



**BROTHERHOOD**  
*of* **DARKNESS**  
ORDER OF OBSESSION

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHORS

**HILARY STORM &  
SAPPHIRE KNIGHT**

# **Order of Obsession**

**By**

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**And**

**Sapphire Knight**

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This novel includes graphic language and adult situations. It may be offensive to some readers and includes situations that may be hotspots for certain individuals. This book is intended for ages 17 and older due to steamy, sexy, and hotness that will have you jumping your man. This work is fictional. The story is

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# DEAR READER

We're hoping to bring you some new spice and suspense to  
fall in love with.

Tropes and triggers you  
can expect:

mfm

college/university

forced proximity

secret society

millionaire/billionaire

steamy romance

loyal heroes with secrets

sassy heroine

dark themes (sa mentioned but not in detail)

obsessive/possessive heroes

violence

You've been warned...twice!

Enjoy

# Prologue

‘Welcome to the Brotherhood of Darkness.’ It’s what any potential recruit wishes to hear when they arrive at their Elite 8 chosen university. In this case, it’s Bentley University, known as the top-tier choice of the prestigious colleges around the world. Located in the picturesque mountains of Northwestern California, where the price of acceptance into the university isn’t merely money.

We’re the spoiled children of world rulers, royals, business tycoons, and wealthy sharks looking to bleed you out of society when offered the chance. The only concern once you arrive? Will you get an invite to be a part of the inner circle? The society may quietly rest behind the scenes, but don’t fool yourself—they rule everything.

# CHAPTER ONE

## Beau

The chaos of the party fades, as the numbness slithers down into my bones. It's easier when the silence suffocates the distractions, and I can just be another body in the room.

A body with no true emotion.

A body with no fucks to give about what's going to happen this year... and one that sure as hell doesn't think about the past.

Taking my place against the wall again, I tip back the glass of whiskey sloshing around in my hand. The fire of the drink no longer burns... but I guess that's normal for someone who's no stranger to the party life. I do a quick scan of the room, hoping to see my best friend, King, but have no luck. *That's right... the fucker said he was leaving earlier.*

I flick my gaze around again... a little lower this time, hoping for a different type of entertainment. My mind can't keep up with the speed with which my eyes travel, so my heart doesn't drop with the first scan. However, it fucking plummets straight into the depths of agony, about half-way across the room the second time.

*Jesus.* Is that really her? Or am I hallucinating? Am I really staring at the very reason my black heart was ripped to shreds years ago and still remains numb to this very fucking day?

I push off the wall and move through the crowd to get a better look. My focus moves from the line of her jaw to the unknowing smile on her face, then to the length of her lashes, and her fucking memorable lips before I manage to reach her.

The lingering vision of all of my nightmares combined, is circling my mind with every determined step I take.

*Iris fucking Kensington.*

The bane of my fucking existence. *It can't be her. She's in Paris.* Never to be seen by the likings of my kind again. *She's better than I am.* So... why the fuck is she here?

If the room wasn't spinning from the alcohol, I'd already have my hands on her. Thank fuck I've managed to come down from the high the line of blow I snorted off some girl's ass put me in earlier.

She hasn't looked in my direction yet... but I know it's her without a single doubt in my mind. Not to mention I'm so fucking drawn to her, that my entire body *knows* it's her. She's like a goddamn magnet pulling me in, even though I'm sure there's no good that can come from her being here. And no matter how badly this will turn out... I already know I'll have my hands on her in less than three seconds, exposing my weakness to anyone watching... because that's what I do.

*That's what she does to me.*

She finally looks my way and even though she hasn't spotted me yet, I could never mistake her eyes. *Holy fuck... she's beautiful.*

Three more steps and I surprise her with my hand around her throat and my continued progress forward, backing her against the nearby wall. Her breath hitches as she puts a hand on my chest to brace herself.

I stare into her eyes and go over all of the things I want to say. None of them make it out of my mouth but all of them are felt through my entire being. She's not happy to see me. *If looks could kill...* well, I'm well-fucking-aware that looks *can* torture a person because her glare is pure torment to my barely beating heart. *Where the fuck has she been hiding?*

I slide my thumb across her jawline, still not releasing my grip on her neck. *Fuck... I missed her.*

*Jesus Christ. I'm conflicted...* I don't know whether to strangle her to death with my bare hands because she left me or fuck her to death because I goddamn missed her everything.

My other hand slides up her arm before moving a strand of blonde hair off of her face. Touching her once again, I'm reminded of how her skin is soft as silk, making me almost forget that I'm mad at her. *Almost.*

She knows better than to ask questions or play confused with me as I lean in closer. Her eyes tell me she's unsure of what I'll do but she's not about to cower away from whatever that is either. It's as if she's recognizing the monster she's made and is awaiting the repercussions of the past. Little does she know there's not a chance in hell I could truly hurt her, even though she's completely ripped me to shreds from the inside out.

"Say something," she whispers through an exhale, but I only know that because I read her lips. The music in the background easily overpowers her soft voice. I slide the pad of my thumb over her lush lips to stop her from uttering another word. Whatever happens this point forward will be best without talking. Not that I could possibly form the right shit to say to her at the moment. How can I explain this overwhelming urge to both consume her in every way, and at the same time shove her out the door, and straight the fuck back out of my life?

My thumb slips, tugging on her bottom lip, and she uses the opportunity to swipe her tongue over it, sending my impulses into shock. She slides her fingers over my wrist and keeps us both locked in place... while my other hand grips her neck and her eager mouth sucks in my thumb. She works that magic tongue in swirls before she hollows her cheeks and draws me in deeper. It's when she slides her eyes closed and pushes her body against mine, tilting her head back with a breathy moan, that I lose all logic and reason.

What. In. The. Fuck.



My dick is going to explode and before I can stop myself, I've lifted her ass into the palms of my hands, and she's wrapped her legs around my waist. We're both tongue deep into the kiss I've been trying to recreate for years.

"Take me somewhere," she demands as I'm already pushing through the bodies in my way before her heated breath kisses my ear and sends a jolt straight to my cock. *Fuck yes. I've never wanted anything more than I want this.*

I've missed having Iris in my arms. Fuck if she isn't about to cripple me into nothing more than a weak motherfucker who can't get past first base without spilling his inexperience all over his own jeans. *She's good at this.* Most likely means she's been practicing with some fuck-face who doesn't even deserve to breathe the same air she breathes.

I pass the first three doors down the hall and head up the stairs, knowing there's only one room I'll be doing this in. *My room.* There'll be no interruptions... because I don't allow anyone to enter my room without permission and I sure as fuck haven't given that out to anyone but King, and he's gone.

She's nibbling and kissing, going between my neck and face while she writhes against my waist, and I can't seem to make it to my room fast enough. I get us to my door and before I can turn the knob, she bites down on my neck, freezing me mid-step so I can enjoy. Slow and steady, teeth marking my neck, sending a surge of adrenaline through my entire body. *Oh fuck. She remembers.*

And I fucking remember. I'm gonna spank her little ass for making me miss so much of this with her.

I finally manage to unlock the door, even though she's doing a damn good job of distracting me. We're barely into my room when she's pulling my shirt up my back, scraping her nails over my flesh just hard enough to leave red marks.

And I love it.

I fucking love it.

I love it so damn much I know without a doubt I need to stop everything now. With this kind of progression, I'm spiraling right back into the blistering hell of wanting her so badly I can hardly fucking breathe. I lost her before and almost didn't survive it. Just the memory alone wields the power to fuck me back into a darkness that I may never come back from.

At this rate, I'm signing my death sentence with each kiss and even though I know everything I'm thinking is true... I can't stop. I've wanted this for years. I've dreamt about the first time I'd see her again and fuck if the connection isn't even hotter than I could've possibly hoped for.

She tosses my shirt to the floor and reaches for her own as I pin her body between the wall and my own, the position allowing me to take over. She needs to realize I'm not letting her call the shots like I used to. I'm not allowing her to decide how things will go because she fucking sucks at it.

I take both of her wrists in my hands and pin them against the wall over her head. Her eyes lock with mine while we trade air, our breaths heavy while I'm trying to allow my mind time to catch up with my actions... because I *know* this is wrong.

Her mischievous grin softens to an innocent smile, telling me a lot has changed with my girl. She fucking knows how to play the game and knows how to work me to get what she wants. I'm not sure I want to give her that power anymore. I'm well aware of what it leads to and at this point in my life, I always guard my heart.

I rest my forehead against hers and contemplate exactly how much restraint I can handle having her back in my arms. She shifts to kiss me and I have to kiss her back. I need to allow myself to feel this... *just once*. I'm not going to rush it, but I sure as hell plan to take in every intoxicating moment I can steal.

She eagerly matches my passion while we kiss and make out until I can't possibly take another second of not

being inside of her. *I need to feel her just like I used to.*

“I need to fuck you, baby.” She nods and that’s all it takes for me to let her slide down so she can lose her pants. I pull out my cock and stroke it slowly while I watch her undress. She slows her movements once she notices what I’m doing and before she has a chance to pretend she’s shy, I remind her that I know the real Iris Kensington. “Don’t you fucking dare act bashful in front of me, Kens. I know you.” I slide my hand over her bare ass cheek. “I’ve *seen* everything.” I squeeze her flesh just before I slide my fingers between her legs. “I’ve *felt* everything.” She moans and leans into me, her back arching just before the warmth of my body comes in contact with her cool skin.

“I’ve seen you at your worst... and I’ve watched you come undone so hard your fucking eyes roll to the back of your head. You don’t get to pretend around me. Ever.” She turns to face me and places her hands on my chest, pushing me back a few steps until I’m backed against the wall. I watch her as she slowly slides down to her knees, all the while her eyes act as a window to all of her new secrets.

“You’ve got tattoos.” Her left arm is inked all the way down, a complete contradiction to what I know her family would approve of. *My Iris has changed.*

Her swollen lips wrapped around my cock becomes the newest locked in memory of her just before she sends me into a deep euphoria... straight to a place no drug has ever been able to take me. My head instinctively falls back while my eyes squeeze closed, trying not to nut the first time the tip of my cock touches the back of her throat.

I twist my hand in her hair and pull her back before she sends me sailing. A little form of punishment for myself but I can’t let this go down like this. I want to be deep inside her because I’ll never be able to walk away from her if I don’t. Temptation will either kill me or have me banging on her damn door before the night is over.

She licks her lips while I hold her in place and watch her take a few breaths. Her chest is rising and falling while her nipples bud up with anticipation. There's an anxious look in her eyes as she gives me this power move. "Touch yourself." My command surprises her, so I nod to encourage her. My grip on her hair tightens as she dips her hand between her legs and even though she's still on her knees and I can't see what she's doing, this is absolutely the sexiest image I've ever seen in my life.

She rotates her hips just slightly and my life flashes in front of my eyes. Seeing all the things I would get to see and do with her... both of us smiling and enjoying life without a care in the world. Neither of our families interfering and ruining our lives just for the sport of it. Hell, even with my cock rock hard and my mind taking in every possible detail, I know nothing will come easy with her back in our lives. But this... this is easy. Always has been for the two of us.

I've still got one hand fisted in her hair and the other one around my cock, just waiting for the moment my mind stops with all of the interruptions. "You here to stay?" I ask. She shrugs, her gaze hooded, never pulling away from doing exactly what I ordered her to do.

"You gonna leave without a goodbye again?" She shrugs once more; this time there's a little rip at my heart and I don't like it one fucking bit. I grip her harder and ask again. "Kens... you gonna leave without telling me?"

"I can't make promises, Beau. You already know how my father is." Yes. Yes, I do... but she also knows how I am. Or maybe she doesn't, and she needs to be reminded.

"Get the fuck up," I demand, keeping a tight hold of her hair as she rises to her feet, pinning her to the wall the second she's up. "Now get *out*." My words hit her and the shock in her expression tells me just how deep they cut her.

"No, Beau. I'm not leaving." Her hands move to my arms as she attempts to steady herself when I toss her hair away as if it burns.

“Yes, you are.”

“No, I’m not. We have unfinished business, Beau.”

“Oh yeah?” She can’t be serious. She can’t think that we’re going to talk about all the shit that’s happened, and it’ll all be good once we’re done. “You hear to fuck or talk?”

“I’ll take whatever you’ll give me.”

“Turn around and spread your legs.” My tolerance went out the window with her daddy’s girl, fucked-up responses and it’s taking everything in me not to lose my fucking mind knowing she still tolerates her crooked ass father making decisions that could uproot her entire life on a whim.

We don’t line up as closely as we once did, so I have to bend at the knees to slide inside her. I go in fast and deep without any reservations about what she needs or wants. This is now about me and what I need. I *need* to fuck her out of my head and then send her walking.

I fuck her hard.

I fuck her so deep she moves up the wall with every thrust and even though she gets to the point where she’s screaming through an orgasm before I do... that wasn’t my intention. It’s only five more thrusts and I’m grunting through my release. Once my cock stops pulsing, I pull out and watch most of it splatter on the floor.

It’s her t-shirt that I grab first... so I use it to dry myself off and then toss it at her back. She exhales before she bends to pick it up off the floor.

I open the door, naked as the day I was born and even though she stands there the same, I say what my head is screaming. “Get the fuck out.” She’s shocked again at the sound of my voice, but I don’t give a shit.

“Beau.”

“Don’t. Get your shit and get out.” I stare at the wall because I can’t imagine looking at her. She’s my fucking

weakness. I know it. She knows it... and it's just a matter of time before the Brotherhood sees it.

“What the hell. Just stop. I want to talk to you.”

“There's nothing more to say.”

“Yes, there is. We have so much to talk about.”

“Kens... I can't. I need you to leave. Get out before I have you removed by security.”

“You wouldn't.” She steps into her pants just before she moves in front of me to stare into my eyes.

“Try me.” A few seconds pass with us about an inch from each other. She's still not wearing her shirt and my dick is bobbing between us as people walk by in the hallway but neither of us waver in our stance.

“You're a psycho.” She finally puts her cum soaked shirt on and grabs the rest of her things before she stomps out the door. I slam it behind her without a single regret.

“You're welcome,” I mumble under my breath and hope to fuck no one in the society caught a glimpse of me acting like a fucking weak idiot just now. There's not a doubt in my mind they'll use that shit against me during initiation and having her in the mix is the last thing I need.

But if the society did their research, they already know... I'm a fucking addict and she's my favorite drug.

# CHAPTER TWO

## Kingston

Heading into the student center, I beeline for the mail room, not breaking my stride for anyone. I have one thing on my mind, and at the moment, nothing else matters. It may only be the beginning of my sophomore year, but those of us who are privileged enough to have heard the whispers and secrets about the Brotherhood of Darkness are aware just how important today truly is. The mail room is a craze of activity, busier than usual as other sophomores and I rush to different walls filled with golden doors brandishing our mail numbers in fancy obsidian script. Not everyone opts for a mailbox when enrolling, but if you know about the society, it's one of the first things you request.

Crowding in front of mine, I make sure no one can see inside my box as I open it. I've checked this damn thing every day from the moment I arrived my freshman year. No fish are ever sent an invite, only scouted, but I had held out hope regardless. It was always empty, but nevertheless, I kept checking.

A sigh of relief leaves me, my muscles relaxing a fraction as a flutter of excitement flips in my stomach. Sliding my hand over the elegantly etched skeleton key, my fingertips tingle with eagerness. The key doesn't unlock anything, it's merely a symbol of doors opening everywhere for me.

My father will be proud. Hell, I'm proud. This key is much more than a mere invitation to an elusive society, it means I'm someone they see. I hold power in the palm of my hand, and I'm not afraid to wield it when needed.

Swiftly, I pocket the skeleton key into my blazer and retrieve the thick cardstock invitation that has been placed

underneath.

### **Kingston Banks**

You have formally been invited to pledge.

Should you accept this exclusive invite, you will not disclose  
a word to a soul.

Turn on the basement television at one a.m.

Failure to follow these instructions will forfeit your entry.

**We're watching.**

This is happening.

So soon.

Fuck.

Reading over the cardstock one last time, I stuff it in my pocket next to my key and close the mailbox. I'll no longer be needing it now that I have the one piece of mail I've been waiting on. Tossing the cheap mail key in the trash bin, I make a mental note to tell the hot little piece of ass who gave it to me that I no longer need it. I'm sure some other freshman is salivating at the chance to have his own box in preparation for next year.

Tonight can't come soon enough. The most difficult thing about today will be not telling my best friend, Beau, about what my invitation says. I'm not worried about his entry—I know he's a shoo-in and probably already has his invite.

We don't know much about the society, just the bits and pieces we've gotten from our fathers and managed to put together. We've both been planning college and joining the society since we were teenagers, and now it's finally happening. Beau and I are more like brothers than friends, growing up inseparable, taking on anyone who dared to cross either of us or what we believed in. The transition into the society should be exactly the same, once we've both made it



past the front doors. Until then... we'll have to at least pretend we don't know each other well enough to read the other's expression and know precisely what they're thinking.

Leaving the student center, I ignore everyone around me except for one face. I meet his stare and tilt my head an inch. Beau will know exactly what it means without me saying anything. The instructions demanded I not tell a soul, and technically, I'm not saying a fucking thing so they can't get their panties in a wad. Beau nods back, and I get all the confirmation I need.

We're both in.

Let the initiation process begin.

\*\*\*

In my opinion, the frat house we live in is nothing special, nearly the same as the others on this street and the next. It's your typical run-of-the-mill mini mansion, but anybody who's somebody lives here or has in the past. I've known everyone since last year or longer. There are more than a few who ran in the same circles as Beau and me. We'd jet off to another country while our fathers worked deals on our families' business, Banks & Beaumont Oil & Gas. It seemed with every new contract our fathers struck, a new acquaintance was added for us as well.

In the land of rich and plenty, it's all about who you know and how much is in your bank account. Considering my last name is Banks, there's not much more to say. I'm filthy rich, one of the tycoon heirs to our families' business along with Beau on his father's side. The world is at our fingertips, just begging for us to reach in and play.

The society will only further establish us amongst the most influential people around the world, and who would turn

down an opportunity like that? Not me and not Beau. Are we privileged? The word's a gross understatement where we're concerned; we are fucking gods.

Shutting off the water, I step out of the shower and hastily wipe away the fogged-up mirror. With a flick of my icy stare, I take in my muscular form, eventually meeting my cold blue eyes in my reflection. I'm somewhat in shape, enough so women certainly notice, but in my opinion, I could always look better. At least my cock's big, so I have that going for me.

Exhaling a heavy breath, I rake my shaky hands through my hair, flicking it back off my forehead. I'm becoming jittery as time winds down, closer to one o'clock. I got the invite, so that's what I should be concentrating on, not the possibility of me turning the television on, and it remaining a black screen of nothingness. It would be such a fucking embarrassment, and I could only imagine what my father and Butch, Beau's dad, would think of me. *Weak*. They'd look at me as a dead limb needing to be severed, and I'd most likely be cut to save themselves.

*Fuck, this is screwing with my mind. I'll make it. I have no other choice.*

My stomach twists, and I stumble to the toilet. Throwing the lid up, I lean over just in time for my gut to wrench violently. My stomach expels its contents until I'm panting, my throat burning from the acid and whatever else has been eating away at my lining. Probably the drugs. Not as if I partake in them often, but I dabble like everyone else my age seems to do.

There's banging on the wall, the sound making me pull myself together. I quickly beat the wall with my fist in return. It's Beau checking in to see if I'm all right. If we hear each other, we hit the wall, and if we don't get anything in return, it means we need help. It's the little things like that in our friendship you don't get anywhere else. Having someone you can truly depend on for anything makes you damn near invincible.

His distraction is enough to clear my mind so I can focus again. Leaning over the sink, I brush my teeth, then toss my brush to the side. Next, I grab the fancy shit my mom sent, dab a bit on my face, pat it in, and add some gel to my hair. A couple of swipes of deodorant, and I'm satisfied with my appearance. I don't look like I was just puking up my guts, so that's a plus.

Heading for my closet, I reach for the suit I had specially made for this occasion. It screams wealth and power, which is exactly what the society needs to see in their first official impression of me. Sure, they've done their homework and dug into my background, and my family's, but this is a new night. They'll be seeing and speaking to me directly for the first time... *that I know of anyhow.*

Sliding my arms into the charcoal button-up shirt, the material feels like butter against my flesh as it's of the best quality. The slacks are next, hugging my thighs, and then the platinum and diamond cufflinks with my initials. Stepping into my Italian leather loafers, I don the jacket last and take one last lengthy glance at myself.

*I look good. Like I belong. I'm a Banks, and this honor is practically in my blood.*

I open my door and peek into the hall, ensuring it's clear. No one's around, but I can hear the big party is still going on downstairs, so it's just a matter of time before one of the guys comes through with his chosen fuck for the night. Shutting my door quietly, I engage the lock, tuck my cell in my inside pocket, and head for the back staircase. We have two, but this one is less used, mostly for cleaning staff or if we're sneaking out a fuck we don't want to be seen with.

My steps are light but quick, eager to get downstairs. I've been distracted all day, wondering what they'll say or if it'll be anyone at all. For all I know, I may turn on the television only to find a picture with a note on it. Who flipping knows? Whatever the outcome, I want to be damn sure I put the best version of myself out there and nothing less. They

said they're watching, so I have a feeling they'll know whether I see them tonight or not.

Off in the corner of the basement is a small bar, always stocked with our favorites. I'm early, so I pour myself a few fingers' worth of cognac, tossing it back immediately. I need something to help take the edge off. My cock being sucked beforehand would've been a good idea, but I'd have probably tipped the chick on her ass afterward. I'm not generally a dick to everyone. Okay, that's a lie. I'm an asshole, and when I'm moody like tonight, it tends to be a bit extra.

Checking my watch, it's finally fucking one o'clock, and I nearly feel like I'm going to fucking heave again. I don't get a chance to do a damn thing as the television flickers on without anyone in the room to press the button. That's a bit fucking creepy, but it's the society, so I should expect nothing less. The screen comes to life as I move to stand directly in front of it. I didn't know what to expect, but it definitely wasn't this.

A long rectangle mahogany business table comes into view and around it sit several sharply dressed men. The most fucked-up thing of all is how each of them hides their identity. One after another, the same cryptic-looking mask stares back at me. Thank fuck I already puked, or I'd definitely want to now. I'm glad I went with this suit and took the time to fix my hair. I don't want to imagine their reactions had I shown up in pajama pants, half asleep.

*Christ. I should warn Beau, but I can't. Fuck.*

A cryptic voice box switches on, speaking, drawing me from my internal thoughts battling it out.

“Kingston Banks, you received our note.”

I nod because I'm too twisted inside to say anything else while I take it all in and tell my nuts not to shrivel up. Very little intimidates me, but I'm staring at the most powerful men in the country, and I haven't got the faintest fucking idea who any of them are or what they'll ultimately want from me.

“You can keep secrets.” A different member speaks up.

Another statement I merely nod to. *Am I supposed to be talking? Or just shut up and listen?*

“Are you ready for your first order?” the first asks.

“Yes,” I respond confidently, raising my chin, and glancing amongst them. My father taught me to confidently face a challenge head-on, so that’s exactly what I do. I’ll complete their task, whatever it is, and come back on top. I’m in this forever.

“Your first task of initiation is the order of information,” a different person says, making my head tip in his direction. I feel like they’re doing this on purpose to fuck with me. They’re wearing masks, for fuck’s sake. I can’t tell what words are coming from who, just the general direction. I think I know but am probably staring at the wrong member each time they speak.

My brow scrunches, waiting for more details while I internally battle with myself on who to look at. “Okay, what sort of information do you need?”

There’s a dark chuckle, the sound warped enough it feels like it’s raking over my flesh. My skin peppers with chills, but I stand still, not showing them anything. I have one hell of a poker face—it’s how I’ve cashed in on our random Vegas trips that started when we were thirteen.

“You’ll meet a woman tomorrow night at a party. She’ll be in the house behind you, wearing a red dress. A beverage will be spilled on her, ruining it.”

“And if I miss her?”

“You *won’t* miss her,” the fifth or sixth or who knows what number member hisses angrily.

Swallowing, I suck back a retort about how women are a dime a dozen, and I ignore half of them. They’re constantly trying to jump on my dick, either for money or status, so I’m jaded. “You want me to search her room or something?”

“Or something. Get close to her. Wear her down until she spills her family’s secrets. We want everything you can get on her family, her father especially.”

It’s making a bit more sense now. From what I’ve managed to overhear, the society has been known to deal with secrets and blackmail at times. Those chances of information are rare, so I’ve cherished each bit I’ve learned. “How long do I have?”

A man to the right sits forward, steepling his hands under his mask. “As long as it takes, but Kingston...”

“Yes?”

“The faster you get us what we want, the quicker you’re accepted into the Brotherhood. I think the real question you should be asking yourself is how badly do you want in?”

“Badly.”

A man on the left retorts, “Then you have your answer.”

Nodding, I reply confidently, “Consider it done.”

This time multiple cryptic chuckles ring out through the speakers. The sound reminds me of the psycho, Anonymous, who made YouTube videos and posted them for the world to see. I wonder if he’s one of these men staring me down now. *Probably.*

“Oh, and Kingston?”

“Yes?”

“You say a word to Beau, and he won’t receive his order.”

“I’ll never speak of this to anyone.”

“We’ll hold you to that. Remember, we’re always watching.”

The television shuts off, and I’m left nearly hyperventilating. I can’t believe what just happened.

I'm in.

I'm fucking in!

And I can't tell a soul, not even my best friend.

# CHAPTER THREE

## Beau

The sounds of retching in the hallway wake me, as someone throws everything up from the night before. Not a great way to start my day... but at least I'm not the one grunting and heaving as they beg to an absent god for it all to stop. My covers fall to the floor as I roll over and check the time. It's after ten, and Iris is still weighing heavily on my mind, just like she was all fucking night.

My phone vibrates, alerting me to a text and I don't know whether to be relieved or anxious when I read it.

**Private:** *355 Bentley Drive... You have 30 minutes.*

It's the nerves that take over, even though I'd like to be chill about it all. It's only the information I've waited nearly *ten years* to see. The message symbolizes the start to my initiation into the most elite society that exists. The Brotherhood of Darkness has a prominent reputation of wealth and power that comes along with their savage rituals and expectations for their members. One does not deny the Brotherhood, nor do they ignore or attempt to outwit them... especially, when their family is a well-known name in the society. Royalty, according to what my father has shared with me. King's father told him the same. Right before they informed us of the importance of our cooperation during the initiation process. There is no room for leeway or error. We have to be perfect.

I rush around the room until I'm presentable enough to face whatever it is I'm about to walk into. I have to step over sleeping bodies and trash through the entire fraternity as I hurry from the house, and I don't waste any time by stopping for whoever calls my name.



The rumble of my truck echoes through the streets and even more so as I pull into the parking lot. No doubt they know I'm here. Taking a deep breath, I attempt to calm myself before striding to the front door. I push it open, only to find a room that's pitch black and quiet, so I let the door linger open until I'm told to shut it.

"Close the door." A single light comes on, encouraging me to move a few steps forward.

"You're being tasked with the order of loyalty." The altered voice comes through the speakers, finally saying the words King and I have waited a long time to hear. *I wonder if this is how they'll do his?*

I watch as the masks move slowly around the room, their large robes and hoods hiding any clue of who the costumes are concealing. The room remains mostly dark but now only a few single lights swing once they've been bumped.

"What would you like me to do?" I have to work hard to feign my chilled demeanor because deep down I'm anxious as fuck and can't wait to get out of this stuffy room. I'm not sure how the hell they're strutting around in all of those layers.

"You'll receive your orders soon but remember... you must not talk to anyone. We will know if you disobey our commands." To be honest, this feels like a weird ritualistic ceremony and if I were watching it on a movie, I'd be yelling for the dumb kid to run from it as fast and as far as his feet would take him. But this is far from a movie... it's family tradition. And you don't dishonor my family without severe consequences, and that especially is the case for me being Butch Beaumont's oldest son.

I nod in agreeance and wait for any sign of what they'll have me do. The robes all walk in a line, perfectly spaced apart, rhythmically taking their next step in unison and I can't look away. Another set of lights comes on to reveal a row of courtroom bench style seating that allows the disguised group of the Brotherhood to look down on the room. They each

make their way in front of a seat in perfect harmony and sit down.

“*Beau*, you will be challenged to prove your loyalty to the Brotherhood. I expect zero hesitation on your part and look forward to watching you succeed on your first level of initiation.” The altered voice echoes through the room, giving me the same lack of clarity as before and I’m not any bit closer to knowing who these people are.

*Nine*. There’s nine, that I’m able see anyway.

“Sit in the chair to your left.” I glance over as another set of lights come on, most of them only swaying slightly now that everyone is stationary.

I shift over, pulling out a chair from the closest table, the legs screeching against the floor and sending annoyance through my entire body. *Can I not just be slick and casual during this bullshit? No... I’m a bundle of fucking nerves and acting awkward like a damned virgin in front of his first fuck.*

“Open the box.” Following the command, I pick up a small, wooden container that’s centered on the table and pull it closer before opening it. Lifting the lid doesn’t really help me figure anything out because all I find is a chain necklace. As I lift the chain, two keys dangle at the bottom, only further spiking my curiosity.

“You will need those to fulfill your duty to the Brotherhood. You will be given more information when it’s time. I suggest you wear the chain as we could require your services at a moment’s notice. Be prepared.”

“Yes, sir.” I slide the necklace over my head and wait for further instructions, only to be left a fool in the darkness. All of the lights in the room go off except the one over the table I’m sitting at. The weight of them staring at me and watching my every move creeps me the fuck out, even though I know it’s just to teach some mind-fuckery lesson that reiterates how they’re always watching.

Standing, I push the chair out and make my way out of the room, not moving nearly quick enough through the swinging lights and judging eyes. The heaviness of their gazes weighs on me all the way to my truck and manages to linger as I drive to the house.

I'm parked and looking down at the keys when I hear a knock on the passenger window. Iris appears irritated and for a brief second, I slip back to the boy who would've given anything to make her smile. The clatter of the keys against my chest as I tuck them inside my shirt brings me back to the sordid reality before I shift to roll the window down.

"What do you want?"

"We need to talk." She reaches for the door handle, hopping inside without asking. Like she *belongs* in my car and has been here all along.

"Ok... talk."

"When are you going to forgive me? You know I didn't move because I wanted it. I was forced. It's not like I could stop my father from moving me across the damn world, Beau." She reaches for my hand and squeezes. "I wanted to stay. I wanted to be with you because I love you, Beau." My heart begins to race because the timing of this couldn't be worse. I've literally wanted to hear those words for years and now that they're being said... I can't listen to them.

I can't let her love me.

I can't even let her fucking near me. The society will eat up any and all information they can to use against me and I'm not prepared to have Iris be a pawn in whatever test they plan to give me.

"Everything happens for a reason." I shrug in hopes of deterring her excitement about whatever it is she's trying to do here.

"Maybe so, but my feelings are still the same, Beau. Tell me you feel as strongly about us as I do." She takes my

hand, setting it on her leg; our fingers intertwine in the process and my thumb rubs circles on its own accord.

“I can’t.”

“Stop. You don’t get to act like what we have isn’t real.” Her voice quivers and I nearly break. My instinct to protect her is still prominent, even though I’m trying like hell to stomp it down.

“It’s not real,” I lie. I lie because I have to. I need her as far away from me as I can get her.

“Yes, it is.” She climbs over the console, straddling my legs before she uses her finger to force my chin up to meet her gaze. “Now, look me in the eyes and tell me *this* isn’t real.” I watch as a tear slips down her face, and just like that, I’m right back to where I was years ago when I found out she’d left...

*Broken.*

*Destroyed.*

*My fucking heart turning black, rotting away in my chest.*

“Iris. Everything is different now.”

“I don’t care. We can get it all back. I know we can.”

She tilts forward to kiss me, but I lean my forehead against hers to stop her with a pained whisper. “We can’t.”

“I’m sorry I never called you,” she begins, and my eyes slam shut at the significance her words hold over me. She continues, “I’m sorry I didn’t break away and find you. I’m sorry I didn’t stand up to my father and dammit, Beau... look at me.” I can’t fucking hear all of this on the tail end of the society pulling me in for my first order. No matter how angry I’ve been with her and our situation, I can’t have her as a target in any of their twisted games. She’s my fucking weakness and if they ever discover as much, they’ll use her against me in a heartbeat...I’ll be fucked.

“I forgive you.” I say what she needs to hear... and then I force out the words that will effectively shut her down... “But everything has changed. I don’t want the same things I did years ago. I’m here to experience college and that means I’m not looking to be tied down by you, or anyone. You’re simply one of the many I plan to fuck at this campus. Just another notch.” She leans back in a flash, her hand rising to slap me across the face, and if I wasn’t slightly a masochist, I’d try to stop her. But I need that fucking pain to drown out any insanity in my mind screaming for me not to give her up. That part of me that remembers how perfect we were together.

“See... I’m even more fucked than I was back then.” I mock with a smirk, and shift so my hard cock grinds against her ass, because fuck if the sting didn’t turn me on even more than I already was with her sitting on me.

“I’m not going to fuck you, Beau.” She climbs off my lap, and I have to reposition my dick in my jeans.

“Little too late for that, don’t you think?” I fondle her ass as she climbs back over to the other seat, then slide my hand between her legs when she sits. The tease of my fingers brushing over her shorts has her squirming through her upcoming denial of what I’ve said. Finally, she pulls together the sense I should have, and stops my hand with a squeeze of her own on my wrist.

“You’re giving me whiplash, Beau. One second you say you don’t want to be with me... then you try to have sex with me.”

“I will always want to fuck you, Kens. It’s the rest of it I can’t do.”

“I’m not going to be one of your many fuck toys, Beau. That would tear me apart and we both know that’s not really you. So, before you touch me again, decide what it’s going to be. Are you willing to fuck with my mind and ruin what we have by pushing me away and denying what I know you feel.” She drives her index finger into my chest and pushes me back to my side of the truck. “Or... are you going to be honest with

yourself and the rest of the world and go for what you should have had all along? Beau, I love you. I've loved you since the first day I met you. I've loved you the entire time I was forced to be away from you, and I'll love you till my last breath." Goddamn if her words aren't giant daggers to my heart.

"We are nothing, Iris. You've romanticized two teenagers fucking a few times and you've dreamt up this image of what you think we are." Her single index finger pierces me further as she shoves me back and slides herself as far away from me as she can.

"Beau, you're a piece of shit for doing this, and you'll regret letting me get out of your truck today. You'll regret the bullshit lies you're telling me now and you'll regret the time you've wasted on us." I don't argue with her... because I know I will regret it all. *Hell, I already do.* I'm going to want to kill anyone I see touch her. I'm going to imagine her and be disappointed every time I fuck a girl, but that's not anything new for me. I've been doing it for years.

"I've got nothing, Kens."

"Don't call me that. You don't get to have little nicknames for me and treat me like trash, Beau." I choose not to respond to her at all this time. Maybe if I stop talking, she'll get out of my truck and end this torture for both of us. I have no idea if she's looking at me or what she's doing because I can't fucking look at her. I want to be stoic and straight-faced to drive my words home... but this will have to do. Maybe she'll mistake my cowardly demeanor as indifference.

She finally takes my silence as it was meant and with tears running down her face, she pushes the door open, slams it and stomps away.

*Taking my heart with her once again.*

# CHAPTER FOUR

## Kingston

It's been a long fucking day, waiting for this party tonight. No matter how many times I told myself to stop obsessing over what happened with the society last night, I couldn't. Every girl was a victim of my scrutiny today... and I didn't apologize to a single one of them.

"Five minutes, fucker!" I pound on the wall, letting Beau know to wrap shit up because I'm tired of dealing with the fucking unknown and need to find out who this damn girl is. If I had a conscience, I'd probably feel bad for the poor little damsel I'm about to ruin... but I don't.

"You wearing that?" Beau strolls in, looking like he's coming straight out of a Gucci commercial, even though I went for a more casual look tonight.

"I know these things can be a little dressy but fuck it. What will they do, kick me out? Hardly. I'm Kingston fucking Banks, and I bow to none of these people." He smirks as I strut past him like I own the place and lead us down the hall, out of the frat and across the lawn to the sorority house that sits behind ours.

Beau and I arrived fashionably late as we typically do. Another party, this one themed the start of a new school year. Whoever comes up with these ideas has to lead a pathetic fuckin' life. Haven't they heard of event planners?

It appears the entire frat was invited as I glance around, taking in several of my brothers. Beau flashes me a look, silently saying, *surprise, same fucking party as last year*. Raising my brows, I offer a smirk in return. He's right, this shit is regurgitated, but it'll get many if not all our frat brothers

laid tonight, so they'll play along like good little puppets.  
"Drink?" He tilts his head toward the bar.

"Of course. Let's have a few, or else I may set this place on fire just to give us something to do."

He cracks a smile, used to me flying off the handle and stirring up a bit of trouble when I get too bored. "Come on, King. No burning the ladies' house down. At least not tonight."

We're greeted by a different person with nearly every step we take. I'd eat the attention up if it weren't a common occurrence. We may not actually be royalty, but we're damn sure treated as if we are. "Anyone catch your eye yet?" I dig, eager for my friend to find someone to entertain us with tonight. We share occasionally, especially when we really want to ruin a chick for anyone else.

He scoffs, as bored as I've become. "I've fucked the only ones worth a damn."

"Same. Let's pour out all their booze and watch this sorority tank."

He shakes his head but keeps walking.

"We could drug them and record them dancing naked. It'd make for optimal blackmail."

"Fucked up," he mutters, and I laugh outright.

"You know it's a good idea."

"Yeah, but you can't say that shit aloud." He offers a wicked grin, amused, as we make it to the first bar setup.

"Oh, look at this, gold and fake diamonds." I gesture to the bar top decorations. "How original."

"Beau and Kingston, is that you?"

Georgia from Georgia calls out as she approaches. I hold back the urge to roll my eyes and gesture to the cute little bartender to give me two glasses of their best liquor.



“You two are so damn fine. How do I get a piece of your pie?”

I snort. I can't help it, and let's be honest, I don't even try to stop it. “Aren't we supposed to be the ones saying that to you?”

“You so much as whisper the words, and I'll take either one of you or both if I'm lucky enough.”

“Sorry, darlin', today's not your day. I'd end up poisoning you, and it'd piss your father off.”

She giggles like I'm joking. *I'm not.* I'd sedate the annoying bitch and move on with the night. She engages Beau in conversation, and he's tolerating her, so I take it as the perfect opportunity to scope out the sorority sisters. My gaze flicks to every person wearing red, and fuck, if my eyes aren't playing tricks on me, I swear half of them are wearing the damn color.

This was probably done on purpose. *Another test. Fuck.*

Georgia giggles louder this time, leaning into Beau. She's got her hand on his shirt, moving in for the kill. He may let her suck his cock, but I doubt it.

“You good, bro?” I check, ready to walk around and find my prey. Initiation is the only thing on my mind at the moment, so not even a good old-fashioned dick-sucking can sway me otherwise.

He nods. “You?”

“Yeah, I'm going to take a walk.”

“I'll catch up with you in a minute.”

“Good luck,” I tease. Grabbing my drink, I eagerly make my way into the next room. I can only have one or two tonight. I have to be on my game when it comes to this mysterious woman. Getting sloppy will only fuck up my chances with whatever the society has planned, and there's no

way I believe my first order is going to be cut and dry, let alone simple.

The Brotherhood wants me to get close. Well, I'll have this chick thinking I'm going to marry her ass if it means I gain the information I need. I get it now why this is my task. I've always been told I'm easy on the eyes, so naturally, a woman would want my attention and feel safe about confiding in me. I'm the son of a respectable businessman, a wealthy tycoon from the South, so I *must* be a good guy. I'm generally not, but very few people know as much since money has so nicely erased and buried my transgressions.

Everyone is the same—too much makeup, expertly styled hair, Botox, and overfilled faces with some lips reminding me more of fucking hot dogs. The poor are hooked on heroin with needles, and the rich are addicted to poking themselves with needles in the hopes of reaching perfection. No matter which side you're on, life has its different illusions. One is to escape and disappear while the other is to suffocate on attention. I want neither. Only power.

*Not it. Not it. Not it. Not it. Not it. Not it.* I silently repeat with each woman I pass. *I was a fucking idiot to think this would be easy. It's not Valentine's Day, for fuck's sake. What's wrong with these people? I'd have more luck in a wet T-shirt contest picking out a set of 34D tits than I will at this rate with a chick in a red dress.*

From one room to the next, I move through everyone, repeating greetings but not really seeing any of them. After all, they mean nothing. "Kingston?" someone calls louder than the others, but I keep moving.

As I pass through, I swear I see one of the creepy masks in the window. The sight has me stalling and taking a step back to quickly look again. *It's gone.* There's no one there, and now I'm left wondering if I really saw the mask or not. *Jesus... I must be seeing shit.* "Paranoid much?" I mumble before I continue on. The last thing I need to do is draw extra

attention if someone is there and then fuck up whatever they're possibly doing.

Like a good soldier, I keep pushing forward, but now I'm taking in everything I can about my surroundings. I glance at each window I pass, the feeling of being watched prickling at my skin with every step.

If I am being watched right now, I want to know. The society shouldn't be worried about me getting my task done because I will. It's my top priority at the moment. Hell, the initiation has been on my mind for years, so I won't fuck this up. Setting my glass on the next bar I come to, I gesture for a new drink. "Your most expensive. I don't care what it is. Two fingers, chilled." Just enough to make my goddamn thoughts calm down so I can focus on the task at hand again.

They get to pouring and shaking, then top off my glass. Raising the drink in thanks, I turn away and continue my stroll. The fifth step I take, I swear something comes out of nowhere, and I trip. I've never been clumsy in my life. I manage to hold onto my glass but not before my hand jerks forward in surprise, and the dark amber liquid sprays everywhere.

A soft shriek of surprise has me gaining my footing again and standing to my full height. Directly in front of me is a woman in a flowing red dress with my drink splashed down the front of it. *Just great, this wasn't part of the plan.* I've ruined her sexy as fuck outfit and I don't have time to deal with distractions. Following the trail of wetness upward, I take in her curvy hips, perfect breasts, and long blonde locks twisted in wavy curls. *She's a knockout.*

Her chin lifts, and all the air seems to be sucked out of the room. Everything else falls silent and I swear we're now moving in slow motion. My mouth drops, shock taking over every inch of my body. *It can't be her.* The last person I'd ever expect to see here, let alone at this party, dressed as my mark. I have to be imagining things, yes... I'm fucking drunk out of

my mind, that's it. Except, I've had only one drink so far tonight, the other spilled. *Fuck.*

*This can't be happening.*

*It must be a mistake.*

*But it's not.*

I know deep in my gut, this is exactly what's supposed to be.

"Iris?" I murmur, taking in the woman before me, wearing the same face as someone I once knew. *Am I dreaming? Is it a nightmare?*

This has to be a cruel trick being played on me. I obviously pissed off the wrong person, and now they're getting some sort of sick satisfaction out of this being my first order of initiation. Or maybe I'm wrong, and this was set up *because* I know her. Perhaps they believe I'll have a better chance of finding out what I need to because of our past relationship. Either way, this is wrong. How the fuck am I not going to tell Beau about this?

*Utter fucking bullshit.*

The real question is, how can I do what I need to without breaking her heart or mine in the process? The society wasn't fucking around when they asked me how far I'd go. They had to throw Iris at me like I wasn't already fucked-up enough by losing her the first time around. She was never anything more than a close friend, no matter how badly I wanted her to be more, but still. I've never stopped thinking of her, wondering how she was, what she was doing, who she was fucking. Because it certainly wasn't me.

"Kingston?" she breathes my name in a surprised whisper. Somehow, I make my name out over everything else happening in the room, but we could be in the middle of a concert, and I'd still hear her above all else. The world is fuzzy for a few beats as the reality of my situation hits me, before it's all speeding up in real-time, and I kick my ass into

gear. Lurching forward, I pull her down the closest hallway away from prying eyes. “King? Is everything okay?”

I’m breathing heavily like some psychopath by the time I stop tugging her along. “It’s really you?” I ask, then tug her to my chest, wrapping my arms around her in an affectionate hug. *Fuck, I’ve missed her. She still smells the same.* I dip my nose into her hair and inhale. She hugs me back then pulls away, fanning her dress.

“Shit, I can’t believe that happened. Let’s find a bathroom.” She allows me to take her hand, leading her as I pop my head in different doorways. Finally, toward the end of the hall, I find an empty bathroom. “Come on, in here.” Flipping on the light, I close the door behind her. Taking her in, I’m dumbstruck at how unbelievably stunning she is. “I ruined your dress.” Not that I care about the too-tight little number that no one else should be privy to seeing, but it’s the first thing I manage to choke free.

She waves my comment off, smiling. “It’s fine. The dress showed up at my door this morning in a gift box with a giant bow. I have no idea who it could be from, so it’s no big deal.”

“Oh? Did it have a note with it?” I want to flood her with questions, but refrain. Clearly, it’s no coincidence, but I’m not in the position to point it out.

She shakes her head. “No, but it was my size, so I thought it was just a welcome gift or something of the sort, since I just moved in.”

Nodding, I agree. “Makes sense.” Total bullshit, but she buys it. Grabbing the hand towels, I wet them and begin pressing them all over her body, making her laugh.

“Kingston, it’s fine... really.”

“You’re wet, and there’s a dark splatter all over the dress. I have an idea, take it off, and I’ll give you my shirt. You’re a shrimp, so it’ll probably reach your knees. You’ll at

least be dry until you go home.” I don’t want to stop touching her but having her in my clothes is the next best thing.

She grins and excitedly admits, “I pledged.”

“You what?” I must’ve heard her wrong. How is it I’m bored sideways one minute, and then this woman has my head spinning all over the place? *Woman... she’s a woman now. Fuck.* There’s no way I’m letting any of these motherfuckers near her, either. They’ll be warned the first chance I have to threaten them. ‘Stay the fuck away from Iris Kensington.’ Pledge or not, she’s mine... always has been and always will be.

“I’m a member here, I live upstairs.”

*Right behind my house.*

*Holy. Shit. This is too good to be true.*

Wait until Beau finds out about this. He’ll be pleased to hear she’s close to us again. The three of us grew up together thick as thieves until our friendship was snuffed out, and she was forced to move away. Her father’s a politician and didn’t want her getting involved with our devious acts so he basically locked her away so we couldn’t get a hold of her, let alone visit her. Otherwise, we’d have stuck together because there was no way in hell I’d have let her go once I was finally able to feel her the way I’d always dreamed of.

“Even better,” I smoothly reply, although my heart’s beating double-time. “You can wear my shirt upstairs and grab something else. I’ll walk with you to make sure no one bothers you.” Not true. I’ll walk through the crowd bare-chested with her in my shirt, and every fucker in the room will think I fucked her. She’ll move to the top of their lists, but they won’t touch her until I give the okay. I’ll seal her fate here and now before her college experience even begins.

*Taken.* I plan to make Iris Kensington feel me in her bones. She won’t even want to look another direction, let alone allow some dumbass to touch her. *I’ll be the only one fucking her, anyone else will die.*

“You’re still as sweet as you’ve always been. I’m glad to find out that hasn’t changed.” She flashes a tender smile, and shit, do I wish it were true. I’ll have to do whatever I can to make sure she doesn’t figure out the truth. *I’m a fucking monster.* Iris is the only person I don’t want tainted by my bullshit. I’ll protect her as much as I can, the same as I did before.

She offers her back. “Mind unzipping me?”

“Of course not.” *In fact, I’ll fantasize about it later.* Somehow, my big fingers manage to grip the tiny zipper, the fabric peeling away to expose her porcelain flesh as I lower it. Swallowing, I take in every inch as she removes her arms, and the dress falls to the floor. She’s stunning. A woman with her hips makes my mouth salivate in anticipation. I can already imagine how amazing she’ll look with my marks all over her flesh. I’d line her spine with love bites so anytime she’s not covering her back everyone will know I’ve been there. My eyes are drawn to the ink splayed down her arm, sending another wave of curiosity through my head.

*I have to touch her.*

She relaxes against my caress as soon as my fingertips land on her chilled shoulder. She instinctively turns to face me, her big brown eyes staring up at me while her teeth sink into her lower lip. She has to know she’s a fucking knockout.

Possessiveness boils over inside of me. I want the name of any man who’s ever had the pleasure of touching her so I can kill them in their sleep. No one is good enough for her, nor do they deserve her. Me included, although I’ll damn sure fucking try to be.

Her breasts will fill my palms perfectly. Her hips and thighs are built for riding, no doubt thanks to her horseback lessons. I wonder if she’s ever ridden a fat cock before. No, I don’t because I’ll go insane with jealousy if she has and possibly burn the fucking world down. “Did you change your mind about lending me your shirt?” she asks after a moment of me staring and taking in my fill.

Her question shakes me out of my momentary haze, and I offer my signature sexy smirk. It's worked on every woman I've needed to charm in the past, and this one is extra special. *You came here to do a job. Focus.* I'll get the information I need from her, but then I'll keep her.

*Forever.*

"You can have it. I was a bit distracted."

Her cheeks tint as a beautiful flush spreads up her neck. I can't stop staring but manage to pause as I reach behind me, peeling my shirt over my head. "Wow, so you got buff, huh?" Her eyes blaze with heat as she stares at my six-pack. Buff is a strong overstatement. I'm in shape from rowing, but I'm not built like a football player or anything.

"Oh yeah." I chuckle and flex my arms. If eye candy is her thing, she won't have to mention it twice.

"Wow," she whispers, reaching out to rub over my bicep. Her touch is electric, turning me on in no time. *I want more.*

"Rub me all over. Maybe I'll give you a couple of wishes," I tease. I used to always flirt with her when we were younger. I was sixteen and determined to make her see me as more than a friend. She moved shortly after, so my plans quickly shriveled up and died a cold, miserable death.

Her blush darkens as she realizes she's rubbing me and jumps away. "God, I'm so sorry. It was just there, and I couldn't help it," she rationalizes with a giggle.

She's so fucking cute I could eat her.

*Out.*

Extending the shirt to her, she quickly grabs it and puts her head inside. It gets shifted around, and as she struggles, I can't help but smile like a madman and reach in to help her. Pulling down the material, my knuckles skim her silky flesh, relishing each brush I'm blessed with. My cock has been at half-mast from the moment I checked out her wet material-



clad body, and don't get me started on her scent. Then there's everything else about her too—the woman is a twenty in a college full of tens.

“I don't mind. Feel free to touch them anytime,” I mutter, tugging the shirt to bring her in closer. My chin tips down as I stand over her; Iris' sultry gaze puts me in a trance once again. I can still read her like I could back in the day. She has a million thoughts running through her mind right now. Every piece of me wants to lean in and take her mouth with mine, to own her, but I can't royally screw this up by rushing. I want to fuck her here and now, I crave it, but it'll only ruin everything, so I release the shirt and step away.

Reaching for the door, I twist the handle and open it, then glance back. “Ready to do this?” The question has more than one meaning, but I only care whether she's ready to let me in her life because that's exactly where this thing between us is headed.

She nods and dips under my arm, waiting for me in the hallway. *Good girl.* I don't say it aloud, but I want to. My hand rests on her lower back as I flash her a tender look. “Lead the way, gorgeous. I need to know where you're sleeping so I can come over to harass you and sleep in your bed.” *As well as keep tabs on you and eventually go through all of your belongings.* After all, I have a task I'm not planning to fail.

“I'm not sure you'd fit.” She laughs. Fuck, it should be impossible, but I swear her smile makes her even more addictive. Corny? Probably, but I don't give a shit. It's the truth.

“Oh, we'd make it fit,” I mutter, relishing how her eyes widen. We quiet our banter as we head back out to the party, passing by some of my frat brothers and Iris' sorority sisters, amongst other students milling around. They take in her state of dress and my lack of it, various mouths dropping open in our wake.

See here's the thing, she's new and hasn't fucked anyone. I'd have heard of her if she had because there's no

way any idiot could keep this conquest to himself. As for me, I fuck. A lot. However, you never see a woman doing a walk of shame outside my room, and you never hear about it. You may catch a rumor in passing about how I have a huge dick and had various women suck it, but you'll never catch me in the act or bragging about it. The only person telling anyone they fucked someone, is them, and it'll stay that way.

Iris, on the other hand, I want every single person on campus to know whose shirt she's wearing tonight. I'll scream it from the fucking rooftops if I need to.

# CHAPTER FIVE

## Kingston

As soon as she allows me into her space, I immediately move to the window. I need to figure out which room belongs to her from the outside, so I can keep tabs on her schedule. Glancing between the open curtains, I take in the backyard, then flick my gaze to the house behind. It takes a mere moment before it sinks in—her room is directly across from mine.

I have a feeling this isn't a case of blind luck, but more like the society has been pulling strings in my initiation order far longer than I'd anticipated. It clearly wasn't a quick decision on their part, and they may end up being more of an ally than a foe when it comes to tasks. I can't help but wonder what it is exactly that they're after where she's concerned. I figured they'd toss my ass out to the wolves and see if I survived, but they're providing weapons, making this far easier than it should be. You won't catch me complaining. I'm not one to turn down a gift when I see it.

"It's hard to believe they crammed a full-size pool back there with how close together they built these houses."

Nodding absently, I turn to watch as she pulls pajamas from the bottom drawer in her tall white dresser. She has a vanity on the opposite wall littered with various hair and makeup supplies. "They certainly shoved in whatever they could fit. I suppose the university property isn't big enough to hold everything most of us are used to having."

She grins and tugs on soft cotton shorts with tiny armadillos printed all over them. "Why do I have a feeling if you wanted something, you'd find the space? You and Beau

have always been good about getting whatever you set your minds to.”

“Mmm. We’ve been creative when needed. I see you can take the girl out of Texas, but not Texas out of the girl, huh? Paris didn’t hang you out to dry wearing those pajamas?”

She saunters in my direction, and I wait on bated breath with each seductive swing of her hips. Each sway is a swift hit of desire, damn near making me stumble in her presence. “I didn’t share these with anyone, they’re part of my special collection,” she admits. “You’re telling me if I ordered you a matching pair, you wouldn’t wear them?”

Chuckling, I shake my head, taking her in from top to bottom. She’s incredibly intoxicating and doesn’t seem to have a clue. “Fuck no, I’m too busy thinking about taking those off you right now to even consider putting something on either one of us.” My fingers move to her chin, tilting it up to meet my shameless stare. “I do want to see more of this so-called special collection of yours, though. Besides, I sleep naked. Eventually, we won’t have any use for clothes at all.”

She draws in a quick, stunned breath, her lashes lowering a touch as my meaning kicks in. “All this flirting, *Kingston*, how do I know what’s real and fake?”

I love it when she utters my name softly. It’s more of a caress than a word. Leaning in until my nose tenderly kisses the tip of hers, I murmur, “Which parts do you want to be real?”

Her nose brushes mine once more before she takes a careful step backward, her chest heaving a bit as her pulse speeds up. She enjoys my proximity but may not be able to handle it so quickly. I don’t want to overwhelm her and push her away. I need to bring her *to* me.

“You must have a line of women falling all over you. You’ve always been handsome, but I don’t know how to take you like this.” She gestures to my frame, her gaze snagging on my abs a touch longer than the rest. She’s attracted to me—I

can read it in the way she responds to my attention and touch. I need to find the perfect balance of pushing and pulling when it comes to her. I've never had to work for a woman in the past, they've easily come to me. *Iris is different.* She's more.

My hand shoots out, this time wrapping around her throat, and I jerk her to me. Her body nearly crashes into mine, but she manages to brace her hands on my chest before we completely collide. Leaning in, my lips graze hers, just enough for me to feel her warm breath against my mouth. Peering into her sparkling eyes, mine confess everything I can't voice aloud. "Like what, beautiful? As a man? Here's a hint, Iris, you already know me." Her nails dig into my chest. If I were wearing my shirt, I'm sure she'd be fisting it. Regardless, it's my breaking point.

I always told myself if I ever saw Iris again, I wouldn't let her go like the first time. I keep my promises. She's it for me. She's the only woman who's ever been able to claw her way into my soul and never escape my thoughts, even after being gone for years. Although, it may be unfortunate for us both, she has my heart and I'm going to have to tread carefully to balance society and my inevitable relationship with Iris.

My grip flexes around her throat, stealing her breath as my mouth finally lands on hers. I feel like I've been waiting my entire life to taste her like this. She reminds me of everything good in my past, and it only heightens my desire for her. Who would think, the only thing worth really having in life you can't buy?

Iris' lips part, and my tongue dives inside. Hers tangling with mine is a welcoming distraction from the many thoughts trampling through my mind. How can I possibly possess her entirely without eventually fucking our lives up with whatever information I manage to gain about her family? Her father's the governor of Texas, for crying out loud. I've known him for as long as I have known Iris, and let's just say our fathers go way back. Everything's about control within the society, I understand as much, but they want me to sacrifice

the one special woman aside from my mother who's ever meant anything to me.

Her hands on my chest consume my attention in the best way, eliciting a newfound craving. I want to kiss and own every single inch of her body. One taste will never be enough, and I'll do whatever it takes to have my fill. My fingers twist in her long, silky curls, the ache inside begging me to wrap them around my fist and thrust my cock inside her until she can no longer take it.

I want to break her.

Mold her.

And covet her, all in the same overwhelming breath.

Stopping myself before I completely lose control, I pull back, dropping my hand from her throat to make my touch appear gentler. Contentment washes over me as I inhale her scent again, refreshing my memory of everything *Iris*. I'm going to figure out what the smell is so I can put it all over everything in my room. The only scent I want to smell is hers. I've loved her before I knew what the word truly meant. Sure, there's kid love, puppy love, and family, but *Iris* is so much more than any of those. The more I allow myself to think, the greater the obsession builds. I'm spiraling, as I always do when I find something I absolutely can't live without.

"Just as stunning as I remember," I murmur, pressing a kiss to her forehead before putting a little distance between us. "Wait until Beau hears I've found you." I smirk, already imagining his stunned but intrigued reaction. We've never stopped talking about her over the years, I know he's missed her as much as I have.

Her brows jump, happiness overtaking her. "Do you think he missed me too?" She echoes my thoughts as I catch her little exhale from curious nerves as she waits for my response.

"Of course, he did, and he'll want to see you as soon as I tell him you're here."

“Let’s surprise him,” she suggests, and my chest warms. She’s such a sweetheart. It’s amazing she turned out that way being around Beau and me so much. Maybe Paris wasn’t all bad for her, even if it did steal her away from us for far too long.

“Whatever you want, babe,” I easily agree with a wink. My chest is lighter, having her here with me. “Are you not changing to go back downstairs?”

She shakes her head. “No, I wasn’t feeling it down there in the first place. I’m glad we ran into each other. I’ve missed you...” she trails off, turning serious, almost seemingly afraid I’ll deny her. *Never*. “Can we, um... see each other again soon?”

I have no idea why uncertainty laces her voice. Iris is crazy to think she needs to ask. She’s never getting rid of me again, but I don’t admit as much. I need to play it calm and cool, so I don’t seem too overeager and send her running for the hills. She might not think me putting a ring on her finger and locking her down tomorrow is as appealing as I do. If she did, I’d do it. “You’re not getting rid of me that easily. Give me your phone, and I’ll put my new number in.”

Paying extra attention when she types her lock screen code in, she hands it over, and I commit the four numbers to memory. I’ll need it next time when she *accidentally* misplaces her phone, and I conveniently happen to find it. Tapping in my number and adding myself to her contacts, I send a text to my phone. “All set. I’ll add you to my top contacts so you can always reach me if you need to.”

“I’ll try not to bother you too much.” She offers a shy smile, and I can’t help but wonder when she became this way where I’m concerned. Is it because we’re older, and I kissed her? If so, she needs to get it through her head we’re still the same as before. Nothing has changed as far as I’m concerned, aside from the fact I plan on making her mine in more ways than one.

Handing her phone back, I attempt to get my point across without coming off too pushy. “You’re never a bother. The opposite, in fact. Text me anytime for anything.” I’ll know what she’s doing already anyhow; I’ll have eyes on her at all times. With one final lingering look in her direction, I wish her goodnight and close her door behind me.

Pausing, I wait outside her door until I hear the lock engage, then quickly make my way downstairs. I need to get the fuck out of here. I’ll grab some binoculars from our camping stuff in the storage under the mansion and get to work. I have to know absolutely everything there is about Iris Kensington because I refuse to lose her again.



# CHAPTER SIX

## Beau

The house behind ours is having another party tonight and I tried to be social, but there's only one problem... I have no fucking desire to see people. King already bowed out himself, so I did the same. Their party was lame, and my head wasn't in it. My mind is fucked over what these keys could be for and I sure as hell don't want to see Iris tonight. My restraint is teetering and I'd for sure say fuck it all and just do what I want with her.

But now, I've decided the only way to get her out of my head is to get fucked up, so I go back downstairs in search of something to help put me in a blur.

People crowd me as I walk through the never-ending party we have at the fraternity. It looks like everyone moved over here since that other party was lame. Sliding my hands along the wall of the hallway, I find my way to the kitchen and grab a bottle of tequila to finish this night off in my bedroom. I just need to go to bed and forget this day because Iris was fucking right. I regret ever letting her out of my truck. I regret not telling her how I love her too and it's fucking killing me inside to do what's best for her.

She has no idea why I'm pushing her away but if Iris would think about it, she'd remember, and would realize she deserves better than what my mother got. Hell, better than what her own mother got or what her father did to her. She deserves a man who won't choose a secret society and power over his own family. I can't give her that. It's not in my blood.

I'm in my room with the door closed before I strip down to my underwear and light up a cigarette. Fuck the rest of the house tonight.

There's a knock on my door as I open the bottle, but I've already decided I won't be answering for anyone tonight. I'm mid swig when the knock turns aggressive and is followed by a voice I normally can't deny.

"Beau... open the fucking door. They told me you're in one of those moods. Get your ass out here." It's King. He won't go away without knowing I'm good, so I do the first thing I can think of to get him to leave.

I drop my underwear and shut off the lights, stumble to the door with my dick half-hidden behind one hand and a cigarette between my lips. "Fuck. I'm busy. I'll hit you up when I'm finished."

"That's my boy." I close the door with a rushed nod and lock it, hoping that'll be the last time I have to talk to anyone tonight. Of all the people I definitely need to avoid, it's King, because he will see right through my bullshit. He'll know I'm fucked up over something *big* and he'll question me until he figures it out. It's not as if I want to keep any secrets from him... I'll tell him everything, eventually. However, I'm not in the mood to talk tonight.

Someone yelling outside has me peeking through the curtain to see what's going on, but it isn't the shouting that grabs my attention. It's the open fucking window straight into the room of the girl I'm trying to avoid. "Motherfucker." Of course, I have damn near a direct view into her room and can see every fucking thing.

She doesn't notice me watching her and for about half a second I consider walking away from the window, but of course the thought doesn't last long. She's too goddamn beautiful, and it hurts to see her so close and not be able to go to her. I've wanted to see her for years and now that I have her back... everything is fucked and I need to stay the hell away from her. Maybe if I keep telling myself that it'll eventually sink in, but right now my dick is not the only thing not listening to reason.

Fuck. She can even unpack a box in a t-shirt and shorts and look sexy. I watch her move around her room like there's no one watching. Like I'm not one of many of the guys on this side who would love to stalk her every move if given the chance.

"She needs to close her fucking curtain," I mumble to myself, tugging on my shorts. Opening my door, I yank a t-shirt over my head and take the stairs to the left to avoid most of the crowd. Before I have a chance to talk myself out of it, I'm knocking on her fucking bedroom door in the next house over.

It takes her far longer than it should to open the door, but it takes me no time to consume her entire space. She's still standing in the doorway, gawking when I rip the curtain closed and turn to scold to her. "Everyone can fucking see into your room."

"So. It's not like I was changing clothes or anything."

"They can watch you."

"Do you mean... you can watch me?" She flips the conversation back on me and I twinge with frustration over how she can get to me so quickly. *Her sassy fucking mouth.*

A few girls giggle their way down the hall, pushing me to close the door, wanting privacy for this conversation. I don't need anyone else noticing me here; Iris' safety has to be front and foremost. *Fuck. What the hell am I doing?*

"What are you really doing here, Beau?" She nonchalantly turns to walk away from me and without a thought in my fucking head, I spin her around to kiss her. My hand automatically circles her neck as I hold her in place, while I lose my fucking mind over her and shut her up at the same time.

Her hands sliding up my back sends me over the top, as the feeling crashes into me full force. Her chest rises in sync with mine and being close enough to breathe in the same air, is by far my favorite place to be in life. I know this. I've fucking

missed this and it's in this moment I realize the reality of our situation... I'll forsake anyone who gets in our way, whether it be my family, the society, or any other brave fucking soul hell bent on making their next mistake.

*Iris is mine.*

I slow my movements and feel her grasp on my back tighten. "Please don't pull away from me." I soften my grip on her neck and slide my hand up to cup the side of her face, melting a bit when she leans into my palm.

"I wish I could walk away from you," I whisper against her ear and brush a few gentle kisses down her neck. The softness of this moment is rare for me and something I've only ever had with her. She slowly slides her hands back down my back, sending a shiver up my spine.

I've missed her touch. I've missed her smell. I've missed every fucking thing about her and I'm going to spend all night reminding myself of the things that make her perfect.

"Beau. Please don't hurt me." I pull back, meeting her stare. No doubt my face reveals my curiosity.

"Do I scare you, Kens? Have I ever laid a hand on you?"

"It's not your hands I'm worried about... it's my heart. Promise me, Beau. Swear you'll be real with me... and yourself." I hear her and nod because I can't help but have hope that I can keep the promise she's asking me to make. But the truth still remains. I have no idea what the society will require of me, and I have no fucking clue what will happen if I'm forced to defy them to protect her.

I pull off her shirt, this time with a plan to enjoy every inch of her body before we leave the room. I finally get the chance to really admire the tattoos that trail down her arm, all of which weren't there when she left years ago. Her silky skin is a contrast to my fingertips and I'm fascinated as the goosebumps surface along her shoulders. "You like that?" She nods with a shy smile, and I fall in love with the idea of

mastering everything her body enjoys and start imagining how I'll tease her until she loses her mind. But that'll be another time. Tonight is for all the nights we've missed together.

Lowering myself, I sit on her bed and pull her body close. Wrapping my arms around her waist, I start to slide her shorts off when I'm reminded of her quirky personality. "Are there really fuckin' armadillos on your shorts?"

She leans her head back and laughs; this time a real smile lights up her face and I take note of another thing I need to master. The armadillos fall to the floor at the same time she's pulling my shirt up my back. I shift back on the bed until I'm against the headboard and admire her confidence when she crawls up the bed to meet me. She pulls my shorts down and without any further encouragement, she takes her seat... *right on my dick.*

Everything else in the world fades away and I let it all go.

I thrust upward and pull her against me until we're face to face. She pauses from rotating her hips and I stop fucking her, as we both stare into the other's eyes. If I didn't love her already... I'd fall in love with her this very moment. I can see my entire world through her eyes and it's going to be amazing.

"I love you," I whisper against her lips and watch her smile again; this time she pulls her bottom lip between her teeth and finishes with a smirk.

"I know you do." She sits up and starts to rotate her hips again and I lay back, entranced as the girl of my dreams rocks my world. I watch her touch herself when she's close, then eagerly stare at her face as she flies over the edge.

I try my hardest to keep my eyes open while she unravels me, and when we're both coming down from the high, I watch her gaze at me with a true connection most will never experience in a lifetime.

Tucking her against my body, I hold her close as we exhale in relief. My eyes are already closed when her soft

voice demands, “Stay the night with me.”

*I already planned to.*

My phone vibrates from the floor and instantly I’m dreading a message from the society that’ll pull me from her bed.

**King:** Don’t think you’ve escaped me just because you snuck out of here, asshole. Why are you avoiding me?

**Me:** I’m not. Still busy. I’ll hit you up tomorrow.

**King:** Got a wild one, I see. Tomorrow it is. I have to tell you some shit.

Yeah... it looks like I need to talk to him, too. I need to tell him Iris is here. I keep it just vague enough that he knows not to come looking for me. I don’t want anything interrupting this. Tonight, I’m holding her while we sleep... everything else can wait until tomorrow.

# CHAPTER SEVEN

## Kingston

Dipping out of both parties, I manage to leave without too many people noticing and shoot off a text to Beau. I'm not a complete dick to bail on him and not let him know about it, but apparently, he is. Tonight's pussy must be amazing if he's taken off without even a quick text to let me know.

Strolling through the sorority's backyard, I take in the ill-fitting pool we were just speaking about. It's growing chillier each night, yet there are still screaming women and drunk assholes tossing them in, thinking it's the greatest fucking thing since their first hit of cocaine. I swipe my universal key card that only the most privileged of us receive when enrolling and step through to our backyard. The property back here is set up a bit differently, as we have twice the size of the sorority behind us. I'm assuming it has something to do with the Brotherhood, as we need space and secrecy to do what is required of us.

I was hoping to slip inside without being noticed, but I'm interrupted along my trek.

"Don't think your new plaything went unnoticed." The comment is threatening. I know it, and so does he, but Matthew's still stupid enough to make it. Halting in my tracks, I find him lingering in the dark like the scum he is.

My smile is wide, cruel even, as I step closer, crowding his space. His nostrils flare while he glares at me full of spite. He has to look up as I have a good four inches on him. I'm sure it only serves to piss him off further. Matthew has always hated me. Beau, too, but we've managed to keep our distance. We've dealt with haters our entire fucking lives, so this guy was never anything special, just another to add to the mix.

“Do you have a death wish, Matthew? Because that’s where this is going.” He has me completely fucked in the head if he believes I’ll tolerate him threatening Iris. My eyes flick toward her window, taking comfort in her light still on.

“You can’t look away, even now. Everyone will figure it out soon enough. She’s your weakness... no wonder The Brotherhood has brought her here. Easy bait.”

“Watch what you fucking say!” I hiss as my hands shoot out and grip his shirt. I shake him as rage clouds my mind. I’ve done well keeping my toes clean since I got to this university, biding my time for the society to notice me. Well, I have no reason to hold back any longer, and he’s right in my path of rage.

Matthew shoves against me as if he could escape my hold. The fucker thinks he’s a badass since I’ve let him run his mouth, but not any longer, not where Iris or the Brotherhood is concerned. Releasing an angry grunt, I slam my head into his. The headbutt dazes him enough for me to get a better grip on him and drag his body to the corner of our massive pool. This side is in the shadows, done purposely in case we want to bring a chick back here and fuck without prying eyes.

*I’ll be using the privacy to my advantage tonight,* I think while I drag him along, his steps faltering as he attempts to fight me off. Let’s face it, he’s never been a match for me—he was simply too small-minded to realize as much. Big difference between him and me. I’m not a fucking idiot who can’t see a worthy opponent in front of me. It’ll ultimately lead to his demise. Shame he couldn’t keep his mouth shut and mind his business.

“I’ve had enough of your bullshit, Matthew. I’ve allowed you to come and go as you please, yet you still have to fuck with me. You know those rumors people hear about my temper? It’s not just for party games. I thoroughly enjoy letting go and losing control.”

“Fuck you, let me go. Get off me! I’ll tell my father about this,” he spits, attempting to spin us around so I’ll



release him.

My chest rumbles with a laugh at his last comment. He's in for a shock as daddy won't hear a word from him. "No, not this time. You're going to learn here and now, I mean what I say, and when I tell you to fuck off and die... I literally mean every word."

Hooking my leg around, I kick the back of his knee, so he falls to the ground. I go with him, landing on top, straddling his weak beta body underneath mine. My hand wraps around his throat as I use my weight and knees to shuffle him the last foot I need. He fights with all his might, but it's no use. My upper body strength rivals any athlete on campus.

His head hangs over the edge of the pool as I nearly growl in fury. "You should've done what everyone else in this school does when it comes to me and looked the other fucking way."

He begins to scream, but I smack the back of his skull against the travertine tiles, stunning him. Blood pours from behind his head, where I've broken the skin and hopefully cracked his skull, so I finish the job. With one hand still around his throat, the other fists his hair as I shift him over the last bit and shove his face under the crystal-clear water. His arms flail as he kicks crazily. He may've been in shock, but he quickly realizes this is a fight for his life. Too bad for him, I don't lose.

Matthew gurgles, bubbles leaving him as I hold his head in the bright blue pool. The blood sinks through the depths, reminding me of ink spreading and discoloring the perfect shade the staff works so hard to attain. This stupid shit for brains couldn't take a hint, and now I have another body on my conscience. Lucky for me, I don't pay any attention to that bullshit concern.

Grinning manically, I continue to hold him under, eagerly watching as the life finally fades away from his eyes and his body gives in. I keep him under for a beat longer to make sure he doesn't pull some supernatural shit and come

back alive on me, my grip remaining true as I stare at his lifeless face.

My fingers begin to ache from holding him tightly, so I release him and stand. With a huff, I shove him fully into the pool, watching as his body shifts, until his head is under water and his back floats just below the surface. He'll probably sink then float—it's what the last one I killed like this did.

Drying my hands off, I glance back at the gate before I leave and draw in a stunned breath. Standing there watching me, for who knows how long, is a man in a suit, a mask on his face.

*The Brotherhood of Darkness is following me. I wasn't imagining the face in the window earlier—there was someone there.*

He doesn't utter a word or shift his stance. He stands there, unwavering, creeping me the fuck out. He doesn't scold me for killing this tweedled prick or anything, remaining quiet while I stare at him. I finally send him a nod to which he responds by robotically lifting an arm to point in the direction of the house, sending me away. I take that opportunity to leave the body behind and hope to fuck I didn't just seal my own death.

I know whoever was behind that mask just witnessed me killing Matthew but that also means they'll know why I did it. I don't take well to threats, and I'll always handle business. It should be an attribute they're looking for in new pledges. *But who knows.*

It's all out of my hands now. Either the society will send consequences my way or they won't. Regardless, I'm fine; my father will take care of it if the society chooses to throw me under the bus.

I'm a Banks.

I do whatever the fuck I want.

Whether that be spying on the woman I'm in love with or killing anyone standing in my way. It's best they discover

this about me now before Beau and I end up at the top of the Brotherhood in the future. Because mark my words... we will run the society in our lifetime.

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As soon as my eyes part and I remember what happened last night, I move to my window and glance at the pool. The water is clear, sans body, and if I'd been drinking heavily last night, I'd believe I made the entire scenario up. However, I was sober, so I know damn well I left a body floating in there to be cleaned up. There's not a speck of blood anywhere either, which is good because I hadn't paid it any mind last night. Since that's been taken care of, there's no use worrying about it. I have better things to concern my time with.

When I'd gone down to the storage rooms before bed, I found binoculars and a small telescope to help with my plans. The telescope will probably be too strong being this close, but it may work well if I need to see something small. Using the binoculars, I point them directly at Iris' window and inhale a deep, frustrated breath. *She's closed her curtains.*

My failed attempt at stalking is interrupted by a knock.

Not bothering to put any clothes on, I stroll to my door. Opening it, I find one of the house staff waiting patiently. I met him on my first day here. A few of the students were giving him a hard time, so I poured gasoline all over their pieces of shit Lotus and Porsche and set the ugly fucking cars on fire. That trash didn't deserve to be parked with the Bugattis, Lamborghinis, and my personal favorite my father recently had delivered for me, my Lykan HyperSport. Since then, the guy has never hesitated to offer his assistance should I need it.

“You received my text?” I ask Jorge quietly, knowing he wouldn’t be here if he hadn’t.

He nods, keeping his stare pinned on my face. Guess my big cock intimidates him or something. “I caught Ana first thing this morning, and she got it.”

“Iris has no idea it was your friend who swiped it?”

He shakes his head. “She had stepped out of her room for a second, and Ana’s so good, you’d never know she was there.” He hands the phone over with the same white case I saw her with last night.

Setting it on my dresser, I reach for my wallet. Unfolding ten bills, I pass the grand to him. “Thanks, I appreciate it.”

He pockets the cash. “No problem. Was the phone the only thing you wanted?”

My shoulders jump with my shrug as I admit, “For now. I’ll hit you up if I think of something else.”

“All right. See you later.” I nod, and he walks toward the back staircase. Now I have exactly what I need to begin digging on Iris. I win with the society all while learning more about my true love.

# CHAPTER EIGHT

## Beau

Sharing a bed with Kens has never meant much sleep for me, I got maybe two hours, not that I'm complaining in the slightest. Post-sex exhaustion does make for the best naps, though.

Freshly out of the shower, I hear commotion in the hallway and to be honest, I want to get this conversation with King behind me. I'm not sure what he needs to tell me... but it's usually some serious shit when he says he needs to talk. He'll be happy to hear Iris is back, so I'm not worried about my news. *Just his*. I open the door to see some guy talking to King with a wad of cash being exchanged. And King is naked. *What the fuck?*

When the guy leaves, I push my way into his room so we can get this conversation behind us.

“Good morning to you, too.” He stands there with his cocky bare ass displayed for anyone who walks by. “Couldn't wait to get a peek of this yourself, huh?”

“Put some clothes on, fucker.” As if I haven't seen his shit my entire life.

He tugs on a pair of underwear super fucking slow, testing my patience even further. “Better?”

“At least your cock's not hanging out anymore.”

He flops down on his bed before he starts talking. “What's up? How was your night?”

“Oh no, I want to know what that early morning exchange was all about.” I haven't been in contact with King for a few days, so I can only imagine the kind of trouble he's gotten himself into.

“The least you could do is bring breakfast before you interrogate me.” He ignores my question and tries to change the subject, but I just stare at him until he starts talking. “Fine, I guess I’ll starve in the meantime. The text I sent you last night?” I nod and wait for his response.

“You’ll never guess who I ran into last night.”

He’ll never guess who I’ve been running into for the past two fucking days. But I’ll let him go first. “I don’t know where to start as far as guesses go. Who was it?”

“She.” He says it and I start dreading where this conversation is headed.

“She?”

He has a shit eating grin his face and I already know what he’s about to say before it comes out of his mouth. “Of all the women in the world, I found the best one. Even had her in my shirt and kissed her sexy ass.”

Maybe it’s not *her*.

Maybe he met someone else at the party last night.

“No shit? Who are we dealing with here, King?”

“Iris Kensington.”

“No... fucking... way.” I say it because I can’t fucking believe he’s hung up on my girl but he takes it as if I don’t believe she’s back. Yes, I know she’s back. I’ve just had my dick in her at least six times in the past twenty-four hours.

*Fuck.*

“Yep, she had me on cloud nine all night just thinking about our time together.” When the hell did he have time with her? It had to have been before I went over there last night... which means Kens held back some valuable fucking information that would’ve changed some shit. I definitely wouldn’t have fucked her all night long.

“And your early morning visitor?” I try to change the subject because my head feels like it’s about to explode.

“I had him use his connections to get me her phone.” Jesus Christ, King is already stalking her, yet he missed the info about me being over there for hours. Just wait till he finds out how my history with Iris goes way back.

“One night and you’ve already stolen her phone? You sure you want to head down this road so soon? What if you hate her?” I try my best to deflect his attention from her... but I already know it’s too late. Once he sets his mind on something... it’s his. I know this because I’m the same. We’ve just never wanted the same thing before.

“Hate her?” He laughs at me like I’m an idiot. “I need an in into her life. I want to know everything we’ve missed, what she likes, who she talks to... everything. Trust me, there’s no way either one of us could ever hate her. She’s even better than before. She’s changed in all the right ways.”

I *know* she has.

I *fucking know*.

“How did she look? Was she at least happy?” I can’t tell him about us. He will implode and literally tear the frat house up if he finds out I beat him to her. He will never forgive me, and I know this because he’s a competitive fucker that I’ve known my entire life.

“Man, there isn’t a word to describe her. She’s always been hot, but now, she’s a complete knockout.” *Knocked my ass out a few times last night.*

“Plastic Barbie type? Ugh, thought she wasn’t interested in perfection.” At this point... I have to play dumb. I thought I would be able to stand up to the world in order to keep Kens, but I never dreamed I’d have to stab my best friend just to get her. If he finds out I kept my past relationship with her a secret for all of these years and then beat him to her this time, he will never forgive me.

“Nah, more like natural beauty with wide hips that look like she could ride a cock for hours.” *Oh... she can.*

“*Fuck.*” I huff, releasing some of my frustrations. Thank god he’s so tied up in his own thoughts about her he’s missing all the clues that I’m losing my shit.

“My thoughts exactly. I’m determined to find out everything I can about her. There’s no way we’re losing her again. This time I’m letting her know how I feel. The kiss last night was... well, she got my cock hard and my mind spinning without even trying. I’m going to lock her ass down and keep her.” *Shit. He kissed her.* He will go fucking ballistic when he finds out the truth. Just when I decide to tell him everything... my phone vibrates.

**Private:** *You will use your first key now. You have one hour to pack a bag for a week and drive straight north on Bentley Drive. You’ll receive an address soon. Come solo.*

Fuck. There’s no way I can get into this with him now. I know when I tell him everything it’ll take days to calm him down. I have less than an hour. I have to keep it peaceful until this initiation is over. “When are we seeing her?”

“She wants to surprise you.” *I bet she fuckin’ does.* I’m going to spank her ass for this.

“I’ll play along... pretend you haven’t told me she’s here already. Keep me updated between now and then.” Little Iris Kensington is playing games. It looks like I have no choice but to join in now that she’s royally fucked me by putting me in this position against my best friend. She knows better than this.

“Good, and I will. I’ll swing by her room later and see if she wants to grab some food. Tell her you’re meeting me so she can surprise you,” I reply, as I can’t wait to see her face.

“She say anything about why she’s at this school and not still in Paris? I wonder what she had to do to get her family to let her come to Bentley.” Since he did more talking than me,



might as well find out if he discovered anything relevant about her dad. If she's here, then he's not far away.t

“She didn't really say much about it. We'll have to dig it all out from her. Maybe hack into her laptop if I don't find anything worthwhile on her cell. I was too shell-shocked at running into her and how amazing she looked. I wonder, since she's stateside if she'll be heading to Texas for the holidays again?” Good question. I have no clue. *We didn't talk much.*

“Her father won't be pleased to see her with us, that's for sure.” We're in for a fight with him, between ourselves... and if we're not careful, with the society as well when they start using her to get us to do their bullshit.

“Like we give a fuck. If he wasn't the governor, we could make his ass disappear for good. Maybe someday. It'd be wise to get him off her back.” He's always looking for ways to get rid of people... and in this case, I agree with him.

“We've discussed it before... maybe now's the time to put it in motion.”

“I'm down with those plans. We could hire it out, so it doesn't point toward us.” And now we're talking about offing the governor. Jesus... this day started off so good and now I'm plotting murder.

“Hmm. I want to take care of it ourselves... no room for fucking up that way.” We don't need anyone with the power to blackmail us on anything this big.

“You know I'm always willing to play with my food, not just grill it and toss it in barbecue sauce.” Yeah... King is fucked up. But I love him all the same. He's been there for me my entire life and I'm the piece of shit who hasn't been upfront with him about Iris and her family connections.

“Gross. All right, I have shit to do, so text me when you want me to meet up with you.”

“Brotherhood stuff?” he whispers and I roll my eyes and look around the room for any obvious cameras. My

paranoia is growing rampant as the clock keeps ticking my hour away.

“I gotta go.”

“I’ll text you,” he rushes in the last word just before the door closes.

Fuck, I need to talk to Iris. I didn’t even bother to get her phone number the past few days, so I guess that’ll have to wait until I get back.

I hurry to my room and start throwing my clothes into a duffle bag. *One week*. I can’t imagine where they’ll have me go for an entire week and I don’t have time to think about it. I’ve already wasted too much of my hour talking to King.

Guilt weighs heavy as I walk out of the frat house without another word to King. It feels off because we’re used to doing everything together. We know everything about each other... with the exception of how far I took it with Iris all those years ago. She didn’t want what we had to ruin the bond the three of us had. If I could go back in time, I’d do it all another way, and this whole fucked up day would be going a little differently.

Doing this society stuff alone goes against all we’ve ever been, and I hope against everything we ever will be. I like it when he has my back and he’s never known life without me having his.

I take a deep breath and steer my truck north on Bentley Drive in hopes that this is all short-lived and once we’re members in the society, we can go back to being a team. I’ll just have to come clean about Iris and hopefully he’ll forgive me.

# CHAPTER NINE

## Kingston

Beau was quick to take off, but he'll tell me what's going on when we for sure know the coast is clear and won't mess up our initiation. We've had years to talk about joining together and how to let each other know if we've been contacted by the society. We both know to wait until after our orders are over before we fill each other in. I can't wait for the day when Beau and I are sitting behind that long table wearing masks, telling recruits what to do. Someday that power will fall to us, and I'm damn near salivating for it.

As soon as I'm confident he's not coming back for any reason, I leap up again and move for my window. Grabbing a notebook and pen from my desk, I set it beside the binoculars and record the times I've seen Iris in her room. As soon as I establish her routine and schedule of coming and going, I can get a better idea of when to conveniently show up. The quicker she feels close to me again, the sooner I can get the information I need and complete my task.

I don't give it two thoughts on whether this information the Brotherhood wants will ruin Jack Kensington and his career or not. After he took Iris from us and sent her away, he was dead to me. The only real concern is if Iris will be affected by his downfall or whatever the information will do.

I certainly won't let her go down with her father. She's got me to protect and look out for her now. The sooner we cut him away from her, the better, in my opinion. Jack won't be in the picture for long if Beau and I have our way, *which we always do*. The man needs to die; I may've joked about the barbecue but I'm serious about the dead part.

Using the binoculars, I eagerly check to see if she's opened her curtain yet. My dick twitches the second I find that she has. It's short-lived when I realize she's not in her room but that doesn't stop me from watching for other movement. I hope to gain some information but see nothing out of the ordinary.

I get up, grab a protein bar and bottled water, then plop my ass back in front of the window, this time using the telescope I had overnighted so I could get a closer look. It'll come in handy the next time she changes, and I want an up-close-and-personal view of her pussy. I wish the window in her bathroom were clear so I could see her in there as well. Grabbing my camera, I plug the USB charger into it and point the lens toward her window. Scrolling through the commands, I opt for record and check I have the right memory card inserted. It's got enough space to record for a while before I have to load it onto my laptop.

She's obviously not in her room, and I've looked at all I can for the moment. So, I check her phone, typing in her password. I was able to easily memorize the four-digit pin and she never suspected a thing. My sweet woman is a little too trusting, even if it is with me. The phone immediately lights up with missed calls from her sorority sisters. She must be on the hunt for her phone by now and having others call it for her while she searches. I wonder if she realized it was last in her room when I gave her my number?

My cell vibrates, pulling me from exploring her apps and everything else I can possibly dig up. I'd ignore it, but it could be Beau, or the society and I don't want to miss anything from either.

**Private:** *Set the phone outside your door. We'll return it in two hours.*

*Dammit. So much for me doing my own digging.* Scowling, I do as instructed and place her phone right outside my door on the floor. I merely got the fucking thing, and

already have to hand it over. *Bullshit if you ask me.* She's my order and I should be privy to the information they're digging for. I want to leave the door cracked to see who the hell it is, but I know it could ruin everything.

With a frustrated sigh, I lock the door, then walk away from the temptation of the unknown. Someday I'll be on the inside and know who does all this shit for the Brotherhood and then I won't have to worry about what *they* know, and I don't.

If Iris is going to be absent around this time each morning, I'll have to see if Ana can get me more door codes to the sorority so I can explore the other rooms if needed. No one will utter a word if they notice me hanging around there, it'd be their downfall and they damn well know it. If anything, they'd probably try to get me in their room for a quick fuck. *I could always use that to my advantage.*

Heading for my bathroom, I flip the spray on in my shower and wait a beat for it to heat up. As soon as the water is warm but not scalding, I drop my fresh navy-blue briefs and step inside. My cock is swollen as thoughts of one tempting woman dance through my mind on repeat. I'm going to make her love me and one day I'll have her in here with me, naked, and at my mercy. I'd shove her curvy frame against the wall and fuck her ass until I see stars, then spin her around to take her pussy slow and steady until she comes all over my dick.

I'm going to ruin Iris, then keep her. She'll never be able to leave me again, I'll make sure of it.

I can't seem to get her off my mind. Iris is all I've thought about from the moment I realized she's not a mere figment of my imagination conjured up after far too long. Remembering the night of the party, I can't help but chuckle at how naïve she was about me getting her dress off her. She did exactly what I wanted her to, and if it weren't the first time I'd seen her in years, I'd have made her climax loudly in the downstairs bathroom for anyone near to hear as well. Anybody who didn't see her in my shirt last night will learn soon enough she's mine. I'm sure the rumor mill is running rampant

with our little show from that night, and I'll happily feed into this one.

With one hand braced against the cool marble shower wall, I tip my head down to watch my free hand begin to stroke my long, thick cock. The hot water beats down on my sore neck and back, massaging the tense muscles as bliss overtakes my senses. My balls seem heavier than usual, my length engorged with insatiable need, but only one person will satisfy the red-hot desire burning through my veins right now. My ass flexes as each stroke and twist of my hand turns a touch more violent than the last as lust consumes me. I begin squeezing and tugging ruthlessly, wanting a little pain to mix with the pleasure. Iris may be sweet, but there's an inferno burning deep inside I can't wait to set free, she'll no doubt be the best I'll ever have. My deep grunts echo in the shower, and somehow through the haze my speed increases.

The image I conjure up of her walking into my room right now and stripping down has me clenching my eyes closed. I wish it would happen right now, so fucking badly. If only I could touch her and watch her come for me.

*The glass shower door opens, and Iris is standing naked right in front of me. Her pert little nipples pebbled with desire, and wetness slicking her thighs, needing me to fill her with my cock. The image is taunting, making me crazy with desire to finally sample what I've always wanted.*

*Fuck.*

*Tugging her into the shower with me, I fall to my knees, ready to worship her everywhere. My palms eagerly rake over her thighs, pushing them apart until I can get a peek at the sweetness waiting to be battered by my tongue and cock.*

*"Touch me," she commands with a whisper. She won't have to tell me twice as I eagerly lean in, pressing my nose to her pussy and inhale. Iris smells like heaven, she always has, and her cunt is no different. My tongue dips out, tickling her nub until she quietly groans in pleasure.*

*“That’ll never do, honey. Let me hear you,” I demand and suck her clit between my lips, pressing them together, applying pressure until she can’t take any more and cries out. It’s loud enough for Beau to hear her, but I want the entire hallway to know her pussy’s getting owned in my shower by me. Her thighs quiver as I continue to suck, and her ass falls back against the wall, unable to stand any longer.*

*Shifting around until I’m on my side and can slide down to lie on my back, I yank her to the floor with me. I’m impatient and maneuver her how I want her, with her pussy positioned over my mouth to ride my face. “Hands on the wall,” I growl against her tender flesh, and she obeys, leaning forward, palms flat on the marble. “That’s my good girl,” I praise, then swipe my tongue through her slit.*

*Her hips gyrate, my scruffy face rubbing between her thighs, making the skin tender. I’m going to tell her to wear jeans, so she has a reminder of riding my face with every step she takes, and the rough material sends a burst of friction to her pussy. Bet she’ll be soaked by the time I peel the pants back off her to fuck her silly.*

*Iris cries out, pussy pulsing as my tongue spears inside her. I can’t seem to get enough for my tongue to go as deep as I want it to, but I damn sure try. Flicking it inside her entrance, she moans again, her forehead falling to the wall and joining her palms. My hands grasp her thighs tightly, shifting her up and down to give her some added friction.*

*She’s shaking with the desire to come, and I have every intention of getting her there. One hand leaves her thigh, sliding up the inside of her leg until I can push two fingers deep inside her opening. She’s utterly soaked, her juices coating my mouth and jaw so my digits glide right home. The added stretch of me spearing them open, then pushing in as far as possible sends her hurling over the edge of bliss. She screams my name, and with the sound reverberating off the walls, I spill myself all over the floor.*

As my balls tighten up and my cum finally jets free,  
my foggy thoughts clear away.

I'm in my shower still.

Alone.

Cold water cascades down my back as I'd been beating  
my dick for who knows how long and used up all the hot  
water. My muscles relax after my orgasm calms, and my heart  
rate slows a bit, but I'm also left with a feeling of emptiness.

*Loneliness.*

My thoughts were so real, it seemed like Iris was here  
with me in the moment.

But it was only a fantasy...

And now I'm right back to where I was when I strolled  
my ass in here. Left with my thoughts on where Iris could be,  
what's going on with Beau, and who took the damn phone?



# CHAPTER TEN

## Beau

About two hours pass with me driving, when I finally receive the text I've been waiting for.

**Private:** *You're almost there. Take the next dirt road to the south for nine miles. You'll know it when you see it.*

The realization of just how much information the society possesses and is able to see, hits me hard the second I read the text. *They're tracking me.* Which means they're aware of Iris for sure.

I drive for exactly nine miles down the dirt road, having to stop when I arrive at a gate. I recognize the symbol in the wrought iron from my childhood and exactly as the text said, I know this is it. Once I edge the pickup close enough, the gate opens and I drive slowly through it, taking everything into memory I possibly can. The road winds around for a few miles before I reach a huge cabin with a set of barns off to the side.

This feels more like Texas than it does California and I find a tiny bit of comfort in that.

Pulling to a stop, I park near the house and listen for any signs of life. Once I'm left without any clues, I glance around in hopes of solidifying that this is where they want me to end up. One of the barn doors is open, so I ease toward the opening, taking it as my cue. I'm about twenty feet in front of it when I hear a muffled moan, which sends my mind into overdrive imagining what I'm about to walk in on.

I'm from Texas, so I do what any red-blooded Texan would do... I return to my truck and pull out the pistol from under the seat, making sure it's loaded. My gun is at the ready

in my hand as I walk back to the barn and peek around the door. One thing's for certain, I did not come here to fucking die today.

There's a guy strapped to a chair, raising my curiosity to an all new level. He's blindfolded and as I step closer, he starts to whip his head back and forth. He's no doubt scared for his life but what he doesn't realize is that we're both in the same position. I may not be tied down with chains and blindfolds... but I'm doing this without any idea of what I'm walking in to and I'm pretty much being forced in this against my own true will. *Daddy dearest is to blame for this shit.*

I notice a piece of paper on the floor in front of the guy and move closer. His cries get louder with every step I take, and I can't blame him for being terrified. After the long night and stressful drive I've had, I'm probably looking a little rough to him at this point.

**Beau, meet Jordan.**

**You might want to ask Jordan how he knows your girl.**

**If he refuses to answer, use the remote to see for yourself.**

It's all typed, with no clues just as I expected it to be. I walk around the guy and take inventory of everything so neatly placed. There's a table of various torture tools waiting nearby, raising my concern further than the mere mention of 'my girl' in the note. I wish I didn't know deep down that the note refers to Iris... but there's no doubt in my mind.

This isn't going to go well for either of us if this fucker has hurt her in any way. I'll die a thousand deaths if I have to watch it and he will die a gruesome one if he touched her with any of his nasty fucking fingers.

I grab one of the knives from the table and cut the blindfold from his face. His eyes go wide and I start to feel the adrenaline pump through my veins. Fuck, I haven't done this

in a while. I almost forgot how great the high is when I get to kill a piece of shit. Not that I know he's a piece of shit, yet... *call it instinct.*

I meet his frightened gaze just to give him a glimpse of the darkness that lurks inside my soul. It's also my way of knowing if someone is lying to me. Even a compulsive liar can't keep their eyes from telling their secrets.

He has no idea what I'm capable of and for her... I'd do anything. "I'm going to ask you one fucking time. If you answer without me having to provoke you, I'll let you live." He squirms and mumbles around the gag in his mouth.

Just for kicks, I slide the blade down his cheek and watch the blood drip down his face before I cut the gag and allow him the chance to save his own life.

"How do you know Iris Kensington?" His eyes instantly dilate, and I already know I'm going to have to kill this fucker. He's about to lie to me.

"Never heard of her."

"I have it on good word that you do. Here... let me show you a picture of her." I open my phone to a picture she took of the two of us last night. He looks at her face and fear wrenches through his entire body.

"I know her as Kensi."

"No. You don't get to call her that." I shut him up with the flat part of the blade against his mouth. "How do you know the girl in the picture?"

"I met her in Georgia. Two years ago." I start to pace, my patience growing thinner the longer he takes to spill the reason we're here.

"Keep going."

"At a bar." I stop mid-step, not sure I can keep my promise to him now that my blood is pumping from all the dramatics of his slow-ass answers.

“Okay... keep fucking going.”

“She was the life of the party.” Dear Jesus. I can’t take this guy another second. I yank him back by his hair and look over him from behind.

“Yes. She’s a fucking blast. Tell me... did you fuck her?” He nods even with my hand gripping his hair. “Was it consensual?” His eyes dilate again, and I slice his neck before he has a chance to lie to my face. His blood squirts across the barn floor while his gurgles go on and on and before the blood stops, I’ve grabbed the remote to see what it is the society wants me to see.

A projector comes on, sending the video to the wall behind Jordan and I move a few steps back to have a clearer view. She’s dancing, her free spirit easily the main focus of the bar even if I wasn’t automatically drawn to her.

Jordan is the bartender. I force my eyes away from my girl and start to watch his every move. He flips the drinks all around for show to get the attention of the bar. Everything seems normal until he makes Iris her drink.

It’s the casual slip of the pill into her glass that sends another urge to kill up my spine.

*He fucking drugged her.*

The video skips to what looks like a stock room or something. I can see stacks of beer boxes and supplies all around. It’s about ten seconds into the video when I see him walking her through the door. Her sloppy demeanor is much different than it was when she was dancing.

The video continues and I have to bear witness to my girl’s lifeless body being violated while she has no recognition of the world going on around her. Vomit and nausea hit me in waves and there are times when I can’t bring myself to watch the piece of shit but it’s when he lets her lifeless body fall to the ground as he’s finished, the dark rage sets in.

Regardless of the fact he’s long gone, I spend the next hour tearing his body apart, piece by motherfuckin’ worthless

piece, until he's nothing more than a pile of flesh and bones. The gore should pull me back to reality but where I'm at is so far beyond my normal, I'm not sure what it's going to take to bring me back.

Seething, I pace for hours, walking around the remnants of his body until it's dark outside. I'm covered in dried blood and wearing it as proof of my kill when I get another text.

**Private:** *Good work. Stay at the cabin tonight. You can go back tomorrow morning. Leave your clothes on the pile and we'll take care of everything.*

**Private:** *Keep your bag packed. We will notify you when it's time for your next mission.*

I'm well passed numb to anything they're sending me. With one mission behind me, I'm not sure I have it in me to handle any more of what they intend to show me. Is this their way of helping me? By revealing the various people who have wronged those I love. Or is this a twisted strategy to get me to trust the society and its purpose?

"I fucking have no idea." I answer myself while I strip down naked in the barn. I know better than to move around with the evidence all over my clothes. I use the water hose to rinse off before I go inside the cabin to get another layer of my crime off. I don't know why I'm trying to conceal anything... I'm certain they've recorded what just happened. They'd be stupid not to. All the dirt the society has collected over the years is probably the driving factor keeping the members loyal for generations.

The only items I leave the barn with are my phone, the society's necklace, and my gun. Everything else is on the pile. I don't give a fuck if they burn it all or bury it.

The cabin is locked and for the first time of trying the keys, a door opens. I backtrack to get my bag from my truck, and then I take the longest shower of my life. The hot water has nothing on the filth my eyes witnessed tonight and even

though I've been in here for more than an hour, I don't feel clean in the slightest.

My phone vibrates again as I'm reaching for a towel, finally ready to remove myself from the water. This time it's a selfie picture of King, also in the shower. He's holding a bottle of conditioner near his face and smiling like a sick fuck, and I can't help but laugh at his crazy ass. He'll never have the slightest idea of how much I needed this distraction and I'll never be able to tell him. It's part of the rules. When it comes to society business, everything is a secret.

*Until it's not.*

I guess after tonight, I'll be playing along with all of their games... whether I want to or not.

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

## Kingston

What any man in love and with half a brain would do, I sneak into Iris' room the first chance I get. I'm going to blame it on searching for more information on her family for the society, but we all know the reason is bullshit. I'm here because I can't seem to stop looking out my window every hour of the day, hoping to catch a glimpse of her. Besides, not knowing what type of perfume or lotion or whatever the fuck it is she wears is enough to drive me mad. The only way to remedy the madness is to find out for myself.

Heading for her closet first, I slide my hands over several pieces of clothing, but nothing in here is what I need. Some of these dresses I better see on her when we're together. I bet she looks insane in them, and I want to be the one to stand behind her to glare at each prick glancing her way. I can picture her thighs exposed by the lack of material and tall heels bringing attention to legs. Christ, she's a knockout in baggy pajamas, so these will make her appear as a wet dream. Yeah, I definitely need to take her out soon so she gets all dressed up, and I can show the world who she belongs to.

*Me.*

Every loud noise from the hallway has my stomach clenching with anxiety. The sisters are supposed to be out doing some sorority team-building exercise to bring them closer, but by the sounds of it, everyone didn't feel the need to participate. Not that it should be a surprise or anything, but many of us are used to doing whatever the hell we want and getting away with it. We've all grown up with some standard of privilege.

One of the chicks was busy fucking against the hallway wall when I came upstairs. She had her eyes closed and head tipped up, probably picturing someone else between her thighs. The guy was entranced by staring at his cock sinking inside her overused cunt, so they never noticed me. It's crazy how unaware people generally are; it makes me wonder how in the fuck they can possibly be so damn oblivious.

Next up is Iris' tall white dresser. The drawers are full of more clothes, but I manage to stumble over her panties. *Jackpot*. She has several lacy pairs that have my cock stirring with interest. Lifting a couple of the delicate numbers to my nose, I inhale deeply. They smell good, but I doubt they're pussy scented which I'd treasure the most. Regardless, I stuff my favorite pair in my dark-wash jeans front pocket. They're sheer black, full-on panties, no special cut which I usually prefer on women. Something tells me these against her creamy smooth skin would drive me absolutely wild to claim her, so I keep them. What's hers is mine, after all.

I'm about to explore her desk drawers when talking out in the hallway grows louder. A woman says something, then another replies, and they both laugh.

I know that laugh. *Fuck*. What do I do? It's not like I can jump out her window or anything. It's broad fucking daylight, and I'm certain someone would notice me. They'd get to Iris before I could fix the situation, and it'd turn into a clusterfuck with someone ending up dead by the time I was through with them.

The beep from the lock keypad signals she's swiped her card and is about to enter her room. There's nowhere worth a damn to hide in here since the room is half the size of mine. "I'll grab it quickly, and we can stop by your room before we leave, too," Iris tells whoever she's with as the door handle begins to turn...

I dive to the opposite side of her bed. Her door opens as I manage to slide underneath her bed, staring up at her box spring, shrouded in darkness. Let's pray whatever she needs



isn't underneath here or on the floor where she could possibly discover me. There's literally no explanation whatsoever I could use to talk my way out of this one. I could fess up to stalking her from the moment we came back in contact, but I'm not sure she'd find it as endearing as it sounds in my head.

She laughs as other noises of her moving around her room greet me. "I can't believe we both forgot them. It's basically the only thing we needed."

My chest warms at the sound. I should be the one to make her giggle and smile right now, not anyone else. Female or not, I want Iris to myself. I'm the only one who'd never hurt her. Well, Beau wouldn't either. I can trust him with her but no one else. I can't wait until all this time getting reacquainted with each other is over and I can be with her as much as I want to.

Steadying my breaths, I concentrate on not moving a muscle while the women discuss their next activity. Iris rifles around in her dresser for a moment then closes it. I can't remember if I'd shut the drawers all the way or not.

"Okay, got what I need," she comments, then they both leave the room, the lock engaging. Well, I'm lucky they didn't stick around, the situation could've went south, fast.

Releasing a heavy sigh of relief, I wiggle out from the small space under her bed. It's not the craziest shit I've ever had to do before, but it was enough to get my heart going. For a moment, it felt like I might have a goddamn heart attack. I don't care about what anyone thinks, but if Beau or Iris were disappointed with me, it'd fuck me up. Nearly getting caught by her had my ass breaking out in a sweat, but she's gone now. Time to continue my search.

As I enter her bathroom, her signature scent hits me, and I nearly come in my pants. This is exactly what I've been wanting to find, aside from incriminating information on her father. I start opening bottle after bottle, inhaling them all in search of the scent that has fucked with me for far too long.

Her lotions and makeup don't really have a smell, so it must be her shampoo or something. I've never understood how women have so much stuff. I know it takes them a while to get ready, but Iris doesn't need any of this crap. She's stunning no matter what she does or doesn't put on her body. I was around her through her brief awkward braces and acne stage, and even then, she was fucking adorable.

Opening the wide glass shower door, I peer inside and smile. *Fuck. That's the good shit I've been searching for.* Checking the body wash first, I pop the top and sniff, but it's not right, so it goes back. Next is the shampoo. It's close, but not completely the smell I'm searching for. However, it has me taking a double whiff.

Lastly, the conditioner, and with one inhale, my cock is hard enough to do damage. *What the fuck is it?* Turning the bottle over several times, I still can't find any specific smell listed anywhere. I unscrew the lid, setting it aside as the desire to have Iris underneath me, moaning, hits me stronger than ever. I want to feel her heat, hear her sweet little cries of pleasure, and make her explode all over my dick.

My free hand flicks my pants' button open, and I shove them down my hips until my cock has enough room to spring free. Using the conditioner, I squeeze some of the silky-smooth cream into my palm, deeply breathing in the scent as my eyes roll heavenward. My hand finds my cock, tightening until the cool, gooey conditioner spreads, and my grip glides smoothly forward and back. Chills erupt over my flesh as bliss overtakes every part of my being.

I stroke up and down, my moves jerky and fast. I squeeze to the point of pain, but it only serves to push me further toward release. This scent mixed with her pussy is exactly what it'll smell like when I finally sink my cock inside Iris. I can't wait to make her scream while she tears my back up with her nails. Releasing my length briefly, I pull back and slap my cock.

Gasping, my eyes shoot to the ceiling as I pant, gritting my teeth, then I'm back to roughly tugging. Every muscle in my body tightens, along with a cramp climbing up my calf, but I ignore it in search of momentary pleasure. The only thing better than this right now is the woman herself.

"Mmm, I need my good girl here to take my cock. To suck it and fuck it with her tasty little cunt. Fuck!" I groan as my orgasm hits hard. Teeth clenched to the point they feel like they may chip, but I manage to hold on a beat longer to grab the conditioner bottle. Aiming the head of my cock to the opening, I release. Jet after jet of hot cum shoots against the shower wall and all over the outside of the bottle, only a tiny bit actually making it inside. Panting, I stand still to catch my breath, thinking about what to do next.

A hefty drop of cum begins to run down the bottle, so I slide my hand up the side to collect it before I swipe my finger over the opening to add some more. If only I had a few more hours, I could be a better aim and top this fucking bottle off. *Her scent makes me goddamn insane.*

I reach for the cap, tightening the lid back in place and shake the mixture together. Since best friends share everything, *eventually*... I send a pic to Beau, so I can one day tell him about this fucked up moment. I should feel guilty, but I don't as I reach to set it back in her shower and close the glass door.

My right hand is still covered in the remnants of conditioner and cum, and I don't want to waste it. Where could I put it, so she'll have it close to her? Glancing around, I take everything in, landing on her bed. *Perfect place to have me near her.* Strolling to her pillow, I stick my hand into the opening of the pillowcase and wipe the mixture all over her pillow. Now, I'll be with her each night and if any other fucker dares to lay in her bed, it'll be *my* cum he's inhaling the last few breaths he takes.

This time I manage to take her laptop with me back to my room. I'm not sure what she has on it, but I figure it's

worth a shot for the society. I'll do basically anything to fulfill my initiation, except hurt Iris. The Brotherhood of Darkness will see me as an asset, someone they can always depend on, no matter the requirements. I'm no one's dead weight.

Responding to the private number again, I text...

**Me:** *I have Iris Kensington's laptop in my possession if you want to check it. I don't have her password this time.*

**Private:** *We don't need a password. Set the laptop outside your door.*

Doing as they instruct once I get back to my room, I can't help but wonder if they already knew I had it in my possession. *Probably. Fucking dicks.*

**Me:** *Done.*

Once again, it takes everything in me not to open the door and find out who's picking up and dropping things off for the society. With a huff, I stride to the oversized windows and stare down at the pool. I keep thinking I'm going to see Matthew floating there again, but it'll never happen. Will the society look down on me for drowning him? I suppose if that were the case, they wouldn't be responding to my texts.

Something dark from the side of the yard catches my attention, and I turn, honing in on the movement. I catch the tail end of someone in jet black jeans and a hoodie. They have the hood pulled up, effectively hiding their features from me in the evening light.

I want to run after and follow the person to see where they're going and what they know. However, pissing off The Brotherhood of Darkness and pushing their buttons will only get me killed and forgotten.

# CHAPTER TWELVE

## Beau

After a sleepless night at the cabin, I've decided to go back out into the real world. I'm actually surprised I made it past six o'clock before I took off. My nerves are fucking shot and I needed the hell out of there pretty much the second I arrived... but I did what the text ordered me to do.

I have so many things I need to accomplish today, but the first is finding Iris. We have to talk, there's no other way around it. She's going to find it ironic that I'm the one coming to her now, attempting to have a chat, but I don't care. She should expect it after kissing King and then fucking me the same night. She had to know we'd talk to each other.

The two-hour drive gives me plenty of time to think over everything and now I know no matter how much it pains me, I have no choice but to push Iris away. She needs to understand how dangerous it is that they know about her. Hell... how can I even warn her she's in danger without also telling her about the society itself? I'm not fucking sure how I'm going to manage getting through to her, but I will.

She's walking across campus when I eventually arrive, and dread instantly consumes me. *Fuck, I hate this.* I want to take her away from here and keep her safe from all of the shit... but I know when I'm in over my head and the society is someone you don't go up against. There'll be a day when I'm finally powerful enough to do anything I want, but unfortunately that day isn't today.

I pull up beside her and roll down my passenger window. "Get in the car, Kens." She smiles like she's happy to see me and I want nothing more than to be able to appreciate that genuine reaction.

“I was hoping I’d see you today.” She opens the passenger door and climbs in without hesitation. I drive away, slowly mingling through all the things I want to say in my mind while nothing at all comes out. “I missed you yesterday.” She leans over to kiss my cheek and grabs my hand before a single word slips out of my mouth. Her lips on my flesh only manage to further fuck with my state of mind. It shouldn’t have to be this way.

I spit out the first thing I think of, using jealousy as my go to. “Are you fucking King?” She pulls her hand away a little too quickly for my liking and turns to face me.

“No.” I look into her eyes longer than I should while driving and silently thank God that she’s not lying to me. *Not that it matters.* I’m going to accuse her of lying regardless, because it’s the best way to make her hate me. Before this conversation is over, I want her to hate us both, even the mere idea of us existing.

“Do you think I’m an idiot, Kens? He told me he was in your bedroom the other night. Do you fuck two guys every night... or did you just save that one for us?”

“Fuck you, Beau.” She sits back in her seat and shifts so that she’s looking out the side window. Away from me. “Why are you like this?”

“Oh, forgive me for wanting someone who doesn’t fuck around.” God... I want to kick my own ass for this shitty performance. “Someone who isn’t trying to tear apart two best friends. We’re like family, Kens, you know that, right? Is this a twisted game to you?”

“I’d never do that and you know it,” she speaks softly, still not looking my way.

“You have a funny way of showing it. Fucking us both. Not telling either one of us about the other.”

She doesn’t say anything else while I continue to berate her.

“You know we both brag about who we fuck. Hell, Kens... you just became another notch on our posts. We’ve always said we’d share the ones who don’t matter. Guess you put yourself in that category for us. Didn’t peg you for a slut. I wonder what your damn daddy would think of his daughter spreading her legs for every dick at Bentley.” She finally stiffens up in her seat and I brace for the lashing I want her to give me. *I need it.* Fuck knows I deserve it right now.

“I didn’t fuck him. I’ve never fucked King... but if I ever want to, I will. Now pull the damn truck over and let me out.” She glowers, her words like a whip of ice. I do as she asks and stop the truck right in the middle of the street to let her out. She hops out and yet again, I regret every fucking thing I just said to her. It’s for her safety though, and I’ll do anything for her and King.

I should’ve been asking her about Jordan and what she remembers. Or even telling her that she’ll never have to worry about him getting his hands on her again. But instead, I chose to drive her as far away from me as I possibly can, and I feel like week-old dried-up dog shit for it.

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Choosing to skip all of my classes today was a no-brainer. It isn’t considered hiding when you’re sleeping all day. I sit up when my door swings open.

“You sick?” King strolls in, brow raised in worry, and tosses a beer on my bed.

“No. Just didn’t sleep last night.” I slide out of bed and step into the bathroom, my eyes burning from the all nighter of self-loathing I put myself through. I’m mid-piss when he starts talking about Iris.

“She’s fucking beautiful, Beau. And her smell. God, I could jack off a thousand times to her scent alone. I snuck into her room, raided her shower and I’ve been watching her

through her window. My damn dick is raw because of this girl.” I raise a brow and listen to him go on and on about Iris. He’s caught up in everything about her and when King becomes tunnel focused like this, there’s no distracting him from his target. I know this from years of being his friend. Obsession is one of his best and worst traits.

“You sure you want to tie her up in all of our bullshit?” I do my best to make him think about the initiation and everything it could bring... but he’s not hearing a damn thing I’m saying. I’m usually one of the few who can reason with him, but there’s not a chance in hell he’ll hear me this time.

“I took her phone and her laptop. I’ve been checking up on her to find out some information about why she took off like she did. And why her dad is such a dick. Maybe I’ll find some dirt on that fucker, and we can go along with our plan.”

“King, I really think we should stay clear of her.”

“Nah. Fuck off with that. There’s not a single chance in hell that I’ll let her fall through my hands again. She’s mine and that’s all there is about that.” He walks out the door, rambling about her fucking smell again and I grumble in defeat.

It’s clear he’s not about to leave her alone and I’ve already fucked up and allowed the society to see that she’s important to me more than once. The only thing I can do is keep my distance from her and hope they’ll forget about her and leave her alone.

My order is loyalty... I don’t want to have to choose between Iris and the society because I know for a fact, I’d bring down the wrath of my family with my decision.

I just need to avoid everything Iris Kensington. *It’s best this way.*



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## Iris

I've been in pissed off mood since hearing Beau's stupid excuses. Even deep cleaning my entire room hasn't made me calm down in the slightest. "There's my damn phone," I'm still mumbling to myself when I pull it from under my bed.

What the hell was Beau's problem? We sleep together, and then he comes up with this shit the next time he sees me? *He was so cold.* His words hurt me but it was the disgust in his voice that shredded me from the inside. My stomach aches just thinking about it.

I was in pure shock. Still am, if I'm being honest with myself. Tears fall over my cheeks in little rivers of torment. I'm too confused to know whether they're from hurt or anger or both. He said he loves me... then he accuses me of being a *slut*. I hate that word.

He's never spoken to me this way before. I won't lie, I kinda expected his anger when we saw each other again for the first time, because of me leaving and never staying in contact. I would've even deserved a little bit of it, even if the move wasn't my choice. I was forced to leave him, and Kingston, and it broke me. But to have this anger put on me now? He's crazy if he thinks I'll be a doormat and allow him to speak to me that way. The next time I see him, I'll give him a piece of my mind and see how much he enjoys the knife stabbing through *his* heart.

As for Kingston... well, truthfully, I started to think of him in a different light. I always put the thought of something with him on the back burner because Beau and I have history. I love him and thought if maybe we got a second chance to be

together, then things would work out differently for us. Apparently, that's not the case though.

If he wants to accuse me of fucking his best friend, *maybe I will*. He deserves to hurt as much as I am. I know King would never push me away like Beau has. He would never say half the things Beau has said to me.

We may not have the same sexual history, but I'm not dumb. I've seen the way he's always looked at me. He watched me like I was something special and followed me around like a little puppy at times. I thought it was cute back then but never considered us anything more. Maybe I was simply blind. I fell for one boy while writing off the other when he could've been the answer all along. *He would never treat me this way.*

Kingston kissed me at the party, and I was too excited to see him again to think about pushing him away. I let it happen, wanted it even and I'm grown enough to admit as much. I would've told Beau, but honestly, I was too wrapped up in finally having Beau near me that I wasn't even thinking about Kingston at that time. They both do that to me. Consume my every thought and emotion when I'm near them.

Now, here I am being accused of coming between them when all I was trying to do was get Beau to admit the truth and enjoy the attention Kingston was giving me. What a damn fool I was, but I guess that's what I get for not being selfish.

I'll never understand men.

My tears dry, as I come up with what to do next. I won't allow my pain to fester and grow, not after the way Beau treated me. He doesn't deserve my tears if he's not going to ask me like a rational person and actually hear me out. He didn't even offer the chance to explain myself and to put trust into my words. He jumped to conclusions and said everything he knew would hurt me. Well, fuck that. I may love him, but I'll show him it's his mistake to let me go. And when it's all said and done, I'll be happy with either of those boys.

Kingston is just as much of a catch as Beau is. In fact, he's looking more appealing by the second.

He's been loyal to me, loves me, and adores me...he won't turn me away. Grabbing my phone, I send him a message.

*Me: I've enjoyed hanging out with you again. I've missed you more than I realized.*

All true. I'm just pushing it to a further point, the one Kingston made abundantly clear he wants with me.

**Kingston Banks:** *Prove it.*

**Me:** *How?*

**Kingston Banks:** *Meet me outside and kiss me.*

**Me:** *Tell me where.*

**Kingston Banks:** *I'm out by the pool.*

**Me:** *I'm on my way.*

He's changed my mood with just the simplest text. My heart flutters on my way out to meet Kingston and I'm sure the girls I pass think I'm up to no good with this smile plastered all over my face, but I don't care. In fact, with him I might be up to exactly just that. I never know what he'll get me into but I'm here for it.

I miss our flirting and the way he gazes at me with his undivided attention. Kingston really knows how to make a girl feel special. When I'm with him, I don't doubt his feelings for me. He's always been very clear about that part, even if I haven't always been on the same page as he was. I don't think I could've handled Kingston as a teenager but I'm definitely going to enjoy every minute I can with this man.

He's sitting on a pool lounge as I walk up, looking like he's the king of the world. Reaching for my hand, he pulls me into his lap and starts kissing me instantly.

His kiss is absolute perfection. Aggressive enough to let me know he's craving me but still soft enough not to hurt me. "You're mine, Iris Kensington. I'm gonna fuck you so good, you'll need help standing when I'm done." His fingers slide through the back of my hair as he palms me from the neck up.

"Don't threaten me with a fun time, Kingston Banks." I challenge him, knowing he can't resist me provoking him. He palms my ass and shifts me to straddle his lap. I take this opportunity to grind against and tease him through more kisses and love bites until he moves to pick his phone up from the ground beside us.

"Ahhh. I have to go." His change in demeanor and the slap of rejection stings. "Fuck, I want to stay more than anything... but I have to go. I'm not sure when I'll be back but I promise we will continue right fucking here." He reaches between my legs to pinch my clit, under my dress but over my panties, and I'm still squirming at the tingle when he stands while holding me in place—wrapped around his waist.

"I'm gonna hold you to that."

"You won't have to." He walks me over to the back door of our sorority house before he lets me slide to my feet. "I've fuckin' missed you."

"I've missed you too."

"Now get that ass of mine up to your room." He leans me against the door before he dives in for another deep kiss, only further encouraging both of our sexual appetites. "Mmm. Yes. Soon." He steps back and I can tell he doesn't really want to go, so it must be important.

I choose not to torment either of us by asking him to stay, knowing deep down that this is only the beginning of my

time with Kingston Banks. I can't fucking wait to go on this ride.

# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

## Kingston

The same private number sends through another text, telling me to head to Lost Souls Park. It takes everything I have to walk away from Iris. My dick is hard and uncomfortable in these jeans but I'm doing this initiation task regardless. I have no fucking choice.

It's about an hour away, so I hope they don't return the laptop while I'm gone. I'll give Beau a heads-up so he can look after my girl while I'm preoccupied. With the society so close to all of us right now, I need someone watching her while I can't.

**Me:** *Keep an eye on Iris for me. I have to take a drive.*

**Beau:** *You need a passenger?*

I doubt they'd be keen on me showing up with my best friend in tow, but I wish I could bring him along. Not only because it's hard doing this shit and not including him in it all, but also because he's the only person I can always count on to have my back.

**Me:** *Not this time but hopefully soon.*

Beau will understand, he has to. I don't want to do this alone as our plan has always been college, fraternity, and The Brotherhood of Darkness together.

There's no telling what this is about, so I grab my black gloves and a dark hoodie just in case. With my room key, car fob, and phone, I head out, nodding and muttering hellos as I pass by my frat brothers on my way out. The first year in the fraternity they have you do dumb shit for bonding and hazing like Iris' sorority. Since I'm a sophomore and second-year member, they leave me alone for the most part,

aside from required events and meetings. My dues are paid at the beginning of the year, so they know I'm good for my spot.

My HyperSport's engine purrs like a spoiled lion in heat as I leave the university, racing through the entry gate. The large bronze sign encased in stone on either side claims it's a prestigious campus of higher learning for members only. If you're not currently enrolled with paid tuition, alumni, or staff, then they'll boot you out of the posh campus on your ass, then threaten trespassing charges if you show up again. Probably why so many of the wealthy want their offspring attending because the dean doesn't fuck around. There's a rumor floating through the grapevine that he's a superior in the society. Of course, no one knows if it's true, but there's speculation.

By the time I arrive at Lost Souls Park, the sun has completely set, and darkness has taken over the area. The large pine trees cast shadows everywhere, making this place look dangerous and possibly deadly to the wrong person.

There are no further directions about what to do, so I park and wait. Scrolling through my phone, a harsh knock on my window has me nearly jumping out of my skin. I manage to reel it in and not show my surprise, but my heart beats so fast it's the only thing I can hear at the moment. Glancing up, I'm met with the creepy fucking mask the Brotherhood dons, but this guy is hiding his body in a deep hunter-green robe.

Jesus, this color makes him blend into the shadows. I didn't notice a single body when I pulled into this place. Lowering my window halfway, I stare at the eye holes in the mask. Someday it'll be me wearing one of those with my identity hidden from the world.

“I came as the text directed.”

Before I can process what the fuck he's doing, his arm is in my car. I grab it as I have no idea what's going on right now, but to no avail, he's caught me off guard. He yanks the lever, opening the door, then he's hauling me out. I'd taken off my seat belt when I parked, and like an idiot, it would've been

the one thing to help me remain in my car. There's no way I'm getting carjacked right now. This fucker better have a gun, or he's in for an ass beating.

"What the fuck?" I growl, spinning out of his hold to face him. My muscles are bunched up and raring to go. I'm going to kill this motherfucker if he doesn't explain himself quickly.

"Follow me," he huffs, acting put out. He's the one reaching into people's cars without saying shit first. He is lucky I didn't have a knife and stab him in the process or yank him in further and bite into his artery.

"Eat a dick."

His shoulders bounce. "Or not."

"Fine," I concede. "Anyone who grabs me like you just did will end up shot. I'm from Texas, and we enjoy our guns."

He doesn't say anything else, so I follow along, on guard the entire time we traipse through the trees. Stepping over a protruding branch, I mutter, "If anyone touches me or we see a bear, it's every man for himself." *Should've brought Beau. Dammit.*

If I had to guess, we walk for a good twenty minutes. This place is spread out and way too dark for my liking. Green-robe guy is the only one with a light, so he doesn't seem too concerned, but then I'm sure he's familiar with the area. Eventually, we come to a raised platform made out of long, flat rocks nearly white in color. There's nothing else around I can see, but who knows what this place looks like in the daytime.

A man's chained to the ground, his thick metal shackles held by a loop secured in the earth. As green-robe dude grows near, I can take in the partially naked guy they have trapped. He has on a pair of light-wash jeans and nothing more. He's dirty and scuffed up from whoever put him here, I'd imagine.



“You’re out of your mind if you think you’re going to get me to chain myself in the middle of nowhere willingly,” I claim and swallow down my nerves as several masks begin to appear in the trees around us.

*Fuck my life. Why didn't I bring Beau? Or more ammo? Christ.*

“There’s no need to worry about that,” another mask claims as he approaches. He sounds much older and has on a deep crimson robe. “You’ve been invited here for the next step of your initiation.” He’s using his normal voice. I don’t recognize it, but it’s better than the voice box they’ve crept me out with in the past. “You did well on your first order, Kingston Banks. The phone and laptop you gave us had the links we needed to access the information we’ve been searching for. You can relax now, son, and concentrate on that sweet young lady you’re so fond of. However, any new information or access to such, you’ll be inclined to share with us. It’s an order you can expect to always fall on your shoulders.”

“Not a problem. I can handle it.”

“Good,” he praises. “Can you manage this as well?” His palm extends toward me, and an ancient-looking blade rests in it. It’s polished beautifully, but it gives off the vibe it is far older than any of us here tonight. The stones along the handle are the most impressive part as the sapphires sparkle, nestled amongst gray diamonds reminding me of a stormy day.

“You want me to slice my palm?” I remember seeing this done in a few movies before, but I never heard of it being a part of this process.

He chuckles quietly. “No, I want you to slice his throat.” He gestures to the dirty man at our feet. The guy looks my age, but he’s not someone I’ve seen before. Definitely wealthy, judging by his top-notch haircut and manicured fingernails. Probably pissed off the wrong member and has to pay the price. Apparently, a steep one at that.

“Who is he?”

“It doesn’t matter. He’s nothing to us.”

“How do I know this isn’t a setup?”

“You don’t. Now, will you follow the rabbit, Alice? Or decide to go back home?” he cryptically challenges me in his own fucked-up way. The crazy-ass old guy telling me to kill someone and talking about *Alice in Wonderland* is almost enough to give me the heebie-jeebies. However, I’m fucked-up in my own sense, so I keep my expression flat, only raising a brow.

The masked robe-wearing members surrounding me take another step closer. The pressure of being at the center of all their attention builds inside, pushing me to take the offered blade. It’s heavier than I’d been expecting when I finally reach for it, wrapping my grip around the jewels. I’ve done some jacked-up stuff in my time but killing a guy I don’t know in front of who knows how many people may just top my past. They could be recording this right now, and they most likely are. It’d make the perfect blackmail in the future should they ever need to reel me in or use my influence to pull some strings for them in some way. In the end, it’s always about control.

This is all types of fucked-up, and I don’t think there’s truly a right answer here. I don’t know what I’d be losing by leaving and giving up my initiation spot but watching Beau’s and my dad’s problems disappear over the years, has me pause from making a rash decision. I’m not too blind to not notice they’ve had to have help in their challenges, and I have a feeling the majority of it came from this group right here.

With an exhale, I nod. Grabbing the man’s hair, I fist it and wrench his head up. Without putting any more thought into it, I bring the blade to his neck... and slice.

“Kingston Banks, ask me why we chose him,” a deep voice grumbles behind me, helping me escape the manic pull tugging my soul.

“Why this guy?”

“He defied the society’s order.” I swallow hard, thankful I haven’t come across anything I wouldn’t do for the society. *My only hope is it stays that way.*

# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

## Beau

I've been on edge waiting for the society to tell me what's next and they seem to have gone silent. I know there's more coming because I still have a key I've never used. Not to mention, I'm dreading how fucking hard it's going to be to keep my distance from Iris. She's obviously still going to be mad at me and I don't blame her. But fuck if her hot temper doesn't get me going.

I watched her with King by the pool and she's different with him. She's soft and quiet, always smiling. I've earned my share of her smiles in the past but not as constant as I saw on her face just now. *Maybe it was for show.* Maybe she's trying to make me jealous in hopes I'll feel like shit for the way I treated her, or maybe she can see King for who he really is. He's good at hiding himself from others, but if you look close enough, he has two different sides to him.

*Too bad, Kens. I don't need you for that.*

The last I heard from him he was being extra vague, so I'm confident he's doing something for the society. My gut twitches thinking about everything that happened the night I got a similar text and I hate that he's going alone. I wish they'd let us use our resources to get whatever they want done instead of controlling every aspect of the process. We're stronger together, we always have been, but in the end, I get it.

With this kind of shit going on, the Brotherhood has to be careful. One wrong move and an entire society, older than our great-grandfathers, could crumble. I'm sure there are too many big dogs in the house for something like that to happen, but it still makes you wonder. One day I'll understand it all better and maybe then it'll make sense.

He'd texted earlier, asking me to keep an eye on Iris. If he only knew I've been doing that already, I don't need a request coming from him to make sure she's safe when I can't seem to get her off my mind.

Female giggles in the hallway pull me from my thoughts and have me reaching for my doorknob within seconds. I open the door to a stumbling Iris and on instinct I'm reaching for her. With a quick glance over my shoulder, I make sure no one else is watching us and tug her into the privacy of my room.

"What the fuck, Kens?" I scold. She's being careless and noisy. This place may seem safe, but there are still too many unknowns for her not to give a fuck.

"What? I'm just here to see you guys." She stumbles over her feet, using the wall to catch herself all while wearing a wide grin.

"You're drunk."

"Something like that." She puts her index finger over my lips to quiet me. I can smell the sweet liquor on her fingertip, making me want to taste it. "Shhh. They'll hear."

"Who will hear?"

"Them." She looks around the ceiling of my room and drives home the feelings I've felt since I got here. People are watching. They're always watching and I'm sure this interaction will come back to haunt me. I have to tell King, see if he's noticed the same thing.

She hiccups and a look of frustration flashes over her face. "Oh, wait. I'm mad at you, Beau Beaumont. You're a mean liar." She's feisty yet fucking adorable.

"Here. Sit on the bed before you fall and hurt yourself." I guide her to the edge of my bed and step back until I'm leaning against the wall. I need to put space between us; it's too hard to keep my hands off of her when we're close.

“Yes. You’re a liar.” I don’t encourage her to share her thoughts, but she continues anyway. “You called me a *slut* and I’ve only ever been with two people, Beau Beaumont. Let’s count how many you’ve been with. I bet we can’t even use our fingers and toes to count and it be enough. Who’s the slut, now?” She bends over to take off her shoes as if she’s about to use them to help her count.

She’s right. I’ve definitely made my rounds and I am a fucking liar. And I wish like hell I could tell her why I’ve pushed her away... but I can’t. It’s a burden I’m having to live with even if it kills me inside to do so.

“Ok... there was me... that blonde girl when we were at the theater as kids. The one at the park the first night I saw you.” She huffs, shooting me a little irritated glare, before remembering the next. “The one in the mall the day after that.” She stops to think and before I stop her, she yells, “Oh! Let’s not forget the one in your truck on prom night. Real classy, that one. Lemme borrow your fingers and we’ll keep going...”

“Shhh. Okay. You made your point.”

“Don’t shush me. I’m here to say what I want to say. I’m my own woman, Beau Beaumont, and I can talk.” I nod knowing if I told her to stop, she’d only get louder, maybe toss some shit at me as well. And a sick part of me likes having her sassy mouth tell me off. “There’s that one girl, Cassandra... Cassie. Wait, no. Her name was Candy or something like that. You hurt me, Beau. You said mean things and I don’t know if I’ll ever forgive you for that.” Her lower lip trembles with her admission, making the knife twist a little more in my heart.

“Who was your second?” I regret asking the second the words come out of my mouth. I don’t want to know this shit, but I’m a glutton for punishment. If she says a guy named Jordan, I’ll want to kill him again. If she doesn’t say Jordan... I’ll still want to kill him all over again.

“Just a guy in Georgia.” Fuck. “He was a tool and I hate him too. Just like you, Beau.”

“No, Kens. I’m nothing like any guy from fucking Georgia.” I move to pick up some of my clothes in hopes of changing the subject and distracting her. She stands and bumps into me as I pass and so help me my body lights with fire over every single inch she grazed.

I turn to see her head lowered and sadness written all over her face. “Why can’t you love me?” she whispers and my heart fucking sinks. I brush my finger under her chin and make her look at me. She has no clue just how deep my feelings run for her. It’d scare her if she had any real idea.

“I do love you. I fucking love you so much that I’d drop everything for you. I’d defy my entire fucking family... the society and the goddamn world for you. I’d even betray my fucking best friend for you... I already have. And that makes *you* dangerous.” She leans her head against my chest and my hands automatically brush up and down her back while her fingers rub over the soft cotton of my shirt. I catch her scent being this close, the smell driving me wild for her. Can’t she see how difficult all this is for me?

“You’re the dangerous one. You’ve got me so wrapped up in what you guys are doing that I can’t think past the two of you. How am I supposed to do this without you, Beau?”

“Do what?”

“Life.” Her weighted confession has me drawing in a swift breath. I push her from my chest, hating the distance, but needing it to meet her gorgeous eyes.

“You need to sleep this off.”

“Hold me while I sleep.” She tries to nuzzle up against my chest again, but I keep her in place.

“I can’t do that.” It would be too easy to give in and take what I want. However, I’ve never chosen the easy route in life and I just saw her with King. That means something to me, he’s my best friend.

“Why not?”

“Because I know you’re talking to King now.”

“That doesn’t mean we can’t *talk*.”

“Kens... you need to go home. Go home and get some sleep. I promise you’ll hate me again tomorrow.”

“I hate you right now.” She says it, but she doesn’t mean it. Things would be a lot simpler if she did.

“I know. Come on... let’s get you home.” I take her arm in my hand and guide her to the door. She goes willingly and doesn’t say another word until we’re outside.

“You know there’s room in my heart for both of you. And I know there’s a lot going on right now with school just starting up... but I’m not going to give up on us, Beau. I’m not going to let you throw everything away because you’re too scared to stand up for what you want.” I stop in my tracks while she continues to walk. I stare at her, watching her sloppy steps as she calls, “I can get myself back to my room. I hate you, remember?” I’m starting to believe she keeps repeating it to remind herself to hate me, because even she doesn’t believe those words.

The girl I love walks across both our back lawns, past fifty or so half-naked obnoxious drunk girls now screaming and making out in the pool, and finally, through the back door of her sorority house. Not once did I allow my eyes to divert from her retreating form. I had to soak in every second I got of her.

She’s my entire focus. Always.

I can’t go to class without wondering about her. I can’t fucking shower without thinking about how I’ve never taken one with her and then I catch myself thinking about all the other things we’ve never done before. I can’t go to sleep without looking out my window to make sure she’s home safe. Then I can’t sleep, because I’m so fucking sexually frustrated that I resort to jacking off to the memories of how she felt, naked in my bed.



Some would say she's become my obsession. And I agree.

A shrill scream from one of the party girls being dunked, finally snaps me out of my stupor and I remember that King hasn't made it home yet. I need to make sure I'm still awake when he gets back tonight. It's time we have a serious talk without anyone else in earshot. I have to keep in mind I can't trust that anything around here isn't bugged.

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## **Kingston**

After the initiation test, I stripped down, and we burned my clothes next to the dead man who'd bled out at my feet. The older guy who had given me the task had placed a light gray robe the same color as the jewels in the dagger on my shoulders. I'm not completely in yet, but the Brotherhood of Darkness acknowledged me tonight and rewarded me with a robe to match them. Granted, mine is a different color than theirs, but it's a step in the right direction.

Hunter-green robe guy walked me back to the parking area after another member had given him some sweats, which he then offered me once we were back at my car. I had to leave my robe behind but was promised I'd have it again while going through certain tasks until the induction process was complete.

Anticipation, anxiety, and confusion took over my mind the entire drive back to campus. I wanted to be pleased and proud at completing another level, but I'm aware I shouldn't feel such a way after taking a man's life. I've killed

in the past, but there's always been a reason, some sort of threat or whatever I'd been pushed to get rid of and it was mostly done without witnesses or any evidence left behind. What happened in the woods earlier felt nothing like the other deaths had—this time I was killing to gain the respect of who knows how many people.

Parking my car, I instantly glance around, feeling like someone's watching. They always are, right? The various masked faces have proven my suspicions to be true—they've just stopped hiding their presence from me. They want me to see them, to know I'm always being tested in some way. I wonder if it's the real reason they had me kill for them tonight? One of them witnessed what I did to Matthew, and they probably wanted to see if I'd kill again just as easily. I proved I will.

Pulling up Iris' number, I shoot off a text.

**Me:** *I can't stop thinking about you in another sexy dress. Got any other colors to show me?*

She has a sparkly red number I'd love to see her in for sure. She had several other colors in her closet, but that one stood out. The thought of Iris' creamy skin next to all those sparkles as I shove the material up and over her hips, then follow the trail with my tongue, has me wishing it wasn't so late. She's probably already done her nightly routine and tucked into bed to watch a movie. I'd offer to be her bed warmer, but I really need to talk to Beau. I may just have to slip in beside her once my conversation with Beau is over.

Punching in my house code, I step through the door to a fairly empty downstairs. A few are in the kitchen and living room, but I'm sure the other younger guys are upstairs jacking off or whatever they do in the evenings. The juniors and seniors who are society members are probably still at the park. Bypassing the others, I stride straight for Beau's room. I've wanted to call him from the moment I got in my car, but who the hell knows if my phone or car are being bugged. I highly

doubt they want me spilling details to my best friend when we haven't been through the entire process yet.

My fist barely hits the door before he's opening it and tugging me inside.

# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

## Beau

I've been busy 'deep cleaning' my room for about an hour when I eventually hear King coming through the house. I didn't find anything that was an obvious camera or listening device, but I still don't trust anyone. I've had the music blaring through my room for that very reason.

He's about to knock on the door when I pull it open and tug him inside. I close the door while checking him over. "You alright?" I ask anxiously, my brows scrunched with concern. All the waiting has me wired with anticipation and I can't wait to find some shit out. "What went down that had you taking off earlier?"

He runs his fingers through his hair, and I see the familiar signs of blood staining his fingernails. At the same time, his hand falls away and he finally notices the blood splatter. We both move to the bathroom and he turns on the sink, grabbing a shit ton of soap before he starts scrubbing the evidence off his skin.

I go turn the stereo up a little more, pushing the speakers to the max, and then take my place against the counter beside him in the bathroom. I cross my arms, my brow hiking as I tilt my head in the direction of his hands. I know he can handle himself, but I don't like it that I wasn't there with him. We always have each other's backs. With a sigh, I wait for him to start talking, but we need to have this conversation with as few words as possible.

"Always testing," he whispers, mirroring my thoughts from earlier. "Prepare yourself to get... messy." Too fucking late, my friend. I know him well enough to have an idea of

what he went through tonight, especially with the blood involved.

My jaw flexes and I nod. “Noted. I’ll handle it. You really okay?” I can see his mind spinning out of control and I wish like fuck we could disappear and talk for about twenty-four hours. Maybe that would be enough time for us to catch up on what’s happened the past week.

“How’s Iris? Anyone bother her?” He’s already so attached to her, and she’s barely been back in our lives. Not that I can blame him, she has me twisted up in knots as well. I’m not telling him about it tonight; he’s already dealt with his fair share of shit.

“She’s fine. You know I’d never let anything happen to her.”

“I do. It’s why I asked you to keep an eye on her. I trust you with my life, always.”

“She’s stronger than you give her credit for.” She’s certainly much stronger than she ever was before. He shrugs, and shuts off the water, drying his hands on my hand towel. “We don’t know if she’s ready to handle everything we’re signing up for. Sure, the sorority has their routine hazing bullshit, but what else do we really know about it?” We don’t know anything about their side of things. Hell, for all I know they’re all connected and we’re just the many little pieces to their big fucking game.

“Good question. The sorority never mattered much before, but now we should find out whatever details we can. We need to know what to expect and if Iris can get hurt.” I’m guessing we’re a bit too late, considering we’re ass deep in initiation. That’s a conversation we need to have later.

“Exactly; I’m not going to allow something to happen to her when we just got her back in our lives. She means too much.”

“Agreed.” I whole-heartedly agree and it kills me not to tell him everything this very second, but it’s not the time or

the place. Someday soon it'll come out, but we have to make sure it's safe first.

He sighs, exhaustion overtaking his features. It must've been a rough night for him, one I wish we didn't have to wait to discuss. "I'm beat. I need to try to get some sleep so I can be back on my game tomorrow. Classes are full speed ahead, and I haven't paid half as much attention as I need to. My father will shit himself if my grades are anything less than perfect. You know how he gets." Both of our fathers would have our asses.

"I'm here if you need anything."

"Thanks, man, I appreciate it."

"You know I always have your back." I say that with absolute certainty. I'll always have King's back. That's why I've stepped away from Iris, and why I need to do a better job of distancing myself from her.

"Fuck, yeah, and I'll always have yours." His hand meets my shoulder. He squeezes it affectionately, his lips tipping up into his signature grin.

I nod. "See you tomorrow."

"I'll be the grouchy fucker dressed better than everyone else."

I roll my eyes, shaking my head as I shut the door in his face. I can hear him laugh through the door, used to me being a bit of a dick when I'm tired.

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**Iris**

*I hate you, Beau Beaumont.* The words taste like poison, but I have to keep repeating them. It's his fault I'm like this. He keeps pushing me away and the only bit of reprieve I have to keep my head held high is to hate him for it in return.

My mind flips back and forth between my old best friends. I've always loved King, but it wasn't a feeling that progressed until recently. It's hard to not fall for his intensity. I can tell he will love with his entire being and would never push me away just to pull me back in for a mind-fuck.

But I've burned hot for Beau from the moment I hit puberty. He was my first love and every single one of my thoughts and dreams since. I'm not sure why he's being mean to me, but I can't sit by and let it happen any longer.

He thinks I'm different between them... that I'm practically two different people, but can you blame me? They're two completely different men. With Kingston I have to almost handle him with kid gloves, be the sweet, soft part of me that he simply adores. He's good to me, but I can see the thread of crazy inside him ready to snap. He'd never hurt me, I know as much without a doubt, but he wouldn't hesitate to slaughter anyone else around me.

With Beau, it's different. I can push his buttons and give him attitude. He enjoys my anger, feeds off of it. I've caught him more than once getting hard when I cop an attitude with him and once I discovered that little nugget of information, I banked on it. I push him every chance I get, because if he's not going to be with me like I want, then he's damn sure going to be thinking of me all the time. I'll make sure of it.

I make it to my room in a drunken haze. I'm not as tore up as I played to be. Was I drunk when I saw Beau? Yes, without a doubt. However, being around him and getting fired up helped eat a bit of the alcohol's effects away. I wasn't going

to tell him as much though. I could tell he didn't enjoy seeing me out of control and the fact he attempted to take care of me made me want to eat up every moment I could get of it. Sad really, to crave his attention so badly I'll reduce myself to spewing hate at him to get a reaction.

Whatever. Love will make you do dumb things, I'm finding out.

There's a knock on the door, then Mallory shouts, "Your pizza's here! You forgot to ask for cauliflower crust, none of us can eat any of it."

*No shit, that's why I ordered the thickest crust I could find.* I like my sorority sisters for the most part, but this bullshit preconceived notion we're supposed to share everything is not working for me. I like my own stuff, just like I enjoy not sharing my men with any of these campus hoes. I think that's what bothers me the most about them, knowing King and Beau have fucked most of them. Possibly even together and the thought of it makes me scream inside. I can't go there. None of these bitches existed before me, and I'm going to keep thinking that way.

"Thanks for grabbing it," I reply as I open my door and take the extra-large pizza box from her. I've been buzzed, so of course I ordered the biggest damn pizza on the menu. I feel like I could eat a cow right now and I definitely wasn't willingly ordering cauliflower crust to ruin this greasy goodness. It'll help soak up the rest of the alcohol floating around in my belly and making me feel a little woozy. "Night," I mumble, shutting the door without waiting for her to respond.

King will get home at some point, and I have to be semi-sober to greet him. Beau wants to be an ass and not give my body the attention it desires, well, I'll go make use of his best friend. Don't get me wrong, King is more than that to me, I do love him...but I happen to love them both. It's like my heart has this giant gash running through it, each side being tugged in a different direction. I shouldn't be surprised Beau is



angry with me over being with King, they're beyond close, but what did he expect? I'm not going to give them both up, I love them too much.

I manage to shove down three pieces before I'm stuffed. I know if I eat any more, I'll be useless later. Grabbing a Gatorade from my mini fridge, I take some Tylenol and hop in the shower. If King smells Beau on me, he may lose it and I don't want him distracted tonight. I want, no, I need all his attention on me. Am I typically a needy woman? I like to think no, I grew fairly self-sufficient once I was sent away and I couldn't lean on the guys anymore. I practically grew up with them and for a while they were my crutches, always sheltering me from anything negative. I knew from a young age they were special. Different. *Mine*.

I've kept tabs on them as best I could over the years. Most times I was doing my damndest to forget about them since every time I saw them pop up in the society articles with a different woman on their arms, it made me physically ill.

Have you ever loved someone so much it actually hurt inside to think of them? My heart was bleeding for the boys I left behind and watching them turn into these gorgeous men was even more of a mocking knife, driving straight into my heart.

When I arrived at Bentley University, I attempted to keep a low profile. I wanted to feel things out at first. I couldn't believe I ran into Beau nearly immediately, but what should I have expected. He'd always had almost a magnetic sense when it came to me and could seek me out of anywhere.

Another not so wonderful thing to greet me when I arrived was the vast number of rumors floating around the sorority. All anyone could talk about was who they thought might have a chance to land Beau and Kingston this year. I played clueless to them, pretending I had no idea who the guys they spoke so highly of were, even though I knew them better than anyone. *Or at least I used to.*

Anyway, I gritted through pledging to the sorority, needing to fit in here. It was one of the requirements of me coming back to the states according to my father. I needed to attend a college solely catering to the world's elite students, pledge, and get involved in activities that would benefit my future.

He's expecting a wealthy son-in-law before I graduate, someone he can sink his hooks into and attempt to bleed dry. He'll be shockingly disappointed when he discovers the only men I'm interested in are none other than the richest oil tycoons in Texas, who he can't stand. Daddy hates Beau and Kingston with a passion because neither of the guys would ever put up with his shit. They don't know this, but they're the real reason I was sent to Paris.

My parents thought my relationship with them was unhealthy. I believe the words my mother used were 'unbecoming of a lady'. My father on the other hand, had his sights set on the Governor's mansion and was trying his damndest to rake in any support he could. I guess the prospect of having a virtuous daughter sent to boarding school and kept away from boys seemed to fit the picture he was painting. I'll never forgive him for making me leave, for pushing me away from the two guys in my life who always felt like my home. My safety.

Well, now I'm back. Both guys know I'm here and I'm taking full advantage. If Beau thinks he can be stubborn and push me away, then I'll fuck King every day, screaming the walls down until I drive him crazy. I want him so jealous we're not together he can't see straight. The same goes for Kingston now that I've made up my mind, he's mine too. I can't imagine him being with another woman, and I'll do anything I can to lock him down. He's not my consolation prize, he's my double win.

Turning off the shower, I grab a towel and pat myself dry. I'm way more sober than I was earlier, now back in that blissful stage where I'm a little buzzed but kinda sleepy. There's not a chance in hell I'm sleeping alone tonight either.

My phone pings with a text.

**Kingston Banks:** *I can't stop thinking about you in another sexy dress. Got any other colors to show me?*

I've got something much better to show him, and it involves no clothes on either of us.

With that thought, I quickly dress, and grab my key card. I'm in all black this time around as I tuck the card, my phone and wallet in my pocket, then quietly leave my room. I manage to get outside without being seen thanks to it being late enough everyone's passed out.

I'm not in the mood to deal with anyone else tonight and if I manage to run into Beau again, I may lose my shit completely. After his brush off, I just want to be loved and I know Kingston can give that to me.

# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

## Kingston

Thankfully, my lamp light is on, so the room isn't pitch black. As soon as my door closes and locks, I begin peeling off my clothes, tossing them in every direction. Heading straight for the shower, I turn it to scolding hot, allowing the water to beat down on my back as I scrub myself raw. Once I finally feel clean again, I dry off, brush my teeth, then head toward my bed.

Stopping in my tracks, I take in the form snuggled in my bed. *This is new.* Losing the towel around my hips, I peel back the thick comforter and two thousand thread count top sheet then slide in. The bed movement seems to rouse Iris as she turns over and parts her lids, taking me in. Offering a flirty grin, I murmur, "Hey, beautiful. Nice surprise finding you here." I seriously must've been stuck in my head when I came in not to notice her immediately.

She smiles sleepily. "I was waiting for you when you texted, thinking about you. Thought I'd surprise you."

The fact she felt comfortable enough to curl up in my bed is all the confirmation I need to know she's feeling me as much as I am her. "Mmm... my lucky night. I'm thrilled you're here, but how did you get in?"

"One of your frat brothers let me in the house, then one of the staff found me sitting outside your room. He let me in. Please don't get the guy in any trouble. I told him I'd be fine waiting in the hall, but he insisted you'd want me in your room."

Leaning forward, I pop a soft kiss to her forehead. "Well, he was right. The last place I want you waiting is on the floor in the hallway." My hands would be bloody for an

entirely different reason if I were to discover anyone touched her while she was waiting for me. Hell, at this rate, they better not look at her for more than a brief glance. She's better than all of the assholes here and deserves nothing but their respect.

Iris giggles, and the sound makes my soul light up for her, forgetting about everything else.

“Are we having a sleepover?” The mere thought of sleeping next to her all night has my cock stirring with interest. I can think of plenty of things I want to do to her in my bed.

She nods. “If you don't mind?”

“I want you in my bed every night,” I admit, lying on my side to face her and wrap my arm around her waist. She's exactly where I want her. Hell, I've been dreaming of this moment for longer than I'd like to admit.

She snuggles in, her eyes going wide after a beat. “You're naked?” her voice squeaks in surprise.

“I told you I don't wear clothes to bed.”

“That doesn't seem very fair,” she mumbles, then starts shifting around. Her shorts come off first, and she tosses them to the side of the bed. Next, she peels off her tank top, exposing her perky little breasts.

“You came over here without a bra?” I question, taking in every exposed inch of perfection, about to jump out of bed to gouge my frat brothers' faces downstairs.

She rolls her eyes, much more awake now. “I wore a hoody, but if I wanted to, I would have.”

My lip lifts into a smirk. “Feisty, hmm?” I catch her without a bra on around these fuckers, and I'll be spanking her ass until it's a delicious shade of pink and she promises never to be bad again.

She leans in, pressing a kiss to my chin. “I was thinking horny rather than feisty.”

My gut churns with excitement. I've waited forever to have Iris in my bed, and now she's telling me she's turned on. *Say no more.* "I have just the thing to help with that," I promise, sliding my hand over her tummy.

Iris' scent surrounds me, making me feel at peace like I'm home with her. For years, I attempted to move on from wanting her, but then she shows back up in my life. It's fate pushing us together because there's no one else I can see in my future, nor do I want to.

Grabbing her hips, I tug her on top of me, and she squeals in surprise. "What are you doing?"

"I'm tasting your sweetness, now ride my fucking face," I demand as I'm long overdue to have Iris' flavor on my tongue. My hands hook under her thighs, pulling her up my chest then having her perch above my mouth. "Be a good girl and don't hold back from what you want. Get comfy on your knees, then set your delicious-smelling cunt on my lips."

She gazes down at me, lids lowered as sparkling desire burns for me in their depths. Her cheeks are flushed, and she's never seemed more beautiful than at this moment. "I'm a very good girl."

"I know you are, baby. That's why I'm going to make you come all night long," I promise and, without any hesitation, swipe my tongue through her folds. Her body jolts forward as my tongue flicks her clit gently, then hard, and again, but faster. She can't get far, however, as I have her locked in my grip.

"Oh my!"

"It's mine." I growl the words against her flesh and suck her nub between my lips. She cries out again, and I know damn well tonight will be phenomenal. She's loud, just how I like things when I'm fucking dirty. Her pussy soaks my mouth and chin. I couldn't be happier than right now, knowing we're finally headed in the right direction. "You're mine. Say it."

Her hips gyrate as her pussy works over my tongue to come, but I won't allow it until she agrees. "Am I? Do you really want that?" she questions, almost sounding unsure of herself, when I pause from eating her out.

With a rumble vibrating my body, my hands clench her thighs and flip her over. She's on her back, panting, eyes wide at how I've tossed her to the side like a rag doll. Jerking her down the bed a bit to where I want her, I crawl over her body. My legs push between hers, wrenching them far enough apart so I fit as if I belong. The juncture between her thighs cradles my cock, welcoming and warm. It's one hell of an invitation not to take to advantage of right away, but I need to hear her say the words. Her scent amplifies my desire, and it's harder for me to concentrate, yet somehow, I make myself focus.

"It's what I've wanted since the day you showed up to go swimming with us in your bikini, and suddenly all I could notice were your boobs and butt. I no longer saw you the same way. You'd changed into a young woman right in front of my eyes. Beau noticed it too. You threw us both for a loop... in a good way."

Iris offers a tender smile, and fuck, she makes me want to give her the world. Only, I don't need to. She can take it all for herself if she wants it. "You weren't alone. I had the biggest crush on both of you guys for as long as I can remember. Still do."

Her confession pleases me enough I reach between us and use my cock to run between her slit, spreading her juices over her pretty pink pussy. I'm hard and throbbing for her to the point it's difficult to breathe. I want to sink into her repeatedly until she sees nothing but me like I do with her.

"Condom," she mentions, but I ignore it. The word's offensive when it comes to her. I'd never hurt her.

"Say you're mine," I demand.

"Please grab a condom. I want you."

“Not what I said.” I couldn’t give a fuck about wrapping up when it comes to Iris. I’ve kept my cock covered and clean and have no reason to worry when it comes to her. “Don’t you worry yourself over it.”

“I’m yours, Kingston,” she finally proclaims after her pussy is slick with excitement, but I don’t let her finish the words without me thrusting my length to the hilt. My cock stretches her to the point a soft gasp leaves her lips, and her face briefly pinches with pain. Not wanting to hesitate with our pleasure, I begin to rock my hips, tilting and retreating, making her moan.

“Louder,” I hiss, moving to suck the silky flesh on her throat. She hums, refraining from letting go completely, so I rear back and thrust inside her with enough power the bed slams into the wall, and her curvy ass drives upward.

It does the trick as she screams, “I’m yours, Kingston!” She pants before breathily admitting, “You feel good.”

“Just good?” I taunt, my hips jerking back then home again. I’m going to fill her up so many times she won’t know what the word means anymore. I’ll take her *good* and raise it to fucking amazing.

“I’m yours. Please make me come!” she bursts out, legs squeezing around my hips. She’s strong enough I know she’ll be able to hold onto me when I fuck her against the wall and again in the shower. My time with her is only beginning. I will never have my fill.

“As you wish,” I eat up her words and then press a kiss to her lips. I promised myself I’d make her love me if I ever got the chance again and she’s already starting to fall. This is exactly what I’ve wanted all along.

Wrapping my arms around her, I yank her up, keeping my cock impaled in her as I move us. In a swift beat, I have her shoved against the wall, her hands above her head, secured in one of mine. The other is wrapped around her throat while her legs tangle around my waist to hold herself up.



I'd never let her fall.

Unless I want to fuck her on the floor.

“You're perfect like this... at my mercy.” Leaning in, I bite her shoulder and push in deep.

She's utterly intoxicating.

In our world, it's rare to find something so valuable and unclaimed. Sticking to a brutal pace, I fuck her into the wall, swallowing every gasp and moan I can catch. My grip flexes on her wrists, tightening to the point she glances upward. The perfect column of her neck is there for my taking, and I do. I suck and nibble, leaving red and purplish hickeys all over her skin. Everyone will see them, probably casting her aside as a used-up slut, but I don't mind. She's *my* marked slut, and it's all anyone needs to know of her. It takes no time at all once she's handed over control. Her pussy squeezes and releases, flooding my cock with her wetness.

Humming in delight, I groan, “Yes, give me that orgasm, beautiful. Such a good girl,” I praise, sucking her lower lip between mine.

With her limbs falling to her sides, I release her and let her fall. Her shocked cry has me chuckling as I get to my knees before her. “My turn,” I growl and briefly sit back on my haunches. Twisting her over, I tug her hips to where I desire. Once she's in position, I'm right behind her, sinking deeper than before. Reaching for her gorgeous, shiny hair, I wind it around both fists and use it to ride her hard from behind. My cock battering her swollen cunt is the most divine feeling. I could live in this pussy for the rest of my life and die a happy man.

This is the thing, though, now that I've had her, I don't think I can ever be apart. I need to feel her wrapped tightly around me each night, safe and secure in my arms. I'll go crazy if she tries to leave.

“Fuck,” I huff, leaning in to smell the hair wrapped around my hands. The scent has my eyes shooting

heavenward, remembering it's her conditioner. My newest favorite. I want to bathe in it with her so I can walk around smelling her whenever I want. She has me so fucked up over her.

We're going to need to have a discussion because if she doesn't start staying here with me regularly, I need to be in her room. If neither one happens, then I'll be forced to do something rash, like sneak back into her room and crawl into her bed while she sleeps. Eventually, she'd have to see reason and give in.

Without a second thought, I let myself go. Back bowed, muscles straining, ass cheeks clenching, and my veins protruding as my grip tightens, my cum explodes from my cock.

*I want forever.*

Stroking along her sweat-peppered back, I press kisses along her spine. "Now, turn over and spread your legs open. I'm cleaning your pussy with my tongue, then I'll thoroughly fuck you."

"I-I thought you just did?" She casts a glance at me over her shoulder, eyes wide. She's so damn beautiful it makes my chest ache.

With a dark chuckle, I shake my head. "We're only getting started. I'm going to fuck you until you can't leave my bed. Not even crawl. I'll carry you to the bathroom and bathe you, then back, babe." I offer a tender smile at odds with my words.

Her teeth sink into her lower lip, watching as I twist her body over and spread her legs open. As soon as my mouth meets her cunt, she gives in. "Okay, Kingston, whatever you want."

If only she knew what those words mean to me.

Her fate is sealed.



It's the second weekend in a row of waking up next to Iris in my bed. Her satiny hair fans out across the pillows, leaving her intoxicating scent all over them. Her creamy skin is buried in my Catalina blue sheets, the alluring contrast constantly beckoning me back to crawl next to her and stare my fill of her. There's no doubt in my mind she belongs in my bed. When it comes to Iris, life seems to somehow pull and twist us together. I know deep inside I've been in love with her since we were barely teenagers, so this doesn't feel like it's moving too fast. On the contrary, emotions between us are natural, coming together the way they should be.

My phone buzzes with a text coming through, and I grumble to myself. There are very few people who I actually give a shit about speaking to. With a huff, I unhappily break the spell Iris has so effortlessly cast over me. Grabbing the offensive device, I refrain from chucking it against the wall, even though that's exactly what I want to do with it. *I hope the vibration doesn't wake my gorgeous sleeping woman who's currently hogging my pillow for herself.*

She snores loudly, and I find it adorable. Yep, me, the asshole, wants to video Iris sleeping so I can obsess over it whenever she's not with me. I highly doubt she'd be as excited about the prospect as I am. I've already checked over her schedule multiple times to see if we can take the same courses. Our degrees are completely different, so we have nothing together. The basics we could've taken together we both took last year, so I'll have to settle for the brothers keeping an eye on her. Perhaps I can find someone to hack into the school's security cameras for me so I can check in on her whenever I want. I'm not above using the school's resources to my

advantage, and I know we happen to have a few highly coveted hackers in attendance.

**Private:** *In two weeks' time, you will pick your chosen, or we'll choose for you. We have the ultimate power to alter this decision at any time as you no longer own your decisions.*

*Prepare yourself. Revelations are coming.*

Setting the phone down, I release a tense breath, then pick it up and read it again. Everything is a test. How easily I seem to forget as much being consumed by Iris' presence. What does this cryptic message even mean? Revelations are coming...

“What’s the matter?” she sleepily asks, breaking me from my thoughts. The old man at the Lost Souls Park had told me to enjoy my time with Iris. The Brotherhood are the ones who put me on her trail in the first place, so what could the cryptic message truly mean? They’re implying they can take her away from me, but there’s no way in hell I’ll allow that to happen.

“How can anything be remotely wrong when I have you to wake up to?” I murmur, taking her in as she sleepily yawns and stretches. My comment garners a soft smile, and I flash her a wide one in return.

The society may have me scattered a bit, but one thing I’m certain about is Iris. She’s everything to me, and I know Beau is crazy about her as well. He hasn’t mentioned our loud fucking, so I’m assuming he’s okay with us being together too. He’s my best friend, and he’d tell me if something bothered him. It’s practically bro code, especially when it comes to women. I’m not worried. However, the society has me thinking a little too hard this early in the morning. The only thing I should be concentrating on right now is the woman beside me.

She smirks, running her palm over my chest.  
“Compliments this early? You must be up to something.”

Thankfully, she hasn't the slightest clue about everything I'm up to. Where she's concerned, I have to keep this sweet image she has of me. I want her to think I'm fucking perfect because she's my forever.

“Always,” I mutter and slide under the covers.

Pussy for breakfast is exactly what I need to start my day, and as long as we're together, everything in my world is peachy fucking keen.

# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

## Beau

It's been ten days since the society sent me on my first order and the suspense of when the rest of it will come is driving me crazy. I still wear my chain everywhere, but unless I'm oblivious to the signs they're giving me, they haven't sent the information my way.

I've completely emersed myself in my classes for the past week and I've purposely avoided King and Iris. There's no doubt they're now fucking. I know the sounds coming out of King's room every night and to say it's ripped me apart doesn't touch the surface of the real torture I'm going through.

I remember when we thought having rooms side by side would be awesome. Well... it's not fucking awesome now that I want to stab my ears out a couple of times a day.

*Fuck my life.*

I've resorted to wearing earbuds in hopes of drowning out his grunting and her screams this go around but I think my best fucking friend is doing his best to make sure I hear every single time he drives her up his bedroom wall.

"You have a fucking bed, dickhead!" I yell as I step out of my own bed, irritated and jealous as fuck. The only things that'll get me through this one is my own hand and a hot shower.

I hit the power button on the stereo and send the volume up until I can't hear them anymore; it's a plus that this station will drive him insane. "80's Best Country should do the trick." All of my towels are dirty, so I grab the one that's draped over my closet door and take a long shower in attempt to relax some of this pent-up tension.

Just as the crying-in-my-beer music is probably fucking with King's ability to take it all the way... it's also preventing me from getting the job done on myself. When the water turns cold, I stop stroking myself and with absolute frustration running through my veins, I get out knowing today is going to be a tense one.

I've just about got my jeans on when my phone vibrates.

**Private:** *You will use the other key now. You've been ordered to remove a distraction from the house and a prospective member. The key will only work on one door. Find the door. Remove the distraction and use the other key to stow it away until further notice. Make sure you're not seen or heard when leaving the house.*

Okay, I have to take whatever this distraction is to the cabin because that's where the first key worked.

I rush around the room and pull on a t-shirt while stepping into my boots. The 'emergency' bag I created sits at the back of my closet, and I make damn sure I grab it. They had me leave a week's worth of clothes at the cabin, so I've been planning to be gone for an extended amount of time this trip. But truth be known, I have no idea what I'm getting myself in to.

Lifting the key from under my shirt, I take another look at the shiny metal. I've already checked most of the doors in this house and damn near all of them are opened with a key card. It was discouraging as hell to realize I couldn't gain a single fucking clue to what the society has planned for me.

With my duffle bag on my shoulder and my truck keys in my hand, I turn for the door and catch a glimpse of something that wasn't there before.

A wooden box sits on the floor by my dresser and when I see the lock on it, I already know this is where the key will go.

Dropping everything to the floor, I open it quickly. There's a key card and a single pill inside. Dread washes over me when I recognize what kind of pill they've left for me. It can only mean one thing....

*Fuck. I'm going to be putting someone to sleep.*

I decide to take all of my shit to the truck and park it closer since I'm supposed to be discreet with whatever it is I'm taking out of here. The house seems empty from what I could tell on my trip outside, which should make this task easier.

"Anyone here?" I yell out just for good measure, because I don't need any surprises when I'm hauling shit out of here. When the house remains silent, I start testing the doors.

I check the pantry, utility room, all of the downstairs bathrooms and bedrooms with no luck. It's not until I reach the second to last door that I plan to try when the door unlocks.

*King's room.*

"Fuck," I whisper under my breath as I push the door open and find a sleeping Iris on the bed.

Surely, the Brotherhood doesn't expect me to kidnap her. They can't possibly think I'd steal my best friend's girl and then keep her hidden till they decide the latest mind fuck is over.

I take out my phone and read the text once again.

*Distraction.*

*Well... she fits that fucking category.*

But why the pill? Do they not think I can get her in my truck without forcing her into it?

His god-awful singing echoes through the room before realization hits me. *The pill is for King.*

"Motherfucker," I huff. They can't be serious right now. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."



“There’s a tear in my beer and I’m cryin’ for you dear...” screeches through the room and I shake my head, knowing I did this to myself. He bangs on the wall for good measure; it’s something we’ve done from the first day we arrived, and I can’t help but wonder how in the fuck Iris can sleep through the noise.

I step back into the hallway to regroup. After a beat, I begin to form a plan to get her out of here quickly and short of drugging King... I can’t see it happening. At least not fast. The text said to use the key *now*, so in my mind it means they want it to happen right fucking now, without delay.

Once I hear his voice grow louder, I act on a whim and start pulling shit out of my ass.

He answers after I double tap his door. “Hey. What’s up?”

“Want breakfast before you leave?”

“I’ll take the breakfast but I’m not going anywhere today.” He opens the door a little wider to show me his bed. “I’ve decided to spend all fucking day right in this room.”

“Alright. Pancakes good?”

“I’ll be down in a few. Unless you want me in the kitchen like this.” He drops his towel, even though he knows he doesn’t shock me with his behavior.

“See you in a few.” I turn and leave him standing with his dick out, knowing he needs to get his ass dressed because if his plan is to stay here all day and my order is to remove Iris from the house... he’s getting ready to take a little nap. I’d rather not leave him naked in the process.

Guilt churns in my gut as I’m making him breakfast knowing what I’m about to do. I guess if they’re going to include Iris in these little fucked up games, it’s best if I’m the one they’re making do it. Unless they’re going to attempt to force me to hurt her. If they do, they’ll have hell to pay because I won’t ever go that route with her. And if I didn’t know that King would be just fine taking the one pill, then I’d

never do it. He'll be mad as fuck... but he'll be fine once it wears off. Nothing will happen to him while I'm gone, no one would be stupid enough to fuck with him in any way. They'd have both of us to deal with if it's the case.

I'm thankful I packed the extra bag of items; they may come in handy if we have to go on the run. I've got cash, extra guns, a couple of burner phones and some protein just in case we have to hide away in the mountains. The rest of it I can handle without more supplies. I can make a shelter if it comes down to it, but I really hope it doesn't.

I make King's orange juice first, dropping the pill in his drink so it has plenty of time to dissolve. The pancakes are almost done when he rounds the corner. "Smells so good." He grabs a pancake and takes a bite out of it, allowing it to hang from his teeth while he fills his plate with more. I toss a couple on my plate and hand him the glass of juice made special for him.

We eat together for the first time in weeks and even though he starts to slow his movements toward the end, it was nice to sit down and be normal for a few minutes. Being apart so much, dealing with the society and having the tension because of Iris has made me realize I miss my best friend.

"You goin' back upstairs?" I'm hoping my question will encourage him to head back up to his room. I'd hate to have to carry his ass all the way up the stairs to make sure he's safe and not passing out somewhere random. I do have a little bit of conscience, at least when it comes to people I care about.

He slowly shuffles up the stairs and I follow behind him. I carefully guide him into my room for now to make it easier when I wake up Iris. Once he's passed out on my bed, I make my move and use the new key card they gave me.

She's still asleep and as much as I'd like to crawl into bed with her... I refrain from it, staying focused on my mission. "Kens." I place my hand on her shoulder and begin shaking her awake. "Kens, wake up. I want to go for a ride.

Come with me.” She stretches her arms wide and yawns before she slides her legs to the side of the bed. She’s naked and trying to cover herself with a sheet as she moves.

“Babe. Seen it. Licked it. Kissed it. Been inside it. Just hurry and get dressed. We need to be quick.”

“But where’s King?”

“He went to class,” I lie. Oh well, just one more thing to have to answer for later.

She’s moving slowly, so I start tossing her clothes toward her. “Why does it seem like we’re running from something?”

“We’re not. I just don’t want to be late.”

“Where are you taking me?” I stop everything and turn to face her. She meets my gaze, and for a few seconds we pause to look at each other.

“Do you trust me?” I quietly ask, needing this from her.

“Yes.” Maybe she shouldn’t, but I’m glad she said yes. Because it’s in this moment that I know I’d die for this girl. I’ll do anything to protect her... even if she’s chosen to be with King.

My heart races from the uncertainty of not knowing what we’re in store for but one thing I’m certain of is we need to move. “Then let’s go.”

We stride quickly through the house, Iris nearly jogging to keep up with my pace and luck is on my side because we don’t see a single soul on the way out the door. Privacy is rare for this big house, but I’ll damn sure take it.

We’re a few miles down the road when she turns to me, asking another question.

“How far is it?”

“About two hours out.”

She nods and leans her seat back. “I’m going to take a nap.”

Poor girl is tired from my best friend fucking her up the wall all night. *I know I’m tired from it and I wasn’t even involved.*

# CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

## Beau

It's nearly noon by the time we arrive at the cabin. Iris slept until we pulled off on the dirt road and she hasn't asked me a single question for the nine miles it's taken us to park. I glance over at the barn just before she takes off in the same direction.

I move to walk in front of her, wondering what we're about to walk up on this time around. I'm thoroughly satisfied as I look inside and find everything is in its place. There aren't any signs of murder and torture remaining, thank fuck. To be fair... I didn't torture him. I'm the one who is forever changed from watching the horrific video.

"Are there horses?" She runs her fingers over a leather saddle as she strolls by.

"I haven't seen any."

"How long are we here for?" She continues walking around the barn, taking it all in. I'm imagining her keeping inventory and planning her escape if it comes to that.

"However long we have to be."

"Doing as you're told?"

"Yes." I swallow hard and watch her expression shift.

"For the society?" My heart drops at her mention of the group, knowing we're supposed to keep it a secret from anyone outside The Brotherhood. I hope King hasn't been talking to her.

"What do you know of it?"

"You mentioned it the last time I was in your room." She was drunk. I don't remember mentioning it, so it must've

slipped.

“Am I your next kill?” I almost choke. *How in the hell?*... She’s not supposed to know about the dark side of our lives.

“No.”

“How do you know?” Her question is fair, but it means I’ve done a shit job of letting her know how much I care about her. I guess I should look at it from her point of view. What’s she supposed to think after the way I’ve treated her the past few weeks? I’ve mocked. Berated. Ignored. Made her hate me...not a winning combo when it comes to the woman I love and intend to protect with my life.

“Because I’d die before I hurt you.”

“What if they make you?”

“That’s not possible.” I manage a few steps toward her, but she holds out her hand, stopping me in my tracks.

“I need a little time. I didn’t think you’d ever put me in a position like this, Beau.”

“What position? You’re with me. *Safe*. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

“We’re at a cabin in the middle of nowhere, completely open to any type of bullshit invasion the players of this stupid game decide to try. What if they come in with forty guys armed with guns? Can you promise me we’re safe from those surprises?” She has a point and it’s something that crossed my mind on the drive over here. Everything is happening so god damn fast and it’s much harder to go through these kinds of situations without King. We work well together, and I’d take one of him over forty others any day.

“I can only promise you that I’ll do everything I can to keep us both safe.”

“We can leave here. Let’s go now before whoever is making you do this has a chance to catch us.”

“They’ll find us.” They’re already listening to our conversation, there’s not a doubt in my mind. My skin prickles from feeling the invasion by the minute.

“So, until they decide, we just sit here like the pawns we are?”

“That’s part of it. We have to trust the system.”

“There’s no *we* in this, Beau. I trust you and King. Period.”

“Then trust I won’t let anything happen to you. We have, from what I can tell, a few days here and then we’ll get orders to go back.”

“That’s it. We have to shack up together for a few days then life goes back to normal.”

“Well... it’ll never be normal now that I’ve drugged King and kidnapped his girlfriend.” I admit, my skin growing warm from confessing it aloud.

“You *what?*” she hollers from across the barn.

“I had to get you out of his room without a distraction. It was either drug him or you to make it happen. I chose him.” I shrug with my answer, confident I made the right decision, but she doesn’t seem to think it’s a minor deal like I do.

“Jesus, Beau. How fucked up are you? He’s your best friend.”

“And you are my entire world, Kens. He’d do the same and I’d expect no less.” She takes a deep breath and holds her stomach.

“Is he okay now?” Worry stretches across her face.

“I have no idea.”

“We need to call him.” I stop her before she passes me in a rush.

“We can’t call him. It’s for his own safety. I threw your phone out the window on the drive over and mine is off until

we absolutely need it.”

“What? This keeps getting better and better, Beau.”

“I couldn’t have him tracking us down. My job is to remove his distraction. You were that distraction. Now the rest is up to him. He’s probably on some mission they’ve put him on and once it’s over, we’ll most likely get sent back.”

“Is this the first time you’ve been to this place?”

I shake my head, dreading the next words to come out of her mouth.

“What did you do the last time you were here?”

I choose not to answer her, and she exhales, knowing it’s not good.

“Okay. It seems like I have to trust you’d never put me in danger, and I’ll have to learn to go with the flow of chilling here until we get word to leave. How will they contact you?”

“They’ve been texting. I have to open my phone every few hours if we don’t get any other information in the meantime.”

“I guess we have nothing left but for you to show me around.”

We spend the next hour opening every door and cabinet to the cabin and I burn all the contents to memory. I don’t know what I’m trying to prepare for... so, I consider everything a potential need.

The kitchen is fully stocked, which is good because she starts pulling out boxes of cereal, immediately digging inside to pick out the marshmallows. That’s something I remember her doing back in the day, so she has me pausing to watch.

“Are you hungry?”

“I’m starving.” She pops a few pieces of cereal into her mouth and keeps talking. “Maybe once we’re done looking at all the rooms in this place, we can cook something. It’s been a



while since we've made a meal together." It's been years, to be exact. How can something so simple sound like so much fun?

We explore the bedrooms, and she freezes mid-step, noticing the duffle bag I left here a week ago. "Shhh. Someone else is here," she whispers, slowly backing out of the room.

"Nah," I reply, loudly, making her jump a little. "It's mine. I left it here over a week ago."

"Did you think to pack some clothes for me?"

"No. I had no idea I'd be bringing you here."

"Guess I'll be wearing your t-shirts and underwear. Hopefully you can handle sharing."

"I'll manage."

We spend the rest of the day playing house in this cabin, showcasing what life could be like if we had a normal one. I catch her frowning here and there and want to ask her what's on her mind... but I already know the answer. She's worried about King. If I hadn't spent my entire life getting fucked up and then handling school or business alongside him like a pro, I'd be concerned.

"He's fine. He'll be mad at me... but he's fine."

"He's going to be so pissed at you." She sends me a smirk and it's in this moment that I know she understands us. She's not naïve to the demands our families put on us. Hell, she's in the same situation with her own.

"What happened when you moved away?"

"I don't want to talk about all of that."

"I want to know. I've missed so much of your life... and now I'm missing even more."

"That's your own fault."

"Maybe it is now, but what happened when you were gone isn't my fault."

"I know. But it's better if all of that stays in the past."

“What are you not telling me, Kens?” I sit forward on the couch and look her way.

“My father shipped me off to a boarding school. Things happened. Then when I found out my mother died while I was away at school, I couldn’t handle it. I ran away and lived on my own until my grandfather found me in Georgia. I had to do some crazy shit to survive.”

“How’d you get here?”

“My grandfather set up a college fund for me when I was a baby. When I graduated high school, the money became mine to use as long as I attended Bentley University.” She gives me a fake smile. “My dad let me come back to the states as long as I chose an elite university, which Bentley also fits. So, here I am.”

“Was it your father’s father?”

“No, my mother’s.”

“Does your father know you’re here?”

“He knows. But he can’t control me now. So, I don’t even think about him.”

“Why Bentley?”

“Your family isn’t the only one who has generations of Bentley graduates.”

“What *things* happened?”

“Oh, I caught the Rector sneaking into my room. I broke his hand in the door when he opened it. The next day I was taken into isolation, where they kept me for over a month for not obeying the rules of the class. Apparently, I wasn’t sitting in my chair properly and lacked professionalism.” She reaches for a magazine and continues while she’s flipping pages. “When he came to see me in isolation, I broke out. I used the moves you and King taught me, and I beat his ass before I stole the key and locked him inside.” My heart swells with admiration and equal sadness for everything she’s been through.

“What was his name?”

“That’s not important.”

“It is to me.” I will end every fucker who has done her wrong in the past without hesitation. I just need to know who I’m going to kill next.

“Well, it’s in the past. I’m not looking back, and neither should you.” She says one thing and my entire being screams another. It’ll just have to be something King, and I take care of once the initiations are over.

“I think I’m going to find a shower and then go to bed.” She stands and moves toward the room my bag was in and I stay behind to give her some privacy. “I’m taking some of your clothes!” she yells from the other room, and I smile just thinking about her wearing my stuff.

# CHAPTER NINETEEN

## Kingston

Iris hasn't been answering her phone, nor has she been to her room at the sorority house. The obsessive, possessive side of me is rearing its ugly head as every thought plagues my mind, tormenting me to no end. If Iris thinks I'll allow her to up and disappear as she did in the past, she's mistaken. I'll hunt her across this fucking planet and make her love me. She's going to force me to lose control after having her in my bed then taking the closeness away from me. She's mine, I made it clear as day to her and now the devil taps my shoulder, whispering she's turned her back to me.

I won't believe it.

I'll find her and show her I'm everything she'll ever need.

I refuse to end up being a miserable, lonely motherfucker.

I've pretty much been casing the area around campus, searching for any signs of her, but she seems to have vanished into thin air. I've been pushing my body to the limits, running around, and staying awake to watch my cameras and phone locator. The worst part of all, is I can't remember shit from the last time I saw her. It's like I was drugged and part of me believes I was, but the details are still too hazy for me to recall anything clearly. I think Beau was there, but even then, I'm not completely sure.

I've checked with her professors to see if she's missed any class, but all of them have told me she hasn't been to a single one. What the fuck is going on with her? She's going to tank her damn grades and she hasn't been here long enough to screw up so royally already.

Today, I'm back to square one, no leads or signs that she's been near the campus. I have no choice but to call home and try to figure out what to do. Grabbing my cell, I pull up a man who's been on my father's payroll for half my life, who can find anything and anyone. "Robert, I have a job for you. I need to find someone, and it has to be immediately. I don't care what you have to do, just get her back to me."

"Kingston," he greets, then sighs and I know he's going to tell me something I don't want to hear. "You're in initiation, I can't help you during this period."

"Fuck," I curse, curling my fist in irritation. He's a member. Of course he is, I shouldn't expect anything less than my father's most trusted associates being in the Brotherhood alongside him. Pulling the phone from my ear, I hit end, hanging up on him. If Robert won't help me, then I have no further use for him.

I'm on my own.

Beau hasn't been around or answering his cell either. I tried tapping into his location, but his phone must be off as well. Something prickles along the back of my neck... it's the little demon again, this time around telling me the two of them are somewhere together.

He wouldn't betray me, we're closer than most families. Practically best friends since birth, we know everything about one another, right down to our dirty little secrets. The Brotherhood will only bring us closer to one another, not push us apart, so I have to stomp down my paranoia and the jealousy attempting to rear its ugly head. The only reason I can think that he wouldn't answer his phone would be because he's in some sort of trouble and that thought sure as fuck doesn't sit well with me either.

I pace the bedroom floor like a madman about to lose his mind, a caged animal ready to attack the first idiot stupid enough to step in my way. I'm left with nothing but time and my thoughts, and news flash, they aren't fucking peachy thoughts. I'm going to drive myself crazy. I can't eat, I'm far too wound up with worry and anxiety gorging away at my

insides. I can't lose Iris again; I need her in my life. She's the one for me; I know there's no other, she's the sole reason for my damn existence.

It's almost time to pick our chosen too, and mine's nowhere to be found. The text I'd received said fourteen days and guess what? Tick-tock, motherfucker, time's running out.

This can't be happening. It fucking can't!

Of course I'm going to pick Iris when it comes to my chosen— there's no one else in Bentley University, hell, in the States that I'd want over her. I'm to the point I have no fucks to give whether the society is okay with her or not. She's mine, but not knowing where she could be is wiggling me the fuck out.

At the moment I'm so fucking pissed, I could scream. I don't even care if anyone hears me. Hell, I think I'll make sure someone hears me, so they come bother me and I have a reason to beat the fuck out of them. Opening the door to my closet, I head inside the walk-in area and scream at the top of my lungs as loud as I can, venting every bit of frustration I'm feeling.

“This is fucking bullshit! Bullshit!”

My scream is met with silence. No one answers.

“Where is *she*?!”

Still nothing.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!”

Silence.

My heart pounds frantically from the brief adrenaline spike, and another idea hits me out of the blue. With a huff, I quickly slip on my shoes, then grab my keys. I don't know what I'll find, so I may end up needing them. Leaving my room, I silently make my way through the hallway and use the back staircase to creep out of the mansion undetected. The least number of witnesses for what I'm about to do, the better.

I scale along the edge of the back yard and use my key to leave our property and enter the sorority's. It's quiet, dark,

and chilly. The girls are either out or asleep already. It's the smart thing to do considering most of us have exams this week. I have the door's keypad and alarm system codes memorized.

Each girl here has a specific set of numbers to their name, and I possess the president of the sorority's alarm numbers. I figure if I'm ever coming and going no one will question it if they're hers. She made it too easy for me, being too sloppy drunk at the time to realize I'd watched her and written them down on the inside of my hand that night. The doorknob code came courtesy of the sorority's cleaning crew. It only took a few hundred-dollar bills for the right person to watch the girls enter the code so many times to let them in, and then pass the numbers along my way.

The house is dark, only the light from the screen on the fridge lighting up the space as I enter through the back door. The rest of the house has random night-lights built into the bottom of the plug-ins, so I follow those along as I head for the stairs. I already know where I'm going though, having been in this house several times over the last year.

Once I hit the top of the stairs, I head straight for the end of the hall. It's the largest room in the house and belongs to the one person who may have something to do with Iris' disappearance. Entering her room, I take everything in. I've seen it before, so nothing new.

McKayla's asleep, just as I'd hoped. Silently crawling into the bed beside her, one hand covers her mouth, while the other wraps tightly around her throat. My body slithers over hers like a deadly snake as I sit up, straddling her anorexic form, making sure she's immobilized.

Her eyes shoot open, a scream flying from her mouth, but it doesn't make it past my hand. She's flipping the fuck out and I won't deny it makes me a bit hard watching the scene play out. I'm not here for McKayla though, only Iris.

With a threatening growl I lean close to her face, watching as her gaze adjusts and flares in recognition. My lips tip into a threatening grin. "I'll remove my hand now." It's a

warning, she better shut the fuck up with the screaming nonsense and tell me what I need to know. If I wanted her dead she wouldn't be breathing right now, so she's lucky I'm giving her an opportunity to speak.

"Kingston Banks," she breathes my name like a prayer, but it's a curse for some. Her eyes light with desire, but this bitch will never have my cock again.

"Mm." I lick my lips, leaning in close enough she can feel my breath across her too plump, dicksucking mouth. McKayla's all tits, lips, and fake ass. The rest of her may as well be a fucking ghost. "Tell me, where is Iris Kensington?"

"Who?"

"Have you ever killed for love?" I ask and tilt my head to the side, my intentions crystal clear. I'm a natural born killer. Always have been. What would you expect from someone like me, growing up the way I did. Pampered, richer than everyone, practically a God, always pushing the limits for attention. Eventually I took it too far, things got bloody, and it was swept under the rug. As it always is.

Sorority whore swallows, fear overcoming her once more. I'm a predator and right now she's nothing more than easy prey. She eventually chokes out, "I-I...no, I haven't."

"Pity. Wanna take a chance to see if I have?"

"P-please King, it doesn't have to be like this." Her lip trembles, but I have no empathy towards her. She's like all the other snakes in this house, always throwing whoever they can to the wolves so they can get a step up.

"Say my name again," I demand coldly.

"King," she whispers, tears gathering in her stare.

"That's right. I'm the fucking King, *your God*, and I hold your life in my hands. Now, answer me. *Where is Iris Kensington?*"

"In her room?" she asks and I nearly laugh at her response, but refrain. Rather, I get up suddenly, tugging her weak ass body along with me.



“Let’s go there together. Maybe you can see something I don’t.”

She’s naked but I don’t give a fuck, she’s nothing special. Gripping her arm, I drag her along. She scrambles to keep up with my angry, powerful stride, but somehow manages. I take my key card I had made for Iris’ room out and swipe it, opening her door and shoving the chick inside.

Opening my arms wide, I gesture. “Where is she?” I glance around the empty dark room that still holds a hint of Iris’ perfume. It hasn’t been touched since the last time I was here. I’d know if she’d been here; I set up motion sensing cameras to watch her.

“I don’t know.”

“Tell me,” I order with a low growl.

“I-I swear to you, I’m not lying. Let me make it up to you.” McKayla immediately drops to her knees before me, and I stoically watch as she quickly sits up enough to reach for my pants. Her fingers deftly work my button and zipper free, opening my dark wash jeans. She eagerly reaches between the material, grabbing for my cock.

I’m commando as always, a detail McKayla seems thrilled to discover as she impatiently tugs my cock out. She immediately parts her lips, opening her mouth wide, ready to deep throat me like she’s no doubt done to every other rich bastard to cross over her threshold.

With a huff, I grab my massive dick.

Smack her face with it, then put it back in my pants.

I glower and zip them up while she gasps in mock outrage at my blatant refusal of a free blow job.

No one’s sucking my dick but my good girl. My cock only belongs to Iris. “Get up and don’t ever touch my cock again. Your greedy fat lips can suck someone else off, but not me.”

New tears well in her eyes and I snort, turning away, running a hand through my hair in frustration. “Please King, I

don't know what happened to your girlfriend," she finally says, and I almost believe her this time.

Grabbing her throat, I jerk her to her feet, leaning in as I threaten, "You better not. If I find out you had even a thread of influence in her disappearance, I'll come for you. There's nowhere on this fucking planet you'll be able to hide, and I promise it'll hurt."

Tears cascade over her cheeks as she nods. I release her, stepping to the side, finished with her theatrics for now. She runs from the room without looking back and I can't blame her for being scared.

*Don't worry Iris, I'll find you. I don't care what it takes, you'll be mine again. I promise.*

With those thoughts I waste no time, taking off for the frat house again, heading directly for Beau's room. I go through the back door again and run up the stairs, only pausing once I make it to his door. Using my key card, I burst inside, prepared to tear the place apart if he's not here somewhere. His truck was gone when I checked and his space is still empty, aside for some clothes tossed about. There's not even a fucking note, and it has my head spinning.

Could the Brotherhood be behind this too?

# CHAPTER TWENTY

## Beau

Once I hear the water running, I turn on my phone to check for messages. The vibrations go wild with messages and notifications from King, but it's not any of his messages that I'm staring at.

**Private:** *You have a visitor. Same place as last time.*

I jump to my feet and make sure all of the doors and windows are locked in the cabin before I head straight out the front door, hoping to be able to finish this business before she gets out of the shower. If it's a similar situation to last time, the guy doesn't have a chance in hell of getting out of that chair alive. Not with her close by.

I'm met with an almost identical scene as last time, but this time it's a different guy. He's older and at first glance I'm not even sure he's alive. He doesn't have the same energy Jordan had. One glance at the paper and I already know what it says.

**Beau, meet Adam.**

**You might want to ask Adam how he knows your girl.**

**If he refuses to answer... use the remote to see for yourself.**

Fuck, I'm not looking forward to this. I don't know if I have it in me to watch her being tortured again. I'll become the most savage murderer ever known if I keep seeing this shit.

I choose the knife again, this time taking my place behind him right away. With a yank of his hair, I hold him back and look into his eyes, then place the knife between my lips so I can rip off the tape covering his face.

“How do you know Iris Kensington?” My voice is deep, mirroring the depths of the thoughts going through my head.

“She was one of the students at my academy.” I slice his throat open without asking him another word. I hear footsteps from my left, just as the blood begins to run down his neck, so my first cut isn’t as deep as it was the last time. One glance at who’s brave enough to come through the barn door and I’m left surprised as Iris walks in. She’s wearing my black t-shirt and the boots she was wearing earlier. I can barely see the bottom hem of my underwear below the length of the shirt.

“Go back inside, Kens.” I force myself to get back to the task and circle around Adam so I can line up for one final jab to the heart.

“Beau. What have you done?” She waits until I’m done twisting the blade to ask.

“Nothing he didn’t deserve.”

“How did he get here?” She doesn’t deny that he deserved to die, squishing that little percent of doubt I had because I didn’t wait for the proof before I reacted.

“No clue. Don’t care.”

“Beau. Stop. Look at me.” I’m cleaning the knife with a white towel when she asks me to turn around. I place the knife in its spot before I do as she asks.

“Is this the first time you’ve killed a person?”

“No.”

“Jesus.” She rushes over to me, not looking at Adam as she passes.

“Is this the Rector?”

“Yes. How did they know about him?”

I wait for her to look at me before I answer. “My guess is they’ve been watching us all the entire time. How many more are there?”

“What do you mean?”

“This is the second one I’ve killed because they hurt you.”

“Who was the other one?”

“His name was Jordan.” She looks clueless when I say his name. “A bartender in Georgia.” She shakes her head with no obvious recognition. “I watched him drug you and then take you to a supply room and fuck your lifeless body. It was all recorded and here for me to watch the last time I was here.”

“What the hell,” she says on a defeated exhale.

“My guess is the society is working some vigilante shit and making us take care of the worthless people in the world. They’ve just chosen the ones who hurt you to encourage me to go through with it. I’m sure they’re videoing it all to use as blackmail if I ever decide to leave the society. And I’m not supposed to be talking about it, so who knows what type of consequence I’m about to face.” She bows her head and rests her forehead on my chest. “It doesn’t matter. I’ll spend eternity in jail if I can rid the world of the monsters who fucked with you.”

“What are we supposed to do with this?”

“They disposed of everything last time. Even the clothes I was wearing.”

“Your clothes?” She looks confused.

“Yeah. I may have gone a little psycho on the last one.” She runs her fingers through her hair as the nerves begin to surface. When she looks over at Adam, I take her hand in mine and walk her out of the barn. She holds my hand tight as we

make our way back inside the cabin and all the way to the bathroom so I can shower.

She reaches to pull her t-shirt off when I slip out of my boots. “What are you doing?” I stop her movement before she lifts it over her head.

“I’m going to take care of you. And you’re going to let me.” We both undress in front of each other like it’s an everyday occurrence. She reaches in to turn the water on before I do. “And Beau?”

“Yes.”

“If you call me a slut again... I’ll cut your dick off.” She forces a smile on my face within minutes of watching me kill a man. If that isn’t a soulmate, I don’t know what is.

I take every opportunity to wash her body with soap, using the extra suds to stroke my cock every once in a while. She spends her time washing my back and always takes over washing my dick once I’ve slipped my hands around it. “Why have we never done this before?”

“Because you were pushing me away.”

“Fine. You win. I’m not pushing you away anymore... But how are you going to break it off with King?” She halts all movement mid-stroke.

“I’m not breaking it off with King.”

“Kens, I can’t share you.” I put my arms around her back and pull her against my chest.

“Well, I can’t choose between the two of you, so you’ll have to.”

“Fuck. What will King say about all of this?” Let’s address the obvious elephant in the room.

“He’ll get over it and learn to love the idea just like you will because if you make me choose, I’ll walk away from you both.”

I exhale as my future flashes in front of my face. “If you let him fuck you against my wall again, I’m going to barge in and spank your little ass.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time.” I lift her into the palms of my hands and nibble on her lip as her smile grows wide.

“You sure you can handle both of us?”

“Do you really think King will deny either of us what we want? He loves us both too much to keep us apart once he knows the truth. He’ll be pissed that we kept our situation a secret for so many years... but in the end, the kink will win. He’ll love watching me with you and he’ll get off on it every single time. He’s a freak like that and we both know it.”

“I’m sure he will.” I slide her onto my cock, and she inhales sharply at the angle. “Tell me. How does it feel to have the bigger cock inside you once again?”

“I’m not going there.”

“It’s true. We measured when we were teenagers.” I slam her down and thrust inside and watch her mouth go wide.

“We might need to remeasure again. I think he may have you beat.” She smirks as if she’s won the battle and I take it as a personal challenge.

“Fuck that.” I put her against the wall and fuck her so hard neither of us have the breath or the energy to speak. She’s not teasing me about my size and I’m only proving to her what we all already know. I know how to fuck her right.

I’m pathetic when it comes to endurance, spilling my cum inside her before she makes it to her second orgasm. It’s been more than a week since I’ve had sex and it would be embarrassing if it was my first time with her.

“He does last longer,” she whispers on an exhale.

I feign shock and set her on her own feet. “You already know, you’re to blame for that.”

“I am going to enjoy all of the pleasure you’ll both bring with your cocky competitions.”

“You will like that. We’ll make sure of it.”

I let the water hit my face and smile. This’ll be my new life and I can’t think of two people I’d rather share it with... I just have to make sure that fucker keeps his dick to our girl and doesn’t try to push this in another direction.

After a passionate night full of hot, sweaty sex with Iris, I wake to the yank of a leg cramp pulling me from my deep dream-filled sleep. With a yawn, I hobble to the kitchen for a glass of water, thirsty as hell after last night’s escapades. I take a drink, the cool water hitting my throat just as I catch movement through the window out of the corner of my eye.

I drop low, cowering down to hide from view and run back to the bedroom in search of a gun. It could be anybody out there and I’m not taking a chance with our safety. Iris hears me and rushes to her feet. She meets my gaze, anxiety filling hers as she questions me. “What’s wrong?”

“Shhh. Get dressed and hide in the closet. Here, take this just in case.” I toss her the nearest handful of clothes I find into the closet and place the pistol in her hand. “Hurry,” I whisper.

We both freeze in place with the sound of the kitchen door opening. I point to the closet until she tiptoes past me. I have just enough time to hide behind the bedroom door before I hear the footsteps approaching, my heart rate skyrocketing as adrenaline fills me. My breathing slows, my ears straining, as I wait for the person to walk past the small crack I can see through.



# CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

## Kingston

It's hard to concentrate on anything, let alone exams in the middle of my search for Iris. I've been losing my mind inside, but regardless, I grit through the boring bullshit and manage to still pull the highest grades in my classes. I have to keep up with everything including my orders, or my father will flip his shit. I learned as much early on and the last thing I need at this point is him thinking I can't handle things. My father loves me, I have no doubt, but while I have limitless perks in this life, there's also the heavy weight of certain expectations always bearing down on me. For example, he expects me to earn top honors in my courses and shine at any extracurriculars I pursue. He demands I maintain a high GPA as well as excel socially.

I can't help but wonder how the fuck any of it matters, when the woman I love has disappeared. My father's delusional, but the few times he's called or texted I've managed to act like everything's okay. It's not, though, and the extra burden of worrying what he's thinking of me brings back memories from last year.

He'd believed I was going to be named *Most Eligible Bachelor* when I was a freshman. I'd worked my ass off to do the best in everything, however, I didn't quite reach that goal-though I should've. I came in second with the votes, but it still wasn't good enough and I've heard about it several times since. He swears all this shit will open more doors for our company in the future, so damn near every move Beau and I have made in the past has been under surveillance at some point. I'll admit it's hard to balance it all sometimes, but I never show my struggle outside of my best friend and my family.

I'm at the top of the social ladder and anything less would be an utter fucking tragedy to my family.

I head straight to my room, head a mess as I scour every face I pass by for some sort of clue where my woman could be. I don't know whether they all know and I appear to be a fucking fool or they know absolutely nothing. It's fucking maddening. I can't stand not being in some semblance of control and the society has the power to strip you of all of it.

My phone's lit up with various unread texts from today, but there's no information I need. My frat brothers have messaged throughout the day and I've been ignoring them all. It's a trend I've adopted since Iris and Beau both disappeared, and I've been on a never-ending hunt, desperate for a clue. It's not like I'm missing anything, the frat brothers were discussing exams and what to expect, which quickly switched to plans for another party now that everyone's finished. The last thing I want to deal with tonight is a party full of dipshits. They'll ask me where Beau is, and it'll make me snap. I'll end up killing one of them and I don't need to worry about another grave on my conscience right now.

Grabbing a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt, I stroll for the bathroom. It feels as if the weight of the world is riding on my shoulders and I've gotten next to no sleep since I've been racking my brain on how to get Iris back. I'd do anything for her, be anyone she needed and right now I'm being one shitty fucking hero. I turn on the shower and strip down, momentarily glancing at my bloody knuckles with a sigh. There's no way to hide them but at this point I don't give a shit. What's one more scar on top of everything else?

I step into the shower and let the hot water hit my sore muscles. Shaking my head, I can't stop the thoughts of Iris and the last time I fucked her in here. I'll be dreaming of her tonight, like I do every night. She'll whisper to me in my sleep, filling me with the false hope she's laying there beside me and still will be when I wake up. Even when she's not gone, I have wild dreams of her, full of vivid sex scenes that I always wake up from hard as fuck. The difference is usually I

can roll over and sink deep into her tight cunt, pound her until she swears she can't walk and I've filled her up with my cum, marking her as mine all over again. I've always had a healthy sexual appetite but when it comes to her, well, I've never fucked so much in my life, nor have I ever been so content.

I'd rather not use up all the hot water so I make it quick. Most of the frat is all home at once and they'll need a hot as hell shower after a long week of studying. As self-centered as I typically tend to be, I'm not a complete dick with no thought for anyone else. I head back to my room, towel wrapped around my waist, and find my room as empty as when I left it.

A frustrated sigh leaves me as I realize I left my sweats in the bathroom. For fucks sake. Enough of this moping bullshit. When have I ever been the type to sit back and be a victim of circumstance? Not fucking ever, that's when. I'm getting my woman back, now, damn it. I don't give a flying fuck who I have to torture and kill to get the information I need, I'll do it. First things, first. I need Beau, as he'll be able to help me find her. I've had my fill of this separate bullshit we've been forced to do, and I'm saying no more. If the society wants to come for me, well, I'll have to live with the circumstances, because I refuse to sit in the background of this place any longer.

Grabbing my cell, I pull up the last message I received from the Brotherhood. I'll get Beau back. I'll fucking *make them* give him to me.

**Me:** *If I don't see proof Beau is alive within the next two hours, I'll start slitting the throats of some of your finest pledges. You'll discover just how deep my family's pockets truly reach when I make all these rich kids disappear. You know what garners unwanted attention? The top ten percent's kids not breathing anymore.*

I hit send without a fuck to give. Idle threats are not something I make, and The Brotherhood of Darkness should know that fact better than anyone else. I'm sure it's one of the

reasons I'm being initiated in the first place. I'm Kingston motherfucking Banks, and I get what I want, because I fucking make it happen. Taking my woman was their first mistake. Making my best friend disappear out of thin air was their second. So help me, they haven't seen crazy yet. I'll burn this fucking university to the ground.

**Private:** *Plot twist, we make you disappear.*

**Me:** *Try me. I'm dead fucking serious. I have no fucks to give. The first will meet their fate in less than three minutes.*

Grabbing for a fresh pair of jeans I quickly get dressed, seeking out the nearest knife. My phone pings with a new message.

**Private:** *It's best you leave your threats for those who fear you. The society will not bow to anyone.*

**Me:** *I have nothing to lose and that makes me really fucking dangerous right now. My loyalty runs deep. Now, tell me where Beau is, or they die.*

**Private:** *Still a child. Throwing around threats on a whim and expecting the world to fold at your feet.*

**Me:** *This blood is on you.*

Rage pushes me out of my room, on a path of murder and mayhem. I stride purposefully down the hall until I find the most uppity motherfucker belonging to the frat. There's a ninety percent chance anyone living here has either already pledged or is currently suffering through the initiation process with the rest of us, so I'm confident this poor bastard fits the requirements.

"Oh, Brody..." I draw out his name, mockingly, sounding like a psychopath calling out his victim. He barely glances up from his computer screen to nod at me, and in the next beat I have my blade shoved against his throat, nicking him in the process. The blood trails over his flesh as I place my mouth to his ear. "Blame it on the society." The words leave me in a hiss, my fury feeding my decisions.

A voice comes through a speaker hidden somewhere in the room, making me pause. “You like to play games, I see.” It’s creepy in its own sense but doesn’t derail me from what’s important. Finding Beau so he can help me get Iris back.

“No games here, motherfucker. Tell me what I want to know, and I stop.” Brody coughs dramatically and grips his chair hard enough to turn his knuckles white as I speak.

“Beau is one of two we have moved to a compound. His return depends on you.” The stupid voice is robotic, leaving me no clue as to who’s on the other end of this conversation. *Fucking coward move.*

“Say no more. Tell me what has to be done now, or we’re gonna need a little cleanup here in Brody’s room. Neck bleeds can be rather messy.” His muscles tense under my grip even though I nod to him. It’s my small semblance of a white flag letting him know he’s only going to die if they leave me no choice. It isn’t my fault he can’t read my true intention and is too caught up in the manic look no doubt plaguing my features. If he only knew how deep the crazy truly went, he’d be pleading with me right now.

“Your next order... take one home and kill the other.”

“Consider it done.” Not wasting another moment, I throw Brody to the ground and rush to my room. I grab my gun, leaving the knife behind and take off as if the entire place is on fire. I can’t be fucked with anyone else right now, so I ignore the few people I pass and practically jog to my HyperSport. As my car door rises, I slide into my seat and my phone pings with a new message.

It’s an address. *Thank fuck.* I swear if this is a bullshit fake address, I’m going to lose it. Beau is my ride or fucking die and I’m not allowing this society to come between us any longer. I don’t give a fuck who’s there with him, I’ll kill them in a heartbeat. No one fucks with my best friend and gets in the way of us being one step closer to my woman.

The drive to the cabin takes me half the time it should, and I leave my car parked down the road a ways. I purposely creep around the cabin, needing to check out my surroundings, coming in blindly. This could be a goddamn set up and I could die in my over-eagerness. No way I'm allowing that to happen.

Although stalking comes naturally to me... my shitty attempt of tip-toeing needs work. I'm most comfortable when I'm the center of attention and the last thing I want to do here is draw any awareness to myself. I thoroughly case the place out to eliminate any possible surprises they plan to throw my way.

Beau's truck is here, thank fuck. It looks like the person on the speaker at the frat may've been telling the truth about this address. We'll soon find out, anyhow. Running my hand over the cold hood proves that he's been here awhile. It also tells me he most likely came here willingly, even though I take that information with a grain of salt. Probably as 'willing' as I've been doing the bullshit I've been ordered to for the initiation. We've done what we've been told because the society demands it. Period.

A faint light comes on, shining through one of the side windows of the cabin. It takes me about ten steps until I've got a full view of my best friend's naked ass walking out of a bedroom while my girl sits up in the bed, taking in the same view. I stumble back a step before I regain my footing with my face less than an inch from the window so I can witness every fucking thing possible. This is the last thing I was expecting on my way here and it sure as fuck isn't what I've been picturing since they've both disappeared. I was imagining the worst, them strung up somewhere in the woods, left to the elements until I found them on some fucked up timer or some crazy shit the society designed to test me. This scene now, however, has my fists clenching. They owe me a motherfucking explanation, and I won't be leaving without one.

"Isn't this a picture-perfect little scene." The irritation in my voice doesn't come close to the rage I feel inside. My

blood fucking boils. Instant insanity crawls over my body, replacing the tiny bit of logic I might've still had after this shit day.

This feels all wrong and it has my gut clenching with anxiety over the various possible scenarios that would have them both here. Together. Alone.

I have to be reading this shit all wrong and they've run out of gas and have no phones or some shit. Surely, they wouldn't run off together and leave me alone? With no goodbye or a fucking note telling me they'd decided to rip my heart out and smash it to pieces?

Iris leans forward, allowing the sheet to fall from her naked breasts. Her fresh fucked hair, and flushed cheeks paint a very vivid narrative I didn't ask for, and the smile on her face wretches into my heart like a fatal stab.

*This can't be.*

*I must be making this shit up in my mind right now.*

*My woman is naked, staring at my best friend like he's a piece of goddamn cake and I want to puke.*

*I love her...and I thought she loved me too.*

I was literally trying to turn the society upside down to find either one of them and here they are playing house and cuddling up without a damn care in the world. *I bet they even plan on making breakfast together.* So fucking cute and domesticated like we're not sitting at the mercy of the darkest society that would have you killed for less.

They have to know... I will *fucking* kill us all, before I allow them to break my heart and leave me alone in this fucked up world.

It's time I remind them of the psycho they're dealing with.

# CHAPTER TWENTY- TWO

## Beau

Before I have a chance to focus on who it is, Iris busts open the closet door and yells, “King!” The door slams back and the knob catches me in the gut, bending me over in excruciating pain and sending me into a fit of anger.

“What the fuck!” I roar, now wide awake from our surprise guest.

“What the fuck is right, asshole.” King shouts in return, with Iris firmly wrapped around his waist. She’s kissing him all over like she hasn’t seen him in a year. We literally fucked all night; it’s not as if I neglected her emotionally in any way, so she could take it down a notch.

“It was either her or you. I knew you’d be fine, and she deserves better,” I mumble through the sharp ache weighing down my chest, backing away while he’s still coming at me.

“She does deserve better, so why in the fuck did you bring her out here?”

I knew this was going to be a clusterfuck the moment I saw that text. If I could’ve told him, I would’ve. I just hope he doesn’t end up hating me for this shit. We’re too close to let the Brotherhood drive us apart, so they’re no doubt testing our limits on each other. This is a damn clusterfuck. “Because it was my order.”

“Fuck your order...” He starts pacing, sliding Iris off of him while he’s breathing heavy. His hand grips the back of his neck in frustration. I know he must have a million thoughts running through his mind right now. He sighs and drops one



hell of a bomb. “Because my order was to come here and take one of you home. The other one *dies*.”

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## Kingston

“What the fuck!” Beau says, making the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. This wasn’t the greeting I was anticipating from him. I was coming to save him, willing to gut any motherfucker for laying a hand on him.

“What the fuck is right, asshole,” I retort in return. I’m glaring at him while Iris peppers kisses all over me. I was assuming the worst and here they are, looking peachy fuckin’ keen. “Babe,” I quietly greet Iris, allowing her to press a kiss to my lips before training my attention on Beau again. I take another step towards him as he backs away.

“It was either her or you. I knew you’d be fine, and she deserves better.”

Of course she does. Don’t tell me he thinks I wouldn’t agree? Beau knows me, he’s aware of how much she means to me. It’s not some phase, I fucking love this woman. “She does deserve better, so why the fuck did *you* bring her here?”

“Because it was my order,” he replies, and everything suddenly makes so much more sense. The way he was acting right before she disappeared, and now thinking of the timeline, they were both gone. I was just too damn distracted to see it then, but now it’s plain as day. *Fuck*.

“Fuck your order,” I grumble, angry with myself for being too blind to see what was right in front of me. Pacing, I push Iris away. With a sigh, I confess, “Because my order was

to come here and take one of you home. The other one dies.” My fists clench, too many thoughts and emotions consuming me at once. “You fucking drugged me.” The memory hits me like a fucking Mac truck, making my temper flare. Of all people, never in a million years did I ever expect this from him. Order or not, he’s been everything to me in life.

“I had no choice and you’d have done the same damn thing... without hesitation,” he explains, sounding much more rational than I’m willing to accept at the moment.

“In what universe would I have drugged you and stole your girlfriend?”

“If the order was to get her out of the house quickly. My two choices were to drug her and carry her out, hoping to fuck you wouldn’t see me. Or drug you and walk her out.”

I feel so fucking stupid. And sick. I want to scream and puke all at once because what in the fuck am I supposed to do? There’s no way I’ll ever give up either of them. I don’t care how pissed I get, he’s my best friend and she’s the love of my fucking life. I could never live without either of them. I hate that I’m put in this position right now and that it feels like there’s no right answer to any of this.

“Kingston,” Iris’ soft voice pulls my attention to her. I want to scream and yell at her for taking what we had and shitting on it as if it all meant nothing.

*Fuck.*

I’m ready to deck Beau for pulling this shit rather than letting me know somehow, so we could handle this together as we always have in the past. If the roles were reversed, I’d have figured out a way to tell him. I take another step towards him with a plan to kick his damn ass for this. I have to go for him to hold myself back from saying shit to Iris I’ll end up regretting later.

Iris moves in front of me, blocking my path, her hand cupping my cheek. “I’m glad you’re here, I missed you.” She’s trying to distract me, be extra sweet the way I usually like

from her, but all it does is shift my gaze to the oversized shirt tented by her stiff nipples.

*Beau's shirt.* I've seen him wear it many times. The most heartbreaking part of all is... I know without a doubt she doesn't have anything on underneath. She's naked and probably still wet from my best friend fucking her all night.

My glower shoots to Beau, so many allegations in my stare and he does nothing to deny them, doesn't even attempt to lie about any of it. My next decision comes from pure jealousy. He knows I love her... and I know deep down, he loves her too.

My hands land on her waist, easily lifting her in my arms. I carry her the few steps to the kitchen table, which happens to be in direct view of Beau. With a growl I grab the neck of his shirt and rip it down the middle, baring her naked body. I was right, she has nothing on underneath and her thighs are wet.

Fucking soaked.

Slippery with cum.

I already know what I'm going to find as I press my finger into her cunt. She's drenched, pussy hot, and full of my best friend's seed.

Her eyes widen, Beau's mouth dropping open. They're expecting me to flip the fuck out. However, I'm not going to. I refuse to give Iris up, so if it means I have to share her with my closest friend, then so be it. Anyone else tries to take her, and I'll watch them bleed out by my blade.

Pulling my finger free, coated in their mixed juices, I suck it between my lips. My other hand works to tug my jeans open and in the next beat, my dick is free. With a powerful thrust, I'm driving my hard length deep into her while staring Beau down. What will he do? Does he love her as much as I do? We'll see if I can push him to the point of breaking or if he's as willing as I am to do anything to keep her in our lives. I

still want him twinging with a bit of jealousy right now, I need him to see she's as much mine as she is his.

I catch a mark on her in my peripheral vision and as I turn, I take in the dark hickey on her breast. My possessiveness roars inside and I shove her down, using the ripped shirt to tie her wrists together and attach it to the chair on the opposite side of the table. Then I start to fuck her.

The table scrapes, scratching and shifting across the floor to slam into the wall with every powerful, angry thrust. I can't stop myself from watching as each time I drive myself all the way inside her that my dick comes out coated in Beau's cum. It should put me off, but it does the opposite. It's one of the sexiest things I've ever seen before. Knowing we've both been inside her like this, that we're both going to stuff her so full of cum that no one will ever think she's free.

Because she's not.

She's taken.

Claimed.

Motherfucking *owned*.

She screams at my brutal assault, but I don't give a fuck. Both of them will know I'm not being replaced. "Kingston!" She yells my name loudly as my thighs smash into hers, my nuts smacking her wet pussy with every sway. Her desire coats my sack, the front of my thighs now as wet as hers. I love every minute of it and hopefully Beau will get his ass over here and choke her with his dick. I want her screaming around his length while I pound her into oblivion.

One way to push them both is to take this to an entirely different level. Grabbing my gun from my thigh holster, I wave it around, managing to garner their attention. I pull my dick free and glare down at her. "How much is too much? You can take multiple cocks apparently, so how about you take this inside this wet little cunt as well?"

"King." Beau's voice irritates me further.

“Beau... you don’t get a say. I’m making the fucking rules here.” I glare at Beau and dare him to say one more fucking thing. I won’t hurt her... but I’m not beneath kicking his fucking ass and finding pleasure in torturing him in other ways.

“Anything you want, Kingston.” She placates me and that also pisses me off. I know if Beau wants her as badly as I can see written all over him, then she’s not this meek little kitten. Beau likes his women to have fire.

Not willing to relent in my pursuit, I move the gun to her entrance, coating it in her juices.

With a growl, I rumble, “Apparently, I’ve been too easy on you. Now shut the fuck up and take my cock.” I slam back into her while my free hand moves to her throat, wrapping my fingers around until she’s gasping for air. She wiggles around, wanting to fight my hand off, but she can’t get free from her restraints. I take the gun and wipe it across her lips; her eyes flair at the danger I’m putting her in. She has no idea I’ve kept the safety on and I’m not about to blow her fucking brains out, just shake her up a bit. Fuck with them both for keeping this shit a secret from me.

“Open these cock sucking lips,” I command, watching as she’s my good girl and does as I demand. Wasting no time, I stick the tip inside her mouth, witnessing her gasp for air around the cold, metal barrel.

“King,” Beau warns again, this time moving beside me in an instant. He proves my point, even if he knows I won’t hurt her, he’s there just in case he needs to reel me the fuck in. The guy always has my back, even when I get a little unhinged and go off the rails a bit. But I’m not out of control right now... If anything, I’m controlling every motherfucking thing.

“You can fuck her next, but I’m filling her with my cum. She’s mine, Beau. I love her.”

A pained expression overtakes his face as he finally admits aloud, “So do I.”

I knew it.

It's past time we start being completely honest with one another; it's the only way any of this will ever work out for us. I still have to figure out what the fuck to do about my newest order and I'll need my best friend's help with that clusterfuck.

"Then I'll share her with you, but no other. I'll slaughter anyone else that touches her, you know me, Beau. You know I'm telling you the truth." I continue pounding her cunt until it's clenching me tightly enough my vision blurs. She tries to be loud through her orgasm, but she can't as I control her air flow and block anything else escaping with the gun still shoved in her mouth. Her chest heaves with the tidal wave of emotions swirling through the room, being fed by each of us. "You either shut her up with your cock or I'm not letting up until I drip every last drop inside her perfect pink cunt." His eyes momentarily clench shut and I know I'm hitting home. I continue pushing. "Did she tell you I refuse to wear a condom with her? Fucking touch her, Beau."

"Damn it, King," he grumbles, reaching out to stroke her breast with one hand while using the other to take the gun from me. His protective nature and the fact I will never have to worry about her safety when she's with him is why this will work.

Witnessing him lovingly caress her beside me is my undoing and I can no longer hold myself back. Not that I've been trying to, but the sensations slam into me out of left field. I move my free hand around her neck as well, my ass cheeks clenching, my toes curled up and my fucking cock throbbing so hard I know she can feel it. With a noisy groan, I let go, cum bursting free at the same time Iris' orgasm hits its highest peak. Her eyes roll back and I squeeze harder, watching as she begins to lose consciousness. Right on the cusp of her completely blacking out, I release my hold, watching as she gulps in all the air she can get.

“No more hiding from us, baby. Time to be a good girl and tell us both how you feel. To our faces,” I demand, yanking her up, pinning her with my stern stare. I watch her gulp and nod through my unspoken threat. “We’re done playing games.”

Beau nods. “We need to talk.”

# CHAPTER TWENTY- THREE

## Beau

I knew King wasn't going to like finding out how Iris and I are much closer than he ever knew. In fact, I deserved every hateful glare he sent my way while he was balls deep in my girl. If it would've been any other guy fucking King's girl... he would've killed them without a single thought about it. The fact that we're still breathing tells me how much the crazy fucker loves us both. And considering I just watched him fuck the woman I love like a deranged psychopath, I'm sure he knows how much I obviously love them both, or that would've never fucking happened.

This is nothing like the sharing we've done in the past. There wasn't any emotional involvement with any of those girls. This is both of us staking a claim on the same woman and finding some way to make peace with it while not killing each other in the process. I think we can actually pull this off because we've been best friends for so long, we complete each other in a different way that most people wouldn't understand.

We help Iris off the table; she's a disheveled naked mess, shaking a bit. Somehow, she still manages to nod at King when he tells her it's time to come clean about all the bullshit because it's no doubt coming between us at this point. The only way forward in this emotional shit and the progression into the society is to find a way to put up a united front— there's no way one of us can stand against the Brotherhood alone— but maybe we'll have a chance with the three of us fighting together.



She slips her hand in his without a second thought and I watch King's demeanor soften a bit, offering her the same look he has always given her. "Let me go get some clothes," she whispers, still a bit dazed from the rough fucking and choking she took in the kitchen. When King pulled the gun and stuffed it in her mouth, I knew I could no longer sit by idly. Besides, it made me hot watching her take what he was giving her and if the circumstances were any different at the moment, I'd have been ready to go another round. I would've made her scream my name and tell me how much bigger my cock is than King's while he had to sit back and watch, but I'll save that for another day.

"Get everything. We need to leave here anyway," I demand, and she scurries across the room naked and still beautiful enough to steal my breath without her even trying. I can't help that my gaze naturally follows her until she's no longer in sight.

"Jesus. Is this what it's going to be like? You eye fucking her every time she passes you by?" King's voice is sarcastic... but the edge he had before is gone.

"Probably. Now what's the plan?" He places two fingers near his ear, silently telling me he suspects that there's a bug nearby. His gesture pisses me off, even though I've known the whole time the society runs deeper than we imagined. With a nod I start grabbing what I can so we can move quickly.

King steps in front of me once we're outside. He shares, "They're everywhere, the listening devices. I'm sure the truck too... hell, check your shoes for trackers while you're at it. Take her with you and meet me in town. I'll get us a different ride so we can figure all of this shit out without goddamn ears knowing our every move." He disappears through a row of trees before we pull out on the highway toward town.

"Beau. What are we doing?" I shake my head and crank the stereo up, thankful that she gets my drift and doesn't

ask another question. I need the time to think; we have to be really fucking smart about what move we make next, so it doesn't bite us in the ass. We could all end up dead if we're not careful.

We've barely stopped when King slides into the parking spot beside us. Some of us are doing everything we can to not draw any unwanted attention... then there's King, squealing tires, hopping curbs, and causing a scene in a fucking Tahoe that I've never seen before. It's certainly not his flashy ass HyperSport he's always in, so something tells me the fucker stole a vehicle. He has enough money to bribe a goddamn senator, yet resorts to theft. I swear the guy thrives on toying with the edge of danger.

Iris' laughter echoes through the cab of my truck, the sound taking me back in time to when things were much simpler. When our lives weren't at stake, and we weren't running from people we all know you damn well can't outrun in the end.

I leave my truck, knowing it's our only chance to have a conversation without a full-on threat of being heard, although, I'm still not sure we've managed to shake them. At this point, I don't believe anyone is free of the society unless they choose to cut you loose.

We're speeding through town in a stolen SUV, music blaring and god knows who will be on our tail any second now that we've both ditched our vehicles. The stress of it all slips out of my mind the second King floors it, turning us south where the streetlights fade into darkness sooner than any of the other directions.

King slides his hand over Iris' thigh and slows our speed when we hit the open road. I match his possessive move and squeeze her other leg, both of us earning a huge smile as she looks back and forth between us both.

I decide to start the inevitable and turn down the stereo first.

King beats me to the punch, “What’s the plan?”

“We move to the fucking Bahamas, start our own cartel and forget all of the bullshit in the rearview.” It’s really the only plan I have that allows us to live through the week... and it’s sketchy at best.

“They’ll find us.” King mirrors my thoughts, sounding as defeated as I feel deep down. “I saw those masked fuckers when I was huffing it to my car. I thought they were coming after me then, but they just faded into the background like a bunch of creepy motherfuckers.”

Iris speaks up, “King, you said *order* before... what did they say exactly?” King and I look at each other immediately, both of us with the same reaction.

“No fucking way am I getting you more involved than you already are.”

“News flash... I’m involved. I can’t think of a possible way that I would be more involved. This will only work if we’re all completely honest with each other. No secrets... No lies. And Kingston, if you ever shove a gun in my pussy or mouth again... I’m gonna shove one up your ass and watch you squirm.” I can tell King isn’t used to hearing Iris’ confidence and it’s actually a ride watching his challenging expression take in her stern voice. None of us miss the cocky grin on his face, loving the challenge, before I interrupt what he’s about to say.

“I agree. You’re involved. But there’s a point where your life could be in danger, and that’s pushing things too far for us.”

“I’m pretty sure we’re already there, Beau. The cabin for example puts me right in the middle of whatever it is you’re going through. The fact that King was ordered to kill either me or *you*... makes me right smack in the fucking middle. I’m not some fragile little girl who can’t handle when shit gets real. I deserve a chance and the respect of you both, so stop treating me like I’m your idiot bimbo and let me help.”

She exhales in frustration while she stares at me. I'm just glad she's completely dropped the *'I hate you bullshit'* from before. It was fucking killing me, so I can handle having her wanting to work with us and not against me.

“It has nothing to do with you being able to handle the danger... It's about your damn safety and that is where I won't compromise. I've tried to push you away to keep you out of their radar, but here we fucking are.”

“Yeah, how'd that go for you, brother? Tell me... how many times was she on your dick since you got word of your invite?” King rubs it in, eating up the fact Iris won't back down in giving me her opinion as well.

“You didn't even try to keep her out of the line of fire. Hell, the second you saw her you let everyone know she was important to you, giving them all the ammunition they needed to lead us here today.”

“She was my first order,” he quietly admits. Iris and I both pin our gaze on King as he pulls the car over on the shoulder about an hour or so away from the cabin.

“This whole time, it's been because you were hazed?” Iris sounds hurt and I can't blame her. However, I've quickly discovered that where the society is concerned, nothing, and I mean absolutely nothing, is off limits for them. Part of me believes they do this shit on purpose, putting us in precarious positions we either can't get out of or win. It's as if the first order is the easy test. *You know... prove you can murder someone.* Get your foot in the door and give you a little confidence, then they keep pushing to see how far they can go with you.

He runs his hands through his hair, giving it a little tug as he thinks about how to approach this. “If only it were so black and white, it'd make it easier to explain. The quick answer is no.”

“And what is the long answer?”

“I didn’t know. I mean, I had guessed yours had something to do with the sorority, but I hadn’t worked it all out yet,” I admit, thinking of the countless times I saw him creeping over there in the middle of the night. Not to mention all the cameras and equipment that suddenly showed up in his room that’d been pointed at the sorority.

“Grab your stuff. There’s a hotel over there we can walk to and hole up in for a while. I don’t want to park in the lot in case anyone reports it missing or saw me picking you two up.”

“Kingston, I want answers.” Iris remains relentless, holding him accountable and my best friend nods, hopping out and rounding the vehicle. He opens the hatch, and we move to grab the stuff we managed to bring along. It’s not much, but it’ll have to do until we can find some mom-and-pop places likely to not have any cameras.

# CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

## Kingston

We check in, paying cash of course, and settle into our room. Although I'm relieved at getting them to safety somewhat, I still have far too many questions swirling through my mind. "About my order..." I begin, not sure how to approach this other than to come right out with the truth. I'm not one for sugar coating anything, though the last thing I want to do is upset Iris. "The Brotherhood told me to get close to a woman they want information on. Not necessarily her specifically, but her family."

They both sit on the edge of the bed, watching me as I pace back and forth, wanting to remember everything and tell them once so I don't have to ever repeat any of it. Iris grabs Beau's hand, holding it while they listen. I continue, "At the time, it was no big deal. Every woman on campus wants me so it was a no brainer to find the woman, get what I needed and be done with it. My night took a twisted turn when the woman I was searching for, turned out to be you. I knew then and there you were in danger, most likely because your father had done something, and the society was keeping tabs."

"Did they say as much?" she asks.

Beau shakes his head. "They don't tell us anything but the bare minimum."

"He's right. But, like I said, the thing standing out to me the most was your safety being in jeopardy, pair it with the fact the woman I've dreamed of seeing for years was in front of me, and I was all in from that point on. I made sure you wore my clothes through the party so the multiple witnesses working for the society would report back how I'd made my claim on you. The idiots around campus would be smart

enough to back off and the powerful people would realize I was ready to go public with you. Anything happening to you after my silent announcement, and it would've been the only thing everyone on campus would be talking about. Not only them, but their parents, and things would get messy for the society. Hell, one call to my father and he'd be throwing a lavish party in our names, making it even more public, so I thought it was a step in the right direction."

"What about the information they want? I doubt the society would simply give up their search."

"They didn't." I shake my head, running my hand over the back of my neck. "I had to give them your phone and laptop."

"My phone? But... how? When? It never leaves my side."

"When you were doing your sorority group activities."

"Oh my God, I remember now. I had like twenty people call and text then it showed up out of nowhere. I thought I'd been too tired I somehow overlooked it, but the entire thing never sat right with me."

"Now you know."

She nods. "And I wouldn't have noticed my laptop missing if it wasn't for very long. You and Beau have had my mind tied up in knots, it's kept me distracted, much more than I typically am."

Beau leans forward, releasing her hand to rest his elbows on his thighs. He sighs. "I have a feeling there's a lot we don't know. And now with the three of us, where do we go from here with this trio?"

"I'm not giving Iris up," I immediately respond. I love her and I need her in my life. I want both of them. "But I don't want to give you up either, Beau. This situation has turned into a clusterfuck."

Iris stands, wrapping her arms around my waist. “It’ll be okay, Kingston. We’ll figure this thing out with the society and us.”

“How?” I grit, my chest tight with emotion. “We all know the consequence of not following an order from the society will be harsh at best.”

“To start, I’m not walking away from either of you, ever again. I love you both, with everything I am. I would never do anything to come between you, but I can’t help how I feel.”

“Baby, we love you too.” Beau pulls her into his lap and tucks a loose strand of hair behind her ear while she smiles and gazes into his eyes. “And for this to work, we have to be completely honest with everyone in this room. There can’t be *any* secrets.”

Dread enters my veins and even though I’m starting to lose my mind wondering what he’s referring to, I stand in feigned patience in front of them both.

Iris rises to her feet and takes my hands in hers. “Kingston. The past few weeks have been some of my favorite memories and I will cherish them forever. Just like the memories Beau and I have shared through the years.” Her confidence wavers just slightly before she begins again. “My history with Beau goes back to when we were kids.”

“Yeah. And if you remember correctly, I was right there with you both. The three of us were inseparable.”

“Beau was my *first*. We had sex right before my father made me move away.”

The betrayal of her admission and what it means practically chokes me. The one person I thought I knew better than I know myself has kept this little secret from me for years. He gets the free pass on the recent stuff because he can hide behind the initiation of the society. But the years of our tightly bonded friendship should’ve been reason enough for him to spill the fuckin’ beans on this.



With a huff, I drop her hands and resume my pacing. “When you think you know someone like the back of your fucking hand... and then you discover they’ve had secrets for years. Tell me Beau, do you get off on knowing you fucked her first?”

“No. It wasn’t about you, King. What we shared has never been about you.”

Iris interrupts. “I love you both and I don’t want you two fighting over this. When I fell for each of you doesn’t matter because at the end of it all, I can’t choose between you two and refuse to try. We’re together now, how we’re supposed to be.”

“Baby, this anger I’m feeling isn’t meant for you. This is all for Beau and the years of us talking about missing you and wondering where you were. There were thousands of opportunities for him to come clean about the two of you *long* before you showed up at Bentley. At one point we’d come up with a plan to go see you and bring you home. It hadn’t happened, but now I can’t help but wonder what would’ve gone down if we had. I was in love with you then, just like I am now.”

Beau sighs, pulling my stare to him. “I should have. And if I could go back in time, it would be the first thing I did.” He remains sitting on the bed, but has his head lowered. “I was in a fucked-up place and I’m not one for talking through shit; you understand me better than anyone and I know you recognized the darkness I was dealing with.”

“Yeah, I fucking noticed. Hard to miss a broody, miserable asshole.” God, I want to beat his ass. The high road I’m walking right now by not punching him in his fucking face isn’t one I usually take.

“If he had told you back then, I wouldn’t have you both. You would’ve kept your distance from me because he’s your best friend. You and I would’ve never happened. Everything is for a reason and here we are today because of our past. Because of the decisions we made.”

I nod. “Yes. Here we are with death threats coming any moment... all in love, while some of us have no idea just how fucked we are.” I can’t pretend this is all going to turn out perfect with the love of my life, my best friend, and I all playing house together. This is deep shit we’re in and I have no clue how to get us out of it.

“We can figure it out together. We need to talk about everything we know and surely, we’ll find a loophole that’ll help us.” Iris shoots some hope into the room and even though I don’t think there’ll be any chance in hell we’ll get out of this unscathed, I start telling the rest of my story about the society.

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## **Iris**

Kingston explains every conversation he’s had with the society along with the gory details of what he’s done to get this far toward his initiation, and I can’t believe what I’ve heard. Beau takes over and shares his experience, solidifying the severity of what we’re dealing with. Their combined stories and twisted orders leave all three of us silent as we do our best to contemplate a plan.

“Kingston, you’re supposed to kill one of us. What if you leave me in hiding somewhere and go back with Beau...” I try to offer an option, but it gets shot down immediately.

“Not a chance in hell,” they both say in unison.

“They’ll find us if we try to run, and I don’t want to spend the rest of our lives looking behind us.” Beau speaks up once again. “We go back and if they insist you follow through with your order... King you know what to do. And then rain hell on their asses for making you do it.” I know what he’s

inferring, and I'm instantly pissed that Beau is even suggesting it.

"That's not an option." I'm as quick to deny them as they were me.

"It's our only option," Beau responds as he flops back on the bed, sprawling out to stretch his long limbs. The stress has to be eating at the both of them if it's hitting me this hard and I've barely discovered what the deal is.

"Wait... no. Remember, we agreed all three of us would talk this out and decide what to do. Together." I stand to speak to them both, so they can see the seriousness on my face.

"That's what we're doing, baby. But when we're left with no other choice, we have to face it head on with the dignity we would any other challenge." Beau rambles what he thinks is logic while Kingston hasn't uttered a word since he listened to everything Beau said. His stare pierces into me as I turn to persuade him to listen to what I have to say.

"King, I could never live without *either* of you again. Please don't make a rash decision without talking to me first. If the society wants me so badly, let them have me. Deliver me to their door as a trade for what they've ordered you." I beg and plead at his feet, while he shows no outward emotion, making it hard for me to read him.

"It doesn't work like that." He's numb in his response, while I'm getting more fired up by the minute.

"We make it work. We come from three of the wealthiest families in the world and money like we have gives us some pull. If our parents knew what the society was demanding... heads would roll." I'm sure of it, and we all know damn well I'm right... so our options are not as limited as we first thought.

"Come to bed for now. Let's discuss it all again in the morning." Beau pats the bed beside him. "I can't talk about

this any longer tonight. My head feels like it's about to explode."

"If you promise not to suggest any asinine plans tomorrow, I'll agree to table this conversation."

"Sure." Beau lays his head back on the pillow and reaches for the lamp next to the side of the bed he's lying on. The room is half cast in darkness when I climb up the middle of the bed and crawl under the covers. One glance across the room and I notice Kingston still glowering at me. He has every right to be mad, but I can't handle him looking at me like this.

Slipping out of bed, I cross the room to sit on his lap. He relaxes back in his chair to allow me my favorite position. "You have to promise you'll chose to take me out if you're forced to kill one of us. I'll never forgive you if you kill him." I gaze into his deep blue eyes with the intention of making him promise me.

His stare turns cloudy as he changes the subject, questioning, "Those guys really put you through hell and didn't expect to pay a penance? How could anyone be so cruel to you, baby?"

My heart sinks. The stories Beau told are weighing heavy on him and he's not used to dealing with news he can't seek some revenge for or handle in some sort of way. "Yes, and they've paid the ultimate price for doing it." We have much more to be concerned with than the dead guys of my past.

"I would've done the same. Killed for you."

"I know, baby." I slide my hand through his blond locks and shift forward, wanting to be closer.

"I'm not sure how the fuck we're going to get out of this... but we have to. I want us to have the life you're excited about. You're the two most important people to me and I can't possibly imagine having to choose."

"I won't let you choose. Now come to bed and we can come up with our next move tomorrow. Maybe if we have a

clear head something we're missing will seem more obvious." He helps me off his lap and I take his hand, leading us to the bed. I slide under the covers into my spot in the middle, wanting their bodies to keep me warm all night. He strips his clothes off, offering me the delicious view of his toned body, then slips in beside me.

And for the first time, I'm in bed between the two men I love more than life itself.

Beau shifts to his side, tugging me against his torso until my back is firmly pressed against his chest. King slides an arm under my head, adjusting so I'm using his bicep as my pillow, and I couldn't be more comfortable sandwiched between them. We're all tangled and connected in the most perfect way, heat surrounding me, sending me into the best sleep I've ever had.

# CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

## Iris

My deep sleep is disturbed when Beau flexes his strong arms around me, pulling me back into my position against his chest. “Mmm.” He seems to be half asleep even though his cock is fully awake as he grinds it against my ass a few times. “Come *here*, baby. I want you on my dick.” His hot breath against my ear sends chills through my body. Desire hits me full force and has me moving to climb on top of him without hesitation.

The covers slide off my back when I straddle him, perching on his waist while we both eagerly tug my shirt off. The contradicting sensation of the chilled air sends shivers over my skin and the warmth of his touch has my senses spiraling into overdrive. He slides my panties to the side, lining himself up to my entrance. With a swift inhale, I sink down the length of his massive dick.

“That’s it.” He throws his head back against the pillow, clenching his teeth at the same time I rotate my hips. I take him inside. *All. the. Way.* “Fuck, baby,” he grits out, looking sexy as ever.

“Yes,” I hiss at the feel of him inside of me again. He thrusts upward once, sending me upright with my back arched, completely full and already knocking on the door of my first orgasm. The tickle of my fingers sliding over my aching breasts and torso only adds to the overwhelming sensation. In the middle of my sweet torment, I glance over, locking gazes with King. His darkened stare takes in my every move, entranced while I hang on the cusp of falling over the edge.

“Such a good girl, Iris. Show me how you love to ride his big cock. Does he fill you up? Can you take another cock

in your drenched pussy? Because let's be honest, we all know you're soaked." King's words of encouragement send me into motion, grinding myself at a slow pace and loving all the attention my guys are giving me. I let my hand trail down my stomach and between my legs to circle a single finger over my clit, sending me straight into a frenzy of moans.

"Oh, god," slips from my lips as Beau grips my hips and takes over my movements. I'm losing control, too caught up in the pleasure, but he knows what I like. He presses into me further, locking me to him and grinding me on his cock while he lifts and lowers me over and over and over again. The sound of skin slapping skin echoes through the room, along with my cries of pleasure. There's no way the neighboring rooms can't hear exactly what we're doing.

Loud.

Passionate.

Fucking.

The covers get shoved further down the bed, and I let my gaze drift towards Kingston. He exposes his naked body, donning another fully erect cock as his eyes blaze with need for me. He fists his dick, leisurely pumping it while he watches me bounce on Beau's lap. Kingston's hooded stare travels up and down my body like he's trying to burn everything into memory while I can't get enough of watching him... watch me. I sneak a peek at Beau, and his gaze is firmly locked on my tits. I place a palm on his chest, loving the feel of his firm pecs under my touch. The move brings his attention to my face and the smirk twisting his lips tells me just how much he's enjoying this.

*God, he's sexy as fuck like this. Messy, turned on, and completely gone for me...*

Maybe we're all a bunch of voyeurs who would love nothing more than to spend a lifetime with each other in view. Or maybe, it's the newness of our combined relationship that has us all in a trance... but being cherished like I am, is an

entirely new high for me. There's no way I won't crave this for the rest of my life.

I have to make sure we all make it out alive with what the society has in store for us, because there's no life for me without these two gorgeous men.

Beau loosens his hold on my hips, slowing our motion. He slides his hand up my chest and around my neck. His fingers tighten, gripping my throat and exciting me enough to have me resuming my desperate grinding on top of him. He lovingly skims his fingers into my hair, his thumb dragging over my bottom lip before he pulls me face to face with him. We share an intense moment staring into each other's eyes before he tips his head up quickly to send one slow lick over my lips.

His challenging move throws us both into tongues tangling and teeth nipping, all the while his hands glide down my back until he's palming my ass cheeks with both hands. Everything Beau is doing is so overwhelming that I miss King moving in behind me until it's his forceful grip on the back of my neck pulling me away from Beau's kiss, right back to an upright position.

"You ready to prove you can handle us both, baby?" he murmurs, his teeth nipping my lobe. I nod, maybe a little too eagerly. I knew this was coming. To be honest, I had hoped like hell this moment was coming and have been dreaming about it since I realized I was falling for King. Beau had my heart years ago.

King reaches between us, rubbing his palm over my behind to push a finger against the entrance of my ass. "Ever had a cock in the ass before?" he whispers in his deep sexy voice and somehow makes me excited to allow him the privilege.

I swallow and shake my head, anticipating his needy response.



“Want mine now?” He nods his head slightly, the act screaming cocky confidence.

“Please, King.”

I offer him the answer he wants to hear and am rewarded with a devilish grin. “Good. He may’ve gotten to your pussy first... but this ass is mine to claim.” Kingston matches Beau’s grip on my neck, pulling my back against his chest. He tenderly shifts my head to the side so he can bite and nip at my lips. I slip my tongue into his mouth at the same time Beau rotates his hips, eliciting a groan out of all of us.

King’s kiss turns aggressive. *Possessive*. And I love every second of it.

Hands slide over my entire body. Caressing and gripping. Soft and rough. The perfect contradictions to provide me the most sensual experience of my life.

Kingston eventually breaks our passionate kiss. His hooded eyes act as a window into what he’s feeling and there’s not a single doubt in my mind where his heart lies. He only knows how to love deep and unconditional. With his entire being.

Beau loves just as deeply. It’s been years and he’s never stopped loving me. I’m the luckiest woman alive to have gained their love and devotion, and I can only hope I’ll have a long life to cherish it.

Beau’s grip around my neck returns, bringing me back to where I was before King stole me from our blistering kiss. “You’re so fucking hot.” Beau kisses me just as hard, almost like they’re having a silent competition to see who can consume my every thought while the other is left out of the equation. They don’t realize I’m entranced by both of them, and I always will be.

The slip of a thumb into my ass tugs at my attention only long enough for me to get used to it. The pinch turns to pleasure and my focus returns to Beau’s kiss... up until King slides his thumb out, then thrusts it in a little deeper. Beau eats

up my moan and starts moving his hips again. King squeezes each globe of my ass, tightly, his fingers skating up my lower back and drawing my attention his way once again.

Beau powerfully thrusts, bottoming out his cock inside my wet pussy as King twists his thumb. I've soaked his thighs, my body hyper-sensitive from all of their teasing and taunting.

Beau slips his hands over my ass cheeks to lift my hips and King removes his thumb, replacing it with two fingers. I gasp at the intrusion, and he removes them, soaking his digits in my wetness to bring them to my back entrance once again. He repeats the moves, toying with my ass, carefully stretching my entrance even though I can feel him vibrating from his pent-up need. He may want to claim my ass, but he won't do it without preparing me first. My respect grows for him in the way he's caring for me; it doubles for both of them with the way they love me so completely.

Beau lowers my body at the same time he plunges deep, and King pushes the tip of his cock inside my ass. It's enough to have me drawing in a swift inhale, but I let it go, fully aware of the bliss it'll soon bring. *I can do this. I can handle them both.*

Beau breaks our kiss, and his mouth finds my shoulder where his teeth sink into my flesh. I moan, loudly, the sound cutting off dramatically when King shoves his cock inside me a few more inches.

Oh my God. I thought I was ready, but my ass screams at the intrusion. I'm trying my damndest not go back on my word but *fuck this hurts*. My muscles lock tight as I hold my breath, not sure what to do next.

"Breathe, baby," Beau whispers in my ear, his calm, deep timbre centering me once more. King slides back out, giving me a moment to collect myself and the realization hits me like a truck... They're not at all competing. They're working together to distract me from pain and give me pleasure.

The sound of King spitting before he drives forward again is enough of a distraction to not be prepared for the near black-out pain of him being all the way in. “Shit.” I can’t help but cuss at the pain. “Kingston,” I whimper, needing him to hold still a beat so I don’t fucking die. Thankfully, the ache is short-lived because Beau starts to slowly rock his hips below me, allowing me to adjust to the overwhelmingly full feeling they’ve put me in while King remains rooted in place.

“Fuck.” I’m not even sure who said it. I know we’re all feeling it.

Just as I’m about to fly over the edge, they switch, and Beau stays in place while King slowly pulls out and drives back into me. My sensations climb until my release is edging near insanity... then they both begin to fuck me simultaneously.

*I’m going to pass the fuck out.*

When I say bliss hits me full force... I mean, it fucking hits me.

The chaos of our bodies connected as one absolutely annihilates any restraint I have, sending me exploding into the best orgasm of my life. They maintain the same pattern of movement through my release, only drawing me out so long that I’m nearly lifeless before I’m coming down. My entire body is over-sensitized, and I can hardly handle their touch. I squirm until they’re both gripping me in place and driving their own orgasms home.

I’m a satisfied, quivering mess as they both come inside me, *their warmth* having an entirely new meaning. None of us move away. The reality of how amazing we are together hits me hard while they’re both peppering my tender flesh with soft kisses. Their breaths skim over my skin with each peck as they’re still panting.

I’m full of their cum, and I fucking love it. “I could get used to this,” I manage to mumble against Beau’s lips before he deepens our kiss.

King moves from behind me, flopping down on the bed beside us. He sighs, his gaze calm and content. “Fuck, baby. I had no idea how perfect you are.” He raises the covers and shifts me over to lay between their impressive bodies. We’re all snuggled in place within seconds, as if we’ve done this a thousand times.

They’re asleep in no time and I’m doing my best to enjoy the moment, even though doom is lingering near.

This is too good to be true. I’ll never get to have this for the rest of my life. Something will ruin it for me. If it’s not the ‘society’ ... it’ll be my father. He’ll never approve of me having two men in my life. I can only imagine the look on his face when he finds out it’s what I have. He’ll do his best to take them from me. *That’s what he does.*

Too bad for ol’ daddy dearest though. I’m an adult now and no longer in his clutches. He can disown me, as I have him.

I can handle my father. I’m just not sure I can take what the society will do when they see that King didn’t follow through with his order. They’re no doubt looking for both my guys and it’s not going to end well if we don’t do something about it.

# CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

## Beau

Sliding my hand across the sheet, it's King's ass I palm when my intentions were obviously to reach for Iris. His firm ass sparks my irritation, causing me to grumble, "Fuck. You're really going to have to wear boxers some if this is going to work." I jump out of bed and yank my pants on, disgusted by my own wandering hand.

"How long have you known me?"

"For fucking ever."

"Exactly. You'll have to learn to keep your hands on your side of the bed or it might be my big ol' dick you get a handful of next time."

"Just so you know, if that happens, I'm going to yank that fucker right off your body." I'm still mad when I open the bathroom door, expecting to see Iris inside.

"Get used to these nuts and ass, bro. You'll be seeing them a lot more than you're used to," he calls, poking at me like the dick he is. *I'm going to fucking deck him.*

The bathroom's dark, so I leave the door open to take a piss. I yawn, scratching my free hand against my scalp, concentrating on the bowl. "Where's Iris?"

"She's not in there?" The urgency in his voice hits me with the realization of the situation. *She's gone.* He's peeking his head in the bathroom in the next beat, flipping on the light as I flush the toilet and move to the sink. A squirt of soap, a blast of water, and I've got one thing on my mind. Iris' location.

We both move for our phones while combing the room for anything of hers. "No message. Do you see a note or

anything?” King takes three long steps to reach the door to the room, checking to see if anyone broke in.

“The deadbolt isn’t locked anymore. No sign of forced entry... she’s left on her own. Could she be hungry? No, she’d wait for us.” He moves to the window next, peering outside while worry coats his features. My heart sinks, the lump in my throat growing as I try to imagine why she would leave us. We were all finally together, it’s what she claimed to want more than anything, so why go?

“She’s trying to make your decision easy,” I offer up after I’ve racked my brain for any other possibility. It’s the obvious answer. She’d never allow King to be forced to make the decision of choosing which one of us to kill. She doesn’t think we’ll find a way out of this. “But this doesn’t fix anything. It only complicates shit.”

“Fuck! No kidding. I can’t deal with people up and leaving me without a goddamn fucking goodbye. Remind me in the future, after I spank her pert little ass, to make it a fucking rule of this arrangement we’re in.” King swirls his finger around the room then strides for the bathroom. “We’re leaving in about one minute, so get whatever the fuck you need ready.”

I toss the few things I have into my bag, noticing one of the burner phones is no longer there. “She took one of my phones.”

“Perfect. At least she has a way to call someone. Did you by chance get the information off of those before you packed them?”

“No. Wasn’t planning on keeping any of them longer than a single call.” I shake my head in frustration. I really need to get better at this on the run planning shit.

“Okay. Let’s think... Where would she go?”

“Not her father’s. Maybe the grandfather.”

“What grandfather?” King glances at me, almost hurt I know something about Iris that he doesn’t.

“The only one she has left; apparently, he gave her money for school. She said he went to Bentley University himself and would only pay for her college if she attended there as well.”

“Did our woman happen to say a name in all this new information I didn’t know about?”

“No, she only mentioned he’s her mother’s father.” I pull out my phone and search her mother’s maiden name. It takes less than two minutes for me to figure out Iris’ mother’s name, her grandfather’s name and even his address. A sigh of relief leaves me as I realize where his location is. “He lives less than an hour from here.”

I glance at the dresser for the keys to the Tahoe, moving the curtain aside at the window to confirm our next obstacle. My eyes slam shut as my fist curls in frustration. She’s not making this easy on us. “She took the Tahoe.”

“Good. I’d be tearing shit up here if she hadn’t. At least Iris has what she needs to get somewhere safe, even if that won’t help her in the end with the society... at least it buys us some time to figure out what to do.” King seems rational and calm this morning, throwing me off a bit. He’s usually the crazy one when he loses control and I’m left trying to reel him in to see reason. “I’ll steal another car for us, and we’ll go visit the old man.”

King doesn’t fuck around this time, hitting the hotel’s front desk to quickly swipe a set of keys. We end up in an olive drab Dodge Challenger with a bright yellow bumble bee tail stripe. I’m guessing it was the manager’s, and King took stock when he’d checked us in. The hour drive was literally cut in half as we flew down the road, the Hemi V8 purring the entire time. Neither of us said a word, but quiet is a normal thing for us when we’re both focused and stressed. We don’t really have to speak when we’re like this. We both know what the other is thinking... it’s what we’re thinking ourselves.

“I may need to get one of these. Never thought I’d like a Dodge so much,” King mumbles as we pull up to the

entrance of the grandfather's mansion. The iron gates stop us in our tracks and neither of us misses a beat as we throw open our doors and rush to jump the gates. The stroll across the perfectly cut grass and through the flower gardens is short-lived when the two barking German Shepherds come racing our way. They start chasing us, so we split up, both hauling ass toward the house, not wanting to be a life-sized meaty treat. One of the snarling dogs nips at my ankle just before I jump and pull myself up on a balcony of the second floor. Thank god we were close before they saw us.

I don't see King anywhere but expect he made it somewhere safe when the two dogs begin circling the grounds below me like a set of bloodthirsty sharks. They're trained well, so I can't fault them for it. Of course, the damn sliding door is locked, leaving me no choice but to break the glass to get in. I hope it's not one of those super thick kinds with glass thick enough to hold off a goddamn hurricane. *I'll be fucked.*

I've got a huge potted plant that I'm about to throw at the window when I see King strolling up to let me in. He flashes a cocky grin. "About fucking time you get here." King is quite the joker during intense situations.

We both move through the second floor of the house, silently searching for the grandfather. Even though we're not making the best first impression with this guy, I hope he understands our concern for Iris is the sole driver for our unannounced intrusion.

The old man sits in a king chair at the end of a long, dark Brazilian rosewood dinner table when we step down to the bottom floor. I only recognize the extremely expensive wood because it's my mother's favorite. "You've met my dogs." He waves his hand toward some empty chairs at his table. "Sit, boys. Have breakfast with me."

King and I share a glance before we both sit as instructed.

"Mr. Dassault, we're here to find Iris." His name's Henry, but no way in fuck am I calling him by it. Hopefully



the small touch of respect will push him to help us. Surely, he'd want to know if she were in danger; he must love her to want her at school nearby.

“I know what you're here for. She warned me as much.” He stabs a perfectly cooked piece of steak and starts to chew just before his butler walks in with two other plates. It smells amazing, but food is not important right now.

“Wait... you've already talked to her today?”

“Yes.” He doesn't offer up any extra information we don't ask for. He's precise and to the point, not the least bit threatened by the two of us. I'm sure he's irritated about how we showed up here and broke in, but I doubt he would've listened to us talking to his staff through the tiny speaker box at the gate.

“Is she safe?” It's the only question burning up my mind.

“Yes.” He takes another bite as if this is a normal breakfast conversation.

“Is she here?” King asks the next question.

The old guy doesn't give him anything additional either. “No.” I watch as my best friend's brow rises, certain by his expression he's thinking about torturing this man. We can't kill the old guy though, not when he's the only one outside of us truly giving a shit about the woman we love.

“Will you tell us where she is?” I try one more time in hopes if we ask the right question, he will finally give up her location.

“She will let you know her whereabouts when she's ready. You boys should really eat, before it gets cold.” This cryptic shit is making me crazy, but I take the time to brainstorm what to say to this guy. We can't just start spilling society secrets to him because any real chance we have of surviving this does not include us being traitors.

I start to eat before King does. His broody demeanor starts to worry me. When King is backed into a corner and fighting for his life... we react the same. He just has a much shorter fuse than me. When it comes to Iris, that fuse is pretty much nonexistent, so I'm not sure what he'll do if we don't find out anything soon. And by soon... I mean really fucking soon.

I shoot him a placating glance, telling him to remain calm before peering back at ol' Henry. I take the honesty route, because fuck it, I can't let him die today and I have to do something to get the information we need. "Sir, we're both in love with your granddaughter. Like madly in love with her. We'll do anything to keep her safe and it's our only concern to ensure that's the case. If there's any information you can give us you believe will help us understand your calmness, we'd really appreciate it." I attempt my best impression of a man with logic and composure, hoping to plead to his soft side, if he has one.

"It's too early in the day to not be at peace. I'm calm because I know she's safe and you'll have to trust her grandfather telling you as much and be satisfied with the information you've been given." He continues to chew his food, not wavering in his stoic demeanor.

*Stubborn bastard.*

"Very well. Please let her know we've both been by, and we will not give up until we find her." I stand, letting my chair drag across the marbled floor.

King follows my move, allowing his chair to screech loudly to drive our promise in. We're about two steps from being out of Henry's formal dining room when the old man's voice stops us both in our tracks. "This society... Why would you have my granddaughter involved in such a group of *monsters*?"

I take a deep breath and quickly think about how perfect it is that King and I have the best poker faces around. "What society are you talking about? We're not privy to such

an organization. As far as I know, those establishments are banned from university property.” My voice doesn’t waver. He nods at my response, his eyes boring into mine while he searches for a sign of the bold faced lie I just let slip off my tongue without blinking.

He waves his fork toward the door to dismiss us. “As you were.” We make it a few more steps before he stops us again. “Oh, and boys... next time, I’ll have you killed for stepping foot on my property. The only reason you’re standing there now is because my granddaughter foolishly thinks she loves you.” He huffs before he takes a drink, seemingly defeated and deep in thought.

We use the front door this time and I know we’re both a little relieved when the dogs don’t chase us to the gate.

# CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

## Kingston

It's been twenty-four hours since Iris left the hotel room. The only thing saving everyone around me is how relaxed her grandfather is over the situation. I have to hold on to that meaning she's truly safe. And it kills me to admit, but she's much safer wherever she is than here with us.

We've sent a message to the society, knowing our fate has probably already been decided by the masks, but hope we can reason with them about their demands. They can slaughter me, so long as they leave Iris the hell alone. They're crazy to believe I'll settle for anything less. They may be ridiculously powerful, but I'll take whatever members I can out on my way to death's door. They need to remember they invited me to join them, it wasn't the other way around. Sure, I wanted in, but I'm an automatic in because of who I am.

Kingston motherfucking Banks. Disgustingly wealthy. *Former* playboy. And one of those so-called *monsters*, as Iris' grandfather graciously pointed out. A natural born killer, if you will. I've never denied it, and the Brotherhood would be stupid to underestimate the lengths I'll go to. They want to test our loyalty? They haven't fucking seen loyalty until it comes to what I'll do for those I love.

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Beau and I stayed at a hotel again last night, wanting to have at least a few more hours to brainstorm and not have to watch our backs the entire time. We considered contacting our

fathers but concluded they would not understand my dilemma. To them the decision would be easy. They'd probably off our mothers today if they were given the same order and not lose a wink of sleep over guilt.

We're not them, though. We're different.

I park my HyperSport in my usual parking spot and wait for Beau to pull in with his truck. He caught a few lights behind me but should be here any minute. Climbing out of the sleek beauty, I stroll for the fraternity house, expecting the masked members to ambush me at any moment. Fuck knows they couldn't take me single-handedly, they'd need a fucking mob to control me.

I'm almost to the front door, grabbing my keycard to enter when my phone goes off.

**Private:** *You've decided to defy the Brotherhood. Do you believe you're above the process?*

**Me:** *No, I've been willing to cooperate from day one. However, I think there are different ways for me to prove my loyalty to the society.*

**Private:** *You do not hold the power to change orders. You claim your willingness to pledge, yet defy us. We don't offer second chances, to anyone.*

I hesitate sending my next response, knowing it will most likely end the conversation, but I refuse to beg and plead like a fucking pussy. I can't live like this, and I refuse to. The pressure of the society's demands the last few days is enough to send a man to his grave. They can't truly expect me to choose between the two most important people in my life, and I won't. Fuck them.

**Me:** *Do what you have to do.*

I double-step to my room, packing up what I can before I meet the Reaper that's bound to be headed my way. My phone vibrates in my pocket once again.

**Private:** *Decide your own fate at Lost Souls Park. Be there in one hour.*

Fuck. One hour? That's about how long it's supposed to take to get there. I have to be faster, there's no other choice in the matter. I grab a load of everything I can carry, stuffing it into my backpack until I get to the park. I sling my bag over my shoulder and step out the door. I'm in a rush, so I jog to my car, toss my stuff in and squeal my tires leaving the parking lot. Fuck the university rules, they're lucky I haven't burned this place to the fucking ground with what I've gone through the past week.

Beau's not back yet, so I dial his number as soon as I'm speeding down the road. When he doesn't answer, I text him. Dread churns in my stomach as I regret not making sure we arrived at the same time so we would be in this together. If I was a guessing guy, they've given him a similar text and I'll be seeing him shortly.

I roll my windows down and take in the fresh air blowing through my car. My chest has been tight for days, so any help getting an easier breath is welcome. I want to believe they're bringing me here to give me another order. One that doesn't involve me making a personal sacrifice to prove my devotion to the society. I can't imagine that everyone who pledges has to accept this type of loss to get in.

I'm driving much faster than I should be to Lost Souls, but I suspect Beau is there. My mind keeps replaying the memories of the last time I was in the creepy woods, surrounded by fifty-ish members and I can only hope they don't have him chained up like that guy was.

This time I don't fuck around with parking and hoofing it through the grounds; instead I hop the curb to take the most direct route. My side skirts scrape as the concrete rips against the bottom of my beautiful luxury sports car. I'm not taking a chance of being captured before I make it to the spot I was taken to last time.

When I pull up, the vision is much worse than I expected...

I leave my lights shining over the scene to help me see the image not even my nightmares had conjured up. Both Iris and Beau are handcuffed and chained to the ground on their knees, just like the guy was before. Their mouths are taped shut, blinders over their eyes, left in nothing but their underwear and Iris' little crop top bra she loves so much. There's another person chained to the ground to the right of them, but there's a hood covering his head so I have no idea who it could be. With any luck, I have to choose one of the three to kill and this will be over in half of a second.

The members clad in their emerald robes and masked faces start to move around the grounds, making this officially ritualistic and not easing my nerves in the slightest.

I get close enough, trying my hardest not to flip my shit and lose control, knowing I have to keep a clear head about this so I can get us all the fuck out of here, safely. "Kingston Banks. Do you know why you're here tonight?" One of the robes takes the lead of this hellacious ceremony while I attempt to figure out how to respond to their question. Of course, I fucking know why I'm here. But do I want them to know I understand what they expect out of me?

"Please clarify what you expect from me." I take the easier path and wait for them to explain it to me. I need all the information I can get. I run my gaze over Beau and Iris again, scanning their bodies for injuries, but thankfully they appear to be okay. *For now.*

It still irks the fuck out of me they have my woman on her knees. It's not their place. She only bows for me, or Beau, and it has to be her decision. I may not be able to do much today but mark my words... someone will fucking pay for putting her in that position. I'll make fucking sure of it.

"You were told to bring one home and kill the other," he reminds me. It has to be a man; the fuck is tall and willowy, like a goddamn tree wearing a robe and I'm saying that as a

fairly big guy myself. I swallow, my throat growing dry at the realization the society's not going to let this go. They're going to punish me for not obeying.

"Yes, I was."

"Yet, you've done neither. You chose to go above the Brotherhood, to take your order into your own hands. We didn't grant you permission. You answer to us, Kingston Banks."

"May I ask for a different order? You can give me ten others in place of this one and I will complete them no problem. You have my word."

"Your word?" It's said mockingly. They go on, dousing any hope momentarily filling my chest. "We do not negotiate."

I still can't make out the voice behind the mask and it only serves to frustrate me further. Iris whimpers behind the tape while Beau remains stoic and at peace. He and I talked about this exact scenario happening and he made me promise to choose him as my target. Our conversation fucking sucked and even though I promised him, I could never follow through on it. At the end of the day, I love two people. Iris and Beau. I will not let them die because of circumstances I can control.

"Is this guy one of my options?" I hedge, scrounging for anything at this point but my optimism is killed once again with the response they give.

"No."

"Alright. What's the weapon of choice?" I ask, hoping for a gun so it'll be quick. The robed guy in charge waves a hand toward a small table set up in front of Beau. When I see the pistol, I instantly exhale. This is the first feeling of relief I've felt since I fucked Iris yesterday morning before the sun came up. It was bliss and I'm so fucking grateful I got to feel my woman and whisper how much I love her before I make this sacrifice.

"You have one minute to make your decision," they command, making my muscles clench. I can't believe I've



looked forward to joining the Brotherhood of Darkness for so many years, only for it to come down to tonight. I was a fucking idiot to believe the society would protect me, but at least through this Beau will know. He'll watch out for himself and Iris and be certain he can never trust any of them.

*I haven't spoken to my parents in weeks.* The thought hits me, and guilt claws at my insides. My mother will be a wreck from my choice tonight. Beau will no doubt try to comfort her, but she'll push everyone away.

Iris wails under the tape, screaming and crying as I take the gun in my hand. "Shh, baby. I love you and everything's going to be alright," I say aloud, no longer giving a fuck about the others surrounding me. In this moment it's only us. She can't see anything, but she can hear. I wish like hell I could put ear plugs in her ears, so she doesn't hear what I'm about to do.

*What I have to do.*

I move closer to Iris and Beau, walking around them, and hating how they can't touch me in return. I don't do well being alone and right now I have to make peace I'll always be by myself.

My entire life flashes before my eyes and I couldn't swallow or speak a single word now if they asked me to. There's a vice around my chest with the heaviness of what I'm about to do. The severity of my situation is worse than an anchor, plunging me into the depths of darkness as it sinks me to the bottom of the ocean, slowly stealing every breath along the way.

Caressing her cheek, I linger at her side much longer than I should, but I can't break my touch from her soft skin. I love her so much my heart literally aches right now, as pain skates over my pecs. It'll be gone soon, but in the meantime, it reminds me I'm very much alive. For now.

My grip on Beau's shoulder is meant to comfort him, even though I know there's nothing that can ease us through

this. It will be hard on them both, but they'll get through this together. It's all I want, my best friend's happiness. He deserves everything right in this world for never leaving my side. He's a good man. The best I've ever met, if I'm being honest with myself, and there's no time right now to be anything but. I love him too.

Once I've walked around and silently said my goodbyes to them both, there's only one thing I have left to do...

I grip the pistol, flicking the safety off, then place the barrel against my temple.

*And pull the trigger.*

*Thank you for reading The Order of Obsession.  
We hope you've enjoyed the story so far and will  
consider leaving a spoiler free review. - Hilary &  
Sapphire*

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Enjoy a peek at Chaos by Hilary Storm

# Prologue

## Cambri

*I'm going to die here.*

I jerk my head to the right the second I hear breathing in the room. “Why are you doing this?” My screams are muffled into moans as I attempt to speak around the ball gag strapped across my face. *Why are you doing this?* Saliva falls to the floor in a splash and the harsh silence fucks with my mind even more while my body is raked in shivers from the cold air on my naked skin.

“Please.” Tears slide over my cheeks, each one chasing the last trying to escape the tight blindfold that’s securing the darkness. I wiggle and pull against the rope restraints holding my arms and ankles tightly in a way that I’m displayed as an ‘X’. My toes burn while I force myself to stay tall against my restraints, working to minimize the fire where the rope is twisting my skin.

I’m not sure how long I’ve been hanging here, but my body tells me that it’s been long enough. I’ve never been more exposed in my entire life and coming to terms with what may happen to me is terrifying.

It’s a few minutes before I hear any movement in the room and then the *breathing gets closer*. My skin erupts as a warm breeze hits my shoulder, my senses on full alert as I hope to gain an ounce of existence in this nightmare.

If I could just see through the cloth tied around my head, then maybe I’d have a clue as to what’s happening. I try like hell to recognize something... a smell... anything giving me a clue as to who the person is behind the breathing against my ear. But I’m not picking up anything specifically familiar. A cologne I’ve never smelled mixed with a slight hint of smoke and alcohol overwhelms me just as the cold sends another shiver over my body.

“Please.” I strain to speak again, only to release a babble of nonsense instead. A breeze of air brushes over my neck and I force myself to concentrate on everything I can, calming the chaos inside my mind just long enough to understand the reality. *This is bad. Real bad.*

A deep breath against my other ear startles me, so I shift my head just enough to come in contact with a cheek full of beard. *It’s for sure a man.*

He pulls away quickly when my face touches him, but I still get some information from that small encounter. I can tell he’s taller than I am by the way his head was leaning in toward my neck. His beard is full and longer than any man I

can think of off the top of my head, except my friend's brother and some of his friends.

I push all the details I can get to the back of my mind, knowing I'll take my time to analyze everything fully... if I get the chance later.

"Why are you doing this?" I'm scared out of my mind, but still refuse to go down without a fight, so I scream around the gag. The ropes restrict the rest of my body from doing any harm, so all I'm left with is the hope that my mouth can get me out of here. Everything tells me it won't be easy, but I won't lay down and take whatever it is this man plans to do with me.

I listen to his heavy footsteps leave the room; it's obvious he wants me to hear him. The door slams closed, and a click of the lock verifies that I'm isolated, just as I imagined.

Panic sets in as I allow myself to understand the probability of me surviving this is very slim. People don't live to tell stories like this... this right here is straight out of the crime stories I always avoid hearing about on the news.

The disturbing behavior of an insane person may intrigue some people, but I'd just as soon stay clear of the psychos of this world and have always worked hard to make sure I wasn't in the path of someone like this.

I never walk alone at night. I always lock my doors and even check in with my best friend after work every day just to make sure she's safe. It's something I've always done. I'm the cautious one... so how in the hell has something bad like this happened to me?

My mind is flooded with the possibilities of who it could be, attempting to ignore the pain I'm in or the fact that I'm completely bared naked for anyone to see and do whatever they want to. I'm absolutely vulnerable... and I can't stand that.

The click of the lock pulls me from all thought and my senses heighten the second he opens the door. One... two... three... four... five steps until he stops. He doesn't make an effort to sneak in this time and is loud about setting something down on what sounds like a wooden surface. I hear his frustration in his exhale as he walks closer to me. One... two... three... four more steps until I feel his breath on my face. I count on purpose, trying to get a mental picture of where I'm at.

His rough fingers grip the strap on my face, roughly sliding it down until my jaw is free of restraint; the ball gag hits my chin before he pulls it away. He grips my cheeks together forcing my mouth to remain open and I know with everything inside me he is literally an inch from my face, inspecting and watching for me to make a wrong move.

"Take this." He drops a pill on my tongue and before I know what's happening, he's pouring water in my mouth. Thrashing my head back and forth,

desperately working to break free from his hold, I gag until he releases me and I spit out the water.

His grip on my cheeks tightens before I can comprehend the size of the pill or what he could possibly be forcing me to take. “You *will* take this fucking pill if I have to fight you all night and make you take it.” I don’t recognize his voice, but then again, he’s angry.

“Please. Don’t.”

He holds my mouth open, even though I’m fighting like crazy with the few inches I have to thrash. He manages to tilt my head back just enough to drop it deep in my throat before he pours more water, then pinches my nose closed and effectively forces me to swallow. “Next time, someone might make you pay for a stunt like that,” he speaks against my cheek. His lips brush my skin with every word, sending chills of disgust over my entire body while nausea sets in my stomach.

I cry and cough, grasping to regain my senses as he puts the gag back in my mouth to silence me again. The coldness of my body as he walks away is a welcome pain, and something I’m not sure I’ll ever get used to.

“It’s for your own good,” his deep voice sounds more distant and I imagine him not even looking back as he disregards me and walks out the door. Nine steps until he’s gone again. Nine steps until I close my eyelids under the blindfold and squeeze out the tears, only to have them pool even faster and fill my eyes once again.

It’s hard to have any hope as I hang in the cold silence. I just can’t get past the feeling that I’ve seen the last bit of light I’ll ever see, and I find myself praying that I’ll be able to handle the pain I’m sure to face. The uncertainty is definitely fucking with my mind, but there’s one thing that keeps playing over and over in my head...

*I’m going to die here.*



Enjoy a peek at Bash by Sapphire Knight-

## Prologue

If you have everything under control, you're not moving fast enough.

- Mario Andretti

### BASH

“I’m out of here.” I give a salute to my Kings of Carnage brothers and make my way to the side door. I can handle a beer or two then ride, but I’m not some young asshole anymore who’ll ride sloshed out of my mind. Had a buddy of mine die over that shit, and it changed me. I rarely snort the powder I offer up to the sexy dancers either. I did back in the day, but I’ve grown out of it. Now, it’s just a perk I give the girls when they offer me a dance or a bit of information.

My brothers send me off with a nod and promises to see me tomorrow. There’s no end to club life; my brothers are my family, and we see each other all the time. It’s the way we like things, and the closer we are, the more we trust one another. In our line of work, especially mine, trust is imperative.

It’s dark tonight—one of those eerie nights where the clouds hide away the stars and the air’s damp. It’s humid and a bit sticky, but the breeze is cool. These types of evenings often make for the most comfortable rides. There’s not much that holds a candle to riding this late in the South; it reminds me of cruising along the coast in spring. Climbing on my bike, the best sort of feeling washes over me, a peaceful one that I relish.

My bike rumbles with a sexy growl as I crank her over, and the vibrations melt through my skin, fueling my addiction. I’m not some “enthusiast.” Riding—as well as my club—has

become my life. It's an infatuation running in my blood that I'll never be able to shake, nor do I want to. The fumes from the exhaust hit me, and I slowly release my grip on the brake, coasting out of the bar's parking lot.

Lynyrd Skynyrd croons the "Ballad of Curtis Loew" as I cruise along, struggling to see. My headlight is shit on a black night like this. It flickers, and I begin to curse it as always. The fucking thing never works right, no matter how much I tinker with it.

*Just get me home, damn it,* I silently chant and pick up my speed. If my light's gonna give me issues, I better hurry the fuck up. I'm not trying to be out here, unable to see shit, attempting to repair the stupid thing. My brothers keep giving me hell for it, yet those fuckers haven't been able to get it to work correctly either.

There isn't a star in sight tonight. The clouds are thick, consuming any light I may obtain from above. I wouldn't be surprised if a dense fog decided to roll in as well. That'd be my damn luck. Singing to myself, I blaze a trail, basking in the wind hitting my skin. The club was busy tonight, and the girls looked damn good. Not a bad way to spend my evening—tits and a cold beer will please any man if they've got their priorities right.

My light flickers off, and I immediately spit out a curse, sitting forward enough so I can bang on the glass. It flashes back on, and I give the loud beast some more gas. I'm hauling ass home before I'm stranded in the middle of nowhere, fuck the dumb shit. I hold on and pay better attention to my surroundings. I don't need any critters running out in front of me.

My phone rings, echoing through my helmet, but I ignore it. Too many distractions and it can wait. My light flashes, turning off again, and I explode, past the point of being patient with the fucking thing. I lean forward, slamming my hand on it, screaming profanities into the eerie cool night. If only I'd had my head up. If only I'd had some way of seeing in front of me...

The crash happens so fast, it's surreal. I feel the initial impact, and then I'm airborne. My radio plays, along with a sickening screech of metal on metal. A horrendous scraping from the asphalt ripping against my baby floods through my mind, then I'm hitting the ground where everything goes black.

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My kiddos- Ahh! I write this one with the 'baby' about to leave for college soon and my two oldest both engaged. Where has the time gone? All three of you show me endless support to this day and it makes me so proud that I get to be your momma. I'll always be your number one fan! Always!

Sapphire- This project has been so much fun and I can't wait to see where we take these characters! The sky is the limit!

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Dana- It is still an absolute pleasure working with you on covers! It feels good to be back at it and I can't wait to see what else we come up with for my upcoming works!

Readers- Last but not least! Without you, we'd be nothing! Thank you for reading and allowing us to entertain you through this story!

## From Sapphire

My husband - I love you. Stop falling asleep with your phone on then telling me you're awake when I shake you. No, you are not! You're snoring!

My boys - You're my entire world. I love you both, this never changes. I can't express how grateful I am for your support and belief in me. I love you with every beat of my heart, and I will forever.

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And as always, ADOPT DON'T SHOP! Save a life today and adopt from a rescue or your local animal shelter.  
#ProudDobermanMom #LastHopeDobermanRescue

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Sapphire Knight is a Wall Street Journal and  
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