



DIRTY SECRETS



SAINTS & SINNERS SERIES BOOK THREE

TORI FOX

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T O R I F O X

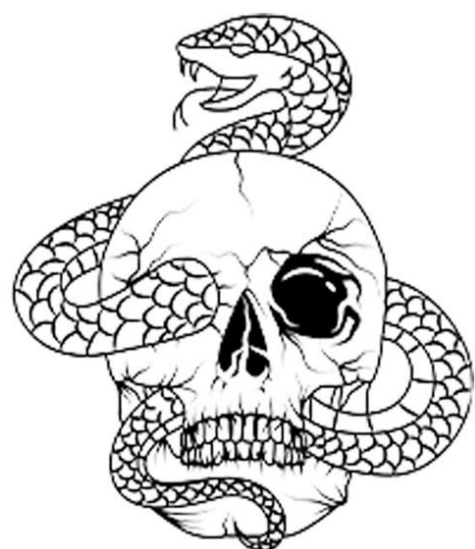
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A NOTE TO READERS...

This book does contain triggers that may be sensitive to some readers including:

- Rape
- Sexual assault/violence
- Domestic violence
- Self-harm
- Loss of a child
- Drug use

KNOX

I sip on my whiskey as I watch the crowd below. I hate coming to these clubs. Too many memories and most of them are ones I don't want to relive.

But Wilder is scoping out a new plaything. We had one girl here in New Orleans, but she moved to LA. And not many girls like sharing the way we do. The funny thing is it helps me keep my head on straight. So I don't fall down a rabbit hole and catch feelings. Because feelings destroy everyone and everything that gets stuck in their path.

"You look like a grumpy old man," Wilder says as he slides into the seat across from me.

I ignore his comment and finish off my drink.

"Seriously, man. I feel like I need to check you into a retirement home."

I glance up at him. "I'm only two years older than you."

"Great. In two years, I'll move into the room across from yours. You think we can get some old women there?"

I laugh, thinking of a story Saylor told me about their grandma. "I heard all the old women get around there."

Wilder sticks his bottom lip out as he nods. "Well, shit, maybe we are scoping out women at the wrong place."

I shake my head at him and chuckle. "I don't think they could handle us."

Wilder grabs his dick through his pants. "Surely not."

I lean back in the leather booth and rest my arm along the back. “So any luck?”

Wilder nods his head as he smirks. “Took a while. No thanks to you.”

I shrug. “You know I hate coming here. And when it’s both of us, it’s too easy to be recognized.”

“True. This girl knows who we are. But she also said we can do whatever we want to her.”

I raise a brow at him. “No limits?”

He grins at me deviously. “No limits.”

“Well then.” I set my glass down as I lean forward, resting my elbows on my knees.

I’ve always had a penchant for kink. And tend to lean more dominant. Even when Wilder and I share, I control the scene. I’ve always liked control. Maybe it was the shitty childhood I had where I never seemed in control. Or maybe it was Maggie. She always pushed me to my limits out of the bedroom, so I pushed her to hers in the bedroom.

Wilder tosses a hotel room key on the table. “See you in an hour.”

I grab the key. “I’ll be there.”

I’m attaching the last of the straps to the bed when I hear the front door of the suite open, followed by a girl’s high-pitched giggles.

I swear if he picked up some blond bimbo, I’m gonna punch him in the throat. The last time he did that, she didn’t follow any instructions, and I nearly lost my cool with her.

After that, we made the decision to only have women we would see regularly when we wanted to play. Wilder still fucks other women on his own. But I wait for these moments. Maybe because I like the fact I control Wilder too. Asshole has

been the bane of my existence for years. And I mean that only in the way a best friend could.

We also only use hotel rooms the first night. I hate bringing my set up to a hotel, but at least it ensures us the woman is worthy of our time and being brought to either one of our homes.

The girl stumbles into the bedroom when Wilder pushes her inside.

“Knox Beckett,” she singsongs.

I look past her shoulder at Wilder and he just shrugs. Remnants of lipstick are smeared on his mouth. I wonder just how far he went with this girl, either in the club or possibly on the way here.

I clear my throat as the girl comes up to me, sliding her hands along my chest.

“You are so—”

“You better be able to follow instructions,” I command as I pull her hands away from me.

She immediately goes silent and drops her head.

Interesting.

She must have been a sub before.

“Get on your knees.”

She drops to her knees, keeping her head down.

I look up at Wilder and he mouths, “I told you” to me. I flip him off before walking backward and sitting in the chair in the corner of the room. Wilder walks out of the bedroom, and I hear the sound of ice being scooped out of the ice bin.

“What’s your name?” I ask her.

“Emma,” she answers softly.

“And did Wilder go over the rules with you?”

She nods meekly.

“Good.” We have rules. Like not going to the press or tabloids about our encounters. There are pictures from clubs with me and Wilder with the same girl, but it’s never been leaked that we like to share. And we both like to keep it that way.

“Now tell me, Emma. What did you do with Wilder?”

She looks up at me and bites down on her lip as her eyes go wide. “I... well we just...”

I smirk at her. “Tsk, tsk. I didn’t say you could look at me.”

Her head falls quickly, her blond waves blocking her face. I look up and see Wilder leaning against the doorframe, a gin and tonic in one hand and a glass of whiskey for me in the other.

I look back at the petite woman. “Did you kiss him?”

She nods.

“I need to hear the words.”

“Yes,” she whispers.

“Did he touch you?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

She visibly swallows. “M-my breasts.”

“Anywhere else?”

She nods. “He ran his fingers under my dress and brushed his knuckles against my pussy.”

“Did he now?” I ask curiously while looking over at Wilder, who just shrugs in response.

Asshole.

She nods. “I-I told him I wanted to wait until—”

“Did you touch him?”

She shakes her head. “No.”

“Do you want to?”

She nods incessantly.

“Hmm.”

Wilder takes that moment to walk over and hand me my whiskey. I look up at him. “Do you think she’s worth our time?”

He frowns. “Not sure.”

I smirk at him as I hear her gasp. He leans against the wall and props his foot against it.

“Take off your dress,” I command. “Let me see what you’re hiding underneath that.”

She quickly lifts the black silk dress over her head, her eyes still downcast to the floor. She’s wearing black lace underwear that hardly covers a thing, letting me know she is freshly waxed. Her tits are small but perky and I know Wilder is going to enjoy them.

“Crawl to me,” I growl.

She drops her hands to the floor and makes her way across the room, kneeling in front of me when she reaches me.

“Do you think you deserve to touch Wilder? Taste him?”

“Yes,” she answers.

“Hmm.” I tap my finger against my whiskey glass. “But you let him touch you before you even got here. Didn’t he tell you one of the rules is no touching before we’re together?”

She looks up at me wide-eyed. “He did. But then he started touching me, and I thought maybe—”

“You thought wrong.”

She places her hands on my knees without permission. “Please, Knox, I’m telling you I didn’t think I was doing anything wrong. I want this. Don’t send me home.”

I study her as I take a sip of my whiskey. I have no intention of sending her home, but I like making her think so. I

can feel Wilder's gaze on my face, no doubt he is amused by this.

"You can make it up to me."

She nods frantically.

I grip her chin hard. "Take my pants off and suck my dick."

She immediately pulls out of my grip, her hands landing on the button of my pants. I lift up enough so she can slide my jeans and briefs down to my ankles. My cock stands at attention. I easily get turned on when someone lets me control them.

She wastes no time swallowing me down, and fuck, this girl knows what she's doing. I toss back the last of my whiskey and set the glass down on the table beside me so I can grip her head. I lift my hips to drive even deeper into her mouth and I feel her starting to choke. But she doesn't stop. It's not until Wilder is kneeling behind her, pulling her thong to the side, that she pauses.

"I didn't tell you to stop."

She is slow on the intake, and I use my hands to control her head just as Wilder starts to eat her out. She moans against my dick and I tighten my grip on her, the vibrations making me even harder.

When I feel my spine start to tighten, I pull her off me. Wilder pulls away and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Dirty girl," he says. "So fucking wet."

I lean forward and shove my fingers inside of her for a brief second before pulling them out and slapping her pussy. "Very wet. I don't think she deserves it."

She pouts and I want nothing more than to fuck that frown off her face.

"Tie her up," I tell Wilder before looking at her. "And if you stay quiet, I won't gag you."

“Yes, sir.”

My dick twitches at that.

I kick my pants off and take off my shirt as I watch Wilder tie her to the bed. We’ve done this so many times, he always knows exactly the way to do it. The way we are both craving. And since this girl seems to play along, she’s going to get it in the dirtiest way.

She’s ass up, face down on the bed, her body pulled just the right way so only her face can touch the bed. Wilder stripped his clothes off and is playing with her nipples. I walk over to the selection of toys I brought and pick up a flogger.

I glide my hand over her ass, teasing her core every now and then. Her head is turned away from me, so she can’t see what’s in my hand. Just when she starts to moan, I smack her twice, one right after the other. She yelps then moans and I know she likes the pain and the pleasure.

“I said to keep quiet.”

“Sorry, sir,” she mumbles into the bed.

This time when I hit her, she stays quiet, but her body reacts. She arches into the bed, wetness dripping down her thighs. Wilder sees it and swipes his fingers through it before shoving them in her mouth. He nods at me and I hit her three more times in quick succession. Her ass is red, but she hasn’t made a sound and by the way Wilder has his dick in his hand, I know he’s just as turned on as I am.

I toss the flogger to the side and run my hands up her curved back then around to her breasts. As I make my way down her stomach, Wilder leans in and grabs her nipples. We’ve done this often enough I know just when he is about to squeeze and when he does, I slap her ass. Hard.

She groans into the sheets.

“That’s still noise.”

“S-sorry, sir.”

“If you keep quiet for the next ten slaps, I’ll fuck you in the pussy. But if you make one peep of noise. Wilder is going

to. And he isn't gentle."

"Yes, sir."

"And I'll take your ass."

She swallows but nods.

I slap her twice. "I didn't hear the words."

"Yes, sir."

"Good. We start now."

She whimpers and I know she thought the last two would count, but I don't play fair. Wilder chuckles as his head slides under her chest and he bites her nipple. I can tell she is fighting against herself to hold back. To keep quiet. But she can't. Not as I slap her for the fourth time, and Wilder slides his fingers to her clit. She groans and grinds against him as best she can in her restraints.

"Tsk, tsk. You didn't follow orders."

She moans as tears fall from her eyes, whether from pleasure or pain, I don't know and don't care. "I'm sorry. I-I can't help it."

"I think she wants to be fucked in both holes," Wilder says.

I chuckle as I pull my hand back then slap her red ass one more time for good measure. "I think you're right. I think all she can think about is both of our cocks filling her until she breaks in two."

"Please," she moans.

Wilder slides out from underneath her and undoes her wrist restraints. "You think you can top us from the bottom, Emma?"

She shakes her head as she bites her lip.

"I think you do," I interject.

"N-no. I just... I need to come."

I look at Wilder and he grins at me, then grips her hair and snaps her head back so she is looking at him right in the eyes.

“Be careful what you wish for.”

She whimpers as I pull away. The sound of her mouth on Wilder’s dick has me chuckling. He always finds a way to get his dick sucked even if it’s not part of the scene. I pick up a vibrating cock ring and toss it to him. And he holds up two fingers.

I can’t help the diabolical grin that overtakes my face. She did say she wanted to come. But now we can turn that into punishment. I grab another one and slide it over my dick just as Wilder pulls her face off his.

“I j-just want someone to touch—”

“For someone who has been a sub before, you are terrible at following instructions,” I cut her off.

She slams her mouth shut before saying anything back to me, and I can’t help but smack her ass two more times.

“You’re going to get touched, baby,” Wilder says. “But now you can’t say shit if it’s too much.”

I grab her ankles and pull her down the bed until her ankles hang off the edge. I squat down, shove two fingers in her then lick her from clit to ass before taking a stance behind her. Wilder gets underneath her and positions himself to fuck her pussy.

“I didn’t think you would be like this, Knox. You’re so quiet in public.”

“It’s the quiet ones you need to watch out for.” I lean over her and whisper into her ear. She shivers just as I coat my dick in her wetness and slam into her ass.

SAYLOR

I sit on top of my brother's dresser in his bedroom as he packs for tour. I kick my legs like a little kid, smacking my Docs into the drawers.

"Can you stop scuffing up my dresser?" Wilder says as he looks up at me while shoving shirts into his duffel.

"Like you actually care."

He walks over to me and punches me in the arm. "I'll make you buy me a new one."

I roll my eyes at my brother. "Whatever."

"Why are you here anyway?"

I shrug. I don't really know. Boredom is usually why.

He snorts and goes back to packing. "You know, I thought I would hate it when you moved out because I couldn't look after you but fuck, I forgot how annoying you are."

I laugh. "You didn't forget. You just want to forget."

"So, how are you liking Charlie's apartment?"

Charlie officially moved in with Jackson a month ago and so kindly gave me her bomb-ass apartment in the French Quarter, rent-free. It's in Pirate's Alley. And the balcony wraps around the side of her apartment, giving me a view of Jackson Square.

"It's so nice to not have my brother heckling me about everything."

He shakes his head at me.

I purse my lips and sigh. “So how do you think Silas is going to be?”

Wilder stops what he’s doing and faces me with sadness on his face. “Shit. I don’t even know. The man is a wreck right now. Riot packed for him yesterday because he just refuses to do anything. I thought he was going to quit the band so he could find Marley, but he at least has some priorities straight.”

I raise my brows at him. “He lost his baby. I know he lost Marley too. The man is not going to survive.”

Wilder nods. “We’re all worried about him. But I think the tour will keep him busy enough.”

“True. Must be nice,” I agree though my tone is reluctant.

“You could come along,” he says. “I know you get lonely. It would give you something to do.”

“Charlie’s here.”

He folds his arms over his chest and looks at me like a concerned older brother.

“Sometimes. She’s going to be spending a lot of time on tour with us though. She and Jax worked out a schedule.”

“Janae is here too.”

“I feel like you’re going to be some bayou voodoo queen if I leave you here with Janae.”

I laugh. “You’re probably right. Then I could do a love spell on the two of you.”

“I’m stopping you right there.”

“You know she doesn’t have a crush on you anymore.”

He nods. “I’m aware.”

“But it’s just fun to tease you.”

“Yeah, well, it gets old.”

Janae had a huge crush on Wilder back when she first met him over ten years ago. It’s long since passed, but she likes to

tease him.

“You do know I have Willow too. It’s nice that she’s here now instead of in the suburbs.”

He nods, but I can tell he’s hesitant. “Okay, but if you get bored, overwhelmed... you know you can—”

“Oh my god, Wilder. I’m twenty-three, not twelve.”

“I worry about you.”

“Why?” I ask, confused. “You know I’m fine. And it will be nice to be alone without you breathing down my neck.”

He ignores my last comment. “You’ve been through a lot. A lot you won’t tell me. I just don’t want you to fall back into those patterns.”

“You mean get shit-faced and end up getting raped,” I say sarcastically. “No thanks, I’ll pass.”

Wilder hisses as his face crinkles. “Say—”

I hold up a hand. “I’m well over that, Wild. It’s been nearly eight years.”

He runs a hand through his hair. “It’s not just that. I worry about the notes too.”

“You mean the ones Silas was getting? Have you gotten any?”

He shakes his head and I breathe a sigh of relief. None of us know who was leaving those notes for Silas. And after Marley’s loss, the notes just stopped. I know Silas thinks whoever threatened him had something to do with losing the baby. But nothing really adds up to that. I also hope that they really do stop. Marley got threatened because of her relationship with Silas. I would hate for anyone else to get threats. I worry about Charlie and Riot and her kids.

“Just be careful,” Wilder says as he goes back to his duffel.

“I will be.” I jump off Wilder’s dresser and head to the door, but he stops me and gives me a hug. “Let me know if you change your mind at all about joining us.”

“I will.”

“Are you headed out?”

I shake my head. “I’m gonna walk over to Willow’s. But I’ll stop by for the party later.”

“Okay. Be good, Say.”

I roll my eyes at him. “I think you got that backward. I’m the good one in this family. Mom and Dad would agree if they were ever around. But you...” I laugh. “Try not to catch herpes or knock anyone up.”

“Bitch.”

“Douche.”

“Twat waffle.”

“Ass eater.”

“You’re gross.”

“I learned it from you.”

We both smirk at each other. “Bye, Wild. I’m sure I’ll see you at the party.”

I inhale a long hit of a joint as I watch the party going on in front of me. The guys leave in two days. And I already know I am going to be bored. At least when they are home, I can hang out with my brother or pick on Silas and Jax. I don’t even see my cousin Willow as much anymore because her job has taken over her life. She isn’t here tonight, and I know she is just as heartbroken as Silas over Marley. Marley was one of her closest friends. And Marley just walked away from everything. Leaving Silas behind.

I know he isn’t here tonight. I looked for him. I was hoping he would be so I could cheer him up. He’s like an older brother to me. All the guys are. Well, except for Knox. I don’t see him as a brother at all.

“What land are you off in?” Janae asks me as she flops onto the couch next to me and grabs the joint from my fingers.

I shrug. “I don’t even know.”

“Too busy looking at Knox?” She laughs as she gestures to the man twenty feet away from me.

I glance over at him and he has some groupie on his lap. It makes me feel slightly better that he is completely ignoring her. But I also know that doesn’t mean much. Knox has never been one to show public displays of affection.

“Do you think it’s gross?”

Janae hands me back the joint and raises a brow at me. “What?”

“My infatuation with him.”

“Why would it be gross?”

I take a drag of the joint then rest my head against the back of the couch, looking up at the starless sky blinded by light pollution. “That I still have this stupid schoolgirl crush on a man that clearly wants nothing to do with me. That Wilder would murder if he put his hands on me.” I pause, knowing the next thing may come as a shock to her. “And they share.”

“You know about that?” she asks me in shock.

I nod. “I know they think they’ve kept it from me. But I’ve heard some of the girls talk.”

Janae lets out a sigh. “Saylor, you can crush on whoever you want. Including Knox Beckett. But you know he will never touch you.”

My heart clenches even though I know it’s true. “Yeah, I know, but if on some weird random full moon, mercury in retrograde, planet alignment shit, if the chance were ever to present itself—”

“No. I don’t think it’s weird. Some people might, but you know I am open-minded about a lot of things.”

I turn my head and look over at her and see the honesty in her eyes. “Good.”

“Don’t get any ideas though.”

I let out a soft laugh.

“I really don’t want to be bailing your brother out of jail.”

“You think he would ask you?”

She laughs. “No.”

“I still think you two should be together.”

She shakes her head at me and grabs the joint. “That ship sailed long ago, Say.”

“My brother’s an idiot.”

Janae smiles at me, but I can see the sadness in her eyes. She crushed on Wilder for years, back when Saints & Sinners were unknown. It was when Riot started promoting them before she took over as their manager. I was only thirteen at the time, but I saw the way Janae looked at Wilder with hearts in her eyes. I still have no idea if anything ever happened between them. But she got over her crush for the most part. Now she just teases him about it. But sometimes I wonder if she still has feelings.

My eyes find their way back to Knox. He’s talking to Wilder who has pulled the girl off Knox’s lap. I don’t know what they are saying, but I feel like from the look on the girl’s face, I know what’s about to happen. I feel a slight sense of relief when Wilder walks away with the girl even though I am sure Knox will join them soon.

KNOX

We're at a party at Wilder's house before we leave for tour. I sit in the corner of his backyard with Roan who is high as fuck on pills.

"You know, Saylor keeps looking over at you. Guess that crush never went away."

I look over to see Saylor with Janae and she quickly glances away when our eyes meet.

I know her crush never went away. No matter what lies she tells. I know her secrets. I know she still has a crush on me. But it's all a fantasy. She thinks I'm some knight in shining armor. Ever since that night. But she should know that is far from the truth. I'm the villain in my own story. I don't need to be the villain in hers.

"Yeah, well she is delusional if she thinks anything is ever going to happen between us."

Roan laughs. "Don't tell her she is delusional, she'll probably cast a spell on you."

"No kidding."

I look over at her again and think about what it was like growing up with her as my little sister I never had. I remember the first time I met her at eight years old. When I saw her again at fourteen. When she developed into a woman at fifteen. She was always beautiful, I have to give her that. But she was always off-limits. She always will be. I can't do anything because her brother is my best friend. He's half the

reason I am a part of this band and he will no doubt kick me out before he kills me if I ever tried to make a move on his sister.

“So you ready for this tour, man?” I ask Roan, changing the subject away from Saylor Reed.

“Yeah, I am. I’m excited to get back on the road. Maybe it will kick my bad habits.”

I laugh at him. “I doubt it. Riot is going to be with us the whole time.”

“Don’t remind me. I was hoping she wouldn’t be. I was hoping I would have the space away from her.”

“You still love her?”

“You know I never stopped. I was just too much of an asshole to see what was right in front of me.”

“She still loves you too, you know.”

He scoffs. “Not in the same way.”

“She worries about you.”

“Maybe. But I fucked up, man. It wasn’t just the other women and the drugs. I screwed up beyond anything worth saving. She’ll never forgive me for that.”

I give him a poignant look. “I know you don’t plan on telling any of us what happened. But maybe you should talk to a therapist.”

He snorts. “That’s the last thing I want to do. They’ll send me to rehab.”

“Would that be so bad?”

He flips me off then lights a smoke. “I don’t need to hear it from you too.”

I hold my hands up. “It was just a suggestion.”

“And I hear it from Riot enough.” He stands up. “Thanks for the pep talk. I’ll see you later.”

I watch as he walks away. We’re all worried about him. Riot more than anyone.

I toss a duffel bag on my bed and start packing it. I'm actually looking forward to tour. Like Roan was saying last night, it helps to clear my mind of all the shit that runs through it when we're idle. Moving back to New Orleans hasn't helped me much at all. All I can think about is the shit I got into here. My life growing up after Momma died. The hell of foster care. The abuse, the drugs, the alcohol. The choices I made to get in control of my own life.

Then I met Maggie. I look over at the picture of us on the dresser. At first she changed my whole life. She made me want to be a better man. We were together for over five years. And at the beginning it was great. She encouraged me to keep playing drums even though I thought it was a hobby that was never going to go anywhere. She was the one that told me to take the opportunity to play in a shitty band with Wilder. That band was together for three months before we broke up and Wilder and I joined Saints & Sinners. I have to give her credit for where I am today.

But she changed. As we grew a following and started seeing more money come in, she became a different person. And then her drug use got bad. And she pushed me out of my comfort zone a lot. She was constantly picking fights, blaming me for shit I didn't do.

I loved her. More than I ever loved anyone and when she died, I felt like a part of me died with her. Of course, she had to have the last say in all of it too.

She killed herself. And I was the one that found her. It was nearly three weeks before I found the suicide note she had written. She had it tucked into one of her journals. I found it when I attempted to pack her shit up in my tiny-ass apartment. It fell to the floor. Her elegant handwriting with my name on a folded piece of paper.

She blamed me for everything. For her drug use, for her depression. She said I wasn't there for her when she needed

me most. That I shut everyone out to make it as a drummer in a band that wasn't even that good.

She tore me apart in that letter. She nearly broke me. Hell, she did break me.

I was never the same after that. I lost the spark I had. At least it was enough to have me stop doing drugs. I didn't want to turn out like her. I didn't want to fall down the same dark path she did and end up six feet under.

That's when I turned my focus to lifting weights. I wasn't a skinny guy. I had muscle, but I started packing it on when I worked out twice a day to keep my head out of the black hole my thoughts would drift down. I found a light at the end of the tunnel in that gym.

But it still changed me. I don't trust myself to be the good guy. Hell, I've never been the good guy. I've been a drug dealer, I've killed people. I'm not the guy anyone would want to bring home to their parents. And I'm okay with that.

I look over at our photo again and pull it off the dresser and toss it into my bag. I don't know why. The reminder of her usually leads me down a rabbit hole, but for some reason I can't seem to just let her go.

SAYLOR

I wave goodbye to Willow as she shuts her front door behind me. I'm high as fuck right now and just want to walk home. Even if it's eleven at night and a thirty-minute walk.

I've just been so bored out of my mind. I really need to find a hobby besides hanging out at Janae's voodoo shop or hanging out with my brother's band. They've been gone three weeks and I feel lost. I hate feeling this way. I feel useless. I was kicked out of high school. At least I had the common sense at nineteen to get a GED. I didn't go to college. I have no real skills other than tagging along and getting high. I used to be good at getting wasted and partying, but that all went to hell seven years ago.

I walk the streets of the Garden District. Even though I grew up here, these beautiful old houses never get old to look at. Even if it's hot as hell outside. It's nearing a hundred degrees and it's not even the peak of summer yet.

My phone starts to vibrate in my purse, but I ignore it as I make my way to Magazine. Despite being a Wednesday, there are still revelers out on the streets at this hour. Probably tourists that wanted to stay somewhere other than the quarter.

My phone starts to vibrate again, but I continue to ignore it as I walk down Magazine. I pass a tattoo shop and wonder if maybe I just need to get a tattoo. Or maybe I can become a tattoo artist. I was always a decent art student, but I just never pursued it, pretty much like everything else in my life.

When my phone starts to vibrate for a third time, I get frustrated and start to dig around for it in my giant oversized purse as I wait for the streetlight to change.

Wilder's name is on the screen. I can't help but roll my eyes. Always the overprotective brother.

"What do you want so badly that you need to call me repeatedly?" I tease.

"Where are you?" His voice is full of concern.

Confusion creases my brow. "Umm, walking home."

"Get in a cab."

"Huh?"

He sighs then his voice turns stern. "Just entertain me and get in a goddamn cab, Saylor. I mean it."

The light changes and I walk across the street. "Why do I need to get in a cab?"

"I just worry about you. It's late at night and—"

I tune him out when someone runs into my bag, causing me to stumble forward. "What the fuck?" I yell as I turn around.

I expect to find some drunk person with a group of friends. But the person behind me is alone with a hat on and a hood pulled down tight around their head.

"What the hell?" I manage to mutter just as they push me again and I fall backward toward the street behind me.

The honking of a car has me trying to regain my balance. Headlights coming right for me. Somehow I manage to catch myself on the hood of the car instead of falling, but that doesn't keep me from slamming my head into the windshield. I grip my head as I feel the warmth of blood on my forehead. The car stops abruptly, and a man rushes out of the car, asking if I'm okay.

I pinch my eyes shut from the pain but then remember the person who pushed me. I snap my head around even though it makes me dizzy as I look around the street.

“Where are they?” I ask the man.

“Who?”

“T-the person who pushed me,” I manage to get out as my head pounds and my vision fades in and out.

“I didn’t see anyone,” he tells me honestly. “I was driving, and next thing I know, you are falling into the street. I tried to stop but couldn’t brake in time.”

I scrunch my brow and it sends shooting pain into my head. “You didn’t see anyone run off?”

He shakes his head as he gets on the phone with 911.

I spin around once again, looking for whoever it was in a black hoodie and black hat, but I don’t see anyone. Just a few drunk people laughing outside a bar.

The faint sound of someone yelling is in the background. I see a light from under the car and lean forward to grab my phone. The screen is shattered, but it’s still working. And I know Wilder is still on the other end.

“Saylor!”

“I... I’m here.”

“What the fuck happened? It sounded like you got hit by a car.”

“I did.” I groan as I shift on the ground.

“What the fuck?”

“Someone pushed me.” I pause as I remember his warning right before the accident. “How did you know?”

“Shit. Shit. I’m coming home. I’ll be there in—”

“Wild, how did you know?”

“I’ll call you when I land.”

He hangs up on me so abruptly I start to think I imagined the conversation. The sound of sirens is in the distance and the man from the car offers me a bottle of water. I turn him down as I try to figure out what the hell my brother knows.

KNOX

I tap my fingers on the steering wheel of the car I borrowed from security. They insisted on picking up Wilder and Saylor, but I know Saylor, and she would hate it. She wouldn't want the attention or the chance of paps to see us.

Wilder didn't let anyone go home with him when Saylor had an accident. Proof the note Wild got right before was true. It started out with Silas, but after Marley's loss, the notes stopped. Until last week and now they are directed at Wilder. But this time much more threatening than the ones Silas got. And I can only think someone knows his secrets. Knows the truth about what happened that night ten years ago. Knows that Wilder was the one who held the gun. Not Silas. But how the hell did they find out? The only ones that know anything about that night are the guys and Carter West, the kingpin of New Orleans, the man responsible for the mess to begin with.

I see Wilder coming out of the private hangar entrance, pulling a large suitcase. All I can see of Saylor is her bright-red hair as she follows behind her brother. I know something must be wrong since she is wearing sweats and an oversized hoodie. Not her normal hippie pants and crop top.

She lifts her head and her eyes meet mine through the windshield. I can see the sigh of relief on her face when it's just me rather than a security team.

I hit the button for the trunk as Wilder walks around toward the back. Saylor opens the back door of the SUV and throws her bag in before climbing in.

“Hey.” I look at her through the rearview mirror.

She meets my gaze and gives me a short smile. “Hi.”

“You okay?”

She shakes her head but doesn't say anything else. And I know not to pry. I hate prying. I hated when people did that to me back when Maggie died. Always checking in on me. Always wanting to see if there was anything they could do.

There wasn't.

I keep my mouth shut as Wilder opens the passenger door and sits next to me. He spends the thirty-minute drive back to the stadium trying to make conversation with his sister, but she only gives him one or two-word answers.

Every now and then, I glance back at her. I take in the cut on her forehead where I know she hit her head on a windshield. Her normally clear crystal-blue eyes look more dull and gray. And every so often, she sends a glare toward her brother when he asks her a stupid question. I keep myself from laughing since Wilder is totally oblivious to the fact she doesn't want to talk.

The two of them are so alike. Both constantly talking and being the center of attention. It's easy to tell they are related just by their personalities.

Saylor is being quiet for the first time in a long time. There was only one other time I saw her this way and I don't talk about it. Neither of us does. She keeps her secrets as close to her chest as I keep mine.

When I pull into the stadium parking lot, Saylor jumps out of the SUV before I can put it in park. I watch as she walks away and out of sight before turning to Wilder.

“Did you tell her about the letters?”

He shakes his head. “Not yet.”

“Dude, she got attacked. She should probably know.”

“I don't want her freaking out. She was pretty messed up in the hospital when I got there.”

“Demanding answers?”

He runs his hands over his face. “Of course she was. It’s Saylor. She’s a nosy bitch.”

I laugh because it’s true. “So instead you pull her on tour with us without an explanation. Real smooth, bro. Is she staying on your bus or with Riot?”

“With me. Riot has the kids, and it’s too crowded.”

“Good luck with that, man. Let me know how she likes the groupies.”

He punches me in the arm. “Just going to save it for hotel nights.”

“Again, good luck.”

He flips me off.

“I’m gonna hit the gym before sound check. You wanna come?”

He shakes his head. “Nah. I wanna make sure Saylor is settled in.” He scans the parking lot. “Probably should go find her.”

I get out of the car and grab Saylor’s suitcase out of the back and hand it off to Wilder. “You should tell her sooner rather than later.”

“I know.”

I watch Saylor as she sits on a concrete ledge in the parking lot. That spark she usually has is gone. I haven’t seen it in the three days she’s been on tour with us. I worry about her. I haven’t seen her look this upset and lost since the assault seven years ago. When she disappeared for over a year. I thought that would break her. But it didn’t. She became so strong in those eighteen months she lived with her aunt. And smarter. She doesn’t party like she used to. And I like that about her now.

The other guys like to party and go crazy, but I'm not always up for it. I don't touch drugs anymore. Not after blaming myself for not seeing what was in front of my eyes all along. For not seeing her so broken, for thinking everything was all right when it wasn't.

And I worry about Saylor now. That lost look I didn't recognize in Maggie is the same one I see in Saylor.

I step off my bus and head over to her, grabbing the joint out of her hand when I walk up to her.

"How's it going?" I ask as I hold the joint up. "This could kill you."

She shrugs. "No it won't. And about as good as it can be going when you're stuck on a bus with your brother who lied to you about the fact that someone wanted to kill you."

"That's not exactly what they said."

She pulls the joint from my hand. "You knew about the notes too? Before I did?"

I nod as I take a seat next to her on the ledge. She punches me in the arm and then cusses as she rubs her knuckles. "What the fuck, Knox? You could have told me."

"Any of us could have, but your brother was adamant we leave you out of it. He didn't think the threats were real, just like with Silas and then Marley. Nothing happened. The notes stopped that week of rehearsals in LA. And didn't start again until a week after we were on tour. Then it wasn't just Silas getting them." I tell her the truth because I think she should have known from the start.

"Have you gotten any?"

I shake my head.

She frowns. "Do you think someone really wanted me dead?"

I shudder thinking about that. "No. I think they just wanted to scare Wilder into telling the truth."

"Telling the truth?"

Shit. I've said more than I wanted to. I run my hand over my head. "The notes make it sound like whoever is sending them knows some secret."

"About what?"

I shrug and lie. "Who knows?"

"Since Wilder is so great at filling me in on things. Will you at least tell me if anyone else gets one?"

"Yeah, Sailor Moon."

Her cheeks flush at the nickname I gave to her years ago when I first saw her in her high school uniform with her long blond hair and asked her if she was going to save the world. Her school uniform really did look like Sailor Moon's. She had no idea what I was talking about. But a week later she came to me with a ton of questions about the TV show I grew up watching.

She flicks the joint away from us after she takes the last drag. "I'm so bored."

"Get a hobby," I tell her as I nudge her shoulder with mine.

She rolls her eyes then props her foot up on the ledge and leans her cheek against her knee. "The funny thing is that it's true. I was thinking about it the other day. And the day before that. I just can't seem to find anything that holds my attention."

"What have you thought about doing?"

She smiles and I can't help but notice how much I've missed her smile. Or the fact that she's a grown woman now. Not the kid I used to see her as.

"Don't laugh at me."

I put my hands up. "I promise I won't. But knowing you, it's probably something ridiculous."

"And that's why I don't want to tell you!"

I chuckle then run my hands in her hair to mess it up. "I won't laugh."

She squints at me and purses her lips.

“For long.”

“Ugh, Knox, you are such a pain in the ass.”

“Shoot.”

She takes a deep breath. “You know how I’ve always liked to draw?”

“You mean doodle,” I tease her.

“Knox, I’m serious.”

I smile at her. “Yeah. I know you like drawing.”

“Well, what if I started tattooing?”

I try to keep a straight face, but I can’t hold it for long. “You don’t even have any tattoos and you want to do them?”

“How do you know I don’t have any?”

Because one too many times I’ve caught myself staring at you while you’re in a bikini.

I look her up and down instead. “I don’t see any.”

“Ugh, fine. I don’t have any. But I thought it could be fun.”

“It could be. But I think you need to get one first before you decide that this is what you want to do.”

She nods. “You’re probably right.”

“I usually am.”

“God, all five of you are so cocky. How do you even stand in the same room together?”

I just chuckle at her and ignore the statement. “So what will you get tattooed?”

She shrugs. “I don’t know. I figure I’ll draw something.”

“Better make it good. That shit is permanent.”

“Thanks, Captain Obvious.”

I look up and see Silas stomping into the venue. His attitude has been shit the entire time we’ve been on tour. Well,

ever since Marley up and disappeared. I glance down at my watch and see it's almost time for sound check. "I gotta head inside."

Saylor looks up and sees Jax slapping Silas on the shoulder. "Yeah, okay."

"Work on that drawing."

"I will."

I tap her knee and immediately regret doing it. "Keep your chin up, Say. It will get better."

She gives me a smile and I turn away before I let it affect me too much.

SAYLOR

The guys had a night off tonight, but we are spending the night traveling on the road. I'm glad we got to spend last night in a hotel. It was the best feeling ever. A real bed. But since we need to head out at two a.m. to make it to Minneapolis in time for sound check, we are sleeping on the buses tonight.

The guys went out before we had to leave. Wilder invited me along, but I turned him down. Just wasn't in the mood. Talking to Knox yesterday definitely helped a bit, but it wasn't enough to lift my spirits. I know he can tell I've been down lately too. I've caught him watching me. Just like he always watches people. He's attuned to emotions more than anyone I know. Even Janae.

I climb up the steps on the tour bus and see a package on the table. I don't remember seeing this before I went over to Riot's bus.

An iPad Pro sits on the table, along with a box for a drawing pen. A note sits on top in Knox's scratchy handwriting.

So you can draw that tattoo.

I smile so big I can feel my lips crack from where they are dry. He bought me a present. I know I shouldn't think much of it, but it means a lot.

I pull open the packaging and plug in the device. I spend thirty minutes getting everything set up and downloading the software I need. Then I spend hours drawing. It takes me a while to figure out how to use the different settings, but I thoroughly enjoy myself while I do it.

I don't even realize it's two in the morning until Wilder comes onto the bus. I frown when I see his lips swollen and scratch marks on his arms. I don't want to think about him and Knox screwing around with some girl, but I'm sure it happened. Again.

"What you got?" he asks me with just a slight slur.

"Oh, just an iPad Pro. Thought it would be helpful to work on drawing." I omit that Knox got it for me. I glance at the table next to me and see his note and casually swipe it off the table and shove it between the couch cushions.

"Nice. You need a pastime."

"Dick."

He laughs as he pulls open the fridge and grabs a beer. "What did you do tonight?"

I point at the tablet. "What do you think?"

"Did you have dinner with Riot?"

I nod. "Yeah, I had mac and cheese with her and the kids."

"They leaving tomorrow?"

I nod. "She is flying them back to New Orleans for a few weeks. Then bringing them back on tour for a couple weeks before school starts. She thought they would be okay the whole time, but they are getting bored."

"I bet."

"She's going to hire me on to be her assistant too. Keep me busy."

He smiles at me. "Good. You'll be great at it. It will keep your mind occupied while you're here."

"Have you gotten any more letters?" I ask him.

He shakes his head. “Not since the last one.”

“Hmm.”

“Don’t let it worry you, Say. We’re working on trying to figure it all out.”

“With the cops?” I ask, trying to pull more information from him.

“You know I won’t answer that.”

That was all he needed to tell me for me to know he’s still dealing with shady shit.

“Well I’m gonna hit the hay, I guess. Didn’t realize it was so late.”

Wilder nods. “Yeah, the driver should be here any minute to make the trek to Minneapolis.”

“Good night, asswipe.”

He flips me off and heads to the back of the bus. I grab the note from Knox out of the couch cushions and shove it into the bottom of my purse.

“You know, there are more ways to take out your anger than breaking glass any chance you get,” I tell Silas as we sit alone in the greenroom and he throws a beer bottle at the wall.

His mood has been absolute shit. And I get it. He lost the woman he loved, but he needs to fix his attitude.

I try to convince him to go to a rage room, but he won’t take the bait. I figure it may help his shit attitude, but he just wants to mope around all day. And I don’t feel the need to tell him I could use the release too. My anger towards my brother for not sharing things with me is gnawing away at me.

Silas needs to learn to move on even though I am convinced Marley will be back. The two love each other too much for her to never see him again.

Silas is struggling so much and I hate it. He's usually the one that can bring everyone together, cheer up the band, put on a show for the crowd. I know his fans see the difference in his attitude. I know they tend to ignore him at meet and greets, rumors spreading about his demeanor.

I just wish there was something I could do. I want the old Silas back to cheer me up too.

I swear I need to get my eyes washed out with chemicals. I don't care if I go blind. Anything to get the image of my brother's dick out of my mind. It's burned into my retinas. He lasted an entire three weeks before he brought some groupie onto the bus.

I start to head to Silas's bus, knowing he will at least make fun of Wilder for life over it and then share a joint with me. But after our conversation yesterday, I don't really want to talk to his depressing ass. And Charlie flew in this week to hang out with Jackson.

That leaves Roan or Riot. And Roan has never been my go-to since they got divorced. His ass is more depressing than Silas's.

I walk over to Riot's bus but hear her yelling before I round the corner. I peek around and see Roan with an angry look on his face and his arms folded over his chest. Riot is over a foot shorter than him, but she seems to be putting him in his place over whatever the hell they are arguing about this time.

That leaves one place to go.

Knox.

I could just hang out outside until Wilder kicks the girl out, but I don't even want to face my brother tonight.

I open Knox's door but then realize I should probably knock. So I make a half-awkward attempt at closing the door and knocking.

He steps into view and gives me a smile at my attempt at not just barging onto his bus. “Hey, Sailor Moon. What’s wrong?”

I stomp up the stairs and flop into the dining booth.

“I just saw my brother’s dick and I think I need to see a doctor. The image is permanently stuck in my retinas.”

He throws his head back and laughs. That deep, throaty chuckle I’ve always loved.

“It isn’t funny.”

“Yeah, it is. I told that asshole he needed to keep groupies off the bus. He didn’t listen.”

I frown. “No he didn’t. And I have nowhere else to go.”

He grabs his chest. “I’m wounded I was your last choice.”

No, you were my first. You always have been.

“Well, Jackson is getting laid. Silas is a butt face. And Riot and Roan are going at it.”

“Again?” he asks me.

I nod.

“Well you are always welcome here, Say. I was just about to make something to eat. You hungry?”

“I should be, but Wild’s dick has made me lose my appetite.”

Knox leans against the kitchen counter, folding his arms over his chest. “You should still eat.”

“Fine. But you need to shower. You’re gross.”

He lifts his shirt and sniffs it. “You’re right.”

“I can make up something to eat while you shower.”

“Really? You aren’t just going to call delivery?”

I roll my eyes at him. That was exactly what I was going to do.

“There is some pasta in the cabinet and sauce in the refrigerator.”

“Okay,” I say reluctantly as he turns his back toward me and walks down the hall to the shower. I swallow hard as I take in his back muscles when he rips his shirt over his head. Knox Beckett was always attractive to me. Even when he was just some skinny kid from the streets when he first started hanging out with my brother. But now he is something entirely different. Those muscles he gained are just the tip of the iceberg.

The view of Knox’s back has at least temporarily cleared the imprint of Wilder’s dick from my eyes. I get to work in the kitchen and boil water so I can make spaghetti. I’m surprised to find homemade sauce in the fridge. I pour it into a saucepan and let it heat while the water boils.

Every now and then, my eyes fall to the door at the end of the hall. Wondering if Knox is running his hands over his body, down his muscular chest, along those sexy lines that lead to his cock. I bite my lip hard when the door opens to the bathroom, and he is standing there in a towel, water dripping down his chest. I didn’t even hear the water shut off, I was so lost in my own thoughts.

“You okay, Say?” he asks me.

I blink a few times and turn around as embarrassment takes over. “Oh yeah, just fine. I was going to ask you if you had some Parmesan. But oh hey, look here it is,” I lie. I have no idea if he has Parmesan.

He laughs and then I hear the door to his bedroom shut. I drop my head in my hands. So embarrassed that he caught me ogling him.

I turn back to the stovetop and stir the sauce and place the noodles in the boiling water. I also found some garlic bread in the freezer, so I pop that in the oven.

When he comes out, I have managed to get my cool back. I’m doodling on my iPad as I wait for the spaghetti to finish cooking.

“Drawing your tattoo?”

“Maybe. Just kind of drawing right now. Not one hundred percent on any of the drawings I’ve done.”

“Can I see?”

“Yeah, sure.” I hand him the iPad that I so graciously thanked him for the other day and stir the pasta before looking around for a strainer.

“These are big pieces,” he says.

“I know.”

“Where the hell were you thinking of getting your first tattoo?” he asks me curiously.

I drain the pasta then toss it back in the pot and pour the sauce on top before grabbing my iPad from him. “Well if I get these.” I point to a handful of images. “I was thinking my chest. These ones here for my rib cage. Or this one for a thigh piece.”

“Go big or go home.”

I laugh. “You could say that. I really like the thigh piece though.”

He nods. “Most definitely.”

I run my finger over the design. A sword wrapped in roses and vines, thorns and snakes. It’s got a classic look to it, but I added some delicate lines to make it more modern.

“You’re really talented at drawing, Saylor. I never knew you were this good.”

I shrug. “Well, it’s because I don’t really share my art with anyone.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t know. I guess just the way I was raised. You know how our parents were.”

Knox frowns. “You know you grew up with parents and I used to be jealous. Because you guys had something I didn’t get to have for half my childhood. But when I saw how they

treated you. How it almost didn't seem like what either of you did was important, I started to hate them. How could they keep you and not care?"

"Knox," I say quietly. I know he grew up jumping from house to house in foster care. And I know he always despised mine and Wilder's parents for ignoring us.

"I'm out of Parmesan, by the way." He changes the subject so fast. "Thought you should know."

Well now he knows I was staring at him. He sets the tablet down and grabs two bowls out of the cabinet, scooping up a serving for each of us. I pull open the small oven and grab the garlic bread and set it on the table between us.

We eat in silence, but I am sure it's because he is thinking about the way we grew up. Him in a not-ideal situation. And me and Wilder with everything we could want, except the love and support of our parents.

"Want to watch a movie?" I ask, breaking the silence.

"Sure." He grabs my empty bowl. "Let me just clean this up really quick. You can pick something out."

I snort at that. He knows I'll choose a rom-com. I pick a classic early aughts film starring Kate Hudson and settle into the couch. Knox puts the dishes aside and settles next to me.

"I can't believe you still watch these movies."

"It's a classic."

He chuckles. "Maybe to you."

I yawn as I begin to fall asleep. Somehow ending up with my head in Knox's lap. I don't miss the way he adjusts himself and shifts my head when it gets too close to his dick. I pretend to sleep as he brushes his hands through my hair. My mind spinning and thinking of all the things that could happen between us but probably never will.

SAYLOR

Living with my brother on a tour bus is awful. At least when I lived at his house, I could get away from him, but five thousand square feet compared to three hundred square feet is just not possible. It's been three weeks and I already want to murder him. Not to mention I'm in a tiny-ass bunk. Which I never minded before. But now I hate it. I need room. I need to be able to spread out. All I want is a giant bed to starfish on.

But we are arriving in Chicago today and they have four shows here. Which means we have an entire week in a hotel and I could not be more thrilled about it. I'm sure Wilder is just as happy because he can finally get laid. Since Riot told me after I walked in on him and the girl that worked for their opener, he kicked her out. I'm sure he and Knox have some girl lined up in the city. Even though I wish it was me and Knox.

I bite my lip as I think about how hot he looked on stage last night. The way he ripped his shirt off when he started to sweat too much. The way his muscles rippled with every move he made on the drums. The way he ran his hand over his short hair every time Jax or Silas spoke to the crowd. And his beard has gotten longer than it's ever been. I would give anything to feel it between my thighs.

“Saylor!”

I look up from the Kindle I was holding yet not paying any attention to and see my brother waving his hand in front of my face.

“What world were you off in?” he asks me.

“What do you want?” I respond, ignoring his question.

“Riot wants to know if you want to join us for dinner at Mercat a la Planxa.”

“What’s that?”

“Tapas.”

I grin at him. “Why are you even asking me?”

He laughs. “Well, I figured you wanted to stay in whatever world you were lost in.”

I flip him off and swing my legs up onto the couch and turn my Kindle back on. I’m still pissed at him that he didn’t warn me about the letters before. That I should be looking out for my safety. But he is my brother and I know he was just doing what he thought was best. I’m also pissed about walking in on him with that girl. But he promised it wouldn’t happen again.

I try to read, but my thoughts keep going back to three nights ago with Knox. The way I fell asleep in his lap. The way his hands felt running through my hair. The way he rested his arm on my thigh when he thought I was asleep.

I really would give anything for one night with that man, regardless of what my brother says.

I slide into the booth at the tapas restaurant in downtown Chicago. It’s nice the guys have a night off. Tour has been pretty demanding. But as they move into cities with multiple shows they get more free time.

Knox slides in next to me, and again, my mind flashes to a few nights ago. His hand on my body, his fingers in my hair.

He keeps his distance from me, leaving a good six inches between us, but then Silas slides in next to him and pushes him over, so Knox’s thigh is pressed against mine.

“Dude, have you heard of personal space?” Knox asks Silas.

Silas wraps his arm around Knox’s shoulder. “You love when I sit on your lap.”

I snort. I’m just happy to see Silas somewhat normal again. But I think it’s because of drugs. He has that look in his eyes.

We order the chef’s tasting menu which includes a ton of different tapas for us to share. And because the feeling of Knox pressed against me has me feeling dizzy with need, I order the wine accompaniment to go with dinner. Even though I know it’s a bad idea. It always leaves me with a terrible headache and the worst hangover, but it’s not like I can just light up a joint inside a restaurant.

Luckily no one calls me out on drinking, not even Wilder who has had quite a few gin and tonics since we got here. Riot and Roan are getting along. Silas is acting normal. Charlie and Jackson aren’t making out in front of everyone. It’s almost like life on the road with the guys before shit happened that tore things apart.

It doesn’t even faze me when I laugh so hard and smack Knox on his thigh. But then I leave it there, my tipsiness getting the best of me. He glances at me, then removes my hand, sending me a glare. But me being me, I put it back. He squeezes my fingers hard then whispers into my ear, sending a chill down my spine. “You’re playing with fire, Sailor Moon.”

“What if I want to?”

He chuckles and removes my hand. “You trying to get into trouble?”

“Maybe.”

“Don’t tempt me.”

I pull away from him, shocked.

“What are you two talking about?” Wilder asks from across the table.

I jump so quickly I smack my knees into the table and knock over my glass of wine.

“Shit, Saylor. Maybe you shouldn’t be drinking so much.”

And now I’m pissed.

“I’m fine, Wild. Don’t—”

“She’s had a few glasses of wine. She’s fine,” Knox cuts me off.

Wilder sighs. “Okay, yeah, sorry. I just worry is all.”

“I can take care of myself, Wilder.”

He doesn’t answer, but I can read the look on his face. He still worries about my ability to not be a fuckup.

By the time dinner is over, I am feeling upset and kind of drunk. All I want to do is party like I used to back in the day. When I didn’t think anything bad would ever happen to me. When I could just be Saylor Reed, party animal.

The guys decide to go to the club, even Silas, which gives me hope he is getting better. Charlie and Riot are going, so I know I’ll be able to dance with the girls and not have Wilder breathing down my neck.

Of course that thought doesn’t last long since Wilder tells me to behave as we get out of the SUV.

I brush him off and head inside behind Silas and Jackson. Charlie wraps an arm through mine. “Your brother just worries about you.”

“I know.”

“Have you told him yet? What happened?”

I shake my head.

“Knox kept his word then?”

I nod. “I know Wilder would have said something if Knox let it out of the bag. But it’s been over seven years and he still hasn’t mentioned anything. Hasn’t asked for details on what exactly happened. I guess he just thinks it was a drunken night and I made a mistake.”

“Well, he’s an asshole if he thinks you getting raped was a mistake. But I’m proud of you, Say. For getting through all

that.”

I shrug. “I didn’t have a choice.”

“Yes, you did. Are you still sure you made the right one?”

My heart clenches because it’s the one thing I think about every day. Wondering if I made the right choice or the biggest mistake of my life.

“Sorry, we’ve both been drinking and I shouldn’t have brought it up,” she says to me.

“It’s fine. It’s still hard.”

“I’m sure it is. But let’s sneak off to the bar and do some tequila shots so your brother doesn’t notice.”

I laugh at that. “Who’s the bad influence now?”

Riot steps up to us. “Are we having a girls’ night tonight? I cannot deal with Roan and his shitty attitude right now. Not to mention he has already had too much to drink.”

“I’m all about getting trashed and letting Jackson take advantage of me.”

I roll my eyes. “Of course you are.”

She giggles. “I might already be drunk.”

“Well I’m only slightly drunk and tonight I’m breaking my don’t drink rules. Obviously.” I snort. “Tequila shots!”

Riot laughs and wraps her arm around my other arm as the three of us walk toward the bar instead of the VIP table the guys have.

After a round of shots, we make our way to the dance floor. The DJ is amazing, and I can’t help but throw my hands in the air and dance with the girls that are like sisters to me. They practically raised me since my parents did a shit job on that.

We laugh and drink long into the night. When we finally make our way up the stairs to the VIP area, I can tell the guys have been drinking as much as we were. Jackson and Silas are laughing their asses off. Roan is in one of those deep

conversations with Knox about who knows what, but I know it's all a drunken mess. And my brother is making out with some girl.

Typical.

Charlie climbs over Silas and falls into Jackson's lap and they immediately start making out. Riot sits next to Silas since I know she doesn't want to get into anything with Roan. So I slide my way in toward Roan and Knox and sit on the other side of him since I clearly do not want to sit next to my brother as some groupie dry humps him.

I nearly jump out of my seat when Knox puts his arm on the back of the booth behind me. His fingers graze my shoulder softly every now and then. I glance at my brother and he's not paying any attention to me, clearly very caught up in the girl. A quick glance across from me and I know no one is paying any attention.

I lean in closer to Knox, and he shifts to give me room. His hand resting on my shoulder pulls me in a little closer to him. Roan doesn't notice either before he gets up to head to the bathroom.

I chew on my lip as I take in the feeling of Knox so close to me, of his cedarwood and citrus scent. I turn my head to look at him, and I find him studying me. I take a risk and set my hand on his thigh, and his grip tightens on my shoulder, but then he gives me a slight headshake.

I frown, thinking the alcohol has given me too much hope. I stand up abruptly and knock my knees into the table between the booths. Strong hands land on my hips, but I quickly move away from his touch.

"I'm drunk. I'm gonna go," I say to no one in particular.

Riot looks up at me. "Let me text one of the drivers."

"Okay."

"Want me to walk you to the door?" Silas asks.

I go to shake my head, but then Knox cuts in. "I'll go with her. I'm tired anyway and drunk."

“That’s a better idea,” Riot says. “Make sure she gets back to her room okay.”

Nerves shoot down my spine. I have no idea why Knox is offering to take me home. Not after the way he was touching me, but then he shook his head. Maybe it’s just all in my head though. Maybe he wasn’t really grazing my shoulder, or maybe he didn’t pull me into him. Stupid tequila.

I wave goodbye to my brother, but he doesn’t even seem to notice. I make my way down the stairs and to the doors of the club. Knox pulls on my arm, signaling for me to wait. He’s on his phone and I know he is making sure a driver is ready, so he doesn’t get surrounded by fans or paps when we walk out.

Luckily, no one notices us as we smoothly climb into the SUV. The ride back to the hotel is quiet. Neither one of us talking to the other. And he is far enough away from me I can’t even try to pretend to accidentally touch him.

We make our way into the hotel and onto the elevator. Silence between us until we reach the floor we’re staying on.

When I get to my room, I can’t help but blurt out the words I’ve wanted to ask him all night. “What did you mean when you said don’t tempt me?”

“Saylor,” he sighs.

“I mean it, Knox.”

He runs his hands through his hair and looks down the hall both ways. Before I know it, he is pushing me up against my door, his lips on mine. It takes me a full ten seconds to realize he’s kissing me.

Knox Beckett is kissing me!

I lean into him to deepen the kiss, but then he pulls back.

“Fuck,” he mutters as he steps back from me.

“Knox.”

He shakes his head then storms off down the hall without another word. I know better than to follow him, so I walk into

my room alone and crash onto the bed, willing myself not to cry over a man I know I can't have.

I roll over with a pounding in my head so bad I'm not sure I'll make it through the day. I blink open one eye and immediately regret the decision and pull the blankets back over my head. This is what I get for not shutting the blackout curtains last night.

I roll over onto my back and keep the blankets covering my head as I rub my eyes. Then I remember.

Knox kissed me last night.

He pushed me against a door and kissed me.

Not nearly as feral as I've heard the rumors to be, but still. He kissed me. Something I know he would swear that he would never do.

I break out into a smile. Even if I know he will deny it or tell me it can't happen. I will fight like hell to get what I want. And it's always been him. Ever since the first time he came over to hang out with Wilder. When Knox was the hot, sexy, bad boy. He was tall and skinny then, not thick and muscular or covered in tattoos. He had a few tats, but he just had an aura to him. And he always wore the same broken-in leather jacket that just made him look like the kid from the wrong side of the tracks. I might have only been eight years old, but I knew he was something special. He was my first crush. And despite the eleven years between us, despite me knowing then he would just be my brother's best friend, I knew there was something between us. When I was just eight years old, he called me kid. Not like six years later when he called me Sailor Moon.

I remember that day so clearly. I hadn't seen him around in a few years and I just figured he had stopped being friends with Wilder. But I was so happy to see him again. He was still the bad boy, this time with a little more muscle and longer hair and more tattoos. Then I found out he joined some band with my brother. I wanted nothing more than to go to their shows,

but Wilder never would sneak me in. He said it was bad news to let a freshman in high school into a metal show that I wasn't allowed into because I wasn't old enough.

Yes, I may have been infatuated with Knox, but as time went on, I was able to become his friend. Even if he just saw me as a kid sister.

Then that day happened. The day I got too drunk and too wild at a party with the band. When Wilder gave up on keeping me away from them. It was too hard when I was on tour since our parents decided I was too much trouble to keep around. When it was either boarding school after getting kicked out of high school or Wilder taking me. He of course knew I wouldn't do well in boarding school, so he convinced them he would watch over me and make sure I was homeschooled. Riot became like a mother to me then and always made sure I was safe, that I ate, and that I got my schoolwork done.

But it didn't mean I didn't party. I partied all the time. Until the one night that destroyed me for years. When I got too drunk at a party, or maybe I was drugged, we never found out because I was too scared to go to the hospital. But I was raped by four different guys. They left me on a dirty mattress in the house we were partying at. Knox was the one that found me. Found me bloody and bruised, crying, and broken. I vaguely remember him punching a hole in the wall before ripping off his shirt and pulling it over me. He cradled me in his lap, making sure I was alive and breathing before he carried me out of the party. He promised me he wouldn't tell Wilder until I was ready. And I've never been. Wilder still has no idea, not the full details. No one even knows what happened that year and a half I spent with my aunt, except for Charlie and Willow. I didn't even want to let Riot know what was going on with me.

A tear falls as I remember that time. It was so hard at first. I was so depressed then I eventually found myself again. My aunt is a bit of a hippie and I am sure my parents would have preferred I stayed with my mom's sister. But I couldn't be around a straitlaced family. I needed someone that would

forgive me for what I did. For everything that happened. For everything I was going through. Aunt Judy was that person. My dad's estranged sister. But she helped me so much. She told me alcohol is the devil and let me smoke weed. In moderation. She taught me that my pain wasn't weakness. That I would learn from it and grow from it. Even when the saddest thing I ever had to do in my life occurred. She was there for me, holding my hand and passing me a joint. I wish she hadn't been sick. I wish she didn't die a few months after I left and went back to living with Wilder.

I chew on the inside of my cheek as my thoughts revert back to last night. To Knox. Just like they always do. I know he's going to ignore me. I can feel it in my bones. But I need to be around the band today for sound check. It's part of my job now.

I crawl out from under the covers and pull my T-shirt over my face and shuffle my way into the bathroom to look for some Advil before jumping in the shower. The heat of the water gives me some clarity about last night. But not enough.

Did Knox really mean to kiss me, or was he just as drunk as I was?

I turn off the water once I turn into a prune. The Advil barely kicking in, but I know it's got to be late enough in the morning that I'll need to head over to the stadium soon. I wrap my hair in a towel and wipe the mirror off.

I look like shit.

This is why I don't drink anymore. It just leads to bad decisions.

I rub moisturizer on my face and dab on some eye cream, hoping it helps get rid of the dark circles, then head back into the bedroom to grab my phone. I groan when I see three missed texts from Riot and two from my brother. It's just past eleven, and I needed to meet them downstairs by then.

I dial Riot, knowing she's going to be pissed.

"I'm guessing you had too much to drink last night."

I purse my lips. “You were the one taking tequila shots with me.”

“Good thing I told you eleven when I meant eleven thirty.”

“Bitch.”

She laughs into the phone. “I just wanted to make sure you’re awake. I will have a large iced mocha with two extra shots waiting for you downstairs.”

“You’re a lifesaver.”

“See you soon.”

She hangs up, and I check Wilder’s texts. Luckily they came from last night and I just completely missed them. He wanted to make sure I got home okay. Then another saying Knox let him know he dropped me off at my room.

Nothing accusatory, not after he saw us have a moment at dinner. He trusts Knox completely, so I know he would never think anything. He knows Knox wouldn’t risk their friendship to be with me. And the sad thing is I know the same thing.

I put a smile on my face as I head out the door and to the elevators, glad not to run into Knox. We need to address last night. I need to know why he kissed me. If it was just a momentary lapse of judgment. Or if there really is something there. Because I will go to my brother and tell him to let us try. At least I think I would.

When I get downstairs, everyone is waiting for me. My eyes immediately go to Knox, but he ignores me as he talks to Wilder.

Riot holds out my coffee and I slam half of it, feeling better from the jolt of caffeine.

“Let’s get to the stadium for sound check. Then there are a few interviews we are doing there. Your buses are all there now for the week, so feel free to spend time there or in the greenroom in between interviews and the openers. The local band playing in the parking lot will be here to meet you all around three p.m. and they will start their set at five.”

The guys all nod, and I take notes on my iPad as Riot briefs us for the day. We head out the back entrance of the hotel and climb into SUVs. I go with Riot since I know she will want to go over the details of the day with me.

By the time sound check is over, I look for Knox, but I can't find him. In fact, the only time I see him is when he is doing an interview, but he is quick to leave and quick to avoid me. It isn't until after they perform and I hear him and my brother talking that it makes me want to burst out and ask him the truth.

The two of them are discussing sharing some girl soon. And what's worse is she will be on tour with us for the next month. Meaning I'll never have my chance with him.

KNOX

I stare at my phone, wondering if I should text Wilder that we need to talk. I feel guilty as hell for kissing Saylor last night. For saying those damn words to her at dinner. They slipped from my mouth. But the extra time we have been spending together makes me want something I can't have with her. And the feeling of her fingers on my thigh made my dick twitch. If she moved them a few inches higher, there is no doubt my dick would have gotten rock hard.

And then I had to go and kiss her last night. I didn't mean to. I was just trying to be a gentleman and make sure she got back to her room safely. If Wilder wasn't halfway to fucking that groupie last night, he would have taken her. Especially with the threats. He wouldn't want her going anywhere alone.

Hell, I'm pissed I didn't keep kissing her too. The way her soft lips felt against mine. The way she was shocked I actually kissed her. And then she went to pull me into her, and I had to back away. I couldn't betray Wilder. And I can't betray Maggie.

I don't even know when I started getting feelings for Saylor. I barely remember when I first met her when she was a literal kid at eight years old. I rarely saw her those first few years I knew Wilder. Then I was in jail for over a year and when I got out and met up with Wilder again, Saylor had grown up. She was only fourteen. But she looked entirely different. I was twenty-five. Anything I felt toward her was completely illegal.

Then she started high school. She wore that damn school uniform that made her look like Sailor Moon. Then at fifteen, she got tits. And she started to become a woman. She was always a kid sister to me, but I couldn't help but think about what it would have been like to slide between those milky thighs. To take her virginity. To show her how a real man fucked. I didn't care if I was in a committed relationship with Maggie at that point. There was just always something about Saylor.

Then at sixteen, I found her in that room at that party. Her body was broken and bloody. She was used and abused in that room, and I was the one who found her. Who saved her from whatever could have come next. Saylor still has no idea I beat the shit out of those guys. Carter West even threatened them enough to get them to run away scared.

Maybe it was as she changed, got more conscious of who she was. Maybe it was the change in me after Maggie. Maybe that's when I really started to feel something for Saylor.

God, she used to smile all the time even after her trauma. And her smile is gorgeous. She lights up a room. But lately she has been sad. And I want that smile back.

Maybe that's why I kissed her. Maybe I just wanted to see her smile.

Fuck. I can't tell Wilder. And I need to tell Saylor that kiss was a mistake.

“Remember that girl Lake?” Wilder asks me.

I nod. She was a girl we shared a while ago.

“Well the world is a small fucking place because she is a merch manager for the band that just joined us on tour.”

I raise a brow at him. “Really?”

He nods. “I ran into her in the parking lot today. I was surprised to see her too. But she just smiled at me and said we

are free to do whatever we want to her over the next six weeks they are on tour with us.”

“No shit?”

“I told her tomorrow night after the show to meet us at the club for the after-party and then we’ll take her back to the hotel.”

I nod. This could be the easy way out of not having to deal with Saylor. If I have someone else, I know she will leave me alone. And hopefully someone else can get her out of my damn mind too.

I contemplate telling Wilder then and there that I kissed her last night. But then a knock on the door has me keeping my mouth shut.

“Hey, I just wanted to see if you were both going out tonight? Riot was asking,” Saylor asks.

Her eyes try to avoid me, but they make quick glances to me every so often.

“Yeah, I’m gonna go out,” Wilder says.

I look Saylor in the eyes, but she quickly darts her gaze back to her brother. “I’ll head out for a bit too.”

“Okay,” she says quietly, then turns around and scurries out of the greenroom.

“That was weird.”

I stare at the door she walked out of for longer than necessary.

“Yo Knox, did you think she was acting weird too?”

“Huh?” I ask as I turn to Wilder. Then realize I am about to give myself away. “Oh yeah. There was no lecture from her about anything or asking us if we should get our cards read before we go out.”

Wilder chuckles and slaps me on the shoulder. “Exactly.”

“I wouldn’t worry about it. Maybe she’s just tired.”

“You’re probably right. She did party way too hard last night.”

“We all did.”

“Yeah. Remind me not to drink so much tonight.”

I laugh as we head to the door. “Same, bro.”

I end up leaving the bar we’re at before the guys as I feel a headache coming on. Silas is in a mood again, so he leaves with me.

When we get back to the hotel, there is a commotion in the bar. Silas nods over to the source, and I see Saylor sitting on the bar surrounded by four guys doing body shots off her.

To anyone else, they think she would be happy, but I can see through her facade and that fake smile. She’s so lost.

“Want me to handle this, or do you?” Silas asks me.

I sigh. “I’ll take care of it.”

“Thanks, man. I just don’t want to deal—”

“I get it. She’ll listen to me.”

He scoffs.

“Hopefully.”

“Good luck, bro.”

I flip him off as he heads to the elevators and I head into the bar. Immediately a groupie approaches me, and I kindly push her away as my eyes lock with Saylor’s.

She purses her lips at me, then grabs a shot off the bar and throws it back before sucking a lime out of the mouth of one of the frat boys.

Jealousy shoots through my veins. I don’t want her lips on anyone else. Even if I know they can’t be on mine.

“Saylor,” I growl.

She rolls her eyes at me. “What do you want?”

She’s fucking trashed. Her words slurring together.

“Let’s go.”

She shakes her head. “But I’m having so much fun.”

“No you aren’t.”

She runs her hand down the chest of one of the guys. “I am.”

She’s such a brat. And if she were mine, I would teach her a lesson about that mouth of hers. I push the guy to the side and scoop her off the bar. Her legs automatically wrap around my hips even as she tries to push me away.

“Stop fighting me,” I say into her ear.

“I don’t know why you’re pulling me away from my fun. It’s not like I can have you.”

I ignore her comment as she pounds at my chest. I use the bar as leverage to hold her up then wrap her arms behind her back and hold them together with one hand. I wave down the bartender.

“Holy shit. It’s Knox Beckett from Saints & Sinners,” the guy she sucked the lime from shouts.

I feel heads turn just as the bartender approaches. “Close her out. Put all her drinks on room 1634.”

“Knox,” Saylor says my name with anger as she struggles against me.

“Sorry, boys, but she isn’t your plaything tonight.”

“Why the fuck not? We all wanted a taste—”

“Don’t even think about finishing that sentence,” I grit out.

I manage to get her out of the bar, and she stops fighting me.

“I wasn’t going to let them do anything to me.”

Her eyes look sad as I look into them before setting her down. “I was worried about what they would do without your consent, Say.”

She frowns. “I wouldn’t let that happen again.”

“I’m sure of that. But you were making a scene.”

“I was having fun,” she scoffs as she turns around and stomps toward the elevator.

“And what if Wilder saw you?” I ask her. “He would kick you off this tour so quickly and hire a babysitter to watch over you.”

The elevator opens, and she walks in, leaning against the back wall with her arms folded over her chest. “Well, hopefully, the *bodyguard* he hires would be attractive and actually want to kiss me.”

I sigh. I knew we needed to talk about this. But the thing is, I wanted to kiss her. I just know I shouldn’t have.

We remain silent as we ascend to the sixteenth floor. She pushes past me to get off the elevator and I let her. I know she’s mad. But she’s also being overdramatic as she stomps her way to her room.

“Why are you following me? Your room is the other way.”

“Saylor,” I whisper.

“No. Don’t talk to me, Knox. I get it. You don’t want me.”

I pull her arm so she’s facing me.

“I didn’t say that.” I regret the words the second I say them because I see the hope in her eyes. “But it was a mistake, Say. I shouldn’t have done it. I had one too many drinks.”

“No, it wasn’t a mistake. I know you want me. You pretty much just said it.”

I sigh. It’s the truth. I do want her. But I can’t have her. “You’re eleven years younger than me. You’re a child.”

She slaps me across the face hard, and both of us are in shock. Not that I didn’t deserve it. I shouldn’t have said it.

“I’m not a child,” she grits out.

“You are to me,” I lie. “You always have been.”

Anger overwhelms her face, and she goes to slap me again, but I stop her this time.

“Say, stop.”

Tears fall from her eyes and my heart clenches knowing I’m hurting her. I hurt her by kissing her. Something I never should have done. But I was thinking with my damn dick. Because, unlike every other girl I’ve slept with and was able to keep the feelings out, with Saylor, I know it would be different.

“I’m sorry I’m being a child. I mean, why else would I cry,” she whispers.

“Hey.” I pull her into me and wrap my arms around her. “You’re not a child, okay? I was an asshole for saying that. But you know—”

“Yeah, whatever,” she says as she tries to get out of my arms.

“If things were different...”

“But they’re not.” Her tone is defeated and I feel the same way.

I kiss her forehead even though I want to be kissing those decadent lips of hers. “Get to bed. Don’t go back to the bar.”

I let her go, and she turns around, pulling her key out of her back pocket. I try not to stare, but the pants she is wearing make her ass look fucking incredible.

“I meant it, Saylor. Those boys—”

“Yes, daddy.”

I growl and I almost want to follow her into that room and spank her for her brattish attitude, but I hold myself back with every fiber of my being.

I wonder if she knows. If she knows that I’m a dom. That I like taking control. I wonder if she pushes my buttons like this hoping I’ll cave.

But I won’t.

“Good night, Saylor.”

She doesn't say anything to me and just slams the door in my face.

I run my hands through my hair before turning down the hall to head to my own room. My dick hard as a rock from her brattiness and I know I'm going to spend the night jerking off to thoughts of her.

SAYLOR

I sip on soda water with lime as I watch my brother and Knox flirt with some girl. I wonder if this is who they were talking about the other day. Their new plaything.

I didn't even want to come out to the club tonight hence why I'm not drinking. But I needed to see for myself. See if they really were going to meet the girl they plan on having a threesome with.

And it kills me because she is pretty. And I can tell by the way she watches them that she will do anything for them.

I would do anything for Knox to take me the way he takes these women. I know he's not some man that will just fuck me missionary. I know he likes control. Know he likes to restrain. And I want to know what it feels like. To feel completely out of control again but in a way that doesn't involve me getting wasted and blacking out like when I was a teenager.

I study Knox as he talks with the woman. His beard is groomed. His short, dark hair is slicked back. His colorful tattoos shine brightly in the low light of the club as the light hits them. I chew on my lip, so desperate for this man that said I was a child. That said I was a mistake. Yet I can't seem to let the idea of him as mine go.

I finish my soda water and head to the bar to grab another. I sit at a barstool in the club and watch people dance the night away. Sadness creeps into my bones. That sinking feeling that's been coming over me the last few months. Maybe I should just leave and go back to the hotel and draw. I at least

find some comfort in that. I'm grateful Knox got me the iPad so I can practice my skills. But I know all that I will go back to his drawing Knox. I have at least ten pictures of him that I've drawn while they've had sound check or have been hanging out in the greenroom or from memory, like the picture of his eyes. The bright green showing a darkness behind them.

"Can I buy you a drink?"

I look over at the guy next to me. He's cute. Blond hair, blue eyes. A strong jawline and fit body. But he isn't Knox.

"No thanks."

He steps closer to me. "Oh come on, baby. You look like you could use one."

I clench my jaw. "I probably could, but I don't want one."

"Then maybe you want to dance?"

I think about it. I could dance with him. Maybe take him back to the hotel and fuck him to get Knox off my brain, but I can't. Because I know the only man I want is Knox and nothing will change that.

"I was actually about to head back to my table. Thanks though."

"You want company?"

Would Knox get jealous if I brought another man to the VIP area?

"No thanks."

"Oh come on."

I stand and grab the half-drunk drink I have. "I said no."

He frowns, and I don't give him a chance to say anything back as I head toward the VIP area. I can feel him following me, but I know once I get to the roped-off area, he won't be able to get through.

When the bouncer lets me pass, I chuckle as I hear him deny the asshole.

I find my way back to the table, and jealousy immediately takes over as the woman with my brother and Knox runs her hands over Knox's thigh. I hold back tears and decide to do the only thing I can think of to stop it. I set my drink down and spill it.

"Shit," I mumble.

"You okay, sis?" Wilder asks me.

I nod. "Yeah, I think I just had enough to drink. Maybe I should head back to the hotel."

"Okay. Let me text a security guard."

"Can you take me?" I blurt out, slurring my words a bit for effect.

"Umm, yeah. I..."

Knox meets my eyes, and I quickly look away.

"I'll take her," he says to Wilder.

My heart rate picks up at his words.

"You handle this, and I'll meet up with you later."

And then my heart comes crashing back to reality.

Wilder smirks at him. "You know the plan?"

He nods.

"Cool."

I stand abruptly and leave the VIP area. I don't know why I thought that Knox wanting to take me back would mean that maybe something would happen between us. That maybe he wants me instead.

I walk past the velvet ropes and immediately run into the blond guy from earlier.

"Hey there. You seem in a hurry. Need some company?"

I go to answer, but I feel a large hand at my back. "She doesn't."

I bite my lip, trying not to smile. And I can tell from the look on the guy's face he knows not to fuck with Knox who is

at least half a foot taller than him.

Knox guides me to a back entrance of the club, where an SUV is waiting for us. The ride back to the hotel is quiet and I don't dare open my mouth. I know that he will just say something to put me in my place. Tell me I need to be careful or some shit.

When we get to the hotel, we both get on the elevator, and then I decide to open my big fat mouth.

"I know what you do," I say softly.

He raises a brow at me.

"With my brother."

"Saylor," he sighs.

"Is that who that girl was? One of your threesomes?"

He stiffens. "You have no idea what we do."

I roll my eyes at him. "Yeah, okay."

The doors open and I get off the elevator and head to my room. "She was practically ready to climb on your lap and make out with you while Wilder touched her."

"That's not at all—"

"And I know that's why you won't touch me," I tell him as we get to my door.

His eyes snap to mine.

"Don't think I haven't noticed a difference with you since Maggie. Out of all these years on tour or at parties or clubs, I've seen the way you brush off every girl. You only fuck someone when he's around. I know it's because it's a lot easier to shut off your feelings when it's not just two people. Just like you keep your feelings about everything shut down."

"Saylor," he growls.

"And I know you have feelings for me, Knox. I can see it in your—"

"Don't finish that sentence."

“Knox,” I groan.

He looks down the hall as one of the elevator doors opens. He grabs my key out of my hand, opens the door then pushes me inside.

“You have no idea about what your brother and I do.”

“Well I know you two aren’t fucking each other.”

He chuckles. “Definitely not.”

I walk farther into the room and finally say what I want to say. “Why Knox? Why can’t we be together?”

“Your brother will cut my dick off,” he snorts.

“Then we won’t tell him.”

“Say,” he sighs.

“Goddammit, Knox, you know how I feel about you. How I’ve always felt about you.”

He runs his hand through his hair. “It was a teenage crush.”

“No it wasn’t and you know that. You know it’s always meant more.”

He shakes his head. “I’m no good for you. You know that.”

“That’s just an excuse.”

“You came from money. Your parents expect—”

“Don’t even say they have expectations for me. They don’t even know I’m alive half the time.”

“That’s not true. But I’m not good for you. You don’t know everything about me, you never have. I didn’t grow up privileged like you.”

“And I don’t care,” I stammer.

“You’re drunk.”

“I haven’t drunk anything tonight.”

“Look,” he sighs. “This can’t happen. It’s only going to hurt you in the end. I was never a good kid and—”

“I don’t know why you think your past bothers me so much. It doesn’t!”

“Let me finish,” he growls as he steps farther into my space. “I was a bad kid. And I’m no better now.”

I reach out and touch his chest and to my surprise he doesn’t flinch, he doesn’t withdraw himself.

“Did you ever think that maybe I liked the bad boy?”

He studies my face before stepping closer to me. Our chests are nearly touching. “You have no idea what you’re getting into.”

“I think I have an idea.”

“You don’t.”

I step into him so we are touching. I look up into his hardened gaze. “Then show me.”

His hand flies out, landing on my throat and pushing me into the wall. I gasp at his touch, at the fire it lights in my veins.

“Is this what you want?”

I nod.

“Someone to own every inch of your body? Possess you? Make you their own?”

“Yes,” I moan.

“You’ll have bruises.”

I swallow but just nod again.

His eyes drop to my lips and I know he is struggling to let himself have what he wants. “I don’t like the word no.”

“Fine.”

“Or stop.”

I clench my thighs at the thought of him fucking me so hard and no matter what I do, he won’t let me go. I grab his T-shirt and pull him into me. “Noted.”

“There’s no coming back from this Saylor. This could ruin everything.”

“I’m not scared of you, Knox. I never have been.”

“Fuck me.”

His hand drops from my neck and I think he’s going to walk away, but then his hands grab my wrists, pressing them into the wall beside my head.

“I’ve wanted to fuck you since before you were legal, Sailor Moon. I don’t care how much of a sick fuck I am for that.”

“I’ve wanted you for as long as I can remember.”

“If you give yourself to me, we’ll have to keep this our dirty little secret.”

I nod. “I know.”

His face drops to my neck and he slowly inhales my scent before his mouth lands on my ear, sucking the lobe into his mouth. “And if you give yourself to me right now, I am going to have a lot of time to make up for.”

I moan at his words, my body shivering in anticipation.

“And after I’m done with you, you won’t be able to let me go. Your body will be craving my dick. Every night you watch me on stage, you’ll remember what it’s like to be so full you can’t walk straight the next day.”

I whimper at his words.

“Fuck, Saylor. You’ve always been my favorite dream and my darkest desire.”

“Knox,” I groan.

He drops my hands and grabs my face, pulling me against his lips, and I nearly collapse. He tastes like butterscotch and whiskey. His lips rough and needy. Telling me just how bad he wanted me all this time.

He tears his lips away from mine. “Take off your clothes and get on the bed.”

I look at him in shock. I knew he was like this, but I guess I didn't expect him to go into full dom mode the first time.

“Don't make me say it again,” he says through clenched teeth.

“Yes... sir.”

He smirks at me. “Maybe you can be a good girl instead of the little brat that you are.”

I smile at him and pull my shirt over my head. His eyes drop to my tits as they bounce from the movement.

He runs his tongue along his bottom lip then sucks his lip into his mouth and I swear I may come just from the sight of that.

I shimmy out of the tie-dye pants I have on and climb onto the bed. I kneel facing him and feel awkward because I have no idea what to do with my arms or if I should even be looking at him.

“You forgot something.”

“Huh?”

He prowls over to me and grabs my hips, pulling me to stand up on my knees. “Panties.”

“Oh I—I...”

He pulls both sides away from me and they rip. He tosses them to the side. “Now turn over and put your perfect little ass in the air, Sailor Moon.”

My cheeks are the color of tomatoes from his words as I turn over. Before I can even put my chest to the bed, he smacks me across the ass so hard I fall over with a gasp.

He grabs my hips and pulls me to the end of the bed so my feet are hanging over the side. “That was nothing, baby. And if you keep disobeying, I won't take it so easy on you.”

“I'm sorry?” I answer as a question.

“I'm sorry, what?”

“Shit. I’m sorry, sir.” I feel so weird saying it but so comfortable at the same time. As long as it’s Knox.

He smacks my ass hard two times in a row. “You have a dirty little mouth. No swearing unless you are screaming in ecstasy as I make you come all over my fingers, my face, or my dick.”

I swallow hard and feel moisture start to leak down my thigh. “Yes, sir.”

“Good girl.”

His hand slides up my thigh causing goose bumps to form on my legs.

“Already so wet for me. Tell me, baby, how long have you been this wet for me?”

I know he doesn’t mean just now. “I’ve had a crush on you since that first time you stepped foot in my house when I was just eight years old. You were the bad boy, Knox. I didn’t really know what a crush was back then. Not until I met you.”

He grips my hair and pulls my head back hard. His mouth is at my ear. “And I’ve wanted to fuck you since the day I saw you in that school uniform.”

“Sailor Moon day.”

“I didn’t care how wrong it was. You’ve always been a fucking vixen. And now that I have you naked and bent over, I’m going to make up for all those years I couldn’t have you.”

“Fuck, Knox.”

He slaps me hard against my ass. “I’m not Knox when I have you at my will.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good girl.” He releases my hair then picks me up and spins me around. “Now suck my cock until I tell you to stop.”

I swallow hard as he shoves his jeans down and I’m met with his huge, throbbing dick. I knew the man was packing, but I don’t even think I can get my mouth halfway down his thick cock. How the hell is he going to fit inside of me?

“You can stare at my cock all you want later, but right now, I need those sweet, sassy lips wrapped around me.”

I look up at him through my eyelashes. “Yes, sir.”

Then I don’t hesitate. Because this is all I’ve wanted for so long. I drop my head until his dick is touching my lips. I gently lick the head, swirling my tongue around the tip as his precum coats my lips. Then I suck him in as deep as I can possibly go. I feel him against the back of my throat before I pull back and suck him in again.

“Jesus Christ, Saylor.”

I grin when I realize I did what he liked. Then I grip his cock and go hard. Sucking, licking, and swallowing him down. I gag and choke. Spit drips from the side of my mouth, but I can’t stop. He tastes so good. He tastes like something I’ve been missing my whole life.

“Fuck,” he yells as he grips my neck and starts fucking my face.

I let him. I let him take all the control because I know that’s what he needs.

Just when I think he is about to come, when his movements become frantic, he pulls my mouth off him and tosses me back on to the bed all in one fluid movement.

“You suck cock like a fucking queen.” He groans as he kicks off his pants and pulls his T-shirt over his head. “But I’m not coming down your throat the first time. I want to come so deep inside of you that I am dripping out of you all day tomorrow.”

I chew on my lip and clench my thighs together at his words. I’m soaked. And so ready for him to fuck me until I am screaming his name.

“Now spread those legs for me so I can taste what I’ve been missing.”

I don’t do it fast enough because his thick, calloused hands are on my knees, pulling them apart. “You are so fucking wet. And I bet you taste like sweet cream and honey.”

His mouth is between my legs and I can barely breathe as he devours me. His tongue flicks against my clit as his hands hold my legs open along the crease of my thighs. Then his thumbs are pushing inside of me and I lose it. I am moaning so loud I am sure anyone walking by will hear me. I feel sorry for the people in the room next to me.

But he doesn't stop. He keeps sucking and licking my clit. Then he pushes my hips up, causing me to roll back onto my shoulders as he places my knees over his arms. His tongue glides lower, over my entrance, slipping inside for just a second more going lower. Then he is eating my ass. I've never had a man do this to me before. It's pure ecstasy. Or maybe it's just Knox.

“Knox, shit. Fuck. Don't stop.”

He pulls back immediately, then slaps me across my clit. “What did I tell you to call me?”

I'm throbbing in pain and pleasure from his movements. “Sir. Fuck, sir, you feel so good.”

“Baby, you will never have greater pleasure than when I am the one bringing it to you. Now if my memory is correct, I told you I wanted you to come on my face, my fingers and my cock. Well we're at two out of three.”

I swallow hard, waiting for the intense intrusion of his throbbing cock. But he doesn't slam into me like I expect. Instead he crawls up my body. His lips dropping to mine.

He kisses me with such intensity I swear I am going to come again just from this kiss. My hands land in his hair and I pull him as close to me as I can. I want to feel him everywhere. I want every part of my body against his.

“You're killing me, Saylor,” he mumbles against my lips. “I know this is wrong, but fuck, you feel so right.”

“Just fuck me, sir.”

“As you wish.”

But instead of fucking me, he stands and grabs a pair of my pants from the floor. I watch him as he takes me in,

devouring every inch of my body with his hungry green eyes. He walks around the bed then climbs over my chest, grabbing my wrists and wrapping them up with my leggings.

“You think I was just going to do as you asked?” He chuckles as he loops the fabric into the headboard. “One thing you need to know about me, Sailor Moon, I choose when and how I get to fuck you.”

I gasp as he tightens the bindings. I try to move my arms, but he leaves no slack.

“I was ready to fuck you until your voice was hoarse, but now you’ve left me no choice but to play with you just a little more.”

“Knox... I mean—”

His hand lands over my mouth. “It seems like I either need to gag you or teach you a lesson.” He leans in and licks his way up my neck. “Now are you going to behave?”

I nod.

“Say the words, Saylor.”

I know I should say sir, but for some reason, in this moment, I decide to blurt out something completely different. “Yes, daddy.”

“Fuck, you little dirty slut. You have no idea what those words do to me. Are you trying to control me? Top me from the bottom. I don’t think so.”

He slides off me and I watch as he grabs my torn underwear from the ground. He crawls back onto the bed and slaps my left breast. “Now be a good girl and keep that mouth of yours silent.”

He shoves my panties into my mouth and I swear I could come just from his control over me.

“Now, what do I want to do with you?”

I moan into my gag and arch my back, trying to press my chest closer to him.

He clicks his tongue at me. “I don’t think so, princess. You want me to fuck you? I can see it in your eyes.” He slides his fingers between my thighs. “I can feel it with my fingers. So needy. So wet. But since you can’t follow orders. You aren’t going to get what you want.”

I press my thighs together to feel any type of friction. But Knox pulls them apart, pressing my thighs wide open with his large hands.

“Let’s see how much you enjoy this.”

He dives his head between my legs and immediately sucks my clit into his mouth hard. My entire body lights on fire. His tongue is magnificent. I don’t know where he learned to do that thing he just did with his tongue, but it deserves an award. Just when I feel my body about to explode, he pulls away and sits back on his knees. I try to close my legs, but he smacks the inside of my thigh.

“Keep them open, Sailor Moon.”

I meet his gaze and I want nothing more than to reach out and hold him. I struggle against my restraints. But he just laughs at me as he drags a finger through my folds.

I don’t know what it is about Knox like this, but just the thought of him between my thighs is enough to make me want to explode. He’s so quiet and reserved outside of the bedroom, but I like this. I like how he takes control. I like that he’s unforgiving and won’t put up with my shit. And for some reason, I know that I can use this to my advantage with him. I can be the brat he says I am because I know it will lead to more of this in the future.

“I don’t like that look on your face.”

I raise my brows at him.

“I know you, Saylor. More than you think I do and I know that look means you’re planning something.”

I can’t answer him, so instead I lift my hips and try to get his fingers inside of me.

He chuckles at my response. “Such a needy, needy woman. But I knew that before I even laid my hands on you. I knew you would be like this.”

I moan into my gag.

“And I can’t wait to keep you on edge.”

My eyes go wide as he shoves his fingers hard into me. But then he does it again. He brings me so close to the edge then stops.

I try to say his name, sir, or any form of anything to him, but the gag only makes things come out mumbled.

“Do you not like this? Me teasing you? Bringing you so close, then making it stop. This is what you do to me, Saylor. You tease me with those tits and that ass. With your comments and your flirting. Yet I’ve never been able to touch you, taste you. I want you to know exactly what you’ve been doing to me for the last ten years.”

I moan as he bends down and starts assaulting my clit with his magical tongue. But before I can come, he pulls away again.

My entire body feels like it’s on fire. This game he is playing is killing me.

He must see it on my face because he leans over and pulls the panties out of my mouth.

“Please, Kn—sir.”

He leans back and looks at me as he strokes his cock. “You think you are ready for this?”

I nod quickly, like a child.

He chuckles as he crawls up my body. “You know, usually I would make that go on for hours. But I don’t want to break you this first night, Say.”

“You’ll never break me. I’m stronger than I look.”

“Well, I’ll take that as a challenge because I can guarantee you that one day, I’ll break you.”

I know he means my heart. But I can't think about that right now. All I can think about is my need and the feel of his hard length resting on my lower abdomen.

“Now since I'm a gentleman, I'll give you what you want.”

His mouth lands on mine and I wish I could wrap my arms around his neck. Pull him into me, feel every inch of his skin against my own. But then he enters me.

I thought I was ready to feel what it would be like for him to be inside of me, but I was wrong. I figured he would slam into me. Fuck me hard and fast. But instead he slowly slides into me and I immediately explode. The orgasm denial made me so on edge that just one pulse of this thick cock has me coming harder than I've ever come in my life.

“That's my girl,” he coos into my ear. “Now let's see how many of these I can give you.”

He picks up his pace as he lifts my knee, driving deep inside of me. I don't even try to keep quiet. I don't care who hears me. This is the most intense sexual experience I've ever had, and I don't want it to end. Especially when he already has me coming again.

He pounds into me now and I swear I'm about to black out. His cock is stretching me, his thrusts hitting me just where I need him to. I can't even meet his movements anymore as I come again. I'm a rag doll at his disposal.

He drives into me hard and then his lips crash to mine as I feel him explode inside of me. I whimper against his lips, my entire body feeling spent.

“Fuck, Saylor,” he mumbles into my neck.

“Sir,” I moan.

“I'm Knox now, baby. Just Knox.”

I cry out as he unties my wrists and flips us over so I'm straddling him. But his lips never leave mine. I kiss him for what feels like hours but is probably only minutes. My body

gives out and falls on top of his. My head resting in the crook of his neck.

He strokes my back, his touch gentle. “I didn’t think it would be like this,” he tells me.

“Like what?”

He doesn’t say anything and I start to doze off.

I wake up the next morning alone in my room. I barely remember him lifting me up and tucking me into bed. His soft lips against my forehead as he kissed me goodbye.

I don’t regret it. Not one thing. Instead I just smile into my pillow as my body aches in the most glorious way.

KNOX

I sit in my room and stare at the picture of Maggie and me in my hands. I feel like I betrayed her. Sex with Saylor was not what I expected at all. I'm not even sure why I finally caved and let myself take what I wanted. But I did and now all I feel is guilt.

She wasn't supposed to affect me the way she did.

I thought I could fuck her and get it out of my system, but I'm already craving her taste again and it's only been a few hours.

When Maggie died and placed the blame on me, I promised myself I would never love anyone again. Hence the agreement I have with Wilder. Much easier to not have feelings when another person is involved.

But with Saylor, I knew it would be different. Even if it was only the one time we fucked, I knew feelings would be there. Because she's been a part of my life for the last fourteen years. Not to mention Wilder is going to fucking kill me if he finds out. He's already pissed enough I canceled on him with Lake tonight. Although I am sure he had a great time without me there to direct the scene. She seems like she's into him enough as it is.

I need to get out of my head. I need to get Saylor out of my head. Because despite my guilt, I am already craving her again. And that's something that can't happen.

I throw on some gym shorts and a clean T-shirt and make my way to the hotel gym. It's four in the morning, so I can

only hope it's empty. I don't want to deal with fanfare among the already intense number of emotions running through me. Emotions I never let happen.

I scan my room key to let myself into the gym and am happy to find it empty. I get to work lifting weights and doing squats. The same thing I started doing after Maggie killed herself. I learned quickly that taking my aggression out on others only got me into trouble.

By the time I am finishing up the last of my reps the door to the gym opens and Wilder walks in.

“Thought I would find you here since you weren't answering your phone.”

“Left it in the room.”

“Ahh.”

“How was your night?” I ask him while avoiding eye contact. Guilt over breaking the unspoken rule we have between us creeping in.

“Despite you ditching us, it was a great time. That woman's pussy is fucking magical.”

I nod, thinking back to the first night we spent with her. “Yeah, brother, she was pretty fuckin' good. And sorry about ditching you. After dropping your drunk sister back at her hotel room, I got tired and fell asleep,” I lie.

“Well you can join us next time. Probably when we hit Cincinnati for those two shows.”

I set my weights on the rack. “I'm looking forward to it.”

Wilder sits on a bench across from me. “Can I ask you something?”

I nod.

“Do you see anything weird with Saylor? She's been drinking, which she rarely does and something just seems off with her.”

I know something is off with her. She told me as much. But I know she doesn't want her brother to know. “Yeah, I've

noticed. I tried asking her a few times, but she won't say anything. Shit, the last few nights she's been drunk, I tried to get it out of her and she just says nothing is wrong."

"I feel like I fucked up not telling her about those notes and now she is shutting me out."

I shrug. "Possible."

"I'm so worried about her. I don't want anything to happen to her. Not after what she's already been through."

"Have you gotten any more notes?"

He shakes his head. "No, but I feel like something is going to happen soon. I don't know why. Just intuition, I guess."

"I can call West."

"Don't."

"You know if I do it, it will be different than if you do it."

He nods. "I know, man, but I don't want that getting out. Besides, he did shit when Silas came to him."

"Fuck, that bastard is fucked up," I say, changing the subject. "I'm worried about him too."

"Jackson and I were talking about it yesterday. I feel like we need to do some sort of intervention with him."

"He's falling apart. He needs to find a way to heal. I can talk to him, but I don't know if it will help."

"If only Marley would reach out to him. I think that might be all that helps."

I nod. "Too bad she is MIA."

Wilder agrees. "Well I'm going to grab some breakfast and then take a nap. Want to join?"

"Your nap? Fuck no. But I will get some breakfast with you."

Wilder punches me in the arm. "Asshole. I really wanted to cuddle."

I flip him off. “Gonna have to look for someone else to make your cuddling dreams a reality.”

I kick my shoes off and settle onto the couch on my bus. We have an overnight ride to Nashville tonight. I’m exhausted after the show we just had. The fourth one in Chicago and probably the wildest one yet. The energy of the crowd today was intense and absolutely amazing. It’s what I live for. Shows like tonight make me feel like everything I’ve done and sacrificed makes it worth it. I’m no longer a kid on the streets hustling drugs. I’m a drummer in the biggest rock band in the world. I fought tooth and nail to get here. To be in this position and tonight made it all seem worthwhile. The lies and secrets we hide. The way we crawled our way to the top.

Of course I am still feeling a high from fucking Saylor. And God, she looked sexy as fuck tonight. Her cherry-red hair was in loose curls, bright-red lipstick on those plush lips, and just a hint of smokiness around her crystal-blue eyes.

Last night was something else. I’ve never experienced that kind of connection with someone during sex. Not even Maggie. But the sad reality of it all is that it can’t happen again. I thought for sure Wilder figured it out this morning when he cornered me in the gym. I’m glad he was oblivious to the whole thing.

I turn on my Xbox and settle on the couch as the driver gets on the bus.

“You ready to roll, man?”

I nod at Tony. “Yeah.”

“We should be rolling out in about fifteen minutes.”

“Sounds good. You need something to eat or drink?”

“Nope, I got a cooler of Red Bull in the front seat, so I am good to go.” He steps down into the driving area. “I’ll close the partition. Just wanted to let you know we were about to head out.”

“Thanks, man.”

He closes the soundproof door that gives me privacy on the bus and I scroll through my games, looking for something to play for an hour or so to unwind.

Just when I am about to hit play, when I see one of the buses pull out, the door to my bus flies open and a head of red hair shuts the door behind her.

“What are you doing here?” I ask her.

“He pisses me off!” she screams.

“Who?”

“Who do you think? My stupid brother.”

I set the remote to my Xbox down. “What happened?”

She flops down on the couch next to me. “Just telling me I need to get my shit straight and stop drinking. Like, I wasn’t even drinking last night. But yet he acts all high and mighty, trying to tell me what I can and can’t do.”

“So why are you here?” The words come out harsher than I intend.

“Because, like usual, I have nowhere else to go.”

Doubtful. “Couldn’t you have gone on someone else’s bus if you didn’t want to be around your brother?”

“Probably, but I want to be here.”

I sigh. “Say, you know that what happened can’t happen again.”

She groans. “I knew you would say something like that. You are just as much of an asshole as my brother. I’ll go find someone else to vent to if you don’t want me around.”

“Hey, I didn’t say that. I just said we can’t fuck each other again.”

She pouts and folds her arms over her chest. “Sorry if I wasn’t good enough for you. Not like all those other girls you fuck. They are better at being submissive than me.”

“Saylor...”

“No, it’s fine, Knox. Maybe you’re right and it was a mistake. Because now I don’t even have the friend I used to have, all because I let my damn schoolgirl crush, as you like to call it, get in the way.”

Fuck, I definitely messed with her head. I reach out and grab her arm, but she pulls away quickly.

“I’ll just go see if Riot is free.”

I want to stop her, but I know I shouldn’t. I need to let her go because I meant that we can’t be together again. I already have too much guilt over everything because of it.

But the second she stands, she nearly falls over as the bus lurches into motion.

“Ugh, really?” she says as she catches herself on the kitchen counter. “Can I not catch a break?”

“Saylor.”

“I’ll just go sleep in one of the bunks. Pretend I’m not even here.”

I stand and grab her. “You don’t have to do that. We can talk.”

She shakes her head. “No, we can’t. Because all I want to do when I look at you is kiss you. And that hurts—”

I cut her off by kissing her. I don’t know why I do it. I just told her we couldn’t be together, yet I don’t like seeing her upset.

She tries to pull away from me, but I wrap my arms around her, deepening the kiss. She tastes like strawberries and it’s addicting. So I deepen the kiss further. I pull her into me. Bring her flush against my body, but she fights me to get away.

“Don’t, Knox. Don’t tell me one second we can’t be together and then kiss me the next.”

“I shouldn’t want you, Saylor. That’s the problem. I should push you away. So I don’t feel guilt over lying to your brother, but I don’t want to push you away. I want you here. I want to

kiss you. I want you on your knees sucking my cock. I want to be buried between your thighs. I want to fuck that tight little pussy of yours until the sun rises. But the guilt is too much.”

She stops fighting me and looks up into my eyes. “Why? Why do you have to feel guilty over your feelings toward me?”

“Because it’s wrong. You know it’s wrong. Your brother —”

“Is an asshole, and he has no control over me.”

“I don’t want to lose my best friend over this.”

She pushes against my chest, and I let her go. “But you can lose me as a friend?”

I sigh. She’s right. I will lose her if I keep pushing her away. “Don’t make me choose between you and your brother.”

“Well you are going to have to because I don’t see this working any other way. I know he’ll get over it, but if you can’t see past that, then there is no hope for us.”

“There isn’t an us.”

She goes to hit me, but I stop her. Because I know her well enough that I knew it was coming. “I hate you.”

“No you don’t.”

“Let me go.”

I take her in. This gorgeous creature that is standing in front of me, offering herself to me. So I make the decision I need to make. “No.”

“Knox,” she whines.

“It’s sir,” I reply, making a decision I hope I don’t regret. “Now get on your knees.”

She gasps, but doesn’t hesitate to drop down.

“Unbutton my pants.”

She listens to me and doesn’t argue.

“Pull out my cock and suck it like a good girl.”

“Yes, sir.”

I was already hard the second I saw her, but those two words turned my dick to stone. She pulls my pants down enough to free my cock and then her mouth is on me.

“Fucking hell, Saylor,” I swear as she swallows me down. She doesn’t even hesitate to take me as deep as she can. “That’s a good girl. Swallow my cock. Let me feel the back of your throat.”

She whimpers around me, sending a jolt of pleasure through my body. Then she does something I hate, but with her, I love it. She scrapes her teeth along the top of my dick. It causes me to twitch and I need to hold on to the counter to keep myself from grabbing her head and fucking her mouth hard.

Her hands go to my thighs and she pulls me into her mouth, sucking and devouring me like I’m her favorite meal. She moves her hand to the base of my cock and starts stroking me and she licks me with slow, languid strokes.

I groan at her expert tongue. She gives the best fucking head I’ve ever had and I can’t get enough. I know I won’t be able to deny her again after this. Not after I’m going to have her to myself for the entire eight-hour drive to Nashville.

She starts to flutter her tongue at the bottom of my cock and I fucking lose it. I growl as I pull my cock from her mouth and pull my pants up.

“Knox—”

I don’t let her finish her complaint as I lean down and pick her up, throwing her over my shoulder and heading to the bedroom in the back of the bus.

I toss her onto the bed and start ripping her clothes off. This woman is driving me wild and I don’t even care about shit anymore. I just need to taste her, fuck her.

She laughs as I make quick work of her clothes and lean down to suck a nipple into my mouth. Her laugh turns into a groan as my fingers find their way between her thighs. She’s absolutely soaked and I fucking love it.

She moans my name and I smack her across her pussy.
“What did I tell you about calling me that?”

“Sorry, daddy.”

“You little fucking brat.”

She giggles and I can't help but lean in and kiss her, turning her laughs into moans as I devour her mouth with my own. I slide my tongue into her mouth to meet hers. Her legs slide around my hips and she starts thrusting into mine.

“You're a bad girl.”

“Then punish me, sir.”

Fucking hell.

I growl and pull away from her mouth. I want to tie her up. I want to flog her. I want her on the edge of pain so intense it turns into pleasure.

But before I do any of that, I want her to come. I shove three fingers inside of her and she yells at the intrusion. I'm forceful as I fuck her with my hand, bringing her to the edge of an orgasm. Her breaths pick up and her grip on my forearms has her nails cutting into my skin.

Right when she's about to come, I drop my head between her thighs and bite on her clit. She screams in ecstasy as she falls over the edge.

I wipe my hand against my mouth as I pull away from her dripping cunt. I lean over her and grab the built-in restraints I had custom made for this bed. I flip Saylor over and then tie up her wrists until they are pulled tight into a *Y* shape.

“Does that hurt?”

She shakes her head.

“Words.”

“No, sir.”

“Good girl.”

I pull her hips up so she is on her knees, then grab the ankle restraints and begin to tie them, but I feel her tense up.

“You okay?”

“Y-yes.”

I bend over her and put my lips to her ears. “Baby, if this is too much for you, just tell me.”

She shakes her head, but I don’t correct her. I know something about this is making her uncomfortable, so I toss them to the side.

“I don’t need to use them. But I need you to stay like this. If you drop your hips, I’ll punish you even more.”

“Okay, sir.”

I love it when she calls me sir, it makes my cock twitch.

Before I go over what I am about to do to her, I give her ass a few good smacks until it turns pink to see if she is going to obey and keep her ass in the air. When she moans but doesn’t move, I know she is fine.

“Tell me, Saylor baby, has anyone ever flogged you before?”

Her eyes fly open as they meet mine. “Umm, no.”

“Good. I like being your first. This is your punishment for addressing me wrong. Ten hits. But you have to keep that ass up, baby, or else it’s going to be five more for every time you drop that pretty little ass.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you have a safe word?”

She bites her lip and shakes her head. I love how vulnerable she is right now. I knew she never fucked this way, but I’m happy she’s letting me do it.

“No, sir.”

I run my hand down the smooth skin of her back and over her ass, soothing the area I already smacked. “I told you I didn’t like the word stop last night. I like to bring women to their breaking point because it makes the orgasm that much

more intense. But that doesn't mean I'll do anything to hurt you. If it becomes too much, just say the safe word."

"What word?"

I bring my lips to her ear. "That's up to you, Sailor Moon."

She chews on the inside of her mouth as she tries to come up with a word. "What about moon?"

I smile, knowing exactly why she chose that word. "Moon it is."

"Is it going to hurt?" she asks me softly.

"It's going to sting. But that pain will bring you the greatest pleasure you've ever experienced."

"Okay."

I press my lips to her forehead. I know she is hesitant about this, but she's responded so well to everything else I've done. I know she will like this.

I crawl off the bed and open the closet with my bag of toys. I can feel her eyes on me as I dig through.

I grab the softest one I have then turn back toward the bed. She is in the same position as before, but this time instead of fear in her eyes, I see need and curiosity.

"You ready, baby?"

"Yes, sir."

I smile at her as I run my hand over her ass and the back of her thighs. I tease her by sliding my finger between her folds and she groans at the touch. I pull away quickly and smack her hard across the ass. She groans at the pain but doesn't move. I hit her again and watch as her ass turns a darker shade of pink. When I think she can take more, I hit her three times quickly, twice on the ass and once across the back of the thighs.

"You're doing such a good job, baby girl. Halfway there."

She moans as I slap her thighs three times. Then I notice cum dripping down the inside of her thighs. I swipe my fingers

through it, then stick my fingers in my mouth. “Mmm. I think someone likes this.”

“Yes.”

I don't comment on the fact she didn't call me sir. Instead I just hit her two more times. Her ass is the shade of an apple at this point and it's hot as fuck.

I strip my clothes off and crawl on the bed behind her, pulling her hair back to arch her back. “You did a good job, Sailor Moon. I knew you would like it. You're fucking soaked.” I say as I swipe my fingers through her folds.

She bucks against my hips and I waste no time slamming into her tight pussy hard. She screams at the force, but I don't slow down. I pound into her, my own dick reveling in her tightness and wetness. I grip her hips and fuck her so hard I know she'll have bruises on her hips and still feel me inside of her tomorrow.

I can feel my balls tighten and my spine stiffen just as I explode inside of her. I collapse to the side of her and unfasten her restraints. I pull her into me and press kisses into her neck.

“You okay?”

She looks up at me with awe in her eyes. “I didn't think I would like it.”

“But you did?”

She nods.

“There is nothing wrong with that.”

She buries her face in my pillows and I know she wants to ask me something. “What is it?”

“What else is in there?”

“In what?”

She nods toward the closet. “Your bag of tricks.”

I chuckle at her choice of words. “You want to play with some other toys?”

She shrugs. “Maybe.”

I run my thumb over her lip before bringing them to my lips. “You ever been fucked in the ass, Saylor?”

She’s quiet and then nods hesitantly just as tears hit her eyes.

“Oh shit. Baby, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean...”

“It’s okay. You didn’t know all of what happened to me that night.”

“I won’t do anything to you that brings back those memories.”

She turns to face me and runs her hands up my chest. “Or maybe we can do it to create new memories and help me forget.”

I cup her face and wipe away any remnants of tears. “If you think it will help.”

She gives me a sad smile as she wraps her thigh around my hip. “That night was a long time ago. But sometimes something hits me that reminds me of it.”

I pull her closer to me and wrap my arm around her back. “The ankle restraints?”

She nods. “They held me down by the ankles.”

“Shit, Saylor. I didn’t know.”

She puts her hand up to my mouth. “Of course you didn’t. The only person that knows is my therapist. It felt like too much tonight. But maybe I can learn to let it go.” She pauses. “I mean, if you want to keep doing this. I know you don’t want to. I know you think it’s a mistake. I am sure the guilt over keeping it from Wilder—”

I cut her off. “I don’t want to talk about your brother while I have your naked body pressed against mine.”

She smirks at me.

“And I didn’t mean it when I said it was a mistake. Saylor, fucking you is easily going to become my new favorite pastime.”

“So you’re saying...”

I press my lips to hers, answering her in a way I know she’ll understand. My dick hardens as she kisses me back and grinds against me.

“I don’t do vanilla sex often, Say. I need you to understand that about me. I know you’ve been okay with this so far and I am willing to give this a try. To keep us a secret. But the sex is going to be on my terms.”

She smirks at me. “Knox Beckett wants to whip me?”

I dig my hands into her hips. “I’m going to do more than whip you.”

“Mmm. Can we start now?”

I don’t know what makes me decide this is a good idea. Maybe it’s the way I feel so comfortable with her. Or the way she listens to me. Or maybe the way she can turn into a brat. But I decide to give in. Because if giving in means I can taste Saylor Reed every day of the week, there is no saying no to that.

“Get on your back,” I command. “And spread your legs wide.”

SAYLOR

I lean back against the side of the arena and light a joint as I think back to last night and this morning. My ass is fucking sore from the flogging, but holy shit, that was like an out-of-body experience. And then Knox fucked me two more times. He even brought out a vibrator and used it on my clit as he pounded into me from behind.

When I walked back to Wilder's bus when we got to Nashville, I thought he was going to corner me about where I went. But he was fast asleep and all I could do to avoid his questioning was crawl into my bunk and sleep since I had barely slept at all the night before. Knox kept me awake almost the entire night and it was so worth it.

I grab my phone from my back pocket and dial Willow.

"I thought you forgot I existed," she teases as she answers the phone.

"I could never," I say in an overexaggerated Southern twang.

"How's life been on tour?"

"Oh, you know, Jax and Charlie are always making out, Riot and Roan are always fighting, Silas is a hot mess, and my brother is overprotective."

"As he should be, Say. Someone tried to push you into oncoming traffic!"

I lean my head against the building and take a drag of my joint. "I know. But it's still all so weird. There haven't been

any other notes, no threats on my life. Like once I got here, everything has been fine.”

“It’s only been a few weeks and when Silas got those notes, it was always weeks apart. I think it’s for the best that you are where you are.”

She’s right. “Thanks for taking my brother’s side,” I tease.

“Silas hasn’t gotten any better?”

“I wish he would. Sometimes he seems to have better days but Marley really tore him apart when she left. He was already having a rough go of it when they lost the baby.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Have you heard from her?”

Willow snuffles and I can only guess this is just as hard on her. “No, I haven’t. And it’s so close to when her due date was supposed to be. I’m worried about both of them.”

Shit, I didn’t even think about that. Marley was due July 22. Just two weeks out. “Fuck, Silas is going to be a mess. But thanks for the reminder, maybe I can cheer him up a bit.”

“I hope you can. I wish I had you here to cheer me up. It’s been hard with you and Marley gone.”

“I bet. But work has been keeping you busy at least, right?”

“Yeah, that’s the one good thing about my job being so demanding.”

I take a drag of my joint, then look around to make sure no one is around. “Girl, I have some juicy shit to tell you though.”

“Did Knox finally fall for your charm?” she jokes.

I bite my lip and squeeze my thighs. I can still feel him there. The way his huge cock takes me. “He did.”

“Shut up! Are you lying?” she shrieks.

I look around one more time. The guys have a sound check right now, so I know my brother won’t magically show up.

“No, we’ve been spending a lot of time together since I need space from Wilder. And since everyone else seems to be occupied with things, I’ve just been hanging out with him. And then he drunkenly kissed me one night.”

“No way, really?”

“Yeah, well, then he told me it was a mistake. Then he would flirt with me. It was so confusing and annoying and then we were arguing and he finally caved.”

“So are the rumors true?”

“Which ones?” I laugh.

“Girl, spill.”

“He definitely confirmed what we thought to be true with him and Wilder. And I pretended to be drunk the night he caved so he would take me home and not have a threesome.”

Willow laughs. “You’re so bad.”

“And yes, he is totally a dom. He demands I call him sir.” I don’t let her know about my penchant for calling him daddy. I feel like that’s something for just me and Knox. “And he is huge. If those were the rumors you were referring to. Like massive. I don’t know how he fits inside of me.”

“Damn, girl. I want to be so lucky.”

I take a final drag of my joint and throw it on the ground. “I let him slap me and hit me with a flogger. I’m telling you, the shit we read about in books is just as good, if not better, in real life.”

“You are making me jealous. I’m so over all the boring sex I have been having.”

“It’s the best sex I’ve ever had, Wil.”

“What about Wilder? Are you guys going to tell him what you’re doing?”

I sigh. “Hell no. He would lock me up on his tour bus and cut off Knox’s dick. We have to keep it a secret.”

“Are you okay with that?”

“I have to be, Willow. There is no other option.”

“Are you happy though?”

I think back to my night with Knox and all the time we’ve been spending together. The way he’s been getting me out of my funk and making me focus on things other than my depression. “Yeah, I am. I mean, it sucks that it’s a secret and everything we do is in private, but you know how I feel about him. And if this is the only way I can have him, then so be it.”

“I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

“I know. And I won’t.”

“For now.”

I don’t want to talk to her about the future. I just want to live in the moment. And these stolen moments with Knox are all I can ask for right now. I look up and see Riot walking toward me. “Hey, I got to go. Riot is on her way over, and she probably has something I need to do.”

“Well don’t be a stranger. I miss you.”

“I miss you too, Wil. I’ll talk to you later.”

I’m sitting in my hotel room after the show. I left before the encore because I’m exhausted from my lack of sleep last night. There is nothing wrong with having sex all night, but I need my beauty rest.

I pull out my iPad and get back to work on the tattoo I am working on. I think I’ve finalized a design idea. Now I just need to add the details. It’s a giant tarot card of the tower. It has so much meaning in my life. I guess I’ve just always felt stuck and maybe this is my chance to break free. The inside edge of the card is filled with witchy designs and crystals, with skulls and roses on the outside of the design to fill the space. It’s going to be a large tattoo. And probably too much for my first one, but I don’t really care. It’s exactly what I want. And I think it will look perfect on my outside thigh. A vine of thorns

wrapping up to my hip bone and down to my knee. I hope I can find someone who will do it since I know most artists want to do their own work. But I am sure one of the guys' artists will make an exception for me.

I'm adding detail to the center when there is a knock at my door. I glance over at the clock and see it's nearing midnight. My heart rate picks up, hoping that it's Knox.

I smooth my hands over my hair and sniff my armpits. But when I get to the door, it's just my brother.

“What do you want?”

“Can't I come visit my sister?”

I raise a brow at him. “Don't we spend enough time together?”

He shrugs and lets himself in.

I follow him into the room and sit on the bed across from where he sits in the lounge chair. “Where were you last night?”

“What do you mean?”

“You walked out right before we left. I figured you were with Riot, but she said you weren't.”

“Well I was going to go to Riot's, but Roan was on her bus. So I went to Knox's.”

“Why?”

“Because I didn't want to be around you after you accused me of things. I know I was drinking more than usual the last week, but I'm over it. I just had a bad week. Can I have one of those?”

He leans forward and rests his elbows on his knees. “Yeah, Saylor, of course you can. I actually came over here to apologize to you. After you left, I realized I was a little harsh. And you did a great job of avoiding me all day.”

I was avoiding you so I didn't need a reason to lie to you, I say to myself.

“I guess Knox was your best option, huh?”

I laugh. “Uh yeah. Jax and Charlie make me want to gag and Silas...”

He rubs the back of his neck. “Yeah, I know. I’m worried about Silas too.”

“I talked to Willow today and she still hasn’t heard anything from Marley either.”

“Shit, really?”

I nod. “Yeah, I’m worried about Marley. She’s not the type of girl to just disappear like that.”

“She’ll be back, Say. I don’t think she would just leave forever. Especially without talking to Willow.”

“You’re right.” I agree even though I’m not sure. That girl changed so much when she met Silas. I wonder if she found herself. Like I want to.

“So what did you and Knox do?”

I casually look at my brother, trying to see if he figured anything out, but he looks genuinely curious, not accusatory. “Just watched a movie, then I fell asleep.”

“Did you even make it through the whole movie?”

I laugh, then shake my head. “Let’s be honest, do I ever make it through the whole thing?”

“Maybe once in your life.”

If I had something, I would throw it at him. He stands up and stretches. “Well, I’m gonna hit the bar. You wanna come out?”

“Nah. Tired. Just want to sleep.”

“You, Silas, and Knox all suck. I’ll see you tomorrow, Say.”

I don’t want to get my hopes up that Knox isn’t going out, but I’m also not sure if he would risk coming to my room with my brother sleeping just a few doors down.

I wave goodbye to Wilder as he leaves, then order some room service and pick my iPad up and get back to working on my tattoo.

Twenty minutes later, there is another knock at my door. I assume it's room service since they told me it would be about twenty minutes, but when I open the door, Knox is there.

He wastes no time pushing me inside with his lips finding mine at the same time. I jump into his arms and he presses me into the wall. He attacks my face and my neck and I can't help but giggle. I don't care about our age difference or the fact I've had a crush on him for years. This man can do whatever he wants to me.

He walks us into the room and tosses me on the bed. "Take off your clothes, baby."

The room service came as Knox was eating me out. He made me play with myself as he went to the door and accepted the food. Then as a reward for obeying him, he let me come.

Now we are sitting on the bed eating cold lemon ricotta ravioli and carrot cake as I draw.

"How's the tattoo coming along?"

I flip my iPad around so he can see.

"That's amazing. You're talented, Say. You know that, right?"

I shrug. No one has ever told me I have talent before besides my aunt. Not even Wilder, and he has seen more of my work than anyone over the years.

"You know you are good, right?"

"No one really ever tells me that."

"Who was the last person that did?"

I set my iPad down and look off into the distance. "My aunt."

“The one that you stayed with after...”

I nod. “She always inspired me to find a way to let out my pain. She knew it was no good to keep it locked up inside of me.”

I look up from under my lashes and see if he gets it. I don’t think he does. He’s been living in pain ever since he lost Maggie.

“Did it help?”

“I guess. I mean, I think the weed helped me more than anything. Helped shut my mind down to all the terrible thoughts I had.”

“Drugs aren’t a solution to the problem.”

I purse my lips at him. “I know they aren’t. But I was sixteen, Knox. Weed was like a godsend.”

“Then why do you still smoke?”

“Because it still helps shut off my thoughts. Why does it bother you so much?”

He runs his finger down my thigh. “You know it’s a gateway drug, right?”

I roll my eyes at him. “Trust me, out of all the years I’ve been hanging out with you guys, you think I would have touched something stronger by now. But I don’t because it just doesn’t interest me. I like the high I get from weed. And I think it helps my creativity at times too.”

“Fair enough.”

“You aren’t going to hound me over the fact I still smoke?”

He shakes his head. “You’re right. I’ve never seen you do some of the drugs we all got entangled with. So yes, I do believe you won’t touch them.”

“Thank you.”

“So she brought out the artist in you?”

I nod. “She was an artist herself. Did you know that?”

“Yeah, Wilder told me once.”

“She was a black sheep. Her family was mad she didn’t go into law like the rest of my dad’s family. But she always had the artist’s heart. I guess that’s where Wilder gets it from too. She had a huge plantation home just two hours outside the city. It was gorgeous and serene. It helped me get through...” I shut my mouth before I finish the sentence of my darkest secret. “It helped me get through a lot of the pain.”

Knox grips my thigh. “You know I wish like hell I found you earlier. I kick myself some days because I saw you go upstairs with that guy at that party. I had no idea that three more would join him.”

“Yeah, well, neither did I.”

“You’re a strong woman for getting through all that and not letting it break you.”

“Who’s to say it didn’t?” I ask. “Those first few months were so hard. I thought I was trash. Why would someone do that to me?”

“Boys are idiots.”

“And to think I liked him. Tyler Watson. God, what a tool.”

His hand goes back to caressing my thigh. “Why didn’t you ever file a report against them? Your dad’s a lawyer, he would have gotten you the best there was.”

“Because he didn’t want to bring attention to the family,” I admit. “I was already a fuckup. I got kicked out of private school. I think my mom still thinks I wasn’t raped. That I willingly let those four boys fuck me.”

He scowls when I admit that truth to him. “Your mom—”

“Is a piece of shit. I know. She sucks at being a mom, sucks at being a wife. She is only focused on her career. And I get it. I was an accident. So why would they care about me?”

“You are still their daughter!”

“Yeah, well, they didn’t see it that way. Sometimes I wish I was Willow’s sister and not her cousin. I don’t even

understand how her mom and my mom came from the same bloodline.”

“I’m sorry, Say, you never deserved any of this.”

“Well, we can’t change the past.” I frown and pick up my iPad, ready for this conversation to be over.

Knox pulls it from my hand. “I mean it, Saylor. You are better than them. Then all of this.”

I wish I could believe him, but for some reason, bringing up my past always makes me want to burrow in that dark hole I’ve been under.

I pull out of his grasp and throw on a T-shirt before picking up the plates off the bed. I fake a yawn. “I’m tired. I just want to go to sleep.”

Knox climbs off the bed and wraps me in his arms. “Okay, baby girl. But I do want you to know you are better than what everyone else thinks.”

KNOX

I've slept with Saylor every day this past week and I'm kicking myself for not giving in sooner. She's so responsive to me. And that bratty attitude of hers turns me on like no one ever has. The night after our intense talk about her family, she seemed to brush it off and was back to the Saylor I know. She gave me a tarot reading and I all but laughed when she said I will meet the love of my life soon.

"Yo man, what's up with you? You canceled on me again last night."

I turn and see Wilder behind me in the hotel hallway.

"Sorry."

He smacks me on the back as he approaches. "You fucking someone, Mr. Secretive?"

I know he doesn't expect me to be going behind his back with his sister. Or else he would be approaching me in a very different way. So I decide to lie. "Possibly."

"Damn, man, really?"

I nod. "But I'm not telling you who it is. Because everyone will know by the end of the day."

He laughs and holds his hand to his chest. "Are you accusing me of being a gossip?"

"You are worse than most women."

"Hey, as long as it isn't my sister, I couldn't care less. Wish you would join us for a little fun, but I'm having fun

without you.”

“Good for you.”

I hit the elevator button. “So is it serious?”

“Is what serious?”

“The woman you’re sleeping with.”

I step onto the elevator and run my hand through my beard. “I don’t know.”

“You won’t give me a hint?”

I give him a look that says he should know better.

“Okay, man.”

Just as the elevator doors are about to close, a tattooed hand stops them and Jackson walks on.

“Assholes didn’t even hear me telling you to hold the damn elevator.”

“Sorry bro, I was trying to get out of Knox who he’s fucking,” Wilder says.

I smack him upside the head. “This is exactly why I’m not telling you.”

Jackson looks at both of us and laughs. “He’s probably not fucking anyone and just trying to piss you off.”

“Nah, man, he is totally fucking someone.”

I shake my head at him as we descend to the first floor to meet for sound check.

“Charlie got a table for us at the club tonight to celebrate Riot’s birthday, so you all better be there,” Jackson says.

“Saylor informed us of it yesterday,” I tell him.

“How’s she doing?” he asks Wilder. “I hardly see her.”

“She is a pain in my ass. Taking up space on my bus. Can’t get laid.”

Jackson snorts. “Hardly think that is your issue. Make her sleep on Knox’s or Silas’s bus.”

“I am not letting my baby sister around those two fucks.”

I smack him in the chest as we walk down the back hallway where the SUVs pick us up. “Really, man? Silas is pining over Marley, nor would he ever touch her. And neither would I. She’s like a baby sister to us both.”

“Fair enough. Maybe I should. You seem to be hanging out with her enough.”

Jackson raises a brow at me.

“She needs a friend. She’s been in a funk. And her brother doesn’t do anything but piss her off.”

Wilder smirks. “That’s what older brothers are for.”

Jackson shakes his head at him just as we make it to the alleyway. Saylor is already here and I try not to look at her because I don’t want to draw attention, but she looks hot as fuck. She has on a loose tank that shows way too much side boob and those damn hippie pants that hug her ass. Her hair is in soft curls and she has minimal makeup, a coating of mascara, and pink lip gloss. If I was alone with her, I would have her pinned against the wall and my hand in her pants already.

“Nice of you lazy assholes to join us,” she says. “Let’s get in and head to sound check. Riot, Roan, and Silas already left.”

Jackson and Wilder climb into the back seat of the SUV. Saylor slides in next and I can’t take my eyes off her ass. I can’t wait until I can slide my dick into that tight asshole of hers. But I know it’s going to take time. She still has trauma to heal from.

Sound check went smoothly since we played last night and everything was still up to par. We spend the day in the greenroom doing a few interviews before we meet up with the local band playing the parking lot show. By the time the meet and greet happens, I’m ready for a nap.

The time I have been spending with Saylor has been great, but it’s been knocking my old ass out. We barely sleep. Our nights are spent folded between the sheets. She’s already let

me do so much to her. So much more than I thought she would be willing to try. I can't wait to push her limits. To see how much more of me she can take.

But the guilt eats at me. The conversation with Wilder earlier had me feeling so much guilt. I want to tell him, but at the same time, I know he will blow up. I've always known Saylor was off-limits long before he ever told me so. I've always brushed it off, knowing it would never happen. It was easy to pretend it wouldn't, with our age difference. But now that it's happened, I can feel the shame gnawing away at me. I don't like keeping secrets from Wilder. We never have. He's the one person who knows all of what I went through as a kid growing up with my drug-addicted mom, of the kid that had the shit beat out of him by foster parents, of the kid that worked the streets to get by. I know what I am doing goes against every single bro code there is. Yet, it doesn't stop me from wanting Saylor every single second of the day.

This was a bad idea. All of us are out at the club for Riot's birthday. And Saylor had to go and wear something that has my dick hard.

She's out dancing on the floor with Riot and Charlie. Both of them dressed up too. But I'm not looking at them. Saylor is in a green sequin dress that makes her hair look like fire and her eyes glow. It barely covers her ass, and it cuts low in the front giving me a perfect view of her tits. I need to force my eyes away before anyone notices me staring her down. Even though I want to be out there with her and I don't dance. But I want my hands on her body, I want her grinding against me, I want her to feel how she affects me.

“Yo, Knox, you want a shot?” Jackson asks me.

“Yeah, man, sure.”

I turn my attention back to the guys and watch as Silas pours all of us whiskey shots. He seems to be in a better mood

tonight. But I think he was doing coke in the bathroom. Seems to be the only time he is in a better mood.

I grab a shot glass off the table and slam down my shot. Jackson and Roan get up to join the girls on the dance floor. I'm surprised to see him and Riot getting along. Maybe it's because it's her birthday and she's had a few too many drinks, but she seems happy with him wrapped in her arms.

Those two have serious issues to work out. They are so hot and cold. And I am not the sentimental type, but I really do hope they work out their shit. Not just for their sakes and the mental health of all of us that have to put up with their bullshit but for the kids too.

"Is Lake joining us tonight?" I ask Wilder. I'm actually surprised she isn't here since they have been spending a lot of time together.

"Yeah, she should be here soon. She said she had some stuff to deal with." He pauses then raises a brow at me. "You wanna get in on it tonight?"

I shake my head. "Nah, man, she's all yours."

"I still want to know who you are fucking."

"Considering it's been twelve hours since you asked me, I'm sure you do."

"You got a girl?" Silas asks me. "Why does everyone have someone?"

Shit. I thought he was doing fine.

"Nah, I don't," I lie. "This fucker just thinks I do."

"C'mon man, who is it?" Wilder asks me.

Luckily, I'm saved by Lake showing up and wrapping her arms around him. He immediately forgets he was questioning me and goes to pull his girl onto his lap.

"You okay?" I ask Silas when the attention is off me.

He shrugs. "Some days are easier than others."

"She'll be back."

“I hope so, man. I really hope so.”

He gets up and heads off to the bathroom, our brief conversation probably enough to make him do some more blow.

I turn my head back to the dance floor and jealousy immediately takes over as I see some douche with his hands on Saylor’s hips. I at least feel a sense of relief when she pushes them off her and he seems to get the point and walks away.

I watch her for ten minutes. My eyes flick back to Wilder every now and then to make sure he doesn’t notice me watching his sister.

Silas makes his way back over to us. We talk shit for a while, and his attitude improves.

But when I see Saylor break away from the others and head toward the bathroom, I get up to follow her. I tell myself I’m doing it because I want to make sure she is safe and not because I want to fuck her.

I see her push open the bathroom door and wait for her in the hall. When she comes out of the bathroom, a look of surprise takes over her face.

“What are you doing here?” She glances down the hall to see if anyone is around.

I pull her into me. “I can’t stop looking at you.”

“Knox. Someone could see us.”

I drop my lips to her neck. “I know. But I need to taste you.”

She moans at my words and I know she wants me just as much as I want her right now.

“Meet me in the VIP bathroom in five minutes.”

She pulls back and looks at me in surprise. “What if Wilder catches us?”

“He’s occupied.”

“What if someone else does?”

“They won’t,” I tell her.

She looks at me skeptically but nods her head to agree. I slap her ass, then walk away and head to the bar so I can keep an eye on her as she walks back to the dance floor.

When I see her safe with Charlie and Jackson, I head back to the VIP area and count down the minutes. It doesn’t take her long to make her way past the roped-off section and then down the hall that leads to the VIP bathrooms. After two minutes, I get up and follow her.

She waits impatiently against the wall across from the door, tapping her fingers against her leg. I don’t say anything to her as I walk past her toward the exit door at the end of the hall. I’ve been to this club before and I know that door leads to a back exit since we had to use it when some crazy fans tried to crash our party once.

I can hear the click of her heels behind me, so I know she is following me. Once she walks through the door, I pull her into me, my lips landing on her neck, inhaling her sweet scent.

“Are you sure no one will find us here?” she asks me with apprehension.

“Yeah, baby girl. It’s fine,” I tell her. “Now hike up that pretty dress of yours and let me see how wet you are.”

She takes no time at all obeying me, sliding the green sequins up to her hips. She’s wearing a pair of black lacy underwear and I want nothing more than to bury my face between her legs. But this is not the time or the place for that. We need to be quick, so I can make sure we, in fact, do not get caught.

“Slide those sexy panties off.”

She does as I say and hands them to me. I shove them into my pocket. “You won’t be getting these back tonight.”

She bites her lip as she watches me take her in.

“Show me. Slide your fingers across your clit. Show me what you want.”

“Yes, sir.”

Fuck, I love it when she calls me sir.

She slides her fingers between her folds. “I’ve been thinking about you all night,” she tells me. “I couldn’t wait to leave so I could let you fuck me with my heels on.”

“Saylor,” I warn.

“I want you to do everything to me, Knox.” She moans as she slides her fingers inside of her.

“Keep your mouth shut.”

“Or what?”

I growl and grip her arms, backing her into the wall. “Or someone might hear you. You know our table is on the other side of this wall. I would hate for your brother to find out what you’ve been up to.”

“The music is too loud.”

“Mmm, that it is. But I know you can be louder.”

She moans into my lips as I unbutton my pants.

“Knox, please.”

“Who am I?”

“Just fuck me.”

“I feel like you want to be punished.”

She smirks. “I do.”

“Dammit, Saylor.”

I don’t waste any time as I pull out my cock and lift her leg to my hip and slam into her with so much force she lifts off the ground. She covers her mouth with her hand to keep from screaming as I slam into her over and over. I’m not gentle, I’m relentless as I look for my own release.

When I feel my balls tighten, I pump into her hard but do nothing to make her come.

I pull out of her, my cum leaking down her leg.

“You’re going to want to clean that up,” I say, pointing to her thighs. “Before someone finds out just how dirty you can be.”

“Knox.”

“Don’t touch yourself. Don’t let yourself come.”

She pouts and I want to wipe that look off her face but I like getting her in this mood. She’ll be needy and wanting by the time I see her in the hotel.

“I’ll see you later. Be ready for your punishment.”

I walk away from her and open the door back to the VIP area, leaving her alone and soaked in the hall.

SAYLOR

“Where are you taking me?” I ask Knox as he drives us in one of the SUVs through downtown Pittsburgh.

“It’s a surprise.”

I look over at him and he smiles at me and I swear my heart skips a beat. Even after the shit he pulled last night at Riot’s party. God, I loved his punishment back at the hotel even if my ass is still sore from the whipping.

When we get to a stoplight, I lean over and kiss him. I can’t help myself. I just always want to be near him, touching him, kissing him. He grabs the back of my neck and deepens the kiss, sliding his tongue against mine. It isn’t until the car behind us honks that I realize we were fully making out at a stoplight.

“Can’t say that’s happened to me in a while.”

“Making out in a car?”

He nods. “I liked it.”

I drop my hand to the top of his thigh and slowly graze my fingers over his cock.

“You’re asking for trouble, Sailor Moon.”

“Am I?”

He grips my wrist and pulls my hand away from him. “As much as I want your hands all over me, we are almost to your surprise and I don’t want to walk inside with a hard-on.”

“You’re no fun,” I pout.

He grips my chin, forcing me to face him. “Baby, I can show you how unfun I can be.”

I suck my lower lip into my mouth and he uses his thumb to pull it out.

“You’re playing with fire.”

“Whatever you say.” I pause to give my response more effect. “Daddy.”

Knox turns the wheel hard and pulls us into a dimly lit parking lot and parks in a dark back corner. He unbuckles my seat belt then pulls me over onto his lap.

“You’re in so much trouble.”

I twirl a piece of my hair around my finger. “Am I?”

He slides my skirt up my hips then pulls me into him, and at the same time, he slaps my ass hard.

“So much trouble.”

He smacks me three more times and I groan into his neck from the pleasure it gives me. Just when I think he’s going to stop, he shoves two fingers into me and I’m suddenly so close to coming. I ride his fingers as he twists them inside me, rubbing against my G-spot. But then he pulls them out right before I come.

“What the hell, Knox?”

“That was your punishment. Which I am beginning to think you like. You wanted to get me riled up, but that’s against the rules.”

“Is that a threat?”

He laughs and reverses the car. “Buckle up. We’re two blocks away.”

I am riled up and my anxiousness about where he is taking me only makes it more intense. He pulls over in front of a warehouse with a large black door. The sign above it reads *The Raven*.

“Where are we?”

He gestures for me to get out of the car, so I do. He walks around the front and grabs my hand as we head to the black door. “Knox?”

“For God’s sake, woman, wait two seconds, and you’ll find out.”

I huff but follow him inside. Within seconds, I know exactly where we are. A tattoo shop. The familiar sound of buzzing needles infiltrates my ears as I take a look around the dark maximalist space. Gold frames hang on the wall with different flash tattoo designs. The place is filled with plants and oddity decor. It’s comforting, like Janae’s voodoo shop.

Knox leans over into my ear, his hand landing on my lower stomach, his fingers grazing my mound over my skirt. “Surprise. Time for that tattoo you wanted. And just think...” His fingers drop down a fraction, sending a jolt of pleasure through my body. “You are so close to coming, so on edge. I want to know if you’ll come just from the tattoo gun. Or maybe you’ll be embarrassed that your artist is so close to your core he can probably smell how wet you are.”

I gasp and spin around in his arms. “You asshole.”

He smirks at me. “Don’t be a pain in my ass.”

I glare at him and then grab his semihard cock through his pants. He easily pulls me away and flips me back around so my back is to his chest and my arms are pinned behind me in his hold.

“Now be a good girl for the next few hours and I’ll reward you.”

“Fine,” I stammer.

A man walks up to us that I recognize immediately. Rowan Riggs, the guys’ tattoo artist from back home. He’s tall and thick in the best of ways. Even bigger than Knox. He was my other crush growing up but I always knew I couldn’t have him since Willow had an even bigger crush on him when we were in high school.

“Rowan.”

“Saylor Reed.” He looks up at Knox. “I didn’t know this was who I have the pleasure of tattooing tonight.”

Knox must give him a look that says back off because he holds up his hands. “I didn’t mean anything by that.” He raises his brows. “I didn’t even know you two were together.”

“We’re not,” we both answer at the same time.

He nods his head like he understands exactly what is going on. “Cool.”

It turns out that Knox got my picture off my iPad at some point and sent it to Rowan. Rowan is excited to hear about my virgin skin and can’t wait to do the piece. Knox and I watch him set up the station he is borrowing from a friend. I guess Knox flew him up here to do my tattoo. Rowan steps outside for a smoke before we start.

“How do you know Rowan?”

I give Knox an “*Are you serious?*” look. “Well he does tattoo all of you. But he was a senior when I was a freshman at my private high school.”

“And?”

“And nothing. I thought he was cute, is all.”

“Do you still think so?”

“Um, have you seen the man? He’s like a freaking tattooed and bearded Adonis.”

Knox glares at me.

“Oh my god, are you jealous?”

“He’s an asshole, Saylor.”

I shake my head. “Nope. No. You are totally jealous.”

He leans in close to me. “Fine, I am jealous. But at least I know it’s my bed you will be in tonight. I know I am the one who made you soaked before coming here. And I’m the one that is finally going to let you come.”

I shiver in anticipation at his words.

“Alright, you ready to get started?”

It takes me a minute to pull my eyes away from Knox, but then I look up at Rowan and nod.

It takes over four hours to do my tattoo. It wasn't super painful. But the entire time, all I could think about was the fact he could smell me while he was leaning over close to my thighs. Knox would just smirk at me every time Rowan's face was inches away, and all I wanted to do was knock the look off his face.

“Well you're all set, Saylor. If you have any questions, just give me a call.” He looks over at Knox who is on his phone. “Or you can just ask one of the guys in the band.”

“Thanks, Rowan. It looks amazing.”

“Glad I was able to do your first piece. And if you ever want to apprentice for me, you can.”

“Or not,” Knox says as he walks over.

“Why not?” I ask Knox.

“There are plenty of other people that can teach you.”

“Seriously, man, I won't touch your girl,” Rowan chimes in.

“She's not my—”

“Yeah okay. Don't worry, I won't say a word to her brother.”

My eyes go wide. “You better not because he will literally —”

“Cut my balls off,” Knox finishes, confirming what Rowan believed to be true.

Rowan tosses his gloves into the trash. “But really, you can apprentice under me. It would be an honor.”

“Daryl can do it. He taught you,” Knox tells him.

“Daryl is a creep.”

“No he's not.”

I hold back a smile as the two of them go at it. I walk away and admire the shop until the two of them come up to me.

“So how much—”

“I took care of it, Say.”

I look up at Knox and smile. “Thank you.”

“Don’t listen to this dickhead, Saylor. I will do it.”

“Thanks. I’ll keep you in mind,” I tell Rowan just before Knox drags me out of the tattoo shop.

Instead of bringing me to the car though, he drags me to the alley half a block away.

“What are you doing?” I ask him.

“The entire time Rowan’s head was near your thigh, all I wanted to do was pull him away and finish what I started,” he growls.

“Well, can’t we wait until—”

“I’ve waited long enough to taste you tonight.”

My eyes go wide as he drops to his knees in front of me. It’s nearly midnight and we seem to be in a not-busy part of town. But anyone could see us.

“Knox.”

“You better keep your mouth shut, woman.”

I go to protest again, but then he pushes my skirt up, pulls my leg over his shoulder, and pulls my underwear to the side. His mouth goes right for my clit. I bite my hand to keep from screaming as he sucks and licks, as his fingers press inside of me. I grip his hair for support as I start to fall apart. Those four hours getting tattooed did nothing to calm the need I had for him. Even the pain of the tattoo gun was giving me pleasure I didn’t know it could give me. It left me needy and wanting and Knox was right. I wouldn’t have been able to wait. The second I got into his car and smelled his citrus-and-cedarwood scent, I would have been crawling into his lap, begging him to fuck me.

“Fuck, Saylor. You taste like heaven. I could eat you every day for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.”

“Not just a midnight snack?” I tease.

“That too.”

He sets my leg down and stands up as he unbuckles his belt and unbuttons his pants. “Now be a good girl and turn around. Put your hands against the brick and spread your legs.”

“Here?”

“What did I tell you before I made you come?”

“Yeah, but...”

“I need mine too, baby girl. Feel how hard I’ve been all night.”

He grabs my hand and brings it to his very hard cock. I look down as I stroke him, his cock thick and engorged, the head turning purple with need.

I let go of him and my inhibitions and do as he says. I turn around, placing my hands against the cool brick. Before I even get a chance to spread my legs, he is doing it for me. He rips my underwear off then shoves the damp cotton into my mouth.

“I know you can’t be quiet,” he whispers into my ear just as he slams himself inside of me.

I yelp at the force and the way he stretches me to the point of pain. But I meet him thrust for thrust, fucking him as hard as he is fucking me.

“Goddamn, woman.” He grips my hips and starts pistoning hard and fast. “I’m not going to last long. You are a damn wise around my cock.”

His fingers dig into my bare hips and I start to lose the ability to hold myself up. I cry into the panties in my mouth just as he bites hard onto the side of my neck as he releases into me.

My cheek falls against the brick and I can feel my cheek scraping against the mortar as he thrusts a few more times.

“You are divine,” he growls into my ear. “A fucking goddess. I am just a mere mortal that wants to do nothing but worship you.”

I moan at his words as my pussy throbs around his softening cock. When he pulls out of me, I want him to spin me around and fuck me again. He left me needy and he knows it.

He turns me around and pulls my skirt down as he pulls the panties out of my mouth then presses his lips to mine. I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling him in close, biting and sucking on his lips.

“Such a good girl,” he coos.

A light flashes in our direction and then we both pause when we hear, “Step away from the girl and put your hands behind your head.”

“Shit,” he mutters.

I look over his shoulder and see a cop with a very round belly at the end of the alley. He drops his hands from me and tucks himself back into his pants.

“I do not want to explain this to your brother.”

I look in the other direction and see the other end of the alley not too far away. “Let’s run.”

“And get you arrested too?”

“Not if we’re fast enough. He can’t catch us,” I taunt.

He chuckles into my neck. “On the count of three.”

I nod.

The sound of steps approaches as both of us are laughing. “Put your hands where I can see them.”

“One,” Knox whispers.

“Two,” I answer back.

“Three.”

He grabs my hand and we make a dash for the other end of the alley.

“Freeze,” the cop yells after us and I can’t help but giggle as we run and turn down the next street.

The cop is chasing after us, his heavy footsteps smacking the ground as we hear him call for backup.

We run another block before turning a corner and then see a bar. Knox is quick to pull me inside and drag me into a dark corner of the dive bar.

“That was so hot,” I tell him as he pushes me down onto a stool at the end of the bar. “It makes me want to drag you into the bathroom and—”

“And don’t finish that sentence because my dick is already getting hard again.” He sits next to me and spins my stool so my legs are between his. “I’ve run from the cops before, but never because I was caught fucking someone in an alley.”

I drape my arms over his neck. “I can’t wait for you to get me back to the hotel.”

His lips find mine for a brief kiss. “Baby girl, you better be ready for me.”

I laugh as he pulls away and orders us both a shot of tequila from the bartender.

I look at the door and see the cop walk in. I grab Knox’s thigh just as the bartender sets the shots down in front of us.

Knox looks over at the door, then to me, then to the bartender. “We’ve been here a while, baby girl, don’t worry.”

The bartender nods then heads down to talk to the cop.

Knox holds my face and runs his finger over the scratch from the brick. “Does this hurt?”

I shake my head. “Just a scratch.”

He presses his lips to my cheek then makes his way down to my neck. “What about this?” he asks as he licks the place he bit me before scraping his teeth along the bruised skin.

I grip his thigh as he starts to turn me on again with just a few gentle strokes of his tongue on my skin. When he pulls

away, he looks over to the other end of the bar. My eyes follow his gaze and we both see the cop is gone.

“I told you not to worry.”

I pick up my shot glass. “I wasn’t worried.”

He chuckles as he picks up his. “Okay, Sailor Moon. Whatever you say.”

We take our shots and Knox throws twenty bucks on the bar.

“You ready to go, Saylor?”

I go to answer, but then my phone starts ringing. I pull it out of my jacket pocket and see Wilder’s name on the screen.

“Shit.”

Knox looks over at me and then at my phone. “He’s probably just wondering where you are.”

“Did you tell him where you were taking me?”

“Nah. But you got a tattoo, Say. He doesn’t need to know about you getting your pussy eaten in an alleyway and running from the cops.”

I roll my eyes at him just as my phone stops ringing. That’s when I see I have three missed texts from him too.

Knox pulls out his phone when it starts ringing. He actually answers it, unlike me.

“What’s up, man?”

Knox looks over at me. “Yeah, she’s with me.”

“What do you mean another note?”

My eyes snap to Knox’s face.

“Yeah, we’ll be there soon.”

I grab Knox’s hand. “What the hell?”

“Your brother got another note and then he couldn’t find you. And he freaked the fuck out.”

“What did it say?”

He shakes his head. “He said just to get back to the hotel.”

“Was it bad?”

He shrugs. “I have no idea. He wouldn’t tell me.” He stands up and then pulls me off my stool. “But let’s get back and find out.”

I rush to Wilder’s hotel room door and start pounding on it. Knox is right behind me, and I feel his hand on my lower back in an attempt to calm me down. But the entire drive home, I was freaking out. My anxiety at a new level.

“Jeez, Say, I thought you were gonna bust through the door,” Wilder says as he opens the door.

I push past him and start pacing the room, looking for the note. “Where is it?”

Knox walks inside and leans against the wall with his arms folded over his chest.

“Where were you two?” Wilder asks, looking between us and ignoring my question.

“Who cares! What did it say? Did they threaten me again?”

Wilder walks up to me. “What happened to your face?” he asks as his fingers graze my cheekbone.

I push him away. “I’m a klutz and hit it with a door.” I check that my jacket is covering the bite mark Knox left on my neck.

Wilder pulls an envelope out from his overnight bag. “It was just like the other two. All it says is ‘I know what your sister has been up to.’”

“What the hell does that even mean?” I ask. There is no way whoever is leaving these notes knows about Knox and me.

“I could ask you the same thing,” Wilder says accusingly.

“I took her to get a tattoo tonight,” Knox chimes in. “She said she wanted one, so I made it happen.”

“Really?” Wilder looks at me, surprised.

“Yeah, but that’s beside the point.”

Wilder walks up to me. “Look, Say, I have no idea what this means. I don’t know what you have been getting into, but —”

“I haven’t been getting into anything. It sounds like they are trying to turn you against me.”

Wilder looks over at Knox. “You’ve been spending time with her. Do you know anything?”

Knox shrugs. “Seems to me that whoever left this note is just being an asshole. Say has just been drawing and working with Riot. I haven’t seen her do anything out of the ordinary.”

“You know I am right here, assholes.”

Wilder looks over at me, then pulls me into him. “I’m just worried about you. I want to make sure you’re safe.”

“Well I’m always around someone, so I think I am safe.”

“Okay, Say.” He lets me go. “So show me this tattoo.”

It dawns on me that I have no underwear on, and I am not letting my brother know that because then he might figure out something is going on between Knox and me. “Maybe later.”

“Why?”

Knox just laughs. “Because she got it on her thigh and isn’t wearing any underwear.”

My eyes go wide as he says it.

“And how would you know that?”

“Because she was bitching in the car.” Knox’s lies come out so smoothly. “And she pulled them off because they were rubbing against the tattoo.”

“Oh,” Wilder says.

I shoot a glare at Knox when Wilder isn't looking at me, and I can see the smirk on his face. He is totally playing with fire right now and apparently okay with my brother chopping his dick off if he found out anything.

"I'll keep an eye on her, man. You've been occupied with Lake. But I'll make sure Saylor gets tucked into bed by curfew."

I flip him off.

"You will not be tucking her into bed," Wilder commands. "But yeah, if you can keep an eye on her, that would be great."

"Who's Lake?" I ask, changing the subject.

Wilder smirks. "The merch manager for As the Angels Fall."

"Oh," I answer because it dawns on me then that this is the girl Knox is supposed to be sharing with him. "Well you two have fun. I'm going to bed."

I walk out of the room before either can say anything to me and head across the hall. It only takes a few minutes before Knox is knocking at my door.

"Saylor, open the door."

"My brother is across the hall. No thanks."

"Dammit, Say. I don't want to shout."

I groan as I get out of bed and pull the door open for him. "I thought maybe you wanted to spend the night with my brother and that girl."

He pushes past me then slams the door and within seconds, I'm pinned up against it.

"I'm not fucking that girl. That's all your brother."

"But you want to."

He shakes his head. "No, Say, I don't. I found a pussy I like much better than hers."

"So you have had a threesome with her and my brother?"

He sighs. "Yeah, a while ago. It didn't mean anything."

I hold back tears. I hate being upset over Knox, especially when I know he really isn't even mine. "I just want to go to bed, Knox."

"Saylor."

"No, I don't want to talk about this right now."

"Don't push me away over something that isn't even happening."

I slide out from between him and the door. "Good night, Knox."

He grabs my hand and pulls me into him, his lips landing on mine. "These are the only lips I want to be fucking kissing, okay? So don't get pissed at me because of something that is long over."

I hate that I have feelings for Knox. I hate that I am so weak when it comes to him. I wish I could be like him and just fuck someone for the hell of it and keep the feelings locked tight in a box, but I can't.

So I let him kiss me because I love the feeling of his lips on mine. I love the way he tastes like butterscotch from eating one too many Werthers all the time. I hate that my stupid heart wants to get involved.

I let him walk me to the bed. I let him take off my clothes. I let him fuck me like he wants to. And the whole time, all I can think about is if this will last longer than this tour.

KNOX

The sound of Silas's laughter has me doing a double take as I head to the greenroom. We went out last night, but he stayed in. Riot told us that it was the day that his baby was supposed to be born and he wanted to be alone. So the sound of laughter doesn't seem to fit in with what his state of mind should be right now.

Then I hear a voice I didn't think I would ever hear again.

"Silas, stop!"

I stand in the doorway of the greenroom and find Marley on Silas's lap.

"Marley."

She looks over her shoulder and smiles. "Hi Knox."

"You're back?"

She nods. "I had to come because... yesterday—"

"I know. And I'm sorry you guys had to go through it all again."

Marley gets up and gives me a hug. "It was a hard day. But I got to spend it with the love of my life."

I raise a brow at her. "So does that mean you are staying?"

She looks over at Silas and blushes. "Yeah."

"Oh my god. Marley?" Saylor shouts as she skips over to us and wraps her arms around her friend.

The two start gossiping, so I take a seat next to Silas. “I don’t think I’ve heard you laugh like that in a while.”

He smiles at me. “I got her back.”

“For good?”

He runs his hands through his hair. “God, I fucking hope so. I missed her so much. I was a fucking wreck.”

“We know. We had to deal with your punk ass.”

“Yeah, and I should apologize for my shit behavior the last two months. I just... I didn’t know how to live without her, man. Is that crazy?”

I shake my head as I think about Maggie. I don’t know how to live without her. I’ve barely been living the last six years. She was everything to me. And when I lost her, it’s like I lost me. She made me feel like more than the asshole drug dealer I was. She made me feel like I mattered. So I know exactly how Silas feels. “I get it.”

“Lost you for a second there.”

“Yeah, well...”

“Maggie?” he asks me, concerned.

I nod. “You guys remind me of the love I once had.”

“She was a great woman.”

“Yeah,” I say solemnly. And I was the asshole that couldn’t see how depressed she was. Couldn’t see she was dying a little bit every day. And then I lost her. “So Marley is going to be on tour with us then?”

“Yeah, I think so. At least I hope so. She says she wants to stay, but I worry that it won’t be for long. That she’ll grow tired of me. We don’t have our baby anymore to keep us connected.”

“You guys had a connection regardless of that. I saw it every single day.”

Silas smiles. “I hope it lasts.”

“Me too, man.”

“I heard Wilder got another note.”

I crack my knuckles thinking about it. It's been on my mind for the last two days. I'm worried about Saylor. I'm worried that whoever left it knows what is going on between the two of us. But I don't know how. None of the guys even suspect anything. “Yeah, it was weird. Have you gotten any more?”

He shakes his head. “Ever since Marley left, the notes just stopped. I can't make any sense of it. I tried reaching out to West again, but he didn't know shit. Which is weird.”

I scratch the back of my neck. “Yeah, man.”

It's unlike Carter West to not be able to get information. I should know. I still feed him information all the time. Part of my deal with him. Something no one knows about. One of my darkest secrets.

The rest of the guys walk in and all attention goes back to Marley and Silas. I sit and watch them. I like seeing how happy he is around her. We were all worried about him, but it's like a switch has flipped now that she's back.

Saylor glances at me and smiles. And I want to smile back. I want everyone to know that I am with her. That I am beginning to feel things for her. But I can't. Because despite my need for her, we can't be together. Because just being with me is too dangerous for her.

SAYLOR

We're all walking down the hallway to the greenroom, having just gotten back to the venue before their concert tonight in New York City. They have a meet and greet in about ten minutes, but they wanted to all have a drink before meeting their fans.

Marley came back to Silas almost a week ago, and it's been so much more fun on tour. I guess I really needed a friend around. Even if we weren't that close to begin with and if I did make fun of her a lot in the past. We put it behind us. And now I have been spending most of my free time with her.

Although my nights have been occupied with Knox.

Every single night.

And I can't complain about that. Of course he's been getting rougher and more demanding and I've had to cover up bruises so no one starts asking questions. Mostly Wilder. Since Wilder is convinced Knox is fucking someone, I'm worried he will put two and two together if he were to notice the bruises from where Knox holds me down. Or the bite marks Knox seems to leave more and more of.

Knox is walking right in front of me. I'm in the back of the crew, so no one can see me as I grab his ass.

"Cut it out," he whispers over his shoulder.

I bite my lip as I go to grab him again. I love teasing him just because I know it will lead to "punishment." But I can't

call it punishment at all because I love the way he fucks me. The way he bosses me around in the bedroom.

“I mean it, Saylor. Your brother is right there,” he growls.

I groan. “Yes, daddy.”

He freezes in front of me, letting the guys walk ahead of him and into the greenroom.

Once he sees the guys are behind a closed door, he presses me into the wall with his chest, caging my body with his. He grabs my wrists and pins them to the wall on either side of my head.

“You need to stop that.”

“Why?” I ask.

“Because.”

“That’s the worst excuse,” I tease.

He growls then pulls one of my hands down to his very hard cock.

“Because I can’t be walking around with the guys and into a fucking meet and greet with a raging hard dick. So shut that bratty little mouth of yours for the next few hours.”

“Then what?” I ask, knowing I’m playing with fire.

“Then you can talk back to me all you want. But I’ll make sure I shut that mouth up by filling it with my dick. Fucking your throat until you are gagging and choking, your eyes watering. I’ll fuck you so hard that you remember just what I mean when I say to shut your mouth, so you don’t have to experience it again. Then I’ll come hard down your throat and make sure you swallow every last drop.”

My jaw drops open at his words. And suddenly I want him to do that. I want that now. I grip his dick and he rips my hand away.

“You are going to get us into so much trouble. Your brother is twenty feet away on the other side of a door.”

“I’m so horny, Knox. I want you. I want you to fuck me right now.”

He drops his lips to my ear. “Baby, if I could, I would.”

I moan as quietly as I can when his lips touch my neck.

“How wet are you for me?” he asks.

“Find out.”

“Fuck, Saylor. You never learn.”

I think he is going to walk away, but then his hand goes under my skirt and he isn’t gentle. He forces two fingers inside of me, and I groan so loud I know someone hears it.

“Shit, Say.” He looks around then puts his hand over my mouth as he pumps his fingers into me. I ride his hand. Trying to get as much pleasure as I can out of him because I have no doubt he will stop just before I’m about to come.

He pulls his hand away then drops his hand over my mouth and shoves his fingers into my mouth. “Suck them hard. You need the practice because later, that will be my cock.”

I moan at his words and I want nothing more than to jump into his arms and kiss him, but the sound of a door opening has us jumping apart.

Marley sticks her head out the door to the greenroom. “Is everything okay?”

She then looks between Knox and me and must realize what is happening. I know I’m flushed and my heart is beating fast. Knox has that dom look in his eye.

“Your brother is going to kill him,” Marley says to me as she walks out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

“Don’t say anything.”

“I won’t. But you two clearly need to tell him.”

“I’m not ready for that,” Knox answers with a sigh.

I frown because I am sick of hiding. I wish I could just tell Wilder. I know he’ll be pissed, but maybe he will accept it and move on.

Marley nods. “Then maybe don’t try to bang each other in a hallway.”

“Well, if he would just pull me into—”

Knox’s hand lands on my mouth.

Marley giggles. “I’ll distract them for a few minutes. But I suggest maybe not looking like you two look right now when you walk in.”

I look over at Knox, and he is smiling at me. “I’ll make sure she behaves before we walk in the room.”

I stick my tongue out at him and Marley giggles before leaving us alone.

“Look what you did. Now someone knows.” His voice is angry.

“Well someone knowing can be better for us because then they can make excuses for us besides our own.”

“You think she isn’t going to tell your brother?”

“No, why would she?”

Knox crowds my space again, pushing me into the wall. “Because she is a nice, quiet church girl. Can she keep a secret?”

“You do remember she was fucking Silas without her parents knowing she was with him or even pregnant. I think she’ll be fine.”

“She better be.”

His lips drop to mine and he kisses me like his life depends on it. I can’t help but wrap my arms around him and pull him closer. I can never seem to let him go.

He pulls away first. “I have to stop.”

I run my hands down his sides. “Or we can go find a closet.”

He lifts my skirt and slaps my ass. So hard I yelp.

“You are getting my cock in more than just your throat tonight.”

I bite my lip and clench my thighs, but he walks away before I can say anything else.

“So you are just going to play the silent game over there?” Marley asks me.

The guys left fifteen minutes ago for their meet and greet. Marley and I are alone in their greenroom. I am messing around on my iPad, and I don't even want to admit that I'm working on a drawing of Knox's eyes.

“Hmm?” I say, perking my head up. “Oh, is there something you wanted to talk about?”

She laughs. “No, nothing at all.”

“Okay.”

She stomps over to me and grabs my iPad out of my hands. “Oh, whose eyes are these? They look an awful lot like Knox's.”

I grab it back from her. “Fine. You win.”

“Want a tequila shot? Would that make it easier for you?”

“Hardly. I would much prefer a joint.”

“I'm down for that.”

I smile at her. “I love this Marley. Not the muumuu Marley.”

“Are you ever going to let me live that down?”

I laugh. “Unlikely.”

She shakes her head at me as she smiles. I grab my purse from the table and we head out to the empty parking area where the buses are.

“So you and Knox?” she asks me as I light my joint.

“Is it that much of a surprise?”

She shrugs and takes the joint from me. “Yeah, it is. I mean, I know Willow always said you had a crush on him, but I didn’t think there was ever anything going on between you two.”

“There wasn’t. Things just kind of happened.”

“How?”

“You know I wasn’t even supposed to be on tour. But then Wilder got two notes and then someone tried to push me in front of a car.”

“What?” she shrieks.

“Yeah, it’s like the same notes Silas was getting earlier in the year.”

She hands me back the joint. “But I thought they stopped.”

“We all did. Until Wilder got one right when they left for tour. Then two weeks later, he got another one. He tried to warn me. I guess there were pictures of me from the same day. We had FaceTimed earlier and he remembered what I was wearing and then—”

“The same thing happened with Silas!”

I nod. “Yeah and he called me and told me to get in a cab when he found out I was walking thirty minutes home at night and then someone ran into me then pushed me into oncoming traffic.”

“Did you get hurt?”

“I was banged up, but nothing bad. The driver of the car slammed on his brakes.”

“That’s so scary, Saylor.”

“Yeah, I know. Well, then I found myself on tour since Wilder didn’t want to let me out of his sight. But do you know how hard it is sharing a bus with your brother who likes to fuck everyone with a pussy?”

Marley’s face goes red and I still see that innocent girl. The one who doesn’t swear and gets embarrassed by crude words.

“So you ended up spending time with Knox?” she asks me.

“I had nowhere else to go. Silas was a wreck when you left. Charlie was here with Jackson for a while, so those two were fucking like bunnies. And Roan and Riot have been weird. Well, it’s less weird now that the kids aren’t on tour with us.” I take a drag of the joint. “So it left me no other choice but to hang out with Knox.”

“And the two of you just decided to start sleeping together?” She asks me. “Because Willow made it seem like he would never touch you.”

“Yeah, well, he didn’t want to. But we just have this pull to each other. I don’t know, it’s hard to explain. I mean, we are eleven years apart. We shouldn’t feel that way.”

“Silas and I are ten years apart. And I get the pull. Ever since that night of their show at Talisman, we just gravitated to one another. So I understand how it can happen.”

I nod. “I guess we are kind of in the same boat. Except you don’t have an overprotective brother.”

“Umm, no.” She laughs. “But my parents are probably worse. So what happened?”

I shrug. “We just spent time together and then one night, we were kind of arguing and then he kissed me. Of course, he said it was a mistake and tried to fight there being an us. But like you said, gravity pulled us together.”

“Have you always felt it with him?”

I hesitate to tell her our whole past, but maybe I need another person’s opinion. “I had a crush on him the first time Wilder brought him to our parents’ house. I was only eight, but like I swear to God, I knew he was going to be the love of my life.”

Marley throws her head back, laughing. “Oh my gosh, I know the feeling. I had a crush on Kevin Ryman in the third grade and I thought we were going to marry each other.”

“But then I didn’t really see him much. Just here and there. He went to jail for a year for dealing drugs. He doesn’t know I

know. I don't even think Wilder does. But when he got out he wasn't the lanky kid in the leather jacket. He had some muscle to him and I swear there were hearts in my eyes. Don't get me wrong, he was attractive then, but he is nothing like the big boy he is now.

"He came over to the house. Wilder was still living at home. The band just really starting to gain traction. I was in my school uniform and he called me Sailor Moon. I had no idea who that was, but I immediately did my research. I figured he had to have some sort of crush on me because she was a cartoon character. But I think I just looked into it too much. But ever since then, I've had this hard-core crush on him. Everyone thought it was a schoolgirl crush and made fun of me for it. But he was Knox Beckett. The bad boy. The guy from the wrong side of the tracks. My brother's best friend. And the drummer of the soon-to-be best band in the world."

"Oh my gosh, I swear you are just as giddy as you probably were back then."

I pull the joint from her hand. "Knox knows me better than he thinks he does. And he was the one who saved me from one of the worst nights of my life."

Markey gives me a sad look. "I don't know what happened. I just know that Willow said it was bad."

I nod. "Yeah. I was raped. I was drunk like I usually was back when I was sixteen. I was kicked out of private school and spent my time touring with the band. Back when they toured nearly all year. I just partied all the time and slept around. I thought I was going to have sex with this hot local musician. I kind of knew him. We had been in the same social circles. Then he asked if I wanted to have a threesome. I agreed. I'd never done it before, but it sounded like fun. Well, three of us turned into five, and when I said no, they didn't stop. They raped me. They all took their turns defiling me. It was bad, Mar, so bad."

She grabs my hand and squeezes.

"I was a bloody mess. They were rough. They didn't care how much I asked them to stop. How much I told them it hurt.

They did everything they could possibly do to me. They left me on the bed. I was sure they were going to come back or send more friends to have their way with me. I gave up hope. I thought I was going to die.

“And then Knox came into the room. He found me. He said he knew something was wrong when he saw me go upstairs with Tyler. I still remember the look on his face when he found me. I was bruised and bloody, covered in... well, you know. He looked horrified. He ripped his shirt off and put it on me. Wrapped me in the cleanest blanket he could find. He carried me out the back of the house and put me in his truck. He wanted to take me to the hospital, but I told him no. I felt so guilty. It was my fault. I agreed to have sex.”

“It wasn’t your fault, Saylor.”

I nod. “I know that now. A lot of therapy helped with that.” I pause and take one last hit of the joint before tossing it behind me. “He took me to his house reluctantly. Even though he wanted me to report them. But I was so ashamed. So he did what I asked. He ran me a bath, he bathed me, he cleaned any wounds that I had from them hitting me and holding me down. He promised he wouldn’t tell Wilder, and to this day, he hasn’t. Wilder really has no idea why I quit drinking so heavily or why I ran away to our aunt’s house for a year and a half.”

“I’m so sorry, Saylor. No one should go through that,” Marley tells me as she wraps her arms around me. “So he was your knight in shining armor?”

“Yeah. And ever since then, I just put him on this pedestal. So yeah, it may have been some schoolgirl crush, but to me, he was always so much more.”

“It makes sense.” She pauses. “But you guys are happy now?”

“I am. I think he is too. There is just something there. You know?”

“Yeah.”

“But enough about me. How are you holding up?”

Tears crest her eyes the second I say the words. “It’s so hard. I’m sure, like you, there are good days and bad days. But I try to fight for the good days. It’s so hard losing a child.”

“I know.”

She looks at me confused and I realize I let my darkest secret slip.

“What do you mean?”

Tears start to form in my own eyes as I remember Scarlett. “Umm, you have to promise not to tell anyone this. The only people who know are my aunt, may she rest in peace, and Willow and Charlie and we never ever talk about it.”

“I would never tell a soul someone else’s secrets.”

I give her a weak smile. “I know.”

“You became pregnant from the rape?” she asks.

I nod. “Yeah. I did. That’s why I spent so much time at my aunt’s house. I didn’t want anyone to know. Obviously, Wilder doesn’t know. Knox doesn’t know either. I found out three months after staying at my aunt’s house. She started to notice the changes in my body. The pregnancy was bad. I was not in a good place mentally. But when I had my baby girl, it made something click in me. She was so sick because I didn’t take care of myself. No matter how much my aunt tried to help. But I got better, I got healthier. I took care of myself. Granted, I started smoking weed with my aunt, but I think that helped me.” I laugh.

“So what happened to your baby?”

I sniffle as I think about how terrible things got. “The state wanted to take her away. The doctors were worried about her health. She got better. My aunt made sure of it. But I was a seventeen-year-old girl, a high school dropout. I had nothing. And she got better, but she wasn’t perfect. I had her for three months before they took her. My aunt fought so hard to get her back, but my aunt was diagnosed with cancer and her health was fading too. They didn’t think it was the right home for her. I was fortunate to be able to put her up for adoption so she didn’t end up with the state. But I still lost her.”

Marley wraps her arms back around me. “I’m so sorry, Saylor. That’s even worse than what I went through.”

I shake my head. “Don’t say that. Don’t compare my story to yours. But I want you to know I understand your pain. I miss Scarlett every day, still to this day. She was so precious. But I wasn’t capable of raising a child.” I wipe tears from my eyes. “She was adopted by a good family. That I know, but it was a closed adoption. They only let me know she was in a better place. To this day, I wonder if that’s just something they told me. I wonder if she is okay. She would be six years old now. And some days I just wish I could hold her even if I have no idea who her father is. Because I don’t care, she was mine. So I get it. I get what you’re going through and I want you to know I’m here for you.”

Marley hugs me so tightly, and we both start crying hard. We spend an hour talking over what-ifs and what could’ve beens. But I think we both start to heal knowing we have each other.

KNOX

I knock on Saylor's hotel room door. She's been spending a lot of time with Marley. And I don't know what those two talk about, but they both seem to be getting better every day. Marley healing from her loss and Saylor getting out of her depression.

She's been spending less time with me which is probably for the best. We really only see each other at night when we can sneak into a hotel room. Or when she pretends to be sleeping on Silas's bus to hang out with Marley. I do have to say, now that Marley knows, it has been a lot easier to sneak around.

But I miss the time I was spending with Saylor. I miss her laugh and her touch. I want to see her more every single day. And I know it's because I'm catching feelings. Something I promised myself I wouldn't do.

She opens the door wearing one of my T-shirts that she is swimming in and a huge smile on her face.

"Hey you, I missed you today."

"It was a long-ass fucking day," I tell her. We had a day full of radio and press. Our last New York show is tomorrow night, and then we roll out and head to Boston. "I barely talk in the interviews, and yet I still find them exhausting as hell."

"I mean, it's a good thing you don't talk since you have absolutely zero charm," she teases me.

"I seem to have charmed you."

“I’m the exception.”

I set down the bag I have in my hands and wrap my arms around her, needing to feel her, touch her. I inhale her sweet strawberry scent, and then my lips are on hers. I can’t get enough of her. Something I never thought would happen, but it has.

She jumps into my arms and I want to carry her to her bed and fuck her until she passes out from pleasure, but I have more important things for her.

“I got you something.”

She leans back in my arms and studies my face, and I can’t help but lean in and catch her lips again. When she pulls away, she peers around me.

“You got me a present?”

“I did.”

She squeals and jumps out of my arms, grabbing the bag and bringing it over to the bed.

It’s the second part of the gift I gave her earlier. I managed to get an amazing tattoo artist in the city to reach out to her. And she spent a few hours today learning how to use a tattoo gun and working on some easy tattoos on pig skin.

She tears open the box and shrieks. “You didn’t!”

“I did.”

“Oh my god. My very own tattoo gun!”

I walk over to her and sit on the bed as she opens the package. “I figured since you had that lesson today that you —”

“Wait, how did you know about that? I didn’t even get to tell... that was you, wasn’t it? You got me that mentorship today?”

I nod. “I wanted you to get some basic knowledge. I was itching for some new ink and thought you were just the one to do it.”

She looks at me with wide eyes. “Knox, I spent approximately four hours today learning how to tattoo. And you want me to tattoo you now?”

“I’m not asking for a piece of artwork. I’m asking for a tiny-ass tattoo that I can cover up later.”

She punches me in the arm. “Dick.”

I laugh as I pull her onto my lap. “I want to be your guinea pig.”

“You know, Logan told me specifically not to actually tattoo anyone until I was comfortable.”

“I am your exception.”

She looks at me, then at the gun lying on the bed next to us. “Well, if you insist.”

I watch her intently as she sets up all the supplies I got her, courtesy of Logan. She’s meticulous with every step, making sure everything is clean and laid out correctly.

“So what do you want?” she asks me. “I don’t have any transfer paper, so I’m going to have to freehand it.”

I planned for that. “How about a taco?”

“A taco?”

“Yeah, you know how much I love tacos.”

She laughs. “I can’t believe I am tattooing you and you want a freaking taco.”

“Like I said. I’ll have it covered. Hopefully by you once you get good at it.”

She shakes her head. “Nope, no way. If I am tattooing a taco on you, then you need to live with it for the rest of your life.”

I smirk. “If you insist.”

She pulls a chair next to where she set her station up on the desk. “Well, get your big ass over here. I can’t tattoo you on the bed.”

I walk over to her and sit in the chair.

“Where am I putting this? Your arms are completely tattooed.”

I unbuckle my pants and slide them off.

“Please don’t tell me you want a tattoo on your ass.”

I laugh. “Let’s just settle for my thigh.”

“Okay,” she says softly.

“Are you nervous?”

She looks at me like I’ve just asked her if the sky is blue. “Of course I’m nervous. I’ve never done this before and you want me to do this. You know it’s permanent, right?”

“It is?” I tease.

She rolls her eyes at me and picks up a permanent marker. “Let’s just get this over with. Not sorry if I carve out your skin.”

I watch her as she draws a taco on my leg. Nothing big, just a couple of inches. Then she cleans my skin again and gets her ink and gun set up.

“You are putting a lot of faith in me that I remember everything I learned today.”

“Oh, I know. I have a feeling this is going to suck balls.”

“Well, at least you know.”

She gets to work. At first, she is super slow and literally drags the needle through my skin, but after a few choice curse words and hisses, she lightens her hand and works more gently. I don’t watch her tattoo me. Instead I watch her face as she does it. Her brow furrows as she concentrates hard on what she’s doing.

And she looks beautiful while she does it. Like a true natural as she dips the gun into the ink and draws across my skin. She does a better job than I thought she would. Her strokes nearly painless as she works.

When I finally look down, I can’t help but laugh at what she did. She drew two arms coming out the side of the taco,

two legs, and two eyes. A cartoon taco. The complete opposite of anything I've seen her draw. I laugh as she puts some colored ink into a container.

“What?”

“Did you just give me a dancing taco?”

She smiles at me, and it makes her eyes look absolutely gorgeous with the way the light in the room makes them turn crystal blue.

“You wanted me to tattoo you. I am giving you my artistic spin.”

“You never draw like this.”

“I know. Which makes it even better.”

I chuckle as she gets back to work. She adds yellows, greens, and reds. And by the time she is finished, I am nearly cackling.

She grabs a piece of Saniderm and places it over the fresh ink.

“You are an amazing woman.”

“Did I do okay?” she asks me as she takes off her gloves.

“I'm impressed with how well you did. I think you found your calling.”

“Saylor Reed, dancing taco tattoo artist extraordinaire.”

She stands up and tosses her gloves into the trash. I pull her into me and press my lips to her forehead.

“If all you tattoo for the rest of your life is dancing tacos, you might get bored.”

“Well I will work on expanding my horizons.”

I head over to the full-length mirror on the bathroom door and admire her work. She comes up behind me and wraps her arms around me.

“I think it's the best tattoo you have.”

“I have to agree.”

“There will be no covering this up. I think it’s classic.”

We both burst into laughter just as a knock lands on her door.

Saylor walks over to the door and Wilder is standing on the other side.

“Hey, brother,” she says as she lets him in.

“Knox,” he says when he looks at me.

I’m in my briefs and she is in one of my shirts. But I don’t think he recognizes that. But I am sure he is wondering what the hell I am doing in his sister’s room at midnight with no pants on.

“What’s going on in here?” he asks.

Saylor tries to hold in a laugh, but she starts cracking up. “Oh, you know, just a typical Tuesday night.”

“What the hell does that mean? Is Knox usually in your hotel room on a Tuesday at midnight?”

She holds up her hands, offended. “First off, you told him to watch over me after that last note. And second, no. He was letting me test out my new hobby.”

“You have a new hobby?” he asks her.

“If you actually paid attention to me rather than whatever girl you were fucking, you would know,” she answers, throwing her hands on her hips.

Wilder frowns but then takes a look around the room. “Is that a tattoo gun?”

A beautiful smile takes over her face, and it makes my heart skip a beat.

“Yes.”

“Is that what you have been up to recently? Is that why you got a tattoo?”

She nods excitedly. “Yeah, Wild. I thought maybe I should use my art skills I never use and start something new.”

A smile breaks out on Wilder's face. "I think that's a great idea."

"Unfortunately, she made me her guinea pig," I tell him.

She backhands me in the stomach and I laugh.

"You volunteered."

Wilder then notices my leg. "Is that a dancing taco?"

"You bet it is." Saylor laughs.

Wilder starts cracking up as he bends down to inspect my leg.

"That's impressive, Saylor. I had no idea you wanted to tattoo."

She shrugs. "It was a fleeting thought, but then I started to really get into the idea. I actually spent part of the day today learning the ropes from someone."

Wilder looks over at me. "You do that for her?"

I nod. "I knew she was interested in tattooing. I thought she could use her free time today to learn."

Wilder's face turns pensive as he looks between us. "Is there something going on between you two?"

Saylor turns red, but luckily Wilder's eyes are on me. And I'm used to lying. "Nah, man. We were just talking about it a few weeks ago."

Saylor makes herself busy cleaning up the tattoo station and I grab my pants from the bed and pull them on.

"I was actually just about to head out. Wanna grab a nightcap with me?"

"Yeah, sure, I could use a drink after today. God, press days are brutal."

Wilder heads to the door and I finish tying my boots before following him. I look at Saylor one last time before I head out. She really is gorgeous. I've known it for years, I just never let myself really look at her. But right now, as she stands in one of

my T-shirts with her cherry-red hair piled on her head, her high cheekbones just hitting the light, I know that I'm fucked.

My hand caresses Saylor's naked ass as she lies next to me on my tour bus. Marley was a saint and got Wilder to go with her and Silas to the beach for the day. I wasn't in the mood and Saylor faked cramps. It's the first time in a week we've been able to get any alone time together. Wilder has been acting weird. Keeping his eye on me like he doesn't believe the lies I told him about something going on between me and his sister. But I felt us growing apart, and I really needed this time with her. Because even though I know I shouldn't, it hurts too much to not have her near me.

I kiss her wrists which are rubbed raw from the rope I used to tie her up. God, she looked beautiful with her wrists tied to her ankles as I railed her from behind. And the way she came all over my cock was something I'll always remember.

"Tell me something I don't know," she says to me in that raspy voice she has every time after we fuck.

"What do you want to know?"

"I don't know." She smiles at me. "I feel like I've known you my whole life, but you're still a mystery."

I brush a piece of loose hair out of her face. "I'm thirty-four years old, baby. There is a lot I could tell you."

"Tell me about growing up."

I close my eyes. "You don't want to hear about that."

"Yes I do, Knox. You grew up so different than us."

"Because you grew up in Carrollton, and I grew up in the lower ninth. Of course, it's going to be different."

"Wilder told me once that you were in foster care."

I wince. Those are the years I don't want to remember. "It wasn't pretty."

“Is it ever?” she asks me with a sad look on her face.

I run my hands over my face then pull her into me. I know how she is and she won't stop asking until I tell her.

“I jumped around foster homes from the time I was ten until I was eighteen. It was a mess. No one ever seemed to care for me the way my momma had. But that is life in the system. The foster parents keep you around for a paycheck. Most of mine used those checks to buy booze and drugs. I had a few that made sure I was fed, but they were never able to keep me for long. I caused too much trouble.”

“I always knew you were the bad boy.”

I press my lips to her forehead as I skim my hand down her back. “Yeah, well, when you grow up like me, the only way you think you can survive is by hustling.”

I don't need to go that deep into my past. She knows I sold drugs to get by since that is how Wilder and I met.

“Most of the families I stayed with had too many kids. I would sleep on a dirty mattress in a room with a few other kids. It was brutal. I was beaten up a lot for getting into trouble. It's not a life I would choose for anyone.”

Her fingers trace over the tattoos on my chest and abs. “But it made you who you are.”

“You mean a fuckup?”

“Knox Beckett, you are not a fuckup. You are someone who has been through a lot. But you're still here. That makes you strong, not weak.”

“Have you felt my muscles, baby? I'm not weak.”

She slaps my stomach. “You know what I mean.”

I nod. I do know what she means. And I also hate that she thinks so highly of me. A man that doesn't deserve anything he has. A man that lied and cheated his way to be here. A man who lost the love of his life because he was too fucked up to notice her slipping away.

“Tell me about your mom. You make it sound like you were a momma’s boy.”

I smile at that. “I was. She had me when she was sixteen. Her parents kicked her out of the house and she got by as best she could, but she was always a good mom. She always made sure I had clothes on my back and food on the table. Even if it meant she worked the streets to get the cash.”

“What happened to her?”

I sigh. “She died of a drug overdose. I didn’t know at first why she was always sleeping. But the streets teach you a lot and by the time I was eight, I understood. Even if she didn’t know I knew. I think she was ashamed of herself. You know, she came from a good family. Grew up in Tremé. But once she got pregnant, they turned their back on her. I think she struggled more than she ever let on. And she found her happiness in heroin. I found out after the accidental overdose that she had been addicted for nearly my entire life. I think it was her way of coping with what she did to make money. Even though I was young, I saw it on her face. I know she hated sleeping with men to make ends meet. My neighbor, Ms. Beasley, was the one that watched me while Momma went to work. I heard them argue a lot. She told her she was better than what she was doing and that if it wasn’t for her vices, she would be able to turn her life around.”

“I’m sorry you lost your mom when you were so young. But at least you have good memories. I swear I can’t remember one good thing my parents did for me.”

I hook her thigh over my leg and run my fingers down her smooth skin. “Your parents are dicks, but at least they made sure you were okay.”

“Yeah, financially, but never emotionally.” Her fingers pause on my chest. “Unlike with Wilder. They actually went to his baseball games when he was a kid. They were a part of his life up until I was born. And then it seems like they just got sick of being parents and wanted to go back to focusing on their careers.”

“I always felt bad for you when you were a kid, Say. I saw the way you were treated and I hated it. I mean, you had everything you could possibly want, yet they showed you no love. At least I had the love for ten years of my life.”

“Yeah, well, I’m over it.”

“Are you though?”

She looks up at me. “I wanted to talk about you, not me.”

I know there is no point in arguing with her.

“I know you went to jail.”

I look down at her in surprise. “How long have you known that?”

“Since you got out. I overheard you and my brother talking. When I had a crush on you at just eleven years old and you disappeared, I got so sad. Then I figured you and Wilder just weren’t friends anymore, but when you suddenly reappeared, I started to eavesdrop.”

“Of course you did. You and Wilder have the same bloodline.”

She laughs. “You know I am not nearly as much of a gossip as he is.”

“Then you get him and Silas together and it’s like an episode of *The Real Housewives*.”

She props herself up on her elbows on my chest. “I knew you liked watching that show with me!”

I shake my head. “Maybe I just liked spending that time with you.”

She gives me a coy smile. “Are you telling me you had a crush on me?”

I brush my fingers along her hairline. “Say, I’ve thought you were hot since before I should have ever had those thoughts.”

“Oh yeah?” she asks me. “When?”

“When you were fifteen and got tits. I wanted to fuck you then.”

She rolls her eyes at me. “Such a guy thing to say.”

“But the last few years, the time we’ve spent hanging out, I’ve always enjoyed your company.”

“Can I ask you something?”

I nod.

“Did you get a hard-on that first night I came onto your bus and I fell asleep in your lap?”

“If you were asleep, how would you know?”

“Because I wasn’t really asleep, and I just liked the way your hands felt in my hair. I knew if I told you I was awake, you would have stopped.”

“I don’t know what it is about you, Saylor. You’re special. You mean something to me. You always have.”

She crawls up onto my stomach and straddles me. “But I thought you looked at me like a little sister.”

“I had to.”

“But not now?”

I raise my brow at her. “Especially not now with you straddling me and your tits inches from my face.”

“Once again, you are such a guy.”

I grip her hips and flip her over so she is underneath me. “No baby, I’m all man.”

And I prove it to her by fucking her brains out.

SAYLOR

I'm falling for Knox. There is no doubt about it. This isn't some schoolgirl crush. This is my heart growing attached to him.

I watch him from the side of the stage as they play to another sold-out crowd in Savannah. I can't help but feel closer to him after our conversation yesterday. When he finally showed me a side of him he always kept secret. And I know he is holding back, not giving me all the details, but I find myself craving them. I want to know all the ins and outs of him. I want to know what it felt like when he lost Maggie, why he blames himself. I know that's why he is holding back. I am sure there is a part of him I will never get because that part will always belong to her.

"It's not obvious at all."

I look over at Marley, who walks up next to me. "What?"

"You're in love with Knox."

I'm glad it's loud as hell as they play because I definitely don't need anyone hearing that. "No, I'm not."

"Yeah, okay. I can literally see the hearts in your eyes as you watch him. Especially because you haven't taken your eyes off him the entire set."

"Oh, and like you haven't taken your eyes off Silas."

"Just when I'm looking at you drooling."

I playfully shove her shoulder. "I'm not in love with him."

“Then you really, really like him.”

I give her a soft smile. “Yeah, I do.”

“Well, I am pretty sure he really, really likes you too.”

I shake my head. “That’s what’s so hard, Marley. I don’t think he’ll ever get over his ex he lost. Sure, I’m here now, filling a void. But I’ll never be the one he really wants.”

She gives me a sad look. “I don’t think that’s true. I think he is struggling to realize that he can move on and that you’re it for him.”

“Let’s not go that far.”

“Yeah, then why is it that whenever Jax or Silas is on stage talking to the crowd, he is looking back here searching for you?”

“He’s not.”

Just as I say it, they finish a song and Silas starts to hype up the crowd. I look toward Knox, and sure enough, his eyes are on me. I bite my lip and smile, and he winks at me.

“Told you,” she says to me.

I try not to get my hopes up. I really want nothing more than for what she says to be true. But I worry that my thoughts are the truth. I’m here to cover a wound, but I’ll never heal him.

Twenty minutes later, the guys exit the stage before their encore. Jax grabs a towel and wipes his naked chest clean. Silas pulls Marley into a dark corner. Roan and Wilder are talking about something. I don’t see Knox. I play with my hair as I wait for the five-minute break to end and for the guys to go back on stage.

But then suddenly, two hands are on my hips, pulling me behind a stack of monitor cases.

“God, you are such a fucking tease.”

“How so?” I ask as I spin around in Knox’s arms then press my lips to his.

He lifts me up and pins me against the cases. “You’ve been watching me all night with those sexy lips and gorgeous eyes. I’ve been having trouble concentrating on playing.”

“You noticed?”

“Yeah, I noticed.”

I chew on my lip as I look into his moss-colored eyes. “I have a hard time taking my eyes off you.”

“Well you can stare at me all night while I’m fucking you until you’re screaming my name.”

“I thought maybe you could blindfold me tonight.”

He thrusts his hips into mine just as he envelops my lips in a searing kiss.

“One minute!” the tour manager yells.

He tears his lips from mine. “I should make my presence known before anyone gets suspicious.”

“Okay.”

“But if you want to fuck with a blindfold on, I’m all about that, baby. Tied down and blindfolded. Fuck. I can’t wait.”

He kisses me one more time before he slips away.

I wait until the ringing of Wilder’s guitar starts before I head back toward the side of the stage. Marley looks at me with raised brows and I just shrug as I finish watching the guys’ set.

I head back to the hotel before everyone else. Mostly because I want to shower and put on some sexy new lingerie I bought to wear for Knox. Even though I know he will more than likely rip it off me.

As I open my door, I trip over an envelope that was shoved under it. I pick it up and walk into my room and toss it onto the desk. It has the hotel’s insignia on the envelope, so I just

assume it's from the front desk. I ignore it as I head into the bathroom to take a quick shower and freshen up.

After slipping into the black teddy I bought, I slip on a lace bathrobe then head over to the desk to open the letter.

But it's not what I think it is.

This isn't from the hotel.

This is a letter like what Silas got, like what Wilder got.

*Now I can hurt not one but two men
that care about you.*

The same way they hurt me.

I drop the note the second I read it. This time, the threat isn't against me but against Wilder and Knox. Meaning whoever is leaving these knows about my secret relationship with Knox. As far as I know, only Marley knows. But there is no way she was the one who left the note.

Even if the notes Silas was getting did stop when she disappeared. But wait, Wilder started getting them long before she returned. That can only mean someone else knows what is going on with us.

I dash to the bed and dig around in my purse for my phone, texting Knox as soon as I find it. Luckily he tells me they just got to the hotel, and he's on his way up.

I don't even think about changing out of my lingerie. I'm too shaken up over the note.

I should tell Wilder, but what is he going to think when he sees that note? It says two men. He's going to know that there is someone in my life and he already has his suspicions about us.

It doesn't take long for a knock to come at my door.

I rush to it, jumping into Knox's arms out of need as he walks in.

“Baby, I got you,” he mumbles into my neck.

“Who is doing this?” I ask him.

“I don’t know, baby. I don’t know. But I promise you I will find out.”

I hug him tightly before sliding out of his arms and grabbing his hand to walk him over to the desk. He reads the letter and crumples it up in his hand.

“Shit.”

“Who could possibly know about us?”

“I have no idea. I’ll go make some calls though.”

“To who?” I ask, concerned.

He sighs. “Don’t worry about it.”

He turns to leave, but I grab his arm. “Can you make them tomorrow? I don’t want to be alone tonight. And I don’t want you out of my sight.”

He wraps me in his arms. “No one is going to hurt me. I’m more worried about them hurting you.”

Him saying that warms my heart because it gives me hope. “Yeah, but if you can worry about me, I can worry about you.”

“I grew up on the streets. You don’t need to worry about me.”

“But what if I lose you?” I immediately regret the words. We haven’t said anything about what this is between us other than friends with benefits.

He kisses the top of my head. “You won’t lose me.”

I bring my lips up to his and he kisses me with reverence. And I can’t stop kissing him. I pour my feelings into this kiss. I want him to know that he means more to me than either of us has let on. And maybe he does know. Maybe he knows that my schoolgirl crush has turned into so much more. Maybe Marley is right and I am in love with him. But with all my years of fleeting love, I don’t even know what love means.

I push him backward onto the bed and straddle him. His hands roam up my thighs and over my ass.

“I didn’t get to tell you how sexy you look in this, by the way,” he mumbles against my lips as his hands grip the silky fabric.

“I wanted tonight to be special, but then...”

His lips move to my ear, biting hard on the lobe. “It can still be special, baby girl.”

“I don’t want to be tied down tonight, Knox. I don’t want to be blindfolded. I just want to feel you.”

I can feel his hesitation at my words, at me taking the power away from him. But he surprises me when he answers.

“Whatever you need, Sailor Moon.”

I pull back and look down at him. “But you don’t do vanilla.”

“Maybe I want to.”

“Yeah?”

“Shut up and kiss me, woman, before I change my mind.”

I laugh as I pull his shirt over his head and do exactly as he says. It doesn’t take long before I’m grinding against him and his fingers are teasing my entrance.

He tosses me off him and strips off his jeans before he climbs between my legs, spreading them wide so his broad shoulders can rest between my thighs. His beard tickles my legs as he kisses the crease between my center and my thighs. And then he is devouring me. Licking and sucking my clit until I fall apart from his touch.

When he climbs over me and lines up with my center, I gasp in surprise as he slowly enters me. As his eyes lock with mine as we rock back and forth, our thrusts meeting the other’s in perfect harmony. Soon enough, we are both falling over the edge together.

He holds me close to him as we drift off to sleep. I don’t mean to say the words and I am not even sure he hears me

when I say, “I think I’m falling in love with you.”

KNOX

I bum a smoke off Jackson while we wait for the buses to come pick us up. I haven't smoked a cigarette in years and he knows something is up with me.

But what am I supposed to tell him? The truth? That Saylor told me she was falling in love with me last night.

I didn't even know what to say to her, so I pretended I was asleep. And like the asshole I am, I left before she woke up this morning.

"What's going on?"

"Hmm?" I ask with a raised brow. "Oh, nothing."

"Bullshit, man. You've been acting different the last few weeks."

"Those notes are back. Aren't you worried about them? About Saylor?"

He nods as he takes a drag of his smoke. "Of course I am. But it's not driving me to start any habits I haven't had in years."

I lean my head against the brick building we're standing against. "Saylor is like a kid sister to me."

"Mmhmm."

I can hear the sarcasm in his voice. "She is."

"If that's what they're calling it these days."

"What do you mean?"

Jackson pauses while he takes a long drag of his smoke. “I’ve seen you leaving her hotel room twice in the morning.”

“You must have me—”

“Bullshit. Did you even know that in New York, her room was across from mine? Twice I went to head to the gym and saw you leaving.”

“I would have seen you.”

“So I was right?”

Well shit, I walked into that one.

“You guys aren’t quiet. Good thing Wilder hasn’t had a room near you. I feel bad for whoever has had to sleep in the room next to you.”

I don’t say anything to him because I worry about what it means that someone else knows.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell Wilder. You two need to do that.”

I take one last drag of my smoke and toss the butt on the ground.

“So is that what your problem is?”

I nod.

“What’s going on?”

I run my fingers through my beard, contemplating how much to tell him. “I never meant for this to happen. I was just keeping her company when she felt sad. Not that she would tell anyone she was, you know how she is.” He nods in agreement. “But I could see it. She wasn’t happy. So we spent time together. And then I kissed her when we were both drunk. I tried to stop this, man. I really did. But there is just something about her that makes me unable to stay away. I’ve battled for years to keep a distance from her. And it was easy when she was young, but this is the first time she’s been on tour with us in years.”

“I understand, man. It was the same with me and Charlie. It felt like we had to stay friends, that that was what was best

for us. But it was never easy with us. It's the same for you."

"She told me she was falling in love with me last night."

"Wow."

"And I don't know how to respond to that. I don't know how to be with her. You know the only woman I ever loved was Maggie. And thinking of trying to love someone else hurts me in ways I don't even know how to say."

Jackson kicks a rock on the ground. "You do realize this is the same as me and Charlie? But Maggie isn't here. She's gone, Knox. And you need to stop blaming yourself for that and move on. Maybe being with Saylor is what you need to realize you can love someone else. I'm not saying she has to be the one you spend your life with, but maybe she can heal your broken soul."

"Wilder is going to murder me."

"Oh, I will pay money to be a fly on the wall for that conversation."

"What do I do about Saylor though? I pretended I was asleep when she said it. I left before she woke up this morning."

"And let me guess, she is now avoiding you?"

I shrug. "I think we are avoiding each other. I haven't seen her all day."

"I'm kidding, bro. She and Marley went to go pick up Charlie from the airport."

"Oh."

"But that just proved to me that you do have feelings for her."

"I told you I did."

"Eh, you really didn't."

"Fine. So what do I do?"

He folds his arms over his chest and gives me one of his looks that says he knows everything about broken hearts. I

mean, the man lived with one for thirteen years. He may be a few years younger than me, but he knows more about life than most of us.

“Just keep doing what you’re doing. Which I am sure includes a lot of things I don’t want to know about,” he jokes. “But let her in, man. Tell her things you don’t tell anyone. See how she responds and see how you feel when she’s there for you.”

“God, I feel like a fucking pansy right now.”

“You know how to love. You loved Maggie with your entire being. Don’t think you can’t experience that again.”

I nod just as Wilder, Silas, and Roan come outside.

“There you two are. We thought you were having some bromance somewhere,” Silas laughs.

“No one thought that except for this douchebag,” Roan replies as he smacks Silas on the head.

“Ready for sound check?” Jackson asks.

“Nope. Something is still wrong with the equipment. We were gonna go grab a bite to eat. Meet the girls,” Silas answers.

“Sounds good,” I say.

“Crawl to me.”

I watch as Saylor does the most degrading thing I’ve done to her yet. It’s not my worst. I can be far worse than this. But for some reason, with her, I don’t always want to be the asshole dom. Maybe Jackson was right. Maybe I do have feelings for her that are more than just the surface. Maybe I am growing attached.

I sit naked in a chair in a hotel room in Miami. Huge floor-to-ceiling windows look out over the city and I have them wide open. We are on the fifteenth floor, so it’s unlikely

anyone would see her, but if someone is paying attention in one of the high-rises across the street, they may see more than they bargained for.

I stroke my cock as Saylor does as I say. She crawls to me, her ass to the window. I admire the ruby stone on the end of the butt plug I put in her. I can see its reflection in the window. I bought it specifically for her because it matched the color of her hair. My eyes move to her tits as she crawls, the way they sway slightly with each movement. Then I bring my focus to the ball gag I put in her mouth since she would not stop being a brat earlier. I only plan to take it out when I shove my dick in her mouth.

She makes it over to me and remembers the lesson I taught her a couple weeks ago. She sits back on her feet with her knees spread. I know it's causing the butt plug to hit her differently and I smile as I see the uncomfortable look on her face.

“Touch yourself,” I tell her. “I want to see how wet you are. I want to see how much you are enjoying having your ass filled right now.”

She slides her hands up her thigh and parts her folds, showing me the glistening skin between them. My cock twitches, wanting to fuck her, wanting to feel her wetness coat my cock. But I ignore my own needs as she does as I say. She slides a finger from her clit to her pussy and then pushes one inside of her.

“I know you can take more than that. Add another finger.”

She whimpers around the ball gag, spit dripping down her chin as she slides another finger inside of her.

“Good girl. Now fuck yourself with those talented fingers of yours.”

She is slow at first, but as her pleasure becomes more intense, she starts to ride her hand. I grip my cock hard as precum drips from the top. I coat my hand with it and pump my dick a few more times. She moans as she watches me, her eyes on my hand instead of me.

“Eyes on me, you dirty girl.”

She groans as she slowly peruses my body, bringing those gorgeous crystal-blue eyes to meet mine.

“How do you feel? Can you feel your need for me while you touch yourself? Are you ready to beg for my cock? For me to fuck you everywhere I can?”

She moans as her fingers work harder. A mumbled “yes, sir” attempts to make its way out of her mouth around the ball gag.

I let go of my cock and lean forward, pull the ball gag off her and shove my fingers into her mouth so she can taste me. She sucks them in hard, her eyes rolling back in her head as she licks the precum off my fingers.

I can't wait any longer. My dick is hard as stone. I grip her shoulders and slide her along the carpet, pressing her mouth onto my throbbing cock. She gags as I push back so far I hit the back of her throat. I don't give her any control. I thrust up into her mouth at the same time I push down on her head. She gags and chokes, but I can tell by the soft mewls she makes she loves this as much as I do.

“That's it, baby girl, swallow me down your throat. Take all of me. But don't you dare stop touching yourself.”

The sound of her wetness on her fingers eggs me on, getting rougher as I fuck her mouth. Tears crest her eyes, but I don't stop. I know she is into this as much as I am.

She shifts on her knees and I know she is close to coming, so I pull her fingers out of her and add them to her mouth. Her teeth scrape along the top of my dick at the intrusion of more in her mouth, but I like the bit of pain that comes with the pleasure.

“Taste yourself mixing with me. Does it taste good?”

She tries to nod, but my control over her is too tight. I pull her fingers from her mouth at the same time I pull my dick out.

“Answer me.”

She looks up into my eyes with a hint of mischievousness. “Yes, daddy.”

“Fuck, Saylor.”

I wrap my hand around her throat and then shut up her bratty mouth with my dick. I fuck her mouth again, tightening my grip on her throat to cause me even more pleasure. She grips my wrist on the hand that’s wrapped around her throat, but I don’t punish her. That will come later.

I pump hard into her throat and roar as I come. Spit and cum leak out of her mouth as I let go of her throat.

“Clean it up.”

She swallows as I pull out of her and then wipes anything that leaks out of her mouth and sucks it down.

The sight of her obeying me makes me hard. When she finally wipes my cum off her chin, I stand and lean over to pick her up. I carry her to the bed and lay her down so her legs are dangling off the end. Her knees are red from the force of me fucking her mouth, carpet burn covering them in the same way I want my handprint to cover her ass.

I hook her knees under my arms and slam into her soaking wet pussy. I pound into her hard. She screams at the intrusion and I drop her legs immediately.

“I thought I told you to be quiet.”

“I’m sorry, sir,” she mumbles. “It is just too much.”

“You can take it, baby girl. Now are you going to be quiet, or do I need to gag you again?”

I nearly lose my shit at her answer. “Gag me, sir.”

I walk back over to the chair and pick the ball gag up off the floor. I head to the bathroom and rinse it off before I make my way back to the bed. She’s lying in the same position I left her in. I’m sure her body feels used already, but I am nowhere close to being done with her. This is the first time I’ve fucked her with a plug in her ass. I fucked her ass a few weeks ago, but I didn’t let her feel the pleasure of having both holes filled.

But after her attitude today, I know tonight is the night to give her everything.

I go to secure the gag around her head and my knees go weak at her words.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Fuck, Saylor, you’re killing me.”

“I need to feel you inside of me.”

I growl as I fasten the ball gag and pick up where I left off. I fuck her pussy hard, reveling in the feeling of the plug making it even tighter. She groans and mewls from the force I use, but the gag keeps her from being too loud.

When I feel her getting close to the edge, I pull out of her and flip her over. I push her legs to the ground, so she is half-standing and press her back down, her chest flush against the bed. I grip her hips and piston into her hard. Her knees go weak and I know she is about ready to come. I slap her ass three times, my handprint leaving gorgeous red marks on her ass. Then I reach around and pinch her clit. Muffled screams come out of her mouth as she comes all over my dick.

I slow my pace down because I don’t want to come again until I am in her ass. I lift her up onto the bed and she can barely hold herself up. I can feel the pleasure radiating from her. I let my fingers slide down to her clit again to tease her and within seconds, she is coming again.

I move away from the bed and grab the bottle of lube I used earlier to put the plug in and grab a vibrator I left sitting next to it. The last time I fucked her in the ass, she only got to feel my cock. But I want her to reach subspace tonight. I want her to black out from pleasure.

I walk back over to the bed and crawl behind her, picking up her hips and setting her back on all fours. I slowly pull the plug out of her ass and she groans. I toss it to the side and admire her spread cheeks.

“You ready for me, baby?”

She shakes her head and I know it's because she's already experienced far too much pleasure, but I am nowhere near done with her yet. I drip some lube onto my throbbing dick, then glide some between her cheeks, teasing her tight hole with my fingers.

When her breathing becomes less erratic, I slowly slide in. I bite my lip from the pure ecstasy of being in such a tight hole. I thrust slowly, letting her adjust to my size before I start to move faster and harder. When I know she is about to come, I pick up the vibrator next to me.

I push her legs wider and she whimpers against the gag. She has no idea what I'm about to do and I cannot wait to feel her completely let go around me.

I slide my fingers through her folds and she tries to clench her thighs together, but I tsk at her and she stops. Then I turn on the vibrator and gently run it along her clit. She freezes and I know she realizes what's coming.

"Knox," she mumbles around the gag.

"Who?" I growl.

Tears fall from her eyes as I tease her clit with the vibrator.

"Please," I manage to make out from her pleas.

I unfasten the ball gag because when I fuck her with the vibrator at the same time I fuck her ass, I want to hear her screams.

"What do you want, baby girl?"

"It's too much," her voice is raspy and breathy.

I smack her ass and I feel her tighten around my dick. "You will always take the pleasure I give you."

"I can't take anymore, Knox."

"Who?"

She breathes heavily into the blankets. "I can't take anymore, sir."

I lean over her, my mouth to her ear. “That’s where you’re wrong. I know how much pleasure your body can take. You just don’t know that your body was made to take so much more.”

She cries in pleasure as I run the vibrator from her clit to her ass. I groan at the feel of the vibrations along my balls. Then I bring it back to her center and slowly push it inside of her.

“Oh fuck,” I moan as everything gets so much tighter and I can feel the pulsing against my dick. “Goddamn, woman.”

She comes instantly, and I know I can get even more out of her. I turn the speed up on the toy as I start to thrust back into her ass at a slow pace. Her eyes flutter shut, but I know she hasn’t passed out as she grips the bedding with white knuckles, her sounds animalistic as I pick up the pace.

I let go of her hip and pull on her ponytail, making her arch her back, causing me to get even deeper into her ass. I hit the button on the vibrator again, turning up the speed as I start to let go of all my inhibitions and fuck her hard and deep.

She screams my name, but I don’t correct her. This time I want to hear my name on her lips, I want her to know I am the one that brings her so much pleasure.

I feel my balls tighten as she comes again and within seconds, I am spurting into her ass, filling her up with so much cum I didn’t even know I had it in me to come so hard.

She drops to the bed and I pull the vibrator out of her, turning it off and tossing it to the side as I collapse on top of her, my dick still buried deep in her puckered hole.

I kiss her shoulder and her neck, then brush pieces of loose hair out of her face. I know she’s out cold. Exactly what I wanted to do to her. I wanted her to know she had so much more pleasure to take.

I slowly pull out of her and lean back on my haunches as I watch my cum drip from her ass.

I climb off the bed and walk to the bathroom and start a bath. Even I am exhausted from that raw fucking. It was

intense and the best sex I have ever had.

I add in some bath salts I picked up earlier and let the relaxing smell of lavender overtake the bathroom. A completely different smell than the smell of sex and sweat from the bedroom.

Once the tub is full, I head back to the bed. Saylor is in the same position I left her in, soft snores coming from her mouth.

I bite my lip and smile. This woman is doing something to me. For the first time in six years, I feel something other than pain and shame.

I gently lift her up and cradle her against me as I carry her to the bathroom. I'm cautious as I step into the tub and sink into the warm water.

I'm still cradling her when she eventually comes to. Tears are in her eyes and I worry for a second that maybe I did go too far. That I did more to her than she was willing to take. But then a soft smile crests her face and I know she's okay.

"Hey, Sailor Moon."

"Did I pass out?"

I nod.

"I've never experienced anything like that before. I swear I was floating on a cloud of pleasure and then I just... I don't know where I went."

I kiss her forehead. "It's called subspace. You gave yourself over to me completely. And your body had a natural chemical reaction, bringing you to a place of pure joy."

"Oh."

"What?" I laugh.

"That sounds weird when you explain it." Her voice is breathy.

"Did you like it?"

She nods. "I... I can't explain it."

"You were a very good girl, Saylor."

“I never thought I could experience pleasure like that,” she says as she nuzzles into my neck. “But I want to again.”

If I hadn't come so hard for the first time in my life, my dick would be hard again.

“Whatever you want, baby girl.”

We sit in the bath for an hour. Her body cradled against mine, her fingers grazing my chest as I caress her back in soothing motions. When the water becomes too cold, I stand and set her on the edge of the tub. I grab a warm towel and wrap it around her before scooping her back up and carrying her to the bed.

I lie next to her and fall into the most blissful sleep with her body tangled with mine.

SAYLOR

I still feel like I am walking on cloud nine after what Knox did to me two nights ago. I can still feel him inside of me. And if I'm honest with myself, I think I fell a little bit more in love with him. But my brother has been getting more and more suspicious of the time we spend together, even when I tell him it was his idea. So I haven't seen Knox in twenty-four hours. We drove from Miami to Tampa yesterday and then the guys spent the day together practicing and working out details with the label for their European tour that starts in October.

I'm in the parking lot smoking a joint when I see Knox head to his bus. I look around and don't see Wilder, so I follow him. I'm hoping that he acknowledges my presence finally, but I don't want to get my hopes up.

I climb onto his bus, but he isn't in the living area, so I make my way down the hall to his bedroom. But I freeze when I see him clutching a photo in his hands. I know what it's a photo of and I can feel my heart breaking as he looks at it.

It's of Maggie. The one person he ever loved and the one person he won't talk about. No matter how many times I try to get him to.

His fingers graze over the picture of the two of them. I hate to admit that I know that's what it is, but I went through his stuff a couple weeks ago, mainly in search of what toys he may use on me at some point. But then I found that damn picture in his bedside drawer.

I thought maybe he was over her. That he was finally ready to move on with me. But seeing him now, clutching that picture, I know that I can never have what I want. He can never be mine.

I go to back up, but my movement must catch his eye.

“Saylor.”

I try not to do anything stupid, but tears immediately fill my eyes.

He sets the picture in the drawer and closes it. “What’s wrong?”

I shake my head but can’t find the ability to move my feet.

He walks over to me and wipes the tears from my eyes. “Hey, talk to me.”

I chew on my lip. “I... it’s just...”

“What?”

“Maggie,” I sigh.

“Oh.”

And I know from that one word that my worst fears are true. “You’ll never love me like you loved her.”

“Say,” he whispers.

I push his hands away from my face. “I want to give you all of me, but I don’t think you’ll ever give me all of yourself in return.”

“Saylor,” he sighs. “You knew what we were from the start. This was never supposed to be anything more than fucking.”

“Then I’m an idiot,” I mutter through my tears. “I really thought there was some chance that you may be able to move on and love me. But I’m a fool. You were right, everyone was right. I just have a stupid schoolgirl crush.”

“No, that’s not—”

“I can’t do this, Knox. I can’t be with you and just shut off my feelings.” I back up until I hit the wall behind me. “I

thought I could do this. I thought I could have fun with you and not let my heart get involved. But I can't."

"Saylor..."

"Was there ever a time you felt more for me than being just another one of the girls you fuck?"

He hesitates to answer, and I don't wait for him. I run off, slamming the door to his bus behind me as I go.

"Saylor, what's wrong?" I hear my brother yell from behind me.

I don't know why I stop. I don't know why I let myself turn around and face him. But I do.

"What the fuck?" he asks me.

"What?"

"Why are you crying?"

"It doesn't matter."

He looks at me with concern then looks at where I came from. "Were you just on Knox's bus?"

I don't answer him and I see the anger take over his face. "You're fucking him, aren't you?"

I still don't answer and I see the rage flash over his face. "You two lied to me."

"Because I knew you would get like this," I tell him.

"I told you to stay away from him for your own good."

"So this is my fault?"

"Yeah, it is, Say. He's no good for you. He's not a good guy."

I scoff. "Real nice thing to say about your best friend."

He runs his hands over his face. "He's not good enough for you. He's eleven years older than you, for fuck's sake. He was a drug dealer. He's killed people. He worked for a goddamn kingpin. You deserve better than him."

“You’re a real asshole, Wilder. Don’t you think I know that? Don’t you think I’ve seen past all of that?”

“I warned him to stay away from you.”

“And then you pushed us together!” I counter.

“He knew not to touch you.”

“Yeah, well I’m the one that started it. But it doesn’t matter, okay? Because I’ll never be good enough for him. I’ll never be her.”

I run off before he can say anything. And I don’t stop even when he yells at me too.

KNOX

The door to my bus flies open as I pour myself a drink. I should have known better than to get involved with Saylor. I should have known she wouldn't have been able to keep her heart out of it. And I should have known that out of anyone in this world, she was the one person that would make my heart question everything. And I was a goddamn asshole to her.

I turn around, thinking she came back to yell at me, but I see Wilder stomping up the steps, his face filled with rage.

I don't even get to defend myself before he lands a blow to my face.

"You fucking asshole. I told you to never touch her. I told you you were no good for her."

He goes to hit me again, and I let him. Mostly because I need the physical pain to get over the emotional pain.

But he is suddenly hauled off me by Silas.

"What the fuck, man?" Silas says to him.

Wilder is raging with anger. "He fucked my sister."

"Oh," Silas answers, not seeming to care at all.

"I told him to stay away. I've been telling him that for the last decade of our lives."

"And I tried to, man. I did. For ten years, I stayed away from her. I couldn't help it that we got close the last two months. That we spent time together. That I started..." I trail

off because I don't want to admit to him that I have feelings for her when I couldn't even say the words to her.

"I fucking hate you. This friendship is over," Wilder yells as he tries to fight his way out of Silas's arms. "And if I have any say, the band is done too."

"The band isn't done," Silas remarks.

"I'm sorry, man. I really am. You don't know how many times I wanted to tell you."

"How long?" he grits.

"How long what?"

"How long have you been fucking her and stringing her along? She was in fucking tears outside."

I run my hand through my beard. I might as well admit the truth to him. "The last six weeks."

"Fuck," he yells as he fights his way out of Silas's grip. He slams his fist down on the table. "This whole time?"

I nod.

"You are an asshole, you know that? You can't just fuck with her head like that. You know how she's always felt about you. Did you think she wouldn't catch feelings?"

I shake my head. "No, man. I knew she would."

"Then why did you do it?"

"I don't know." And that is the truth. I have no idea why I agreed to this with Saylor. Yeah, we promised to keep it a dirty secret between us, but we never made a promise about feelings. And I knew she would fall. I just didn't know that I would feel guilt for falling too. And that is something I can't tell Wilder. Not until I can admit the truth to myself and to her.

"I'm fucking done with you," Wilder shouts as he brushes his hands through his long, blond hair. "Done. We can discuss the future of the band later."

He pushes past Silas and storms off my bus.

"You okay, man?" Silas asks me.

I shake my head. I'm not okay.

Luckily Silas knows me, knows if I want to talk about something, I will.

He nods. "Okay, well, I'm around if you wanna talk."

I don't say anything as he walks off the bus.

I know I fucked up. I know I should have said something to Saylor before I let her run off my bus in tears. I didn't think she would see Wilder though. The thought didn't even cross my mind.

And now I feel like I just fucked the entire band over because I can't admit to myself the way I feel.

SAYLOR

I manage to get my shit together before Riot texts me to let me know the local band that plays the parking lot pre-party is here.

Part of my job is to greet the local band and get them set up in a greenroom before they start their parking lot show. I make my way to the parking lot that they park at, luckily on the other end of the lot than the buses. I really don't want to risk running into Knox or Wilder. My heart and my brain can't take either.

I wave at one of the crew guys as I make my way over to a van with a trailer behind it. The band is called A Dying Breed. I've never heard of them, but apparently, they have a big following here.

A guy walks up to me and I give him a wave. He is probably around my age.

"Hey, I'm Saylor."

He gives me a wave. "Bryce. Nice to meet you."

He's cute and probably someone I should be going for, unlike Knox. He has a baby face and long hair that is shaved on the front half of one side. His eyebrow is pierced and he has a ton of visible tattoos. Typical of the metal guys my age.

"So I have you guys set to play at five, as you probably know," I say as I look at the itinerary on my iPad. "You can play for an hour. It's really up to you. We just like to have you

wrap up the set an hour before the show starts to make sure we can wrangle the crowd inside.”

“Sweet. And thanks, we are really excited about this opportunity.”

I laugh. “Don’t thank me. I just make sure you guys are good to go. The guys are the ones who you should thank.”

“Noted.”

“So if you want to pull your van over to the stage.” I point in the direction of where it’s set up in the parking lot. “You can get set up. If you want, I can show you where the entrance is to the backstage area and where your greenroom is first. As per the contract, you’ll have backstage passes and are able to stick around for the show if you want.”

“I wouldn’t miss a chance to see Saints & Sinners. They are my idols.”

“Don’t let my brother hear that, it will go to his head. Actually, it will go to all their heads,” I joke.

I pull the eight backstage passes I have out of my back pocket. “You can give these to your band and whoever the extras are for and then I’ll show you around.”

I see a group of guys smoking cigarettes next to the van and Bryce waves them over. I freeze when one of them walks around the side of the van. I would recognize him anywhere. Tyler Watson. The man who destroyed my life.

What the hell is he doing in Tampa?

“So these are the guys,” Bryce says, introducing them. He doesn’t even realize I’m paralyzed in place. “Jonny, Rex, Tyler, and Bo. Then Bo’s girlfriend, Amanda. And our friends that help us set up. Ryan and Adam.”

I give them a weak smile and manage to get myself to unfreeze from my spot. I avoid Tyler’s eyes at all costs.

“Keep your backstage passes on you at all times. You won’t be able to get anywhere without them. And follow me.”

I walk briskly toward the venue and can only hope Tyler doesn't recognize me with my red hair and not the blond hair I used to have. Of course, he's not an idiot and has to know that it's me. My name isn't common and this is my brother's band.

I pull my phone out and text a 911 to Riot.

She calls me immediately.

“What's wrong?”

I glance behind me and speak quietly. They are a good ten feet behind me, but I don't want them, and by them, I mean Tyler, to hear the fear in my voice. “I need someone else to show this band around.”

“Why?”

“Personal reasons.”

“Does this have anything to do with Wilder finding out about you and Knox earlier?” she asks me.

“What? How do you know about that?”

She sighs into the phone. “Umm, Knox has a black eye.”

“What!” I shriek.

“Yeah, things got heated and—”

“Riot, I can't deal with that too. But I just... I'll tell you later. I just can't be around this band.”

She lets me know she'll send the tour manager to handle it and hangs up.

When we get to the back door, Evan, the tour manager, is there waiting.

“I heard you needed me to handle this today?”

I nod.

“No problem, Say. Riot is on her bus if you want to head over there.”

“Thank you.”

I turn to Bryce. “Hey, I had something come up, and I need to go take care of it, but Evan here will show you around.”

“No problem.” He smiles at me.

I glance quickly at Tyler one last time and he is staring right at me with a smirk on his face.

“Okay, bye.” I scurry away before he can say anything and rush off to the greenroom. I don’t really want to talk to Riot about Tyler because I know she will talk to my brother, which means he’d have to find out all the details I never told him.

Once I make it to the Saints & Sinners greenroom, I slam the door shut behind me and let out the breath I didn’t know I was holding. No one is in here and it gives me a bit of relief. There is just way too much going on right now for my brain to handle. Between Knox, Wilder, and Tyler, I could really use a drink.

I pour myself a strong tequila and soda water and slam it down before collapsing onto the couch and falling into a restless sleep.

Luckily I manage to avoid Tyler and his band for the rest of the night. But that does nothing to calm my fears or my sadness over Knox and my frustration with Wilder.

Riot found me asleep in the greenroom and told me to take the rest of the night off. I thanked her effusively. I just couldn’t deal with all this shit in one day. It’s just too much.

I hide on her bus even when Marley tells me she will keep me company on Silas’s, but I let her know she should go watch her man. She hasn’t missed a show yet, and I don’t want to be the reason she misses one, even if I could use a friend.

And I don’t want anyone to know about Tyler. I just want to pretend he isn’t even here. Get past today and move on to the next city. If I can avoid him, then I can avoid all the emotions running through me right now. I never thought I would see him again. I avoided New Orleans for a year and a half after he raped me. And when I came back, I heard he had moved. I had no idea where, but I guess I know now.

My mind flits between my trauma and the conversation with Knox. It causes a headache to form and I could really use a joint right now.

I look at the time and see that Saints & Sinners should be nearing the end of their set, so I feel safe enough to venture outside and smoke before anyone leaves the venue.

I head over to Wilder's bus and unlock it with my keys and dig through my bag until I find my weed. I roll a joint, then head back outside to smoke it.

I'm leaning against the back of the bus with my eyes closed when I hear my name and go absolutely still.

"Saylor Reed in the flesh. I never thought I would see you again, baby. We had such a good time together."

I look over at Tyler, who is walking up to me. "You have a pretty messed-up version of what a good time is."

He gives me that smile that I once thought was charming but now see as a threat. "Oh come on, you were begging for my dick. Begging for me to fuck you. You liked it when we took turns with you. You were crying out in pleasure."

"There is something wrong with you if you thought those cries were cries of pleasure."

"I mean, there is pain in pleasure, isn't there?"

I glare at him.

"Besides, I heard a rumor as I was walking the halls that you seem to have a penchant for it now. I know all about Knox Beckett and his taste for pain. I heard Wilder say you were fucking him. So I must have turned you on to something."

"Leave me alone, Tyler."

He walks up to me and gets into my space. "I don't want to. I want to see if you like my cock as much as you did back then."

"I mean it, get away from me."

He doesn't listen as he grabs the joint from my hand and takes a drag before tossing it over his shoulder.

“You thought you could hide from me tonight, Saylor?” he asks me as he drops his head to my throat.

I try to get away, but he cages me in with his arms.

“You have no one to save you tonight. All your friends are busy. I wonder what they would do if they found out I touched you again.” He licks the side of my throat and I cringe. “There are plenty of things I didn’t get to do with you before, and I want nothing more than to do them to you again, you little slut. I bet you like being tied down now. I bet you like it when someone forces themselves on you. You got so wet when I did it to you. You craved my unwanted touch.”

“Get the fuck away from me, Tyler, before I scream.”

“No one is going to hear you, baby girl.”

Just as he says it, the sound of Saints & Sinners stops. It must be time for their encore. I can only hope that some of the crew comes out to smoke before they have to go back in and start taking down the stage.

“I bet if I were to put my hand down your pants, I would find you wet.”

I whip my head to the side as he tries to kiss me. I go to scream, but his hand is on my mouth as he drops his other hand to my stomach. He uses his large frame to pin me against the bus and it’s hopeless, I can’t move.

I whimper, scared that he is going to attack me like he did before. Is his band in their van? Are they as sick and twisted as he is?

His fingers slide into my pants, and I manage to bite hard on his hand.

“You bitch,” he yells as he pulls away from me.

I slap him hard, then scream as I run toward the arena. If I can get to the greenroom, I’ll be safe.

I barely make it ten feet before I hear footsteps running toward me between the tour buses.

Knox comes out of nowhere and before I know it, he has Tyler pinned to the ground and is beating the shit out of him.

I don't stop him. I'm too scared, PTSD from that night hitting me with full force. PTSD I never felt when I was with Knox, not with the things he did to me that were so similar to what Tyler did to me. And I hate myself for it, for trusting myself with a man who could never love me back.

Tyler's face is a bloody mess by the time security finds us and hauls Knox off him.

Knox spits on Tyler and pushes the guards off him before he rushes over to me. "Are you okay?"

"W-what are you doing here? Don't you have an encore?"

"We canceled it the second I realized that prick was missing. And then I couldn't find you."

I look at Knox's bloody hands.

"Did he touch you?" he asks me.

I'm paralyzed. I can't say anything. Because why is Knox here if he doesn't care?

"Saylor," I hear my brother yell my name as he approaches us. "What the fuck happened?"

I watch as my brother looks at the security guards checking on Tyler and then at Knox, who has two more security guards around him.

It's not long before police sirens are heard.

"What the hell were you thinking, man?" Wilder asks him.

Roan, Silas, and Jackson approach just as he asks. I see Riot on the phone in the distance and Marley wrapped in Charlie's arms.

"I was protecting her."

"From who?"

Tears start to fall down my face when I realize that Wilder never knew who attacked me that night. He knew I was raped,

but he didn't know it was by Tyler and he sure as hell doesn't know the extent of the entire night.

Knox convinces the security guards that he isn't going anywhere as he pulls Wilder to the side.

"You didn't see her, man. You didn't see her the night she was assaulted."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"Knox," I whisper.

"She didn't tell you," he tells Wilder. "She didn't want to tell anybody."

"Tell me what?"

I try to pull on Knox's arm, but he shakes me off.

"I found her that night."

"You found her?" Wilder asks in disbelief. All he thinks is that I was raped and found Knox and had him drive me home. "What do you mean?"

"Knox, please don't," I beg of him. I don't want my brother to know the extent of the situation.

But he doesn't listen to me. "I found her bloodied body. I'm the one that made sure she was okay. That had to carry her out of that party. That fought with her to go to the hospital. I'm the one that was there that night. Not you. And I was the one that was here tonight for her. Because I care about her well-being. Even if you think I don't."

Wilder looks over at me. "Tell me the truth, Saylor."

I wipe away my tears. "Tyler Watson was the man that raped me."

"Tell him everything, Saylor."

I shake my head. "I can't."

"Your brother deserves to know what a scumbag he is."

"He's going to file assault charges against you," Wilder tells Knox. "He's a complete douchebag and he'll do anything to take us down."

Even though Tyler is unconscious, I have no doubt that's what will happen.

"Let him," Knox spits. "All that matters is that your sister is safe. Who knows what he would have done to her tonight."

Wilder grabs my arm. "What happened seven years ago, Say?"

I know I can't keep this from him anymore. "I'll tell you later."

The cops approach us at that second and put handcuffs on Knox.

"He was protecting me," I beg of the cops.

"Sorry, ma'am, but he's going to be held tonight until we can get statements from everyone involved. And since the man he beat up needs medical attention, we need to arrest him."

"That man tried to rape me." I point to Tyler, who is being lifted onto a gurney.

The police officer winces. "Okay, Ms.?"

"Reed. Saylor Reed," I tell him. "Just tell me what I need to do."

"You need to come to the station. You can either come with one of the officers, or if you want to drive yourself, you can."

"I'll bring her in," Wilder tells the officer.

"Fair enough."

The rest of the night is a commotion. So many people asking me questions wanting to know what happened. I finally tell Wilder the entire story of what happened to me that night seven years ago, minus the part about the baby. I don't have the heart to tell him that.

Riot is able to get the lawyers to bail out Knox and by the time we get back to the buses, it's nearly six in the morning.

I want to crash in a bed and despite all the pain I went through earlier today with Knox, I want nothing more than to

crawl into his arms.

Luckily, Knox is the one that tells me to sleep on his bus and Wilder doesn't put up a fight over it.

I slip under Knox's covers, and he holds me while I cry myself to sleep.

SAYLOR

I wake up to Knox holding my face and brushing tears from my eyes. Sadness overtakes me with all that happened yesterday.

“What’s wrong?” he asks me.

“I’m sorry you got put in that situation tonight.”

“Don’t apologize. You have nothing to apologize for. I did what I had to do to protect you.”

I nod as tears fall from my eyes.

“It’s okay, baby.”

“No it’s not. I don’t want you to go to jail. I don’t want Tyler to get the last laugh.”

He pushes the hair out of my face and kisses my forehead. “Don’t worry about Tyler. He isn’t getting away with shit.”

I swallow as I find the courage to tell Knox everything else that happened to me seven years ago.

“Knox... I need to tell you something.”

“What is it?” he asks me, concerned.

“There’s so much more to the story. There’s so much more I haven’t told you.”

“With Tyler?”

I nod. “I was pregnant, Knox. I found out while I was away at my aunt’s house. I don’t know who it was. I have no idea who the father was. It could have been any of them. But I

found out I was pregnant and I couldn't leave. I had to stay. That's why I was gone for so long. It wasn't just the pain and emotional wreckage that kept me away."

"You had a baby?" he asks me quietly.

I nod. "She was perfect too, but I couldn't keep her. I couldn't keep the one thing that I wanted to keep because I was too young and I was too scared."

I can see the pain flash across his eyes. And I am sure he's thinking the worst. That she got put into the system like he was. That I ruined her life.

"I put her up for adoption," I tell him before he can think the worst. "The state wanted to take her away from me because Aunt Judy was sick and I was a high school dropout. But I was able to get her to a good family."

"She didn't end up in the system?" he asks.

I shake my head. "No, I couldn't do that to her. I loved her. I still do."

"What was her name?"

I smile at the memories I had with her for the first three months of her life. "Scarlett."

"Have you seen her?"

Tears line my eyes. "No. It was a closed adoption. I only knew the family on paper. They were unable to have children. But they were financially stable. They lived in a good town." I close my eyes. "I didn't want Scarlett to know I was weak and couldn't keep her. I couldn't raise a child on my own. I knew my parents wouldn't be there to support me. I couldn't put the burden on Wilder."

"It never would have been a burden, Say. He would have loved to be an uncle."

"You know I always wanted to be a mom. And now I want it even more. I want to be the type of mom that doesn't let her weaknesses take over. Not like the girl I used to be."

"You are so much stronger than that girl you used to be."

“It still hurts though. I didn’t even keep a picture of her because the pain was too much. It’s all just a memory now.”

Knox pulls me close to him. “Sometimes memories are better than pictures.”

“Is that how you feel about Maggie?” I ask him.

He sighs and pulls away from me, rolling onto his back. I feel the space between us growing. And I know that this is it. This is the end for us.

“What is happening between us?” I ask him. “I can’t be with you if you’re not gonna love me the way that I love you.”

“Saylor, I’m sorry about what happened earlier,” he says as he looks at the ceiling and not into my eyes. I can’t tell if he is being honest with me. “I truly am sorry, but I didn’t know how to express my feelings. It’s hard. It’s hard with Maggie. I loved her. She was the love of my life. And every day since she’s been gone, I blame myself for her death. The note that she left blamed me for not being there for her, for not seeing the pain that she was in every single day. How can I love someone else when I didn’t give her enough love and I couldn’t see past my own flaws? I failed her. I wasn’t aware she wasn’t okay. And I can’t do the same with you. I can’t be the one that’s to blame when you fall apart. And I know I’ll make you fall apart. I’m just not good enough for you.”

I pull his face to the side so he is forced to look at me. “I love you, Knox. Can’t you see that? I love you, despite everything I know about you. And I don’t think you failed her. I think she put the blame on you because she was too afraid to face her own truths. To battle her own demons.”

“I know. And that’s what I struggle with. Letting go. But with you, Saylor, I want to let go of everything. I don’t want my past to be a burden. But fuck, I let the old me take over last night and I beat the shit out of someone.”

“He deserved it.”

“But you don’t. You don’t deserve this version of me.”

I grip his hand and put both of ours over my heart. “I love all the versions of you, Knox. Can you feel my heart beating?”

It beats for you. No matter what.”

“I don’t want to hurt you, Saylor.”

“Not talking to me is what hurts me. Not opening up. Keeping your heart closed is what destroys me.”

He drops his forehead to mine. “I want to love you, Saylor. I do. I’m so sick of battling my own feelings, but it’s going to take time. I need to make sure I’m the man I want to be for you.”

“I’ll be here, Knox. I’ll wait for you. I’ve waited so many years, what’s a few more?”

He presses his lips to mine and at first, I think it’s a goodbye, but then he pulls me closer to him, and I feel the love that he has for me even if he can’t say the words.

“You are an amazing woman, Saylor. Any man would be lucky to have you. But you’re mine.”

“Am I?” I tease.

He flips me onto my back and pins my hands on either side of my head. “Don’t even think about getting bratty with me.”

I lift up and kiss him. “I love you, Knox. But I love being a brat just a little bit more.”

“You’re going to pay for that.”

I’m nothing but smiles by the time we get to Atlanta. Spending time with Knox, knowing that he feels something deep for me even if he can’t say the words, means so much to me. I’m on cloud nine. But I know I have to face my brother. I need to talk to him and get it through his thick skull that this thing between Knox and me is real. That we are meant for each other.

I knock on the door to his hotel room.

He sighs when he answers but lets me in.

I sit down on the sofa in his room and he sits across from me. His blond hair is up in his signature man bun, but the usual carefree face he has is hardened.

“I don’t like this,” he tells me after we sit in silence for nearly five minutes.

“What part?”

“All of it, Say. I love the man. He is literally a brother to me. But I worry that he isn’t over Maggie. I worry he will end up hurting you.”

“You can’t protect me from everything. I do need to learn some lessons on my own.”

He winces at that. “Fuck, Saylor. I think you’ve learned enough. I’m still reeling over fucking Tyler and what he did to you. What all those guys did to you. I’m glad Knox beat the shit out of him. I want to murder him myself and all those other guys, but the difference between Knox and me is that he will do it. And I don’t want my sister to be caught up in that.”

“He’s not going to murder them.”

“You don’t know him like I do.”

“You’re right. I don’t. I know him on a different level. And he wouldn’t do anything that would hurt me in the end.”

Wilder gives me a stern look. “He’s going to end up in jail. There is no way he is getting away with that assault on Tyler. And it’s going to break you.”

“Then that is something I am just going to have to deal with.”

“You are being far too nonchalant about this whole thing.”

“It will work itself out,” I tell him.

“And if it does, great. It’s already hit the news outlets. The paps are all over this story. He’s ruining the image of the band we fought so hard to clean up over the years.”

“Riot is already working on it.”

“And then what happens years from now, Saylor?”

“What do you mean?” I ask him, not sure what he is getting at.

“When the band is done and he needs to find something to keep him occupied. When he goes back to his old ways.”

“For being his best friend, you seem to have a lot of faith in him,” I say sarcastically.

“I just don’t want him to hurt you,” he tells me.

“He won’t.”

“You don’t know that.”

“Can’t you just be happy for me? I’m happy, Wild,” I plead.

“I just worry about you after everything you’ve told me. I don’t want something to happen to you.”

I get frustrated and stand. “What I told you last night has nothing to do with Knox and me. That was my own poor decision when I drank all the time. Knox was there for me then, just like he was there for me last night.”

I storm off to the door and Wilder follows.

“Saylor, I’m not telling you what to do. Just... I don’t know. Be careful. I love both of you, but I don’t want you getting hurt.”

“Are you going to stop us from being together?” I ask him.

He shakes his head. “No.”

“Are you going to be happy for us?”

“No, Saylor. I can’t be.”

I give him a curt nod then head out the door, wishing that conversation had gone better than it did.

Wilder ruined my good mood yesterday, and even after spending the night with Knox, where we didn’t have to hide, I can’t seem to shake it. It seems like he knows more about

Knox than I know, more than Knox has been willing to share with me. And it hurts.

I know Knox has done some bad shit, I would be naive to not think so, but to me, it doesn't change the man I know. I know deep down he did what he needed to in order to survive. Because that's what he's been doing his whole life, surviving.

I go to get on his bus between sound check and the show when I hear him on the phone.

"I need you to take care of this," I hear him say.

I don't want him to know I can hear his conversation, so I stay on the other side of the door.

"I know this is my problem, but I'm making it yours since you still haven't done shit about the other problem... I don't want her to live through it again. I don't want her to have to go to court and speak about all the shit that happened to her... I understand... You know I will. I'll do what I have to, just take care of him."

Maybe Wilder is right. Maybe Knox is hiding more secrets.

KNOX

I look at the note that Wilder found on his tour bus today.

*She's such a pretty girl. She would
bleed so easily.
Just like you made my brother bleed.*

I nearly lose it. This one is threatening Saylor's life again. And I know what this is all about. This is about the man that Wilder killed. The man that Silas should have killed. The one that killed his brother. I know I have to make a call again. I know I need to talk to Carter West. But after our conversation yesterday, I don't want to. Not when he's done shit to help us out yet. And I am beginning to suspect it's him behind it all. It's the only thing that would make sense as to why he hasn't acted. He isn't one to wait around. And I think he is doing this to keep the guys on his payroll. I've been tied to him for years. My darkest secret is that I still work for him. That I never got out of his grasp.

I storm out of Wilder's room. The tension between us is thick. He isn't happy with me. But I couldn't care less. The thing between me and Saylor isn't going anywhere, she's stuck with me. Even if it means she could get hurt. I can't lose the one person who has made me feel again.

I knock on her hotel room door and she opens it for me, wearing nothing but a towel. I can hear the shower running in

the bathroom and from the look of her dry hair, I'm guessing she was just about to get in.

"Hey," she says as she wraps her arms around my neck.

I push into the room, kicking the door shut behind me. My lips land on hers. I can't help myself.

I came here with the intention of telling her about the note, but one look at her and I need to have her.

I pull the towel off and lift her into my arms, our kiss deepening with every step I take toward the bathroom.

I set her down on the counter and go to step away, but she pulls me into her.

"Baby, I can't fuck you with my clothes on."

She giggles. "I know, but I don't want to stop touching you."

"Then take my clothes off," I tell her.

"Yes, sir," she says smugly.

I want to smack that smile off her face. I want to bend her over this counter and rail her from behind while I choke her. But I don't.

I let her glide her hands up under my T-shirt and pull it over my head. I let her unbutton my jeans and push them down my legs. She jumps off the counter and bends over to untie my boots so I can kick them off. Then she pushes me backward into the glass shower.

I never give her this much control. But right now I want to. She guides me under the waterfall showerhead, warm water cascading over us as she kisses the hell out of me.

When she drops to her knees, I just about lose it. But I don't stop her. She swallows down my cock like it was made for her. I only pull her to her feet when she has me so close to coming I feel my balls tightening.

"You've had your control, Saylor. Now it's my turn."

I lift her up and press her against the cool tile of the shower and guide her onto my dick. I thrust into her with a slowness that surprises me. I keep my eyes on her as I fuck her and realize this isn't what we do. This is something completely different. We're making love. This is the first time I've ever done it with anyone. I never even did it with Maggie. And I'm glad that it's with Saylor.

She meets my thrusts and digs her nails into my shoulders, encouraging me to pick up the pace and I do. Grinding into her between deep thrusts.

I never take my eyes off her crystal ones. I like watching the pleasure and lust take over as her pupils dilate. I can't hold myself back anymore and I slam into her. My hand on her hip slides between us so I can rub her clit with my thumb.

"Fuck, Knox, please don't stop. Don't stop," she begs.

I don't correct her using my name. I like the way it rolls off those sweet lips of hers too much.

"I love you," she says just as she explodes around my cock.

And those words do something to me. Have me wanting everything with her. Wanting to be able to love her the way she loves me. And I will try my goddamn hardest to be able to. To be everything for her.

"Saylor," I murmur as I follow her orgasm and come inside of her. I drop my head to her shoulder and hold her against the wall as my cock softens inside of her. As I let my emotions take over, let the cage my heart is in break open.

I kiss her shoulder, then her neck, before setting her down and moving her back under the water. I take my time washing every inch of her body and then she does the same to me.

When we make it out of the shower, I know what I have to do. I need to tell her everything. Not just about the note. But the truth about me. About my role in the New Orleans underground. About my ties to Carter West.

I am wrapped in a towel and Saylor in a fluffy robe as I set her down on the bed.

“What’s wrong?” she asks me.

I grab her hand and run my thumb along her knuckles. “I haven’t been completely honest with you.”

“We all have secrets, Knox. I figured you would tell me yours eventually.”

“What I’m about to tell you cannot leave this room, okay? The things I am about to tell you could destroy everything for the band. They don’t know. Not even your brother.”

She nods, but she doesn’t look scared. Instead, she crawls into my lap and presses a kiss to my cheek. “Nothing you tell me is going to scare me. You own my heart and I don’t think anything you say will make me want to take it back.”

I kiss her forehead and tell her my secrets. I tell her about how I started selling drugs, how I climbed my way up the ladder to get an in with a man named Carter West. How the band all worked for him years ago. That I was the one who got the band connected to him. Used him to get the band started. He gave us money. They thought it was for selling drugs when, in truth, it was because I tortured and killed for Carter. I never wanted to be out of control like I felt when I was in foster care. And the power I had over a man’s life gave me the control I needed. Gave me a power I loved. Almost as much as I loved the power of controlling her pleasure. But I found I love that far more.

But I am in too deep with him. I still work for him. He saved me from a life of abuse as a foster kid. Took me under his wing when I was seventeen. Taught me the ropes of his cruel business. There are times on tour when I need to torture a rival for him. He found my being in the band was useful. It let him take control of things in a way he would never have had.

She asks me how many men I’ve killed. And I don’t hesitate to answer. She needs to know everything about me in order for me to keep her. And when I tell her six, she doesn’t run. She just holds me tighter and tells me she knows that there is no way I would ever let anyone hurt her.

I tell her the last man I killed was Charlie's ex. I tortured him because I hated the way he abused Charlie. And then I slit his throat.

I don't expect Saylor to react the way she does. Instead of being scared, she starts to grind against me.

"What are you doing?" I ask her.

"Remember how I always said you were the bad boy from the first time I met you at eight years old?"

I nod.

"I still like the bad boys. Well, one. You. And I think it's incredibly hot."

I snort. "I'm a killer."

"Would you kill for me?"

"In a heartbeat," I say without a second thought.

She smiles at me and it makes my dick hard as stone. "I find it incredibly sexy."

"That's fucked up, Say."

"So maybe we are both a little fucked in the head. Maybe that's why we get along so well."

"You're crazy."

"Crazy for you."

I kiss her hard then, biting down on her lip until I taste blood.

"Punish me, daddy."

"Goddammit, Saylor."

And I do. I fuck her and punish her until we both pass out from pleasure.

Saylor taps her foot over and over again against the desk she has her feet propped up on.

“Can you stop?”

“What?”

“If I’m going to make this call, I need you to be quiet.”

“Ugh, fine,” she says in an obnoxious way that makes me want to take her over my knee. But her ass is still red from the punishment I gave her last night. She needs a break.

“Don’t open your mouth. Don’t tell him anything. He only needs to know certain details. If he ends up asking to talk to you, do not blabber. But I am going to keep him out of the loop that you are sitting here.”

“Got it.”

“Wipe that look off your face.”

She sticks her tongue out at me and I can’t help myself. I stomp over to her and wrap my hand around her throat and kiss the hell out of her as I choke her. I only pull away when I know she is about to pass out.

“You better do that to me again later. I liked it.”

I shake my head at her and laugh. The sex we had last night was rough and intense. Had I known she was going to be so turned on by my past, I would have told her sooner. But it does make it easier to feel like I can love her one day. To tell her the words she is so desperate to hear.

I clear my throat and dial West, putting him on speaker.

He answers after the first ring. “Mr. Beckett, to what do I owe the honor? Have you decided to do as I asked?”

“I already told you I would. But I need you to end this shit that’s going on with the band.”

“Mmm. And I why would I do that? I rather like having you all need me.”

I clench my jaw. “So it is you then?”

“I wouldn’t stoop so low,” he says mockingly.

“Who is it then? You must know something.”

“I haven’t found them yet.”

“Bullshit, you were the one who told whoever it is the truth. They know Wilder shot Johnny. And the last note said ‘my brother’ so I know they are related to him. They can’t be that hard to find. And I am sick of these threats against Saylor.”

Saylor gives me a look of pride as I speak.

“Remember how you owe me for life, Knox. I got you in that band. I can easily take you away. Now you still owe me. You take care of them and I’ll take care of your little problem with Tyler Watson.”

Saylor shoots me a look.

“Done.”

“Good,” West answers. “Now if you want information on these threats you are getting, I would talk to Wilder. He seems to be awfully close with the girl leaving the notes.”

“What?” I ask, surprised.

“I may know something. And that girl seems to have access to the band. I would find out from her what the deal is.”

“Lake is not responsible for this. We aren’t stupid enough to let someone get that close to us.”

“You may not be, but Wilder tends to think with his dick. He always has.”

West has a point.

“Now I have more important things to take care of. I’ll send you the information for what I need taken care of. Talk to Wilder.” He pauses and I think he is about to hang up. “And Saylor?”

Her eyes go wide, as do mine, because how the hell does he know she is here with me?

I give her a nod to speak. “Yes?”

“I cannot wait to meet you in person. You seem like a lovely human.”

He hangs up before either of us has a chance to respond.

I can tell she is shaken by the call, but she doesn't say anything.

“Say?”

“Hmm?”

“You okay?”

She nods. “I was just thinking.”

“About what?”

“I think he's telling the truth.”

“About Lake?” I ask her.

“Give me a second.” She digs in her bag and pulls out a notebook with a sticky note in it. “Lake gave me this note the other day. Look at the handwriting. I didn't put two and two together until now.”

I look at it then pull the letter Saylor received out of my bag. And sure enough, the handwriting is eerily similar.

“Do you think she seduced my brother to get close to you guys?”

“Yes. It's a strange coincidence that she showed up on this tour right when more letters started to come.”

“What about the first couple that Wilder got?”

I shrug. “I have no idea how she got those to him. But she knew where we would be. Even if she wasn't on tour with us originally. She had the entire itinerary.”

“I think we need to talk to her.”

I nod. “Wilder isn't going to like this.”

“Well, his dick is just going to have to find another pussy to fuck.”

I burst out laughing then walk over to Saylor and kiss the hell out of her.

KNOX

Saylor and I decided not to tell any of the guys what we found out. We want to confront Wilder and Lake together. Knowing Silas and the threats made against Marley earlier in the year, he would throw a fit and probably do something he would later regret. At least I don't have to worry about the consequences of my actions. I'm already trouble enough and Saylor doesn't seem to care.

"You sure about this?" I ask Saylor as I tuck a gun into the back of my pants.

She eyes me with caution. "Are you going to use that?"

"No. But it works well when it comes to threats."

She nods, but I can tell she isn't comfortable.

I walk over to her and cup her face. "Baby, I hate to break it to you, but all of us are packing. We grew up on the wrong side of the tracks. We know we need to protect ourselves."

"Even Wilder?" she asks.

I don't want to be the one that tells her. Wilder should come clean to her, but she needs to know. "Even Wilder."

"We didn't grow up this way."

"Yeah, well he was useful when it came to working with West. He sold a helluva lot of drugs to his rich friends."

"Did he do the actual selling?"

I nod. “Yeah. But just so you know, that’s all he sold to. He never worked the streets like we did...” I hesitate to tell her the rest.

“What aren’t you telling me?”

I sit down on the bed and bring her with me. “You should talk to your brother.”

“He won’t tell me shit. So spill.”

I sigh and stroke her hair as she sits on my lap. “You know that last note he got? The one that said the person lost their brother?”

She nods.

“Well, you know Silas’s brother was killed back when they still lived in Baton Rouge.”

“Yeah, I remember Charlie telling me about it and how much it broke him. You took his spot in the band.”

I nod. “Yeah.”

“So what happened?”

I run my fingers along her hip. “Silas wanted revenge for the longest time. Why would he not? He lost his little brother that meant the world to him and the guy blames himself.”

“Wow, you all need to learn to stop blaming yourself for shit out of your control.”

“If it wasn’t his brother, it would have been Silas. A drug deal gone bad.” I pause and let that sink in because I’m not sure how much she knows about Silas’s past. She nods for me to continue. “Well, when the guys started working for West when they moved to NOLA, they made a deal with West to find out who killed him.”

“So Silas took revenge and killed the man that killed his brother?”

I shake my head. “No, Silas got shot trying to kill him.”

She frowns. “I didn’t know that.”

“It was a graze, nothing major.”

“So who killed...” she trails off when she connects what I’m getting at. “Wilder was there.”

I nod.

“Wilder killed someone?” she asks with sadness creeping onto her face.

I nod. “Yeah. He did.”

Tears fall from her eyes and I wipe them away.

“Why didn’t he tell me?”

“Because he never wanted you to know. Even though I told him so many times, especially when the notes started, that he needed to tell you the truth.”

“But he never seemed to be affected by it.”

“You were fourteen years old. You weren’t around him like you are now.”

She nods. “I guess that makes sense. But I still can’t believe my brother killed someone. I... how am I supposed to face him now?”

“It’s his darkest secret. But it doesn’t change who he is. He is still the brother you know. He just risked his life to save one of his friends.”

I nod. “I guess you’re right. I mean, I don’t look at you any different. I actually think it’s hot that you are a criminal.”

I chuckle. “You have serious mental issues.”

She shrugs.

I stand up and set her on her feet. “Are you ready to do this?”

“Yeah, because if that bitch is the one threatening all of us, who’s to say she won’t kill my brother?”

“Let’s go.”

I knock on Wilder's door. It's just past ten at night and I know that Lake is here. He told me as much earlier.

I hear him stumbling around and a girl laughing before he finally opens the door.

“What the hell, man? I told you—”

I push past him, Saylor on my heels.

“What the hell is going on?” he yells as we make our way into his room.

Lake is scrambling to throw a shirt on as she kneels on the bed.

“I think you need to ask her,” I say as I point at Lake.

Wilder scrunches his brow. “Huh?”

I look over at Lake, who has fear written across her face. “Do you want to tell him, or should I?”

“Tell me what?” Wilder says as he pushes me out of the way and makes his way to Lake who has stood up from the bed.

“It's her,” Saylor accuses. “She's the one who has been leaving the notes.”

“Don't be ridiculous,” Wilder defends her.

“I'm not being ridiculous. It's her handwriting on those notes.”

Wilder turns to Lake. “What is she talking about?”

Lake looks horrified as she wrings her hands in her T-shirt. “I... um...”

Saylor storms over to her and slaps her across the face. “Stop threatening my family!”

Wilder grabs Saylor and pulls her away from Lake as Lake stands, holding her face with her mouth open in shock.

“I'm not threatening anyone.”

I look directly at her. “It's your handwriting.”

“What the hell are you guys talking about?” Wilder screams defensively. “There is no way it’s her. She wouldn’t do this.”

Lake looks over at Wilder and bites her lip before starting and stopping her sentence. “I... look, I’m sorry... I was in trouble. I got tied up with the wrong people. And someone paid me to leave those notes. I don’t know what they were about. I swear.”

Wilder steps away from her at the first words of her confession. “You? This whole time.” He paces the room and pulls on his hair. “Fuck, I was falling in love with you.”

“Wilder,” she says softly. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for things to get this way. It just... I needed the money. I don’t even know who the person is. I just followed instructions.”

I don’t believe her, even if her words sound convincing enough.

Lake walks up to Wilder and grabs his arm. “I’m falling for you too. I didn’t mean for this to happen. I just... please don’t ruin what we have.”

Saylor walks up to me and puts her hand on my back and before I can stop her, she is pulling the gun from the back of my jeans.

“Lake, get the fuck away from my brother,” she growls as she points the gun at the girl.

I immediately wrap my arms around Saylor and pull her away. I know she has no idea how to use a gun. But I can’t let her do something she’ll regret.

“Get off me, Knox.” She tries to shake me off, but it’s no use. I have her firmly in my grip.

Wilder rushes to her and pulls the gun from her hand. “Have you lost your mind, Saylor?”

“Have you lost yours?” she grits. “This woman is responsible for everything. Or do you not remember how someone tried to push me in front of a car?”

“I-I didn’t do that,” Lake cries.

“Then who the fuck did? Because I know that it was you leaving the notes,” Saylor seethes.

I manage to pull her behind me and try to calm the tension. “Look, we know it was you. We were tipped off. We compared your handwriting to the notes. So you better start explaining.”

Lake looks between all of us. “I told you. I don’t know who is behind it. I just took the money because I needed it. I had no idea what the notes meant. I just—”

“You wrote notes threatening me and my family while, at the same time, you were fucking me?” Wilder growls. “Get the fuck out! Out of this hotel, out of the tour and out of my life!”

Lake walks up to him and grabs his arm. “Wilder, please understand—”

Wilder lifts the gun to her face and unlocks the safety. Saylor gasps behind me at the same time Lake’s face pales.

“I said get the fuck out.”

Lake doesn’t hesitate after that. She quickly picks up her clothes and rushes out of the room.

“What the fuck?” Wilder screams at us. “You found this out and didn’t think to come to me with the information. I could have asked her. I wouldn’t have threatened her with a fucking gun.”

“Uh, but you did,” I tell him.

He ignores that comment. “I would have talked to her. Found out the truth. You didn’t need to come in here and attack her like that.”

“Are you defending her?” Saylor asks. “Wild, whoever she is working for tried to kill me.”

Wilder sets the gun on the desk and rubs his fingers between his eyes. “Fuck!” he yells.

“Hey, man, I get it. We fucking ambushed you, but Saylor’s right.”

“When did you find out?”

“Last night. I talked to West.”

“Goddammit,” he yells and slams his fist into the wall. “What the actual fuck? She was playing me this whole time?”

I nod because I don’t know what else there is to say. I highly doubt she ever had feelings for him and she was just using him whether she was telling the truth or not.

“What else do you know?”

“That’s it,” I tell him. “West didn’t say much.”

Wilder looks at Saylor. “I can’t believe you pulled a gun on her.”

Saylor glares at him. “And I can’t believe you killed someone.”

She covers her mouth the second she says it, and I know she regrets letting that detail slip.

Wilder looks at me. “You told her.”

“She needed to know, man. This is all connected.”

Wilder hangs his head in shame. “Can you two leave? I have a lot to think about.”

Saylor tries to go toward him, but I hold her back. He isn’t in the right headspace and I don’t want him to flip out on her.

“Sure, man.” I grab the gun from the table and take Saylor’s hand. “But I’m here when you need to talk.”

With that, we both leave the room.

SAYLOR

I wait impatiently at Knox's house for him to get back from his errand. Although I know what he has done in the past and I know he is perfectly capable of taking care of himself. I worry about him. I worry he could get killed doing these errands for West.

I finally met the man, too, when we got home for this short break on tour. He's scary as fuck. And it worries me that my brother, Knox, and the whole band have been involved with him. If word ever got out, it would destroy them all.

I'm pacing the living room when Knox finally walks in through his back door. I rush into his arms, and he holds me tightly against him.

"It's done," he tells me. "But I need to go shower. I don't want to think about touching you after having blood on my hands."

I pull his face to mine and kiss him. "I'm just happy you are okay and home safe."

He kisses my forehead and then heads upstairs to take a shower.

West had him torture someone to get information out of them. I don't know all the details and I don't want to know if Knox had to kill someone, but I'm just glad it's over with. We both hope this is the last time he has to do favors for West. He told him he was done and West just nodded and said okay. But from the stories I've heard, I'm not sure I can believe him.

But I'll take what I can for now.

Wilder and I have been trying to repair our relationship. The shock over Lake destroyed him. I guess he was falling for her. And he felt completely betrayed, not just by her but by us for not talking to him first.

I understand him more now after talking to him about it and why he hated the idea of Knox and me so much. I'm sure if he knew Knox's secret of working for West, he would murder him. But that is one thing that will never be told.

No one has seen Lake since the truth was revealed, and I know it's breaking Wilder's heart. But the band, Riot, and I all came to an agreement that if she showed her face again, we wouldn't throw her to the wolves but let her explain herself. I know Wilder is hoping to see her again more than anything.

Ever since she disappeared though, the notes have stopped. It's been three weeks and nothing has come to fruition. I'm hoping that if she was speaking the truth and whoever she was leaving the notes for has no idea how to get in contact with us.

Knox walks back down the stairs and wraps me in his arms, and I bask in his citrus-and-cedarwood scent. He smells like home.

"Can I tell you something?" he asks me.

"You can tell me anything."

"I never thought I would find a girl like you. Someone who shoulders my problems like her own."

I look up into his moss-green eyes. "That's what happens when you love someone. You'll risk everything for them."

"Is that why I'm in love with you?"

I blink a few times, not thinking I heard him right. "Um, sorry, what did you say?"

He smiles at me with that charming smile that he saves only for me. "I love you, Saylor Reed. I struggled for years, blaming myself for so many things I wasn't to blame for. I thought I could never love again because my love wasn't worth anyone's time. But then you let me into your heart. You

showed me all the broken parts of you that you healed so well and it made me want to heal too.

“I’ve been working on myself a lot the last three weeks. And I realized I had to let my past go. I couldn’t keep using it as a reason to cage my heart. And when I’m with you, I don’t want to be caged. I want to be free. Because you make me feel that way. You open my heart to so many things I thought I could never experience. And I want to give it to you. My heart, the world. I love you, Saylor. I am shit with words, but you are the best thing that has ever happened to me. You love all my parts, even the bruised and broken ones.”

I jump into his arms, and he catches me. “You are an amazing man, Knox Beckett. I love you too.”

He wastes no time taking my clothes off and bending me over the couch and fucking me. I joke with him. I am so turned on, not because he loves me but because he is the bad boy of my dreams. That earns me a whipping, which I gladly take.

We wake up the next morning to both of our phones going off.

I open the article Riot sent me. Tyler Watson died from a drug overdose last night.

Knox tells me Riot talked to the lawyers and all assault charges have been dropped due to the death of Tyler.

I breathe a sigh of relief. Even if I knew that the overdose was staged, Knox did his part, so West did his to make me feel safe.

I give Knox a smile and then straddle him. “You know, I think it would have been hot if you went to jail. A real bad boy.”

“You’re really ridiculous,” he tells me. “Besides, I already earned my colors. I’ve been in jail.”

“Mmm, that’s right.”

“What is that look on your face for?”

I shrug. “I’m just happy.”

“That is not your happy face. That’s your ‘I’m about to be a brat’ face.”

I laugh and lean down and kiss him. “What are you going to do about it, daddy?”

EPILOGUE

Eighteen months later

I try to keep my dick from getting hard as Saylor tattoos me, but it's fucking impossible. She is so sexy when she does it though. The way her tongue sticks out just a little when she is concentrating. She spent the last year apprenticing with Rowan Riggs despite my apprehension. But I know how much she loves me. I know that she would never do anything to hurt me or cheat on me.

And she has become fantastic. She is so talented at what she does. And she learned quickly too. Becoming a regular artist at The Devil's Well after just a year. She's been on her own tattooing for the last four months and she's booked solid for the next three. I am so proud of her. She is no longer that girl that joined us on tour and was lost. She is now her own person. Absolutely perfect in every single way.

"Will you stop that?" I ask her as she once again brushes her hand over my semihard dick.

"Oh is this too painful for you?"

"You know what I mean, Say. Stop touching my dick."

"As far as I'm concerned, it's my dick. It's just attached to your body."

I grab the tattoo gun out of her hand and set it on the table next to us. Then I grip her throat and bring her face level with mine. "You know how I feel about that bratty attitude."

“You know how I feel about that bratty attitude,” she mocks me. *“You like it.”*

I tighten my grip on her throat, then look around the tattoo shop through the windows of her tattoo room. It’s late. Just after eleven and only one other artist is here with a client finishing up a large backpiece.

I stand from the table, not letting go of her neck until I spin her around and push her chest down on the table.

“Knox, Ryan’s here tattooing and—”

“I don’t give a shit who’s here.”

I grab the plastic wrap off the table next to us and hold her hands down in front of her, then bind her hands to the table by wrapping the plastic around it.

I lean over and speak into her ear. *“You want to get bratty with me? You want to talk back? Then you get punished here and now.”*

“Knox,” she begs. *“Seriously, I don’t want to lose my job.”*

Once she is secured to the table, I walk over and close the door to her tattoo studio. I shut the blinds to give her some sort of privacy even though these walls are paper thin. And I have no doubt when I have her coming, she will be screaming my name.

I walk back over to her and pull her pants down, then pick up the tattoo gun.

“Oh my god, Knox. Stop. I mean it.”

I’ve never tattooed anyone with a gun. I’ve done a few stick and pokes back when I was a teenager, but this is completely different. Luckily I’ve been Saylor’s test subject often enough and have enough tattoos that I know how to use the gun.

I wipe her ass off with alcohol, then put ink into the needle.

“You don’t know what you’re doing!” she yells at me.

I smack the ass cheek I'm not about to tattoo and she shifts off the table. I know how much it turns her on when I do it.

The first line I draw looks like shit, and Saylor is reeling.

"I swear to God, Knox. I am never having sex with you again."

"That's the worst lie you've ever told."

I get back to working on her small and quick tattoo, getting the hang of it after the first letter I draw. It doesn't take me long, only about two minutes, to brand her.

"There, all done."

"What the hell!"

I wipe the tattoo off to get rid of the excess ink, then grab my phone and snap a picture and show it to her.

"You tattooed your name on my ass!"

I lean over her, my hard cock pressing into her ass cheek through my jeans. "If you own my dick, then I own this ass. It's mine now, forever."

She fights against the restraints around her arms. "What am I supposed to tell my next boyfriend after I break up with you for being an asshole?"

I smack her ass cheek, this time the one with the fresh tattoo, and she howls.

"There will be no other boyfriends for you, Saylor."

"Well, I am beginning to rethink this entire relationship now."

I ignore her and continue my thoughts. "There will be no other boyfriends for you because you are going to marry me."

"No, I'm not. Not after you pulled this fucking stunt."

"Liar."

She stops struggling when she sees me kneel down next to her, holding a ring box in my hand. "You know I was gonna save this for later when we went back home, but your bratty

little attitude has me wanting to claim you before we even get there.”

“Knox,” she says quietly, tears cresting her eyes.

“I never thought I would marry anyone. Hell, I never thought I would fall in love again. But you have a choke hold on me, Saylor. Even if I’m the one that likes to choke you. You’ve had me in your grip ever since that day I called you Sailor Moon, and I haven’t been able to let you go since. I love you, Saylor. And there is not a day that goes by that I don’t want to spend the rest of my life with you. So will you marry me?”

Tears are falling down her cheeks. “I can’t believe you just proposed to me while my ass is hanging out at my job and my arms are tied down to a table!”

“Did you expect roses and chocolates?”

“Hell no.” She pauses. “Actually, never mind. This is really the perfect way to propose.”

I laugh. “You mean that?”

“Yes.” She smiles at me.

“So what do you say?”

She bites her lip and gives me the most gorgeous smile I’ve ever seen. “Of course I’ll marry you. I love you.”

I stand up and press my lips to hers as I slide the diamond ring onto her finger.

“What are we going to tell people when they ask how you proposed?”

“Oh, I plan on telling them exactly this. Even Wilder. I’m sure he’ll get a kick out of it. He didn’t like my original plan.”

“You talked to Wilder about proposing?”

“He was the one that asked me when I was going to do it.”

“I’m so glad he finally came around. But no, you cannot tell my brother you tied me to a table and tattooed my ass before proposing.”

I lean down and give her another quick kiss. “Yes, I can.”

She rolls her eyes at me as I undo her bindings. I pull her up into my arms and kiss the hell out of her.

“What do you say we get out of here and go celebrate?”

“What about your tattoo?” she asks me. “It isn’t finished.”

“You can finish it later. I have plans for you tonight, baby girl.”

She smirks at me. “What kind of plans?”

“I’m not telling you. But I do want to know if you are going to be a good girl?”

She shrugs. “Maybe. Maybe not.”

“Brat.”

She wraps her arms around me and gives me a quick kiss on the lips. “Whatever you want tonight, sir.”

The End

Remember when Knox threatened Saylor with a punishment
backstage?

[Grab the bonus scene here!](#)

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tori Fox is the author of romantic suspense and contemporary romance with a little bit of angst and a whole lot of sexy. When she isn't writing, you can find her listening to true crime podcasts as she tends to her plants or singing along to Taylor Swift as she drinks champagne. Tori is living her best life in the magic of New Orleans with her dog.

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