as he glares at me. "Fuck you," he mutters before promptly kicking me right between the legs. My knees buckle, and I drop to the floor with a moan of pain.

"Shit," I shout. "You got me in my gonads."

He scoffs, rolling his eyes and reclaiming his office chair. “Felt like I got a lot more than your balls, you ass face.” He arches a brow and glances down to where I’m cupping my now soft dick. “Felt like you were hard as hell just thinking about my cock down your throat.”

Groaning, I crawl to my hands and knees. I smash my fist down on the cigarette I dropped at some point and hang my head with a throaty laugh. “We both know it would be my cock between your thick cheeks, so fuck right off.”

“Guess we’ll never know,” he mutters. Sighing, he flips through Trixie’s file. “To answer your question, yes. There is nothing else which we both know means there’s a hell of a lot more to find out about the girl. Clearly, she’s hiding a lot. Also, we got your test results back. So far, your clean.” Lifting a piece of paper, his eyes squint as he reads. “Also says you were shot up with Lorazepam. Not enough to kill you. Just give you a real good nap.” Smirking, he shrugs. “Girl knew what she was doing.”

“It was clean?” I murmur, feeling disgruntled and irritated all at once.

He nods. “Yep. Good drugs. Medical grade, so it’s likely the needle and syringe were probably clean too.”

Swallowing, I let out a relieved breath. There’s not much I care about in this world. The list of shit I worry about is short as hell, and death ain’t on it. But I’ll be damned if I’m taken out by some junked-up druggie’s needle or some black-market drugs.

“I got back Tommy’s toxicology report, too,” he continues, tapping a pen repeatedly. “He got a lethal dose of the drug. You said he was acting drunk, yeah?” I nod. “No alcohol in his system at all, so maybe she was micro-dosing him in the car to keep him compliant until they got to the motel, and she got him where she needed.” Smirking, he runs his fingers over her file. “Sounds like a smart bitch if you ask me. She hot?”

Leaning back on my thighs, I look up at him, ignoring how my balls feel seconds from exploding due to trauma and being full of spunk for both D and my little demon. “Can you find the information about her or not?” I snap, changing the subject back to my original concern. I’m not talking about what she looks like. He can go fuck himself.

He tilts his head. “What’s your obsession with her anyway? You interrupted her kill. She tried to kill you back or maybe set you up to take the fall.” Shrugging, he runs a hand through his hair again before pulling it into a ponytail. “She’s a batshit stripper. Why do you want to know about her?”

Growling, I look away from him so he can’t see all the shit I’m hiding when it comes to *my* little bruja. “Because she took my kill and my knife. I want it back.”

He huffs out a disbelieving breath. “Way I see it,” he muses. “She killed him and saved you a cleanup. Not like you’re short on trash to take out. There will be another one any day, I’m sure of it.”

Pouting, I whine, “But how do you know?”

Chuckling, he rolls his eyes. “Because we’re the Sons of motherfucking Satan, Brassy Boy. There’s always someone to kill around here.”

Smirking, I nod, feeling slightly better. Jumping to my feet, I round the desk and press a kiss on D’s cheek. He gives me a shocked look, but before he can get too giddy, I run my fist directly into his dick. He howls in pain, and I flip him off. Smiling, I back up, heading toward his office door as I watch him suck in sharp breaths as he dies a slow, agonizing death. Or just recovers from a well-placed punch to the cock.

“Get ready, fucker. We’re going out tonight.”

I’ve got a little demon to find and a knife to get back.



Eleven

“**A**re you sure you’re okay, girl?” Lulu asks, sympathy written all over her pretty face. Smiling, I nod and turn back to the mirror. “Really?”

Grinning, I shake my head and sigh. “I’m fucking great, Lu.” I lovingly run my fingers over the slightly horrific-looking bruises that cover my throat and wink at her reflection. “More than great.”

Scoffing, she tosses her long blonde hair over her shoulder and turns to her own makeup station. “I don’t understand how you guys can get into shit like that.” Dropping down into her chair, she opens the top drawer of her vanity and digs through her makeup stash. Ignoring her, I lean forward and continue to cake on my mascara. “You guys are nuts.”

“Shut the hell up, Lulu,” Kami snaps, propping her hands on her wide hips as she glowers at our friend. “Just because you don’t like rough sex doesn’t mean there’s anything wrong with those of us who do.”

“Sing it,” Bianca shouts. I laugh, watching the chaos around me through the mirror. B strips her thong off and tosses it into

her locker, leaving her completely naked except for a heavy coating of glitter from her last set. She saunters over to the rack of outfits and costumes we have set up near the row of makeup and hair stations and flicks through them. “What should I do next? Cop or Shakira?”

Pausing in my eyeliner application, I lean back to look at her with a furrowed brow. “It’s Wednesday. You always do the cop set after the neon one.”

She nods, lifting the sequin bikini top from the rack and eyeing it. “Yeah, but it’s packed tonight, and I feel like the crowd out there would respond better to this one, ya know?” She smirks. “Something tells me they wouldn’t be down for a law enforcement get-up.”

“But it’s a naughty cop,” Jessica says, blinking sheepishly. “Everyone loves a naughty cop.”

I cock my head to the side, squinting at my bestie. “What aren’t you telling us?” The strip club I work at, Lucifer’s Angels, just opened for the night, and Bianca had the first set. Clearly, she knows something no one else does.

She winks at me and turns back to the costume. Giving a decisive nod, she slips the heavy, sparkly bra over her head. “The lobby is packed with a bunch of dudes from a motorcycle club.” She lifts the tiny wrap skirt and thong from another hanger and heads back to the benches that are in front of each locker.

I gasp. “Are you okay?”

She nods, giving me a look that says *I don't want to talk about it*. "It's The Sons of Satan," she states, and I know immediately why she's not panicking. If it were the Anarchists in here, the other 1%er MC in LA, we'd have a big problem and B would likely be hiding in a ball in the corner. Not that I'd blame her. Ruthless bastards.

"And?" Kami asks, finishing off one of her Dutch-braided pigtailed.

"And they are hot as fuck," Bianca deadpans, keeping the topic away from her past and on the current situation. Sitting down, now fully dressed, she swivels to face us as we all get ready for the night. "Couple of them are downright delicious." I can tell she's making light of the situation and I let her. If she doesn't want to talk or think about it, I won't make her.

Jess sits beside Bianca and pulls her knees up beneath her chin. Smiling sweetly, she gives B her full attention. Jessica is the youngest out of all of us. She's also the newest dancer and, honestly, one of the sweetest people I've ever met. This world is going to destroy her. It breaks my heart. "How do you know they're in a motorcycle gang?"

"Club," B corrects softly, booping her on the nose. "And because they're wearing their cuts."

Jess's eyes widen comically. "What's a cut?"

I chuckle, swiping my heavy foundation over the bruises on my neck. I kind of despise the idea of covering them. Besides the memory of that night, they're all I have left to remind me that I didn't imagine that particular part of my evening. A part

I may or may not have replayed in my mind again and again—in bed, with my hands between my thighs. A shiver races down my spine. I hope the sexy psycho didn't die or anything crazy. I'm sure he's safely sitting in a cell in the LA county jail right now. My lip rolls out in a pout. What a waste of good dick.

“It's the leather vests they wear that signify they're in a real MC,” Bianca says, twisting Jess around so she can get to her long pink hair. “Braids or curls?” she murmurs, running a brush through her colorful hair.

Jess taps her chin as she crosses her legs. “Braids like Kami's, please.”

“Of course, lovebug.” Turning to Kami, she gives her gimmie hands, asking for the brush and elastic hair bands. Leaning back in my chair, I take them all in. My real family may be a shit show of epic proportions, but these people—they're my family now. They're good women. We look out for each other like sisters. I shoot a look at Lulu, who's lining her thick lips. We're all close. Even those of us who are judgmental and bitchy.

“Tell me more,” Jess gushes, dancing around in her seat as B starts folding her hair elaborately.

We all laugh at her excitement, but I have to admit, I'm eager for more information, also. I've seen guys from MCs in here before. It's a strip club. Of course, they regularly come to Luci's. But never a whole club at once, and definitely not the notorious 1%ers, The Sons of Satan.

“They’re all really out there?” I blurt, my eyes wide.

Bianca smirks and shrugs. “No,” she amends. “Not all of them, I suppose. But there’s a big enough group that they’ve taken over the entire lobby floor.”

“Wow,” Jess says, awe heavy in her voice. “Are they scary?”

B pauses, then nods, never the one to beat around the bush. The girls call her Mama Bianca for a reason. At 34, not only is she the oldest out of all of us, but she’s also the only dancer at Luci’s with the kind of past she’s had. Every single one of us became a dancer out of necessity. That may not be the same for every stripper out there, but here, in one of the worst neighborhoods in Southeast Los Angeles, we’re all dancing because we have to in order to survive. Unfortunately, that also means that most of us have a fucked up past. A past that’s so bad, we’d rather be *here* than *there*. Bianca’s story is just as bad as mine, if not worse.

She was a teacher in a moderately good neighborhood. Happy. Successful. Smart as hell. One night, she went to a bar with friends, met a guy, fell in love, or lust, as she says, and the rest was history. Unfortunately, that man was part of the scariest MC in LA, The Anarchists. He was a bad, *bad* man, and he did awful things to B. She escaped, moved to the other side of the city, quit her job and became a dancer at Luci’s. She never looked back at her old life, but she did what she had to do to keep herself safe. To stay alive.

I didn't run from a biker gang or anything even resembling one, but I did run from bad men. Terrifying men. Men who paraded around, pretending to be one thing when their actions proved they were something else entirely. Men who didn't care about age or God or *blood*. They just took what they wanted when they wanted it and told everyone it was what their savior deemed the righteous choice.

They were liars, and for that, they burned.

Swallowing, I shake away thoughts of where I came from and everything I went through before this. It's not a road I like to travel down and definitely not one I need to be thinking about right before I hit the stage.

The door slams open, and Vicky barrels through, panting. Her tasseled tits bob from how hard she's breathing, but her smile is huge. She squeezes her cash bag and brings it to her chest, hugging the massive heap lovingly. "Bitches," she breathes, jumping up and down in her eight-inch heels. "It's fucking *wild* out there tonight. Holy shit. I can't even believe how much cash they're throwing around right now."

"Two minutes, Trixie," Damien calls from the other side of the door.

Jumping up, I do one final check of my hair and makeup before stepping back to double-check my outfit. My usually curly red hair is smoothed and straightened beneath my veil. My eye makeup is dark and thick. My lips are painted bright red, popping against my pale skin. I smile at my reflection, happy with how it turned out, and drop my veil over my face.

Turning to the girls, I kick my foot up on the bench and tighten the wrap-around leather straps that go up to my knees. My heels are black and sixish inches in height. They're simple, but thanks to the laces, they're sexy as Hell.

Jess helps me adjust the straps on my second shoe, and I smooth out her braid in thanks. Bianca is still murmuring to her in hushed tones, explaining the ins and outs of MC life. Swallowing, I stand up and spin back to the mirror. I have no idea how B's not freaking out right now.

"You look hot," Vicky praises, slapping my ass as she saunters by me, still clutching her earnings with a death grip. "Knock em' dead, killer." Winking, she drops down onto the couch to count her money, still completely naked. I hold back a bark of laughter. She has no idea how true her words are.

"I'd pray at your altar," Jess giggles, covering her mouth. Her adorable cheeks turn pink like she can't believe she just made a joke. A good one at that.

Rolling my eyes, I smile and do one last outfit check. I straighten my black leather corset and tug the girls up for maximum cleavage. Raising the matching leather mini skirt, I adjust my white lace thong before smoothing my skirt back out. The white choker around my throat looks like a priest's collar and ties the whole outfit together. Naughty nun. That's what I am. It's so fucking fitting considering my past.

If only my father could see me now, I think before tossing a middle finger to the floor. *Too bad Hell doesn't have eyes, you motherfucker,* I mentally seethe.

“It’s time,” Damien shouts, banging on the door. “Hurry up, girl.”

Smiling at myself, I breathe deeply and shake away everything negative running through my head. I have to leave it all here in the locker room. There’s no place for it on stage. They can see it. The patrons. The men and women who’ve come for a show. They know when your head’s not in the right place. That’s not what they come for. They come for an escape. A fantasy. It’s our job to give them one. The best dancers out there are the ones who can turn off reality and give the people a night they’ll never forget.

I’m one of them.

Smirking, I head for the door, ready to make a fuck ton of cash and lose myself on stage.

“Wait,” Jess calls, running after me. I spin around, arching a brow. Her cheeks turn pink as she drops my necklace over my head. “Can’t forget the best part,” she whispers. Glancing down, I settle the large golden upside-down cross between my breasts. “Perfect,” she gushes quietly. Chuckling, I kiss her nose. She’s so fucking cute.

“Thanks, baby,” I murmur before pushing through the door.

There’s a long hall that connects our closed quarters and the customer’s area. We always have a bouncer that guards the door at the end of the hall, keeping us safe from any drunks or creeps who get the notion to fuck with us. It happens way more times than you’d think. Rapping my fist against the door, I step back, waiting for Damien to let me out. The door swings

open, and the massive man smiles down at me with an approving nod. “You look hot, Trix. These guys will eat that shit up.”

“I fucking hope so,” I laugh, slipping past him. I enter a small pitch-black space to the right of the stage as I wait for my song to begin.

Rolling my shoulders back, I bounce on my heels, amping myself up. I can hear the crowd going wild as Georgie does her emcee thing on stage. She’s our manager and team captain of sorts. If Bianca is our mom, Georgie is our grandma. She takes care of the dancers. Keeps us safe, fed, clean, and healthy. She also organizes our schedules, pays us, and keeps everyone in line. On top of that, she’s hot as fuck for being nearly fifty, and she entertains the masses in between dances. She’s one of the best women I’ve ever known.

The crowd screams and shouts about something she says, but I’m too busy listening to the noticeably mostly male voices. Another fun fact about strip clubs—we get *a lot* of females that come to watch us dance. Tonight that doesn’t seem to be the case.

Georgie announces to me, and the crowd goes wild. The first notes of my song kick on just as she barrels past me. The last thing I see before the stage lights go black is her massive grin and two thumbs up. Smiling, I take center stage. My chair’s already in place, positioned right in front of the pole. I drop down on it, spread my thighs wide, and lean my head back, letting long red hair fan out over the back of the chair.

The deep bass of the sultry remix, *Unholy by Dream Owl* picks up as the opening lines end, and the lights kick on. A bright spotlight beams directly over me. That, combined with my sheer white veil and I'm practically blinded from seeing anything further than a few inches in front of me, so I close my eyes and lose myself to the music.

Dancing wasn't allowed where I grew up. My parents said it was the work of the Devil. I thought they were insane. Now that I stand on this stage, writhing and grinding my body as I take my clothes off for complete strangers, I realize they may have been right. Too bad I happen to find peace in the dark, dancing with the demons in my head and the Devil's in my soul.

Sliding down the pole, I drop into a full split and throw my head back just as the final beats play out. The crowd is silent, drawn into the show and my performance like moths to flames. The lights dim, granting me my first look at the people who've gathered here for us tonight, and my already rapidly beating heart spikes to a dangerous level. B wasn't kidding. It's more packed than ever before. Every table and chair is full. The bar is standing room only, and our security presence is the heaviest I've ever seen it.

The song ends, and the crowd goes insane. I swallow thickly and use the pole to crawl to my feet, knowing my performance doesn't stop till I'm off stage. I toss my head back and throw the veil into the crowd, showing my face for the first time. Dollar bills are raining down, but as my eyes scan the lobby of people around me, that's not what has me

freezing in place. It's a sea of black leather, yet my gaze finds one person as though it's just us in an empty room.

Holy fucking shit.

The sexy psycho is here. Alive. Free. Wearing a black leather cut and a feral, terrifying grin. And he's staring right at me.



Twelve

I've never collected my earnings faster than I do at that moment. I probably look like a skittish baby deer as I slip and slide over bills, shoving them into the bag Georgie tosses on stage for me. I try to keep up the act, smiling and thanking patrons as they stuff dollars into my thong, but it's practically impossible. My hands are sweaty and shaky. My body is trembling. My knees are wobbling. I'm a fucking mess, and right at this second, I'm not completely sure why.

Is it because he's clearly a part of the notorious Sons of Satan MC? The one with the indisputable reputation for murder, chaos, and vengeance. Or is it because he obviously knows who I am and could not only kill me but turn me over to the cops for murder? Swallowing, I pick up the last bill and chance one more look in his direction. He's standing now, his head cocked to the side, and his eyes narrowed on where one of his friends is trying to lick my nipple.

Or maybe it's because he's the most gorgeous man I've ever seen in my life, and I dry-humped him while covered in blood, then left him to take the fall for my crime.

Yeah. That's probably it.

He grits his teeth and pulls a knife from his pocket before taking a step toward the guy, still trying to cop a feel. I scoot back, dodging the guy's unwanted touch. Normally, I'd flick someone in the face for that kind of shit, but this guy is massive and terrifying looking. Not only that, but he's also with the Sons, and they aren't a group I want to fuck with—*ever*.

Blowing the big dude a kiss, I saunter off the stage as though I haven't got a care in the world when really, I'm 4.3 seconds from passing out. I'm not a skittish woman. I'm not afraid of very many things. But the murderous, calculating look on the psycho's face sent terror lancing straight down my spine. I haven't been this freaked since I was a kid being shoved into a priest's office.

Gripping my bag, I run to the back and shove my way past Damien. He gives me a weird look and opens his mouth, but I'm gone before he gets any words out. I head straight for Georgie, knowing I have to give her some kind of update. I can't go back out there. Not right now. Swallowing, I force myself to pause outside of her door and catch my breath.

"Calm the fuck down, Trixie," I mutter, rubbing my bare chest. "He can't hurt you."

"You sure about that, Little Demon?" a deep, raspy voice murmurs. I jump just as hot breath fans over my cheek. I suck in a sharp breath and move to turn around and face him, but cold metal presses into the base of my spine, freezing me in

place. He chuckles manically. “I wouldn’t do that if I were you.”

Grinding my teeth together, I squeeze my eyes shut and focus on the anger swelling inside of me. The rage that takes me over *every single time* a man tries to take something that doesn’t belong to them. Every time they try to use their size and dominance to force people smaller or weaker than them to fall in line. Rolling my neck on my shoulders, I chuckle back. “Fuck you, you lunatic,” I growl.

The man sucks in a sharp breath and presses the metal harder against me. I can tell it’s a gun just from the feel of it digging into my bare skin. “Open the door, Trixie. We need to have a little talk.”

Grinning, I shrug and do what he says, knowing without a doubt that Georgie has no problem shooting a thug right in the face. My hand wraps around her office doorknob, and I throw it open with a flourish. Except—the room is dark and empty. Before I can even come to terms with that fact, I’m being shoved forward. I stumble over my heels but quickly right myself and jerk away from him. He slams the door shut, clicks the lock into place, and flicks on the overhead light. I blink rapidly, keeping my eyes locked on the biggest threat in the room. He leans against the door and crosses his arms over his wide chest. His gaze rakes over my body appreciatively, and he tugs his lip between his teeth.

Not one to back down from a challenge, I mirror his position on the opposite wall. With less the ten feet between

us, I know I'm not safe. Even if he didn't have a gun, he's a lot bigger than I am. I'm naked, except for my nipple covers, heels and thong, and alone in a closed office with a stranger. Anything could happen. Yet, the gleam in his eye as he continues to take in every inch of me tells me that the danger he poses isn't quite what I'd assume. He's dangerous, that's for sure. Terrifying. Crazy. Absolutely bonkers. But the way he's looking at me as though I'm a possession instead of a target is the scariest thing imaginable.

“Stop looking at me like that,” I hiss, covering my chest, so he doesn't notice the little addition I made to my body after our last visit.

He cocks a brow and meets my gaze. “How am I looking at you, Little Demon?” he grunts, tapping the gun against his thigh. “Like I'm seconds from blowing your pretty brains out?” He licks his lips and his eyes burn into me as though he's picturing exactly that.

Shaking my head, I huff an annoyed laugh. “No.” Tilting my head to the side, I narrow my eyes at the psycho. “Like you want to fuck your ownership into me.”

He grunts and pushes off the door, closing the distance between us. “Who said anything about fucking you?”

Slipping the gun into the back of his jeans, he drops his hands onto my shoulders. My heart slams against my chest, unsure of what he'll do. I have nothing to defend myself against him, but I'm a crafty bitch. When in doubt, a stripper heel makes an excellent stabbing device, and a bag of cash can

quickly become a blunt object. Grinning, I shrug and pretend the feeling of his hot skin on mine isn't lighting me on fire from the inside out. He really is a sexy dude. His jaw is round but strong. His lips are thick and pink, and he constantly licks them like he's imagining what I taste like. But it's the depth of his gaze that has me unable to look away.

He's seen shit. He's been through shit. He's come out on the other side, but he's broken.

Like me.

My eyes travel down his body, taking in his clothes. He's wearing a black t-shirt and dark wash jeans that are loose and show signs of wear, especially on the knees. He has biker boots on, as expected. I skim back up, inspecting his cut. I've never been this close to an MC guy before. I've never really looked at their patches, but I know all about them from stories Bianca has shared. Above his heart, a white and black patch that reads *Brass* is stitched into the well-kept black leather. I swallow the lump that forms in my throat.

His name is Brass. Why does that information send a sharp lightning bolt straight to my pussy?

"I asked you a question," he barks, making me flinch. Brass chuckles, but the sound isn't a happy one. "Who said anything about fucking you, bruja?"

"I can tell you want to," I murmur, resisting the need to throat-punch him. His hands slide up my shoulders and grip my throat as if he can read my mind. His grip isn't hard but forceful enough that my knees threaten to shake. He smiles,

wraps his fingers around my priest collar, and tugs...*hard*. Hard enough that the fabric rips in half. He throws it to the floor, and with far more softness than I'd think him capable of, he rubs his thumbs over my abused throat. His forehead scrunches up in a look that I'm guessing means he's confused or maybe irritated. He pulls his hand away and studies it. For some reason, I stand there, stock still, unable to move or think as I watch him. He's such an interesting human. Different. Weird. Complex.

“What the fuck?” he murmurs. Sucking his thumb into his mouth, he wets it with spit before bringing it back to my neck and rubbing again, this time harder. I swallow but let him. I have no idea why. But when he grins like an excited puppy, I find my lip tipping up. “Knew it,” he laughs, scrubbing away the foundation I used to conceal the marks left behind from when he choked me until I came all over him the other night. “Look how pretty,” he breathes before flicking his gaze to mine. “Cover it up again, and I'll have to make bigger marks that you can't hide.”

Biting my lip, I study him. He looks angry now. His moods flip with the wind. “Does that mean you want to hurt me?” I whisper. “Bruise me up?”

He blinks rapidly and shudders. “Yes.”

“Does that make you a bad man?” I give him a doe-eyed look from beneath my lashes.

He doesn't even skip a beat as he nods. “Yes.” Grinning, he adds, “a very bad man.”

Narrowing my eyes, I place a palm gently on his chest, enjoying the way his heart is beating erratically under my flesh. I shove him away. “So, you just want to fuck me and hurt me, is that it?”

Brass stumbles back a few steps before righting himself. Chuckling, he runs a hand through his slicked-back mohawk. “That a problem, *Trixie*?” The way he draws out my name as if to solidify the fact that he knows who I am pisses me off.

“Yes,” I snap. “Why are you here? If you just came to get in my pants—” Breaking off, I shake my head. “In *me*,” I correct, gesturing to the fact that I’m not wearing pants. Brass gives a knowing nod. “Then you can kindly fuck right off because that won’t be happening. I know men like you, and I don’t fuck with them.”

“Men like me?” he snickers, rubbing his jaw. “I can guaran-fucking-tee you’ve never met a man like me, Sugar.”

“Oh yeah?” I snark, fighting the urge to drop my hands and slap his smug face.

“Yeah.” He smirks, all condescending as fuck.

“Men are all the same. They see a pretty woman dancing on a stage half-naked and think they have a right to our bodies. Newsflash, you don’t. You only get what we’re willing to offer. You get the show. The act. The body on a stage, not the person. It’s not real, and you have no right to assume you’re owed a goddamned thing.”

Huffing, I look away, casually searching the room for something to stab this asshole with. Fuck him and his assumptions, and fuck me for thinking for even half of a second that he might be different. I hate men. This is why I kill them.

Clearing his throat, he steps back into my personal space and backs me up until my ass is pressed against Georgie's desk. His palms land on my hips as though he has a right to touch me, and again, I'm an idiot because I don't force him to release me.

"Oh, Little Demon," he snickers, that manic look returning to his eyes. "I'd fuck you even if you were a 400-pound woman with a mullet and mustache." Licking his lips, his eyes rake down over my body, and he groans. The sound is pure sex, and it goes straight to my clit. "I'd fuck you so hard, you'd forget to keep lying about your name and where you came from." I suck in a sharp breath, and he winks at me. This motherfucker *winks*. "That's right, Trixie. You can run, but you can't hide. Just like the other night. You knocked me out real fucking good but look—"

He tips his shoulder and smiles down at me. It's then that I notice he has thick, deep dimples in both of his cheeks. That shouldn't be endearing, especially when he's threatening me but fuck if my heart doesn't give a little squeeze at the sight.

I'm a damaged, damaged bitch.

"Look at what?" I breathe, too caught up in his pretty face and terrifying words to say much else.

He grinds his dick into my hip. His very hard dick before bending down to murmur, “I still found you.”

Scrambling for anything to change the subject and get away from this man and the way he consumes me, I latch onto his first statement. For some reason, his words are circling through my brain on a loop. He painted a very unattractive picture but one that I can visualize almost perfectly.

Why did he describe a woman who looks like that? Has he already fucked someone meeting that description? A past lover maybe—

Shut up, brain, I mentally shout. This is why I never get anything done. The tangents. The random thoughts.

Bet her name was Tammy. I grit my teeth. Who the hell is Tammy and why did he fuck her? *You’re nuts, Eve.*

“You’d fuck me even if I was a 400-pound woman with a mullet and a mustache named Tammy?” I ask, cutting off my inner monologue.

Brass looks at me like I’m nuts and bobs his head. “Well, the mullet is a perfectly respectable style to choose for your hair. It’s easy to take care of, what with there only being the bit on the top and the little ponytail.” Shrugging, he continues. “You’d definitely save on shampoo with that one, and I doubt I’d even feel your stache since I have one and all. It would just be like two caterpillars rubbing on each other, so no big deal there. In fact, I think that sounds pretty cute. We could name them. Well, we could name yours. Mine’s already got a name.”

“What?” I sputter, thoroughly confused by this man’s train of thought. Like a switch has flipped, he’s a completely different person right now. He’s giddy and almost—childlike?

“What, what? Oh, what’s his name? You’ll have to get to know me a bit better for that one, Little Demon. It’s private knowledge. And about the rest. Does this 400-pound version of you have a pussy? A mouth?”

He spits out the questions with a serious look on his face that I can’t decipher, and my mouth gapes open in utter confusion.

Pointing to it, he nods in understanding. “Yes, like that one. You have such a pretty mouth. It’s so big and wide and full of teeth.” Shuddering, he leans in, closing the few inches between us before quickly shoving his finger into my mouth and tapping my tongue. “It’s so red.” Tracing my tongue, his eyes track his every movement. Brass slides down the length of it to the tip before switching over to running his finger along my teeth. “Your teeth are so white and big and strong,” he murmurs, his voice full of awe and if I’m not mistaken, a heavy dose of lust.

“Strong?” I mumble around his finger.

He nods. “They would cause such great damage if you decided to bite down, wouldn’t they?” Brass groans, like the thought alone is enough to get him all worked up. “Back to your previous question. If this alternate version of you has a mouth like this and a place to put my cock, I’d fuck you. Really, I’d just need a hand or your tits. Any hole and slick

place would do.” He meets my eyes and smirks. “Just like the other night. Fucked you right through my jeans, didn’t I?”

Yes. It was hot as fuck.

He says all this while still tracing the inside of my mouth like it’s a completely normal thing to do, but it’s not. It’s nuts and ridiculous. And I guess I must be both of those things because at no point does it even cross my mind to move away from him or close my mouth. The touch is gentle, his gaze is reverent, and I find myself wanting more of it.

“However, I do have to say that I draw the line at the name Tammy. I’d never fuck a chick with that name,” he shudders again, but this time, he looks pained.

“Why?” I ask, the sound muffled as my lips close around his digit. This time, I can’t help myself as my lips suction around him. My tongue dives up, curling around the base of his finger as I taste him. He tastes like leather, motor oil, and blood, and for some reason, the combination is so fucking intoxicating that I moan.

Brass’s eyes dart up to meet mine, his pupils so blown that the muddy brown color he normally sports is now completely black. He looks like a monster. *My monster.* My brain tells me that he’s ours to play with, to torment, to keep. The thought causes me to bite down hard on his finger, wanting to ingest the heady flavor and keep it with me for always.

Grunting, he makes no effort to remove his finger from my mouth, nor does he react to the bite beyond the sound. “Because the name Tammy—”

Biting down harder on his finger, I interrupt his train of thought. His eyes widen fractionally, but again, that's the only response I get. *Why isn't this hurting him?* Frustrated, I bite down as hard as I can, knowing I'm spilling blood and not giving a single shit. In fact, it spurs me on. I want to see him react. I want him to flip out or get angry. I want to see him lose his cool. My mouth fills with warm, metallic-flavored liquid, and somehow, it tastes just as overwhelming as his skin.

Before I'm able to get carried away and bite his whole fucking finger off, he shoots his other hand up to cup my chin before pressing down on either side of my jaw. Glaring at him, I force my front teeth down even harder until I'm indenting to the point that I feel his bone. Blood gushes and coats my tongue, but all Brass does is *tsk* me like a naughty child as he squeezes my jaw with maximum force.

“Bad kitty,” he admonishes, looking fairly amused.

The sharp pain makes me wince, and I relinquish my grip on his finger. When the digit's free, Brass surprises me once again. Instead of ripping it free from my mouth, he shoves it down the back of my throat. When I give no reaction, he groans again. “Fuck, no gag reflex.”

I smirk knowingly as I lean back, putting distance between us where it belongs. His damaged, bloodied finger pops free from my mouth, which is now full of his blood. Keeping eye contact with him, I swallow deeply and slowly, letting him see exactly what I've done. His eyes go from wide to hooded in an instant.

“I swallow, too,” I add thickly, trying to contain my own lust as I savor the taste of him that remains in my mouth. “And don’t you forget it because that is the *only* time my mouth will ever be on any part of your body.”

And with that, I turn and walk away, never once looking back, no matter how badly my body may be demanding that I do. Before I even make it to the door, Brass chuckles and calls out. His raspy words have me freezing in place with my hand wrapped around the doorknob.

“You have no idea what you just started, Little Demon. I may love killing, but I love hunting even more.” Brass laughs darkly, sending a shiver down my spine. “You better start carrying the knife you stole from me because I’m coming for you when you least expect it and I won’t let you get away twice.”

With that ominous warning, I calmly leave my boss’s office with a demon at my back and the taste of his blood on my tongue.



Thirteen

“**P**ass me the wrench, boy,” Dotty snaps at one of the prospects. He scrambles across the large garage toward her massive toolbox and digs for an embarrassing amount of time.

Leaning against my bike, I watch him pick up tool after tool as he searches for the wrench. When he picks up a Phillips for the third time, I stifle a laugh and shoot Dotty a smirk. She rolls her eyes and grumbles something under her breath before dropping back down on the creeper and rolling under the pickup she’s repairing.

Not able to keep myself from fucking with the kid, I call over to him with an encouraging shout. “It’s that one, Joey—”

“Kevin,” Chains murmurs with a scoff.

“Kevin,” I correct, throwing him a thumbs up. “Good job, buddy. Bring it over.” He smiles, nods excitedly, and practically skips back to Dotty. “Such a good boy,” I coo. “So smart, aren’t you?”

His smile drops. Don't know what it is about my voice that sets him off, but he quickly looks between me and the tool he's holding before slowly stepping away from Dotty. Too late, though. She's already caught the kid in her irritated sights. She strikes fast and hard, kicking him in the shin and sending him to his knees.

“You fuckin’ dense, boy? I said a wrench. Didn’t your daddy ever teach you about tools?” Her voice is gritty and rusty, just like the truck she’s working on. Makes sense since she’s old as dirt and chain-smokes worse than any dude I’ve ever met.

The kid cringes. “Didn’t have a dad,” he murmurs quietly.

My heart gives a little squeeze, and I instantly feel the regrets for fucking with him. Chains sighs heavily and helps the kid up, dusting off his jeans like a perfect papa bear. “It’s alright, Kev. Just ignore those sour lemons, ya hear? They weren’t ripe for the pickin’.”

Kevin grimaces but nods. He bends down to pick up the tool he dropped and stares at it questioningly. Dotty snarls at him and slides back under the truck. My lip twitches. She’s such an asshole sometimes, but she’s also the best mechanic on the West Coast and the oldest member of Sons.

Chains shakes his head and snags Kevin by the back of his shirt, a move he does to me all the time, and drags him over to the toolbox. He spends the next ten minutes pointing out all the different tools and their uses. I grow bored by the time he gets to hammer. None of the uses he explains to the kid are the

ones I like. Chains doesn't tell him about the way you pluck someone's eyeball clean from their skull with a flathead screwdriver. Doesn't even mention that needle nose pliers are best for removing fingernails but that they suck at ripping out teeth. I scowl at Chains when he explains that a hammer can't be used on a car, so it has no use.

Liar. Hammers have lots of uses.

I quickly block out their conversation and turn my attention to something better. Something more entertaining. I smile as my thumb runs over the scabby wound on my left pointer finger. The indents from my Little Demon's teeth are perfect. I can make out six on the bottom and seven on the top. The gap between her two front teeth created an identical replica in my flesh. It's swollen, red, and throbbing, but I love it. I love it so much; I want to keep it forever. It's probably my favorite injury I've ever gotten.

My fingernail drags along the scab, picking it off for the twentieth time in the last week. I don't even feel the tingle of pain anymore. Just excitement. The same excitement that flows through my blood every time I think about her.

Trixie.

The red-headed witch that danced like a perfect slutty angel up on that stage. She was sexy and sensual. She danced around the pole like she was imagining it was a cock, but that's not what drew me in. Every exotic dancer I've ever seen is good at getting on a stage and putting on a show. That's their job. It's probably a fucked-up thing to say, but after living in an MC

clubhouse for all these years, it takes a lot to really impress me where women are concerned. Especially strippers and hookers. You've seen one pussy, you've seen em' all. But the way *she* looked up there was something else. Trixie's beautiful, don't get me wrong. But there's something about her that's different from any other woman I've ever met.

She's fire and gasoline. She's an explosion just waiting to happen. She was fierce when she danced. It felt like every twirl of her hips and sway of her body was screaming *fuck you*, and it made me want her that much more.

I don't do feelings. I don't do relationships. But at that moment, when she locked eyes with me, I knew she was mine. When I saw how scared I made her, I knew I'd chase her until I die. And when I saw Club, a member of Sons, watching her like she was his next meal, I knew I'd kill for her. But nothing, and I mean *nothing*, shocked me more than the way her biting me made me feel. It wasn't just her teeth or her mouth. It was the way she challenged me. My scared Little Demon has fire. She has fight in her. She stood up to me the way no one else has. She saw my crazy, and still, she didn't back down. What I felt for her at that moment was different—*more*—than anything I've ever experienced.

I meant what I told her. Trixie Fake Last Name Jones is mine, and I'll be fucked if I give her up. I grin, licking my bloody wound. Doesn't mean I can't play with her first.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Chains barks, smacking my hand away from my mouth. I scowl up at him. “You're gonna

make that fuckin' thing scar, kid."

"I'm not a kid," I grumble, sounding very much like a kid. Turning back to my Little Demon's bite mark, I grin. "And I know."

He exhales a ragged breath like he's sick of me already and shakes his head. "I don't even know what to do with you anymore. You're madder than a—"

"Fox in a henhouse," I cut in, stealing his words right from his grumpy lips. I smile up at my bestie. "Jinx. You owe me a blowjob."

He scoffs, but he can't fight his snicker. "For the five thousandth time. I ain't blowin' you."

I roll my eyes. I open my mouth to tell him he won't know if he likes it if he doesn't try, but the interior door to the clubhouse swings open, and Arrow steps out. His eyes scan the massive garage before zeroing in on me and Chains. "Hey guys," he greets awkwardly. "Brick said mandatory Church."

Chains gives me a questioning look. I shrug and jump to my feet. "Right now?" I ask Arrow, confused as hell as to why we'd have Church in the middle of the afternoon on an otherwise slow day. Arrow gives a sharp nod and turns around, practically sprinting back inside. Weird.

Less than five minutes later, Chains, Brick, Dynamite, and I are settled around a familiar table as we wait for the line to connect us to Axe and Glock, who are still in Idaho. Hate to admit it, but I miss those fuckers. A lot.

“What’s this all about?” Chains murmurs, eyeing our Prez with suspicion.

Brick grunts but says nothing. His fingers drum a continuous beat along the wooden table, and his eyes remain locked on the ringing phone. Finally, after cutting to the voicemail twice, Glock picks up.

“Hey, Prez,” he grunts, speaking over what sounds like a rowdy crowd of kids. A smile tips my lips. Of course, he was playing with the angel babies. He does the same thing at home every single day. Tries to pretend he doesn’t, but we aren’t blind. Well, Shotgun Steve is. But he’s also 78 and a veteran. He’s entitled to his darkness.

A door clicks shut, and everything goes quiet.

“How are things?” Brick asks, slipping a cigarette pack from his cut and tapping one out. “Better?”

Last week, the guys called to let us know that some of the women had tried to escape from the safe house. Unfortunately, that’s not something that we can let fly. It’s not safe for them outside of those walls. Though the safe house technically belongs to Gage and his boys, they’ve got their own heap of shit to deal with right now and entrusted us to handle the current situation and all of the new guests. Between our team and the Diablos, the safehouse is fully stocked with security and medical staff. Yet, somehow, a few of the women slipped through the cracks. Thanks to Axe, they didn’t get far, but the women were already traumatized enough that being dragged back inside set them off. I don’t blame them. A lot of the

women and kids that we brought in a few weeks ago were injured physically, but the mental scars were probably way worse.

“It’s settled down a lot,” he grunts, but he sounds exhausted. “Gage sent in another group of hired security to guard the place so we can hopefully come home soon.”

“Why does a safehouse need so much protection?” D muses, kicking his legs up on the table. “Everyone thinks they’re dead.” He’s referring to the group we rescued in Bakersfield, and he’s right. There would have been no way for any of them to survive that explosion if they’d really been inside the big rig.

Chains shifts in his chair, looking both frustrated and sad. “We may have pulled off the heist and tricked some of the lower-ranking Broadway members into believing that the cargo was killed in the explosion, but I have no doubt the higher-ups know better.”

My brow kicks up. “They attackin’ the safehouse?” I grunt. I hadn’t heard about any attacks, but I’m not always the first person to be filled in about shit like that. Brick shakes his head, but it’s surprisingly Axe that cuts in.

“No. Everything is fine here.” I snicker at his rumbly declaration, and Brick rolls his eyes. His baby brother is a man of so few words, sometimes I don’t know why he bothers talking at all. “We’ll be home soon.”

Glock huffs a laugh, and something that sounds a lot like a flick echoes down the line. Glock growls, and the phone goes

all muffle for a few seconds before he clears his throat. “Our surveillance shows nothing out of the ordinary here. The biggest concern was that there wasn’t enough staff for how many people are now living here. Because of the limited resources, nine women were able to sneak out. We brought them back and,” he clears his throat again, and I can imagine him wincing. He’s such a nice guy. “They didn’t take kindly to that. They’re receiving more intensive counseling now.”

Brick sighs. “Can’t blame em’ for bein’ traumatized. We have no idea what they went through.”

“I know,” Glock mutters. “We agree. That’s why we offered to stay and help out until they had enough backup to keep everyone safe and looked after.”

“Y’all are good men,” Chains pipes up, smiling softly. “Can’t be easy, but you’re appreciated over there. Sure, of it.” I meet my bestie’s gaze and blow him a kiss. He’s a good man too. Such a little sweetheart. As if he can read my mind, he flips me off and scowls. “Moving on,” he grunts, his tone much less kind all of a sudden like he just realized he was being all soft and squishy with our enforcer. D and I fall into a fit of laughter, and Chains’ cheeks turn pink. Even Brick quietly chuckles around his smoke. Our VP gives us thirty seconds to laugh at expense before growling loud enough to snap my jaw shut. “Moving the fuck on.”

D sighs and drops his feet. Brick gives him a sharp nod, and I suddenly realize why we’re here. Dynamite’s an explosives expert, but he’s also brilliant and our resident tech guru. After

our last meeting, Brick tasked him with finding information about the men Viper and Crusher name-dropped.

“Right,” he grunts, dropping all previous humor as he sits up and opens his laptop. “I looked into the man Crusher referenced in Texas. Took me a while since he didn’t give us much to go on, but after accessing his and Viper’s bank accounts and a bunch of other shit, I was able to find our guy.” He spins the laptop around so the rest of us can see it. Just like with Tommy, he’s compiled an extensive file on the man. I take in his photo, committing it to memory like always.

“Meet mega-millionaire oil tycoon, Garrett Marshall. Lives in the Eastern Texas Panhandle with his 19-year-old twin daughters, Zoya and Arabella. Divorced his ex-wife and the girl’s mother, Inessa Kotov seven years ago after very public abuse accusations were made. Kotov settled, went back to Russia, and left her daughters with Garrett. All accusations died a rapid death, but there are rumors. Lots and lots of rumors.” He brings up article after article written in local and wide newspapers, TV interviews, documentaries, and so on, about the man, his wealth, and his family.

“He’s painted as being a good father, an excellent businessman, and a frequent donor.” He flips the page again, bringing up numerous police reports and photos of women covered in bruises. “Despite Inessa’s abuse claims never seeing the light of day, over 35 women have made similar claims over the years.”

“Let me guess,” Chains drawls, his accent thick with irritation. “They never went nowhere either.”

D nods, his jaw ticking. “And if I had to guess, I’d say these women aren’t the only ones.” He clicks again, and an article pops up about Marshall having a fetish for prostitutes and surprise, not surprise, underaged women who clearly said *no*.

“Pays to be richer than God, doesn’t it?” Brick rumbles. He ashes out his cigarette only to immediately light up another. I grimace. Chain-smoking means he’s *really* pissed. “So he’s our guy that the Diaz Cartel is supplying to?”

“Yes?” D says it as a question, tipping his slim shoulders up all the way to his ears. His leather jacket creaks with the motion, and his hair shifts. He really is a hot looking dude. Too bad he’s such a dickwad. “I can’t access anything on him yet. No personal records, bank accounts—foreign or domestic, no money-trail.” Shaking his head, he leans back in frustration. “Fuck, I can’t even find out where the prick eats his meals.”

The three of us shoot each other worried looks. That’s not like D. He can find anything. *Except my Little Demon’s past*. I ignore the thought. I can’t fall down the slippery Trixie rabbit hole right now.

“That’s unusual,” Axe murmurs. I blink at the phone. I’d totally forgotten they were both here.

Glock clears his throat. “Very unusual.”

I arch a brow. “You’re rich,” I add. Everyone shoots me a confused look. I scoff. “What? Glock comes from money. Like big-time money, right? Like castles and steamboats, kinda shit. Are you like distantly related to the assmunch? Maybe a step-cousin or half-brother or—”

“That’s not how it works,” Chains chides, glaring at me. “Just because they have money don’t mean shit. Not everyone is related.”

“But,” I cut back in. “They’re from the South.”

His eyes narrow, and his mouth opens and closes a few times like a cute little guppy-puppy. “So am I,” he grunts. “And I’m broker than the Ten Commandments.”

Chuckling, I shake my head. I have no idea what that means, but it felt funny.

“No, Brass,” Glock groans. “I don’t know the man. I’ve never even heard of him, but I’m not connected to that scene anymore, and no, I don’t have a castle or a steamboat.”

Sitting up straighter, I glower at the phone. “But your grandpa does, right? Maybe your grandpa’s grandpa?”

“Uh,” he murmurs awkwardly. “I think so.”

Smiling, I slam my hand down on the table. “Knew it. Rich people always have castles. Can we go?”

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph,” Brick mutters. “Can we stay on topic for one fucking minute, please?”

Cringing, I drop back in my chair. D rolls a blunt across the table, and Brick slides his lighter into my palm. Knew I forgot something today. Lighting up, I nod at D. “Go on.”

“Why thank you,” he drawls sarcastically. “Prick.” Murmuring something under his breath, he flicks the computer screen again. “As I was saying. I don’t know his movements yet, but I’ll find them. Do we have a timeline?”

He glances up at Brick, who’s tapping on his knee now. He’s thinking. “I put a call into the Diablos this morning. Gage and his boys have some shit going on right now and unfortunately, so do their contacts in the Cosa Nostra, so we’re on our own for the time being. I think it’s safe to say we’re all committed to seeing this through, yeah?” He pulls his gaze from where he’s been staring absently at his fingers and gives us all a meaningful look. In turn, the three of us nod, and the two on the other end of the phone grunt their agreement. Brick nods. “Right. So, for now, this is on us. It’s not going to be quick, but if we want to pull this fucker’s operation apart, we’ll need to be diligent and methodical. It takes however long it takes. Just remember what Crusher said.”

Chains grits his teeth. “Every three months, they deliver to Florida, Texas, or Vegas.” His brows furrow. “But we don’t know who, when, or where, right? There is no pattern. No predictability.”

“He said Florida is one of Diaz’s personal acquisitions since it’s his territory now, so I’d bet those happen the most frequently, and they probably happen off the books half the

time,” D muses. “Their buyer in Vegas is Mateo Grossi, and from what I know of Renz, he’s unaware that his uncle is purchasing trafficked women.” He looks up at Brick. “I think we should wait on Mateo until we can get a meeting with Renz to ensure he’s on our side. It wouldn’t hurt to have the Italian Mafia Don as support before we try to take Grossi down.”

Brick nods. “I agree. And we can’t go after Diaz alone. It will take the Diablos boys, the Trichotomy, and maybe even additional support to take someone as powerful as Raul Diaz out.”

“So we focus on Garrett Marshall for now,” Axe says in that growly bear voice he sometimes gets. It makes me smile. I like when he gets all murderly with me.

Brick stands up and leans over the table. “It’s settled. We pursue Marshall now. Make sure the safe house is secure, so you boys can get home. In the meantime, where are we at with the situation that took place the other week?” He looks right at me with a cocked brow that somehow makes me feel two feet tall.

Cringing, I shrug and look to D for help. He chuckles. “Everything is squared away, Boss. No harm done.” His eyes glitter, and my hand aches for Karen. “Except Brassy got himself a little girlfriend, it seems.”

“Oh, fuck right off,” I growl. My skin tingles with irritation and anger at just the mention of Trixie on his lips. He doesn’t even need to say her name. Just knowing he’s *thinking* about my demon makes me want to shoot him in the eye. Grasping

for something, anything to change the subject, I blurt the first thing that comes to mind. “D broke the coffeepot.”

Bricks brows lift to his hairline as he stares down at me. His beard repeatedly twitches like he’s holding in a laugh. Finally, after a few tense minutes, or maybe seconds, he smirks and turns his gaze to Dynamite, who’s scowling at me like he’s picturing what I’d look like skinless.

“Replace the coffeepot, D.” Turning back to me, he says, “Do I need to be worried about you going after this woman?”

Now I’m the one to glare up at my Prez. “No,” I hiss, feeling outraged at the insinuation. “I’d never hurt her.” Swallowing, I shrug. “Much.”

Scoffing, he rolls his eyes. “Anything else?” When no one responds, he slams the gavel down. “Chuch adjourned. Get home soon, boys. You’re missed.”

The phone clicks off, and everyone stands to shuffle out. D slams his laptop shut and storms past me, shoulder-checking me and grumbling about me being a *big fat fucking tattletale*. Chains smirks, watching everything go down like it’s the best thing he’s seen since his first porno.

“I need a drink,” Brick grunts, shoving through the door and stomping straight for the bar.

Chains chuckles and slaps my shoulder, following our Prez. “You comin’, Brassy Boy?”

Sliding my new phone into my pocket, I feel the familiar throb from Trixie’s bite. Smiling, I shake my head. “Nah. I’ve

got plans.” Dodging him before he can ask me any questions, I barrel down the stairs and make my way to the garage.

I’ve got places to be and Little Demons to see.



Her apartment is yellow and white. It’s in a surprisingly alright neighborhood, and for some reason, that settles something in my gut. The car listed in her file is parked in the gated lot, pointing directly at her unit, which to my complete fucking happiness, is facing the street. There are two big windows on the third floor with seethrough white curtains over them. When her light is on, they don’t do shit to hide her from me.

Leaning against the lamp post directly outside her window, I light up another blunt and watch my Little Demon sway to a song I can’t hear. She’s naked. Her perfect tits are pointed and puckered as she moves sensually. I can’t see anything but her shadow. It’s enough to drive me insane, especially after seven nights of this. If I didn’t know any better, I’d say she’s putting on a show for me.

Just for me, a growly voice murmurs inside my head. *All yours. Your Little Demon.*

It’s possessive and angry. The first part surprises me. The second part doesn’t. I’m always mad, in one way or another. At the world. At myself. It’s nothing new. But possession? The only thing I’m possessive over is Karen, and that bitch stole

her from me, so why and the ever-loving hell I'd *want* her this badly is beyond me.

You don't want her. You need her.

I scoff. I don't need anyone. Except for Brick and Chains. D. Axe. Glock. Dotty. Even Arrow, the little golden freak. I swallow. My family. I need them. The Sons. I need all of them. They keep me steady. Solid. I roll my neck and take a deep drag. Never thought I'd need a woman, though. A partner. A friend. I exhale the thick smoke. Someone to care about.

You can't care about anyone. You're broken. Worthless.

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

She'd never care about you. She hates you.

Fuck. I rub my head, fighting the urge to ram it straight into the pole behind me.

She could care about you if you were nice to her.

I'm nice. I'm nice to everyone. I chuckle. That's a fucking lie. I'm not nice to the people I kill or torture or...stalk. The reminder has me checking over the parking lot once more. I tell myself it's to make sure no one sees me watching my Little Demon but really, I'm making sure I'm the *only* one watching her.

Because she's yours.

Groaning, I take another hit. These thoughts are constant. They go back and forth. Back and forth. No wonder I'm fucking insane. The curtains flicker, drawing my attention

back to her. *Trixie*. The woman who's consumed my every waking thought since that first night I met her nearly two weeks ago.

I need more. More. More. More.

That...I can agree with. I need more of her. Of her time. Her body. Her mouth. More of that fire. Her scent.

Her fear. Her blood. Her tears.

I smack myself on the forehead. This is why she could never love me. I want things I know aren't normal. I want to bruise her up. Bleed her. Mark her. Fuck. My cock throbs just thinking about it but then I'm hit with a wave of self-loathing.

The curtain moves again, and her shadow disappears. Does she know I'm watching her? I grin. Hope so. Told my Little Demon I was coming for her, and I've made no attempts to hide. I follow her everywhere. I know when she works, who her friends are, and where she goes when she leaves the strip club. I may know where she came from, but over these last few weeks, I've learned so much more. She's a quiet thing for a witch. Doesn't go many places. Stays home a lot. Hasn't killed anyone else since Tommy. I find that both surprising and annoying.

Taking another hit, I finish my blunt and drop the butt to the ground before ashing it with my boot. The light clicks off in her apartment, and I cock my head to the side. Smiling, I wave up at her window, hoping she's watching me back. I'd stay here all night if I could, but I've got shit to take care of.

Blowing my girl a kiss, I spin on my heel and jump on my bike.

Until next time, bruja.



Fourteen

Two weeks.

It's been *two fucking weeks* since the sexy psycho started stalking me. Everywhere I go, he's there. He follows me to work, the grocery store, the gas station, and home. He stands outside my window at night, only leaving when I finally flick my light off for bed. Or so he thinks. In reality, I'm sitting there, watching him right back. He's a freak of epic proportion, and apparently, I am, too, because I love it.

At first, I didn't. Obviously, being a secret serial killer posing as a stripper is really freaking hard when you've got a permanent shadow lurking around every corner. Luckily, I haven't had any jobs since Tommy. Unluckily, I haven't had any jobs since Tommy. Lucky because I don't really want to get caught again and risk getting arrested if Brass decides he's done playing with me. Unlucky because the need to shed blood is riding me hard.

The demons in my mind are getting louder and louder every single day. The sound of his voice— *my father*. The self-appointed leader of the only church in Harmony, Georgia, and

a so-called *pious man*. It rings in my ears, my mind, my fucking soul, over and over again.

“Don’t you want to be a good wife someday, Evangeline?”

“Do you want a husband who loves and respects you?”

“Then get on your knees and pray.”

“Stay there. Don’t move. Repent. Ask for forgiveness, you filthy whore.”

“You’re made for sinning.”

“Demon.”

“Pray.”

“Repent.”

“Beg.”

The crack of his hand on my flesh still burns even after all these years, but it’s nothing compared to the bone-deep ache in my knees, thighs, and ankles. Hours and hours of kneeling. Days without being allowed to move even an inch. Sitting in my own waste. Starving. His voice repeating scripture and Bible verses while I sat there, naked in his office, trying to be good. Trying to be better so he’d leave me alone. But his torture—his *forgiveness sessions*, as he liked to call them, were nothing compared to the humiliating hours I spent being appraised by his flock. The men he chose to stand by his side. The ones he allowed to pick over and critique his young daughter in hopes that they’d one day choose me as their child bride.

Those are the memories I run from. The ones that dig and claw at my skull. Those are the type of men I seek vengeance from. The type who don't deserve the air in their lungs. They're the reason that I am the way that I am.

I roll my neck and smirk.

I got my revenge on the ones who broke my little sisters and me. The ones who stood by while vile men tormented us. Locked them in my father's church and burnt them to a crisp while the town slept. I swallow thickly, my smile dropping as I recall what inspired that final act of rebellion.

Abigail.

They killed her. She may have taken her own life, but it's their fault. And they paid for it with their flesh and blood.

Now there's no church in Harmony, Georgia. Nothing but a mass grave and the ghost stories I left behind when I fled. I ran so fast, and so far, I landed on the opposite coast in a city that never sleeps. A city so full of sin and destruction that no one would ever think to find me here.

Evangeline Mary Wright.

The reverend's daughter.

The oldest sister.

The prized possession.

The murderer.

The psychopath.

Sighing, I shake the thoughts away and turn back to the mirror. Another night. Another dance. Another dollar. I love dancing, don't get me wrong, but fuck, this isn't the life I pictured for myself. All those nights I sat in my father's office pretending to speak to God, I was really envisioning what my life would look like if I'd been born somewhere else. Anywhere else. If I'd had good, normal parents who gave a fuck about me. I scoff. If little Evie could see me now, she'd probably be curled up in a corner, rocking, and crying.

Traveling. That's what I dreamt of. Beaches. Forests. Open skies.

Freedom.

Well, I got my freedom, didn't I? I'm free to get naked and shake my ass. Free to fuck who I want, when I want. Free to take a life when I see fit.

Empty.

That's what I really am.

"You ready?" Jess asks, bouncing up and down on her heels. "I'm so excited. We're gonna kill it." I chuckle at her choice of words.

Touching up my red lipstick, I flick my gaze to her in the mirror. "Excited much?" She bobs her head and adjusts her tiny costume.

Jess has dreams, too. She wants to be a choreographer in New York someday. None of us can give her that full dream right now, but Georgie was able to make part of it come true.

She organized Luci's first group performance and allowed Jess to choreograph it. Of course, out of all themes, she chose cheerleading. So now, all twelve of us that are working tonight are dressed in white pleated mini skirts and matching bralettes with red and orange glitter trim. Lucifer's Angels is stitched across the back. Everyone's hair is up in pigtails with red curly ribbons.

Looking in the mirror, I have to admit; our costumes are pretty spot on. The only way you'd be able to differentiate us from High School cheer chicks is the six-inch cheery red heels we're each wearing.

Damian calls out, letting us know it's time to hit the stage. Jess happily tosses us all our pom poms and skips to the door. Lulu rolls her eyes, but even she can't hide how happy she is for our youngest friend.

Grabbing my red and orange pom poms, I toss my long red pigtail over my shoulder and throw my shoulders back. Let's see if my psycho is in the crowd tonight.



Brass watched me the entire time. His eyes were heated and possessive as they tracked my progress across the stage. His lip was tucked between his teeth, and if it hadn't been for the strict no-touching rule, I have no doubt his cock would have

been in his hands. Of course, my dumbass loved every second of his attention.

How-the-fuck-ever.

When it came time for all of us to leave the stage and make our rounds in the crowd, he scared off every single customer that tried to talk to me, which severely cut into my profits. That's a huge problem for me and one I won't fucking tolerate.

I don't give a shit how much I like his eyes on me or his predatory gaze. I need to earn money, and I refuse to allow any man, *him* included, to take that from me. At some point in the evening, around the time he threatened the fifth or sixth man that approached me, I snapped. The bloodlust that's been eating away at me for the last two weeks reached a breaking point. I almost stabbed him right there in the bar. If Bianca hadn't pulled me away when she did, I would have. Instead, she dragged me by my pigtail through the crowd and into the locker room, where she gave me a ten-minute lecture on not blowing my cover and getting arrested over a *funny-looking piece of shit biker boy*.

Then...I almost stabbed my best friend for insulting *my monster*.

See what I'm saying? I've lost it.

A point that is further proven by the fact that I'm now crouched behind a dumpster in the alley behind Luci's with a stolen knife in my fist and murder on my brain.

He's going to pay, my brain hisses. I nod in agreement. He needs to be taught a lesson. Some manners.

Another voice cackles ominously. He needs to repent.

“Oh, hell no,” I growl, refusing to even respond to that statement.

“My Little Demon,” Brass calls in a sing-song voice. “Come out, come out, wherever you are. I know you’re back here.” When I don’t respond, he chuckles darkly. “Come on. I promise I just want to talk.” He cackles again before mumbling, “To your pussy.”

I silently scoff and roll my eyes, but I can’t deny the tingle that spreads throughout my body at his words and the raspy, wild sound of his voice. He continues to sing his little song, and I can hear the heavy clunky of his boots. The way he’s calling out makes him somehow sound thirty feet away and right next to me. Shoving myself back, I cling to the wall and tighten my fingers over the knife I took from him. As he proved, it’s a sharp bitch, and I’m in the mood to gut a mofo.

No, another voice whispers, sounding all sad and pathetic. Don't hurt him. He's ours.

Barely resisting a groan, I lock my eyes on the dark, damp alley in front of me and wait. My heart is thundering in my chest. My skin is freezing and covered in goosebumps that I’m telling myself is due to the stupid idea of coming out here in forty-degree weather wearing nothing but a stripper’s cheer costume. In reality, I think they’re more likely caused by the

excited anticipation thrumming through my veins at the idea of getting the jump on this asshole once and for all.

Shut up. You know you're excited to see him, touch him, and play with him.

Swallowing, I allow a devilish smirk to crawl over my face.

I am excited about that.

“Boo,” Brass shouts, jumping out from the other side of the dumpster. His heavy booted feet land hard on the wet pavement, only inches in front of me. He’s smiling widely, and his eyes are slightly manic. Correction...super manic.

Despite how much his surprise entrance scared me, I don’t freeze up or scream; I simply act. Charging forward, I release a sound that I’d compare to a feral banshee’s call and lash out in one harsh blow. His crazy eyes widen, and as though he and this fucking knife are kindred spirits, he locks onto the weapon immediately. At the last second, he dips to the right, avoiding a similar injury to the one I gave Tommy. Instead, the knife pierces his side. It must really be a sharp weapon because it goes straight through his leather cut and a long-sleeved shirt, finding a fleshy home just above his left hip.

Brass grunts and staggers a step before quickly righting himself. Just like a few weeks ago in Georgie’s office, when I bit him, he gives me no reaction to the pain he must be feeling. No panic or anger—just a massive, creepy-ass smile as he closes the distance between us. His palms land on the brick wall behind me as he leans in, bringing us face to face. I’m panting and shaking in pure exhilaration as I stare up at him.

He tsks me like a disobedient child, shaking his head slowly. “Such a bad, bad bruja,” he murmurs.

I cock my head to the side. “Why do you keep calling me that?” My words are breathless, surprising even me.

Brass’s eyes flare, and he bites his lip. My gaze drops to his mouth, and my heart rate increases drastically. My fingers are itching with the need to touch him, and I don’t know why. I don’t even know this man.

He’s crazy. Wild. A stalker. A ruthless biker. Bad news. Dangerous. Yet, I can’t stay away. I want to, but I can’t.

You don’t want to. I swallow. No. I don’t.

What I want is to get to know him.

Idiot.

Blinking, I nod in agreement.

I know.

His head tilts the side, mirroring my own. His forehead creases. “Who are you nodding to, Little Demon?” he whispers. “Do they talk to you, too?”

His motor oil, leather, and iron-rich scent hit me and my nostrils flare. Such a weird combination, but I love it. “Who?” I pant, shifting uncomfortably as another wave of arousal pools low in my gut.

“The voices,” he murmurs, licking his lips. “The ones right here.” His hand reaches over and taps my temple softly.

I nod once. “Do you have them, too?” I whisper.

Brass's lip tips up. "Sure do." He shrugs. "Have my whole life."

"Do you like them?" I find myself asking. I don't know what's happening to me right now. I want to kill him and climb him like a tree at the same time, but I also want to know everything about him.

I knew he was like me.

"Some of 'em," he laughs. "The rest can fuck right off, ya know?"

My head bobs in agreement. Yeah. The sound of my father's voice ringing through my brain can definitely fuck right off. Swallowing the lump in my throat, I lean in an inch, unable to help myself from breathing in more of his heady scent. Our lips are so close his breath tickles my freezing skin. "Do they tell you to do bad things?"

His eyes drop down to my mouth, and he groans. Suddenly, his hand leaves the wall as he steps in even closer. Like magnets, one finds my throat and collars it roughly. The other grips my hip, encompassing it completely. He shoves me backward, grinding my body against the gritty brick wall. I grunt, the air whooshing from my lungs. Brass presses his forehead against mine and hums.

"Yes, Little Demon," he murmurs. I feel a tremor rock through his body, and his eyes squeeze shut. "Right now, they're telling me to snap your pretty neck." His thumb grazes over my pulse, and he squeezes before loosening his grip. My

eyes stay locked on him, even as panic starts to swell in my chest. He looks like he's fighting the voices right now.

“Are you going to?” I choke out, my throat already protesting his punishing hold. “Kill me?”

He groans again and peels his eyes open. “I want to ignore them,” he mumbles. “The ones telling me to hurt you.” His head tilts slightly, but he doesn't leave my space or the bubble we've created. “That's never happened to me before. I've never wanted to ignore the hungry ones.”

Realization dawns on me. His words make sense even though they shouldn't. I know what hungry voices are. I'm also still connected enough to know that the voices in my head are my own. I know they're all parts of me. Past, present, future. Anxiety. Desires. Dreams. Memories. I also know that sometimes, I'm not myself. I know I go somewhere else when things get to be too much, too hard. Like a fracture in my mind, my consciousness hides out, giving me a reprieve. In times like that, I do things I don't always remember.

I hope I remember this.

Tugging my lip between my teeth, I bite down hard enough to taste blood and give myself over to the voices that want him.

It's you. You want him.

I nod again and reach out, testing the way his skin feels. All of Brass is covered in clothes right now, and the only flesh I can reach is his throat and face. I trace his cheek with the back

of my finger. His jaw. His adam's apple. It bobs beneath my gentle touch. He stands stock still, letting me explore him. His breathing picks up, creating a nervous rhythm against my chilly skin. I meet his eyes and trace his lips. Because I can't help myself, I shove my finger between them when they part for me. His tongue lashes out over the tip, and I tremble. I shove deeper, and Brass sucks me like a lollipop.

I moan.

He snaps.

Finally.



Fifteen

Brass's grip on my throat tightens painfully, but his other hand is soft as it slips between my thighs. The first brush of his fingers over my lacy thong and my knees buckle. He shoves them to the side and swipes my slit, growling when he discovers how wet I am.

“This for me, bruja?” He chuckles, but it comes out sounding pain-filled. I nod, thrusting my hips forward in invitation. “So fuckin’ wet for me.” Brass wastes no time spearing me with two thick fingers. I scream, pushing to my tiptoes when he drives forward. “You gonna cum for me, Trixie?” he grunts, fucking me roughly with his hand as he keeps me pinned to the wall.

I nod, sucking in a thin breath. His thumb hits my clit as he crooks his fingers inside of me. I grip the arm he’s using to choke me and dig my nails in. Brass rewards the sharp bite of pain by squeezing harder. I breathlessly scream out my release. My eyes roll to the back of my head as I shake and shatter around his fingers. My head grows woozy, and spots dance

behind my eyelids. I know I'm only seconds from passing out, but *I don't care*.

My orgasm goes on and on. It's everything I never knew I could feel and so much more. He releases my throat and soothes the marks I can already feel blooming across my skin. I suck in desperate gasps of air and slowly peel my eyes open. Brass exhales a shaky breath and slips his fingers from my dripping cunt. A pathetic whimper leaves my mouth. He smirks and lifts his fingers to his mouth, sucking them clean.

My whimper turns into a moan.

His fingers around my throat flex.

I pant like a bitch in heat.

Brass growls.

We're feral. Giving into the beasts that live inside us. Letting go and diving into the madness.

He touches my body like he's intimately familiar with it, and *I let him*.

What is this? What's happening to me?

The next thing I know, I'm climbing him like the sexy psycho tree he is. It's hard with how tightly he's pressing me into the wall, but when he sees what I want, he gives me room to move. I scramble up his body, and my knee bumps the knife still protruding from his side. I grimace, but I don't stop. My legs wrap around his narrow thighs, and my arms wind around his neck. Brass releases my throat and palms my ass cheeks, pressing my back into the wall for support.

“Fuck, Little Demon,” he groans, grinding his hard cock against my dripping pussy. “What are you doing to me?” I shake my head, still staring at his mouth.

I’m not a virgin, but despite the whole stripper thing, I’m also not all that experienced. It’s hard to want to give it up when the very thing that makes me a woman was used as a bargaining chip my entire childhood. All of my value and worth was placed on the space between my thighs. That makes a person not want to touch another human...ever. But here, *with him*, somehow, I feel freer than I ever have before.

I feel reckless.

Wild.

“I don’t know, but I want more. I want all of it,” I breathe before smashing my mouth to his.

The kiss is frantic. Brutal. Painful. Beautiful. Energy like I’ve never felt before pulses through my body. I claw at Brass, tugging him closer before shoving him away, only to pull him back into me. I grip his cut and yank him to my chest. My nails dig into his neck. His cheeks. His chest. I scratch him and bloody him up. It’s like I want to damage him and heal him at the same time.

My broken little psycho.

Brass groans, shoving his tongue between my lips. He’s just as wild. Just as unhinged as I am. He’s grinding into me relentlessly. His hips are pounding into mine like he’s trying to dig his cock straight through his jeans. I don’t stop him. If

anything, I fuck him right back. I just came, and already, I'm on the brink again. It's him. I know it is. I've never wanted anyone the way that I want him. My feelings are chaotic. Confusing. Consuming. I want to destroy him. Kill him. Watch him bleed. I'm angry. *Raging*. But I'm also feeling more for him than I've ever felt for another human in my life. Why?

Because he's just like you.

I groan into his mouth at the thought and tug his lower lip between my teeth. Remembering what he said about them, I bite down hard enough to draw blood. "Shit," he pants, wrenching his lips from mine. "Pull me out," he growls, slapping my ass.

I don't think twice. Don't think about the consequences of my recklessness. I just tear his jeans open and shove them down with my heels until his cock springs free. Reaching between our bodies, I grip him hard and jerk him off. His flesh is burning hot and silky smooth. Brass's cock isn't massive, but it's thick and veiny. My fingers barely reach, and I know he's going to ruin me. I meet his eyes and guide him to my wet pussy. He snarls when I run the sticky head up and down, coating him in my wetness. He presses forward, and I use his hardness to rub my clit. Little sparks and zaps tingle down my spine.

"Oh my god," I moan, shivering harshly. "Why do you feel so good?" My eyes are locked on his as I use his body for my own pleasure. My fist is still tightly wrapped around his dick,

and every time he thrusts forward, bumping my clit, I twist my wrist.

“Do it,” he groans, rolling his neck. “Use my cock to cum again. I want to watch.”

So, I do. I rub the blunt tip of him against my sensitive nub again and again. Just the feeling of his hot skin on mine and the look in his eyes is enough to get me off. “You’re such a bad little bitch, aren’t you?” he murmurs, licking his lips. “A witch sent straight from Hell to wreck me. She sent you. I know it.” He shakes his head like he’s trying to shove those thoughts away. I want to ask who he’s talking about, but I can’t find the words. Instead, I pick in pace, grinding down him like I’m trying to consume him through his dick.

“Sexy fuckin’ demon,” he growls. “*Mine*. My Little Demon. No one else’s.” His words—the raw, angry possession in them, set me off. My orgasm isn’t as intense as the first one, but it still has me shaking against him. “In,” he snaps.

Nodding, I line him up with my pulsing entrance and slide my hand up his body. Smirking, I flick the knife protruding from his side. Brass makes a sound that’s straight from Hell and shoves into me in one brutal thrust, just like I knew he would. My scream echoes around the vacant alleyway as his thick cock stretches me to my limits. His hips pin me to the wall, and my legs tighten around his middle. His fingers dig into my ass cheeks, spreading me apart. He doesn’t give me any time to adjust or get ready. Brass pulls back and slams into

me before pulling out, leaving just the tip and repeating the move.

Again and again, he fucks into me like he's trying to break my body. My back scrapes against the brick with every brutal, punishing thrust. He grunts and growls but doesn't speak. His eyes flicker between mine to the place where he's sliding in and out of my body. It's like he can't decide what he wants to watch more; my reactions or the proof that he's actually fucking me. I watch him, unable to look away. His face is a mixture of emotions I can't read.

It's intense. Angry. Adoring. Obsessed. Pure bliss, bordering on ecstasy.

My nails stay lodged in the skin between his shoulders and neck. I can't fight the urge to claw him up. Mark him. *Claim him*. I almost laugh. I've never wanted that before in my life, yet here I am, in an alley, getting fucked bareback into the wall by a damn near stranger, and I find myself wanting to claw him up and make him bleed, so everyone knows he's mine.

Insane. You're fucking insane.

I do laugh, then. I laugh so hard that my head tips back and slams into the wall.

“What are they saying now, Little Demon?” Brass grunts. He shoves in deep and rolls his hip. His fingers have been inching closer and closer to my asshole with every brutal thrust, yet it still shocks me. He presses two of them against the tight ring of muscle. “Hmm?” he murmurs, dropping his mouth to my neck. His hot breath skitters against my skin, and

I shiver. I'm covered in him. His scent. His warmth. His heavy pressure. "Are they telling you to cum around Brassy's big dick, or are they telling you to rip that knife from my body and let me bleed out all over your pretty skin?"

I shudder, clenching around him. Brass groans and bites down on my neck. The sharp tinge of pain combined with the pressure against my asshole and his dirty words has me cumming all over him, just like he said. He releases my neck and licks the small hurt. "There she is. My crazy bitch cums so hard around her man's cock, doesn't she?" His words are a patronizing coo, but his hips continue to grind in that maddening rhythm, so I ignore him. I squeeze him harder, loving the way his breath catches. "Shit," he moans. "So good. So fuckin' good. You feel perfect, Little Demon. Mine."

I chuckle and turn my own mouth into his neck, repaying the favor. Brass grunts loudly and freezes in place. A beat passes. Then another. His hands on my ass squeeze so hard I'm surprised I'm not bleeding yet. His hips stutter, and before I realize what's happening, he's ripping his dick from my still throbbing pussy and dropping me haphazardly onto the harsh concrete. I cry out when the gravel digs into my bare knees and glare up at him. But Brass isn't Brass anymore. No. His eyes are pitch black, and his face is a blank void.

He lost himself to the monster.

I shiver.

"Open, slut. You owe me," he demands, his voice empty of all its previous lightness. And because I'm just as fucked up as

he is, I do. I open my mouth wide and stick my tongue out. My legs are burning. My skin feels like it's covered in bruises and cuts. But here, on my knees in an alley, wearing nothing but a naughty cheerleader costume, I find that I don't care. I don't care about anything but *him* and getting his taste in my mouth. "Swallow me whole."

I nod, wrapping my lips around his thick length. My flavor, combined with his, explodes on my tongue, making me moan. It's heady and delicious. I close my eyes and do exactly what he says. I swallow him down. Brass groans when his cock hits my throat, but I don't stop. It's a stretch, and my jaw instantly aches, but I push forward. Somewhere deep inside me wants to impress him. Wants to make him happy. His fists wind around my pigtails, using them like handlebars, just like all the men who watched us dance tonight probably fantasized about doing. His hips pump into my throat with the same ferocity that he showed my pussy. It aches and burns, but I don't stop him. I'm irritated with him for letting this happen in the first place, but I'm angrier at myself for still wanting to please him.

I can tell the exact moment he's about to blow, and being the bitch I am, I find his eyes in the darkness, smirk around his thick dick and *bite*. I bite hard enough that he stops moving completely. He snaps his jaw at me, gnashing his teeth together like a beast, but it's more playful than anything. Then—he's laughing. My eyes narrow, and I move to pull away, but the grip he has on my hair is relentless, locking me in place.

"Oh, Little Demon," he chuckles, shaking his head. My teeth sink in deeper, and he groans, throwing his head back.

“You fucked up,” his words are gritty, like they’re being ripped from his gut. He pulls me in closer, forcing my jaw to loosen.

The first jet of his cum splashes down my throat, catching me off guard. I choke when I inhale it and release my grip on his cock completely. The second splash coats my tongue. Brass releases my hair, rips his dick from my mouth, and cums all over my face. I suck in a sharp breath, shocked, and yet *still*, I’m turned on. Brass chuckles and moans, sounding more insane than ever before. His body shakes and shivers as he covers me in his release. When he’s finally done, I’m left gaping up at him.

I don’t move—even when he’s tucking his cock away.

I don’t move—even when he’s bending down and pressing a kiss to the tip of my cum covered nose.

I don’t move—even when he’s licking his own release from my lips.

“I call you bruja because of *that*,” he murmurs, still breathless. “You make me lose my head which is crazy because I never had one, to begin with.”

Brass blows me a kiss, smooths down my hair lovingly, and walks away as though he didn’t just fuck my brains out with a knife lodged in his side.

What the fuck just happened?



Sixteen

I can't believe she stabbed me. And bit me.
Again.

Grinning, I shake my hands out and pick up the needle and thread. Biting down on my tongue, I curl my body upward, pinch my gaping flesh together, and dig the needle through. My Little Demon is lucky it's just a flesh wound. If I would have had to go to Rodriguez again, I would have lost my shit. I hate doctors. Hate. Hate. Hate.

"Motherfucker," I grunt when the needle slips from my hands for the tenth time. It might just be a flesh wound, but sewing up your own side is tricky work. Can't get the right angle. Too many important organs are all tucked around your guts. Could get an infection. Like I said, it's tricky. Not impossible, though. "Mother-bitch-tits-ass-ballsack," I groan, losing the needle inside my wound. That's not good.

"Didn't anyone ever tell you it's rude to say mother and ballsack in the same sentence?" D chuckles, stepping through my bedroom door.

I roll my eyes. “My mother was a ballsack.”

He tuts me like a child and throws himself down on my bed. His eyes drift over my fully naked body, but I ignore him, too busy being thumb-deep in my own insides. “What the hell happened to you?” he grunts, finally noticing the place where I’m slowly bleeding out.

I shrug the shout in excitement when I finally locate the lost needle. I pull the bloody hunk of metal from my flesh and wipe it off on the towel lying across my belly that I’m using as an unofficial workstation. He grimaces and runs a hand through his hair.

“Got stabbed,” I murmur, digging into the two skin flaps once more. “No biggie. I got her back.” Kind of. I may not have wounded Trixie, but I sure as fuck got my revenge. She’s probably still sitting in that alley, covered in my cum. I grimace. Hope not. It wasn’t safe back there. I don’t like the idea of her being alone in a dark alley by herself. Nope. Don’t like that idea at all.

“Jesus Christ,” D hisses, jumping to his feet and distracting me from my thoughts. “Stop before you give yourself sepsis.” He knocks my hand away gently and glowers down at me. “Let me wash my hands. Then I’ll stitch your dumbass up.” He points a finger in my face. “Wait.”

Groaning, I drop back on my pillows and do what he says. As soon as my head hits the fluffy cotton, exhaustion takes me over. Shit. It’s been a long ass day. Sighing, I realize it’s been a

long ass few weeks. Stalking is hard work. Might be nice to take a nap while he fixes me up.

Not even a minute later, D returns and plops down on my bed between my thighs. I cock a lazy brow at him. Weird place to sit, considering my wound is on my side, but whatever. He grabs the needle and deftly rethreads it. His fingers are pointy and long, and it makes it look way easier than I did with my meaty nubs. He drops the needle back down on my towel and produces a bottle of antiseptic from thin air with a grin and a flourish.

“Nothing says I love you like preventing certain death by blood-borne infections.” I narrow my eyes at his words. I don’t know what that means.

“Roses are nice, too,” I murmur, thinking back to all the shows I’ve seen where dudes profess their love with flowers. “Or chocolates.”

He cocks a brow and leans forward to clean the slice up. “Yeah, but you don’t need roses or chocolates right now, do you?” He clicks his tongue. “What you need is to not die.”

“Stop saying I’m going to die,” I grunt, closing my eyes. “It’s literally just a freakin’ flesh wound. Basically, a papercut.” Just then, he pours the liquid over my bloody cut, and I screech in pain. My eyes snap back open, and I send him a scathing look. “What the fuck is that?” I hiss. “Battery acid?”

Dynamite snickers. “Thought it was just a papercut?” He flicks my sizzling wound and laughs harder when I whimper. I

like pain, but that seriously felt like I was being murdered one blood cell at a time. Fucker. He blots it dry, then shocks the hell out of me when he blows on it soothingly. “Feel better?” he murmurs.

I don't miss the fact that his body is hovering over my half-hard cock or that he's looking up at me with heat in his blue eyes. I do ignore it, though. I'm crabby, and he just scalded me for no reason. Pursing my lips, I give him a sharp nod and throw my arm over my eyes, so he knows he's on my shit list.

D releases an annoyed-sounding breath but gets to work, stitching me up. With my eyes closed, it's easy to imagine a certain fiery redhead on her knees between my legs instead of D. Just thinking about my Little Demon has my cock throbbing and my balls aching. Shit. I don't know what the hottest part of tonight was. The way she jumped me out of nowhere and stabbed me with my own beloved knife. The way she climbed me like a tree and let me fuck her pretty little pussy with my fingers and cock. Or the way she sucked me off like she's been just as hungry for me as I've been for her. Groaning, I barely resist the urge to palm my dick and jack off right here and now. All of it was hot. Sexy as hell.

She's perfect.

“So, what happened?” D murmurs, pulling me from my thoughts of Trixie and her pretty mouth. I grunt, trying to ignore him so I can hold onto the visions dancing through my mind. He pats my thigh a few times. “All done, big guy.”

Groaning, I let my arm slip from my face and peek down at my side. I bark out a laugh. “I kinda look like Frankenstein.” His sewing job sucked but whatever. Just add another scar to the party. No biggie. Chicks dig em’.

I wonder if Trixie would like all my scars.

“Who the hell bit your cock?” he grunts. My eyes snap down to my super hard dick in shock. Sure enough, right there around the middle is a nice-looking twin to my finger. Except, my cock is way bigger than my finger, so she managed to leave an impression of way more teeth. I grin. I’ll need to get pictures of that before it heals. It’s not nearly as bad as the marks on my hand. Trixie didn’t break the skin around my dick, just bruised it up real nice. My cock twitches at the thought, and D’s eyes widen as he tracks the movement. “Seriously, Brass. What happened?”

I narrow my eyes at him. For some reason, I don’t want to tell him it was my Little Demon that fucked me up, but D is one of my best friends. Not my *best* best. That’s Chains, obviously, but close enough. Shit. Rolling my eyes, I lean up on my elbows to look at him. “Trixie attacked me in the alleyway behind Lucifer’s Angels tonight.”

His eyes gape. “Attacked you?” he sputters. “That tiny little stripper from a few weeks ago?” I shoot him a dirty look. I forgot he was there that night when I first watched her dance. Fuck. Half the club was there. I hadn’t expected my feelings to shift that night. I hadn’t expected any of the shit that went down. I thought we’d all just show up and scare her into

submission so I could get answers and Karen, but damn, that's not what happened. Nope. Not one bit.

Nodding, I focus back on D, who's still staring at me like I've grown a second head. I glance down at my pulsing dick and smirk. Apparently, I have, and he's super eager to get back to our girl. "Yeah. Came out of nowhere and stabbed me."

He points to my dick. "At what point did she try to chomp Little Brassy off? Before or after she nearly gutted you?"

I reach over and flick his forehead. "Stop being so dramatic. It's a fucking flesh wound." I waggle my eyebrows. "And after. While the knife was still in me."

He shakes his head, looking halfway turned on and halfway freaked out. Oh well. Not his cock, not his problem. D's eyes flick back down to my dick. Smirking, he reaches out and runs the tip of his finger over the bruised ring that circles my shaft just above my balls. He tuts. "Poor Brassy baby."

Shivering, I watch his finger trail around me in circles. My cock bobs like it's interested, but my heart pounds uncomfortably. My nose scrunches in confusion. D leans down, his eyes never leaving mine, and presses a soft kiss just above the freshly stitched cut on my side. My cock twitches again. He smiles, then trails his tongue from my side *all* the way down to my dick. I shudder. He presses another kiss to the throbbing bruise, then flicks his tongue out to trace the line. For some reason, that act alone has my heart beating out of my throat. And not in a good way.

He's tasting her, my brain hisses. He's taking her away.

My hard dick immediately wilts, and my eyes bug out. I'm hard all the time. Well, no, 90% of the time, I have a solid boner. A lot of the time, that's around D. We've never fucked around, but it's always been there. Like a taunt or a threat. This is the closest we've gotten to anything. And my body *was* into it until he touched where she touched.

Until he tried to remove her scent and take it for himself.

Possessive motherfucking bastard thoughts. I sit up fully and run a hand through my hair at the same time that D jerks away from me and my now limp cock. I cringe, not knowing what to say. "Sorry," I offer with a shrug.

He shoots me a look that I don't understand and jumps to his feet. I open my mouth to say something, not knowing what or why but feeling like I need to smooth shit over, but before I can, he's storming from my room. Confused, pissed off, and nursing a serious case of blue balls, I toss the towel and shit off of me and climb from my bed. I need a shower, a beer, and a head x-ray because that has *never* happened to me before. My mind has never been so preoccupied with another person that I literally lost my wood while someone's mouth was on my cock. *Never*. I don't feel guilty or possessive. I don't turn away free head. Fuck. I've never experienced any of the shit running through my mind lately, and I honestly don't know what to do about it.

By the time I've showered and dressed, I'm more pissed off than anything. Who the hell is this chick to come into my life and turn it upside down? What gives her the right to possess

my brain with her little demon claws? Trixie is in there all the time. She's *inside me*. It's insane. She's fucking with me.

Bruja.

She's going to leave you like everyone else.

"She's not even mine," I snap, shaking my head roughly.

She wants you.

"I want her," I surprise myself by saying before once again, shaking that thought away. It's not true. It can't be true.

You already decided it. She's yours.

"Fuck," I shout, throwing my fist through the wall. My knuckles pop and crack under the pressure, reminding me the walls in the clubhouse are concrete. "Mothercocksucker," I snarl. My vision is flickering between red and black. My head is pounding with the number of thoughts and voices yelling over one another. And now, my fist is throbbing in time with my heartbeat. A heartbeat that's erratic and wild.

I can't take it. I'm going to scream or shoot someone. I say fuck it and decide right then that nothing will fix me like a long ride. I need air. Space. Silence.



I haven't even been on the road for thirty minutes before I pull into a familiar parking lot. I hadn't meant to come to her

apartment. I had no destination in mind, just knew I needed to ride. I tried to turn my brain off and not think about her, yet somehow, I ended up in front of her goddamned house... *again.*

Growling, I turn my bike off and drop my head. Breathing deeply, I try to clear my thoughts and calm myself down. If I give into the need, the craving for her, I'll probably end up upstairs for the first time, break into her apartment and either kill her or fuck her until she's begging for freedom. Neither of those options is okay with me. I may be nuts, but I'm not a rapist. I scoff. I kill and maim and torture, but apparently, I have morals.

Sliding off my bike, I rip my helmet off my head and drop it on the seat. Rolling my shoulders, I fight the feeling of every cell and nerve in my body that's demanding I go to her. That I yell at her. Blame her for what's happening to me.

It's her fault.

She's ruining you.

I've only taken my first step toward the Little Demon when I feel it. My phone vibrates in my pocket. Grunting in irritation, I yank it out with more force than necessary and answer without checking the ID.

“What?” I bark.

“Where the hell are you?” Chains snaps.

The panic in his voice has me freezing in my tracks. That's not like him. My brows furrow, and I immediately climb back

onto my bike. “What happened?”

Feeling more serious and levelheaded than I have in my entire life, I wait for his response. My eyes flicker back to Trixie’s window without my permission, and I have to physically force myself to look away.

“You need to come home. Shit’s going down. We gotta call from the Trichotomy. Their girl was taken, and they need backup immediately.” My eyes widen. I wasn’t expecting that. Chains growls. “And then *The Canyon* was attacked,” he says the last words on a shaky exhale. “It was the Anarchists, we think. They blew up the front gate but didn’t get in.”

My heart pounds wildly in my chest as I think of my family. My home. Our protected, safe sanctuary. The kids. “Is everyone okay?”

I hear Chains barking orders on the other side of the line and wait with bated breath for his answer. I’m a half hour from home, but I can’t leave until I know. I roll my neck, feeling the familiar tingle of rage and retribution coating my body like a second skin.

This is my fault. I was distracted. Torn in two different directions. I let my family down.

“Yeah, we think so. A few are missing. That’s why I needed to know where you are.”

Gripping my mohawk, I nod in understanding, then remember he can’t see me. I open my mouth to respond but hear Brick in the background and snap my jaw shut.

“Is that them?” he grunts.

“No. It’s Brass. He’s safe. On his way home.”

“Good,” Brick sighs. “Call em’ in. It’s time for our boys to come home. All hands on deck.”

“You hear that?” Chains asks into the phone. “Get your ass home, Brass. Nothing is more important than family.”

The line goes dead, and without a second look at the woman who’s consumed me for weeks, I tear out of the parking lot toward the people who really need me.

The Sons of Satan.

My family.



This is just the beginning for Brass and Trixie. Our little psycho got overwhelmed and had to make a tough choice. At the end of the day, Brass chose the only family he's ever had over the possibility of true love.

But don't worry...he comes back for her.

It just takes him a minute to get there. In my opinion, this is a minor cliffhanger, but it is a bit of blue balls and ovaries where Brass and his Little Demon are concerned because we won't get their HEA for a while. What we will get...is Chains, some Trichotomy connections, lots of steam, and drama.

And then...we'll come back to Brassy Boy.

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