

FIGHT. FLIGHT. FREEDOM.  
*Who will survive?*

# DISARRAY

HALLOWED CROWS BOOK FOUR



G.N. WRIGHT

# **DISARRAY**

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HALLOWED CROWS MC -4-

G.N. WRIGHT



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Content editor: Samantha Bee

Cover Design: Samantha Wildeboer at Sunset Bibliophile

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*For everyone who has survived something they thought would  
end them.*

# CONTENTS

Author Note

Playlist

Prologue

1. Rebecca
2. Killian
3. Rebecca
4. Angel
5. Rebecca
6. Ezra
7. Rebecca
8. Aiden
9. Rebecca
10. Killian
11. Rebecca
12. Angel
13. Ezra
14. Aiden
15. Rebecca
16. Killian
17. Rebecca
18. Ezra
19. Rebecca
20. Aiden
21. Rebecca
22. Killian
23. Rebecca
24. Aiden
25. Rebecca
26. Killian
27. Rebecca
28. Carter
29. Rebecca
30. Ezra

31. Rebecca

Epilogue

Afterword

Acknowledgments

Also by G.N. Wright

About the Author

## AUTHOR NOTE

If you have made it this far then you are all fully patched member of the HCMC and for that I thank you.

The Hallowed Crows MC series is a dark why choose romance. Please don't take that lightly and read the following warning before diving in.

Disarray is the fourth book in the Hallowed Crows MC series and cannot be read as a standalone but you will be happy to hear that finally it does not end on a cliffhanger!

In this book we see the continuation and completion of the story between Rebecca and all our favorite Crows and while angst filled and spicy at times, please understand that some situations and descriptions may be triggering.

You will read actions of physical, mental, and sexual abuse, and see the effects of both PTSD and anxiety. The FMC and her men use sexual experiences to heal themselves and try to escape the trauma they have experienced. These scenes fall into the dark aspects of dark romance and should be considered heavily before reading.

There is also graphic violence, sexual violence, rape, murder, and other dark themes that readers may find not enjoyable.

This new adult romance is a why choose romance meaning the heroine will not choose a love interest at the end and includes graphic sex scenes that explore kinks including blood play, knife play, humiliation, degradation, and situations of



dubious and non consent. There are group sex scenes included throughout and also some male on male content.

If none of the above is to your liking then this book is not for you. If you would like any further details on any of the above then please reach out to me to discuss before reading.

## PLAYLIST

[Playlist on Spotify.](#)



Love You Move - Links

Maniac - Phoebe Green

Thunderstorm - Rivals

Dark Matter - Rivals

Like A Villain - Bad Omens

Miles Apart - Nick Wilson

Kill of the Night - Gin Wigmore

Horns - Bryce Fox

Call Me Queen - Ndiri O

Carry Your Throne - Jen Bellion

Meddle About - Chase Atlantic

I'm Yours - Isabel LaRosa

Nowhere to Run - Stegosaurus Rex

Twisted - MISSIO

Insane - Flume, Moon Holiday

See You Bleed - Ramsay

Killer - Valerie Broussard  
I Fell in Love With the Devil - Avril Lavigne  
Where's My Love - SYML  
Psycho Killer - RAINNE  
Scars - Boy Epic  
Man or a Monster - Sam Tinnesz, Zayde Wolf  
Blood on Your Hands - Veda, Adam Arcadia  
Vendetta - UNSECRET, Krigare  
Massacre - Kim Petras  
Tonight is the Night I Die - Palaye Royale  
Devil's Worst Nightmare - FJORA  
Six Feet Under - Oshins, Leslie Powell  
Never Say Die - Neoni  
Bloody City - Sam Tinnesz  
Kill For You - Zolita  
Heaven or Hell - Digital Daggers  
Stay Alive - Hidden Citizens, REMMI  
Will I Make it Out Alive - Tomme Profitt  
Ascending Heaven - Asyndeton  
Beautiful Crime - Tamer  
The One to Survive - Hidden Citizens  
Birthday Sex - Jeremih



## TWO & HALF YEARS AGO

*The last few hours have been a blur of mundane Mayoral activities that I am forced to endure day in, day out, just like always. Every day is the same, as I am forced to wear the mask of my own creation to ensure my true self can still come out and play. Today has been no different from the rest, and it dulls in comparison to what I know my evening holds. Nights have always been my favorite, everything looks different in the dark. I like the shadows, the bad things that happen in them, the way the blood looks when it spills under dull light. It calls to me so much that I am itching to get home by the time I leave my office for the day.*

*I smile as I depart, nodding my head at the security guards, and tossing a wink at the receptionist. It's all part of the mask, one so perfected that it got them to hand me the keys to the goddamn town. I almost laugh every time someone calls me 'Mayor' because if only they knew who they had hired to serve and protect them. It's not a job that brings me any sort of satisfaction, but it's necessary for me to stay a part of the world that allows me influence and access. This world is built on money and power and between this job and the circles I run in, I have endless amounts of both.*

*A smirk pulls at the corner of my mouth as I step out into the cool spring air and begin walking down the street to grab myself a quick cup of coffee before heading home. The caffeine hit will serve me well in the extracurricular activities I have planned, and my driver knows to meet me there every evening at 5pm sharp. Another perk to being Mayor, everyone does what you tell them to do, no questions asked. A feeling I crave daily so much so that the people I employ barely fulfill it, it's why I have my girls. Only one of them currently, but she is perfect, well trained. It's what I'm good at, what I was born to do.*

*When I grab my drink, the barista that flirts with me everyday smiles at me just like always. She thinks she wants me, thinks I want her, but she couldn't be more wrong. Women like her, like the rest of the women in this town only see what I want them to see. The charming Mayor, the handsome bachelor, the dotting townspeople, but it's all a facade. Besides, she isn't my type. Too bold, too brash, her makeup too caked on to cover imperfections, and her hair unnaturally bleached. To be honest it turns my stomach sour, but still I smile and wink as I grab the cup from her, ignoring the brush of her fingers against mine. She'd quiver behind her little counter if she knew what I do to the women I really like.*

*Most people don't understand the true human nature of being a hunter, yet this world is built on predators and prey. You either spend your life hunting for what you need to survive, or running from what can destroy you whole. If you ask anyone I'm sure they would agree that they would rather be predator than prey. They all fear death, but it's only a select few that understand that you should not fear death itself, but more what will cause it. Death is certain for everyone in this life, but how we go, now that's the real depths of dread, or in my case, fun.*

*When I am back on the street, I check my watch and it reads 4.55pm. I almost grind my teeth at having to wait, but then I see a flash of familiar black leather. The skull and wing patch is known to everyone in this town, but it doesn't often stray over to the North Side where I reside.*

*What a pleasant surprise.*

*I stride towards him, ignoring the person he is talking to, I can't see them anyway, and interrupt them both without care. "Connor O'Sullivan, a little far from home aren't we?" He turns, and the person he is with comes into view, but I keep my focus on the man in front of me for now.*

*Connor's eyes darken as they take me in, rage filtering through them as he subtly steps closer to his companion. "Just visiting some family, you know how it is, or maybe you don't."*

*My own eyes harden at his attempt at an insult. It's petty and unbecoming of a man of his stature, but still I can't help but grin at his attempt to unnerve me. That smile almost falters as I finally swing my gaze to the person standing next to him. A woman. A beautiful, young woman.*

*She's breathtaking with her porcelain skin unstained, and her thick, long locks of hair tumbling down her back in dark waves. I know from experience that the color is natural, and all I want to do is run my fingers through it and grip it until she cries. I bet tears would look so good cascading down that perfect skin of hers. Almost as good as blood.*

*"And who is this beautiful little rose," I purr, and I swear I almost see a shudder escape her as she stares at me. Oh what fun I could have with a breakable little thing like her.*

*"None of your fucking business, Fitzgerald," Connor snaps, and the girl startles at his sharp tone, but not in a way that suggests she isn't used to hearing it. More like she is surprised to be hearing it now, here, towards me.*

*Her eyes take me in again and only seconds pass before I see recognition flow through her. Good girl, she knows who I am, that will make me a little kinder on her, but not much. She must be related to Connor somehow, she is too young to be his type, and their features are similar enough that I am guessing daughter or a niece maybe. Not that it matters to me, I'll take her for myself all the same.*

*I look back towards Connor, my grin even more feral now I have a new plaything in my sights. "Seems your friend has*

*forgotten his manners.” I turn back to her and hold my hand out for her to shake, but she refuses to take it. Ah some obedience to her father I see. Bold of her to defy me, but not to worry, I’m sure I can change that. Like I said, it’s what I do best.*

*“Rebecca, let’s go.” Connor grabs her arm, crushing it beneath his fingers, and I am desperate to feel her skin bruise beneath mine.*

*Rebecca.*

*Her name flows through me like a new found drug and all I want to do is indulge and enjoy the high. I unconsciously take a step towards her, but Connor is already pulling her away. I watch them as he drags her towards his bike and relish in the wandering eyes that find mine as she looks back at me, with questions desperate to spill from her mouth.*

*Oh, don’t worry my little rose, you’ll have the answers soon.*

*Connor practically throws her on the back of his bike and speeds away, but it’s too late. I’ve seen her now, and the hunter in me is ready to play. The President of the Hallowed Crows probably thinks he is untouchable, especially to someone like me, but he doesn’t know my true face. He doesn’t know that every predator is someone else’s prey, and his daughter just became mine.*

*The drive home is a complete blur, my only focus being the curious eyes of the President’s companion, and what they would look like if she cried out in pain. My cock is painfully erect beneath my slacks, and it takes every ounce of self control I have to not take it out and stroke it to release here and now. By the time I make it back to the house I am almost dizzy with lust, and given the source of my need isn’t here to fulfill me, only one other thing will do.*

*All of my staff greet me with a nod, but I completely ignore them as I make my way towards the basement, my haven, my playground. Just heading down these stairs loosens the tense muscles in my shoulders, pulling the key from my pocket lets*

*my hands stop shaking, and hearing the door unlock settles something deep in my soul. It's time to have a little fun.*

*I hear the scramble of my little sunflower as she drags herself obediently to the middle of her cage, dropping to her knees with her eyes on the floor. So fucking submissive. She was easy to break, I snatched her right off the streets and she looked at me like I was her savior. She had no idea then that I was about to show her worse horrors than she had ever seen before. She does now though. I relish in the way her chest rapidly heaves up and down, the way the hairs on her arms stand to attention, and the way her teeth sink into her lower lip showing her nerves.*

*My heart pounds firmly in my chest as I make my way towards her, every step feeling like salvation. My hands flex, itching to touch her, taunt her, taint her. That familiar adrenaline courses through my veins and like an addict I let it flow, as I unlock the door to her cage. Her entire body freezes as she feels me approach, and a smile tugs at the corner of my mouth as I walk towards her.*

*"I saw the perfect little rose today," I tell her, not missing the flinch she lets out as my words cascade over her. "She's different from you, from the others before you, she's special, I can feel it." My shoes meet her knees, and as I stroke my hand through her hair I feel her tremble.*

*My hand fists into her scalp and I enjoy the little yelp she lets out despite her best efforts to remain silent. I use my grip to drag her to her feet, propping her weak frame to its full height as I let my stare trail over her. Usually I would feel something, proud of her for following the rules, excited to punish her for breaking them, but right now I feel nothing, and for that she will have to pay.*

*The back of my knuckles connecting with her cheek throws her back to the floor, and the trace of blood left behind gets my heart rate going again. That's all I need, just a reminder of why she's here and how I enjoy her, and how soon she won't be alone. The telltale sign of her cry is like music to my ears, and I lean down and grip her again, dragging her to the bed in the corner. When I flip her over and see the trickle of blood*



*coming from her lip, I can't stop myself. I lean down and suck it between my teeth, biting down hard until she cries out once more and my mouth floods with that sweet coppery tang.*

*Some say heaven is a place on earth, but hell is a place I much prefer, and it's found in my cage.*

*"How has your day been, my little sunflower?" My fingers caress her chin, as I tilt her head back to look at me, waiting for an answer to my question.*

*Her eyes already swimming with tears she desperately tries to blink back, meet mine as she smiles a scarlet grin at me. "It was very good, Sir, thank you for asking."*

*Those words slick down my spine as I watch her quake beneath my touch. "Good, because your evening is about to be even better." I take a step back, and she immediately rushes back to the position on her knees, waiting for her next order. So fucking obedient.*

*My cock is impossibly hard, pressing against my zipper, and I almost groan as my fingers skim against it as I undo my belt. This is going to be hard and fast, the need for release so tangible in the air I'm sure the new blossomed rose can feel it all the way across town. Fuck, just thinking of her again has me leaking at the tip as I focus on my little sunflower.*

*"You know what I need," is the only type of order I give, but still she scrambles into a crawl to close the distance between us, and when her hand fists my base I let out a hiss through my teeth. It has taken years of practice to get her to this point, but it was worth it, and a lot of fun for me.*

*My sunflower was gentle when I first found her, growing weak in the harsh winds of reality. When I brought her here I thought she would break completely, but she surprised me. She listened to the rules, followed my instructions, and learned quickly how to please me to survive. In truth, she is the best I've ever had. So when her sweet little mouth sucks me deep, I let my hands softly caress her hair, praising her for her good work.*

*It's always like this at first, soft and tame, but when I thrust my hips forward, she widens her mouth letting me hit the back of her throat until she gags. That sound, that fucking sweet sound, it's better than a fucking symphony, but it's not what gets me going. No, it's the cold, dead look in her eye that has the bottom of my spine tingling. Having complete power over her, her mind, her body, her fucking soul. All of it belongs solely to me.*

*Nothing in the world feels like this, like owning someone so completely that they would slit their own throat before disobeying you. It's a powerful, beautiful thing, and when I break the President's daughter it will feel even better. That thought has me thrusting even deeper, cutting off my sunflower's air supply until tears soak her cheeks, and her fingers dig into my thighs as she tries to push away.*

*When I feel her nail break into my skin, the anger mixes with the lust and the need inside of me, as I look down and see she has drawn blood. She knows the rules and she just broke one. When I push her off she looks relieved, gasping for breath, her delicate little weapon of a hand clutching at her abused throat, but when she looks up at me she freezes. She sees it then, the mistake, and I know she knows what's coming.*

*I move faster than lightning as I snatch her up and flip her onto all fours, her arms racing to keep her upright as I line myself up behind her. When I thrust inside of her cunt she yelps a little, but it's the scream she lets out when I slice the hidden blade into her skin that makes my cock pulse inside of her. Blood trickles down her spine and I allow my tongue to lap it up as I continue to fuck her like an animal in heat. Blood stains her perfect skin like she's a canvas and I'm the artist, and all I can think about is how I need more.*

*Those captivating eyes from this afternoon flash to the front of my mind and I grunt, bringing the knife to my sunflower's skin once more. I wonder if my rose will bleed as pretty as this, and it's that thought that has me slashing and fucking even harder. Cries of pain lash against the bars of steel echoing around us, as I continue to chase a high only she can give.*

*Fuck. I can feel her wetness soaking me, dripping from her body to mine as a haze of blood and sex takes over my mind. The cage, the captive, the crow, what a fucking delicious fantasy it creates, and when my balls draw up, I lean forward and slam my hips into my sunflower a few more times until I am spilling deep inside of her, a feeling like no other now staining me.*

*It isn't until I catch my breath and pull back that I note the now lifeless frame beneath me. What the fuck? I pull my cock from her cunt and pull on her arm which is slippery with blood. When my hand finds where her pulse should be and it comes up empty, my high disappears. She's gone. Dead because of that prickly little thorned rose distraction. I tip my head back taking a deep breath to try and calm myself but it doesn't work.*

*I broke my favorite plaything because I was distracted by something new and shiny, and now someone has to pay. I toss her now useless body to the floor, the blood dripping from my hands and torso, as I stalk from the cage and head back towards the stairs.*

*"Stevens!" I yell out in search of one of my men, as a plan starts to form in my head.*

*The only way to truly break something is to make it need you more than anything else, that's how I keep my girls in line. My little rose doesn't know it yet, but I have a vacancy that only she can fill.*

*Rebecca O'Sullivan can either come and live in my cage and repent, or die like my little sunflower, and it's time for her to make a choice.*



**T**rauma, it's a funny thing, isn't it? We can experience some of the worst things that life has to offer, and somehow we remain standing. Storm after storm thrashes down upon us and every single time we think this is it, this will be the one that finally breaks us. Yet when the rain stops and the sky clears, you're still upright, still intact. But what happens if the storm never clears? If the bad things just keep coming, and you want to break, you so desperately need to break. You want to fall apart and let the wind sweep up your broken pieces, but every single time there is something there to hold you still.

That's how it feels every time I take a breath. There are no calm horizons, or clear skies. I am just stuck in the eye of the storm, watching it go round and round, waiting for the moment it finally sweeps me away. It's in that silent storm that my solitude attacks, my own mind working against me, blurring together the reality I want, and the one I have. The two of them are so entwined I'm not sure what is true and what is false anymore.

There are things I thought I knew, things that I was so certain of that I would have bet my life on them. There are things I thought I could change, that I *did* change. Things that I never thought would happen, and things I can't believe are

happening again, but life has a funny way of fucking with you, doesn't it? How else can I explain myself being here?

The room is nice, homely even, which I am sure they have done on purpose, just as I'm sure that the others won't be in a room like this. They probably think if they treat me well that I will tell them everything they want to know, but a nice room doesn't erase the sting of the cold bite of metal that is still cutting into my wrists.

I should be paying attention to them, worrying about what they are going to do to me, to all of us, but all I can think about is how I got here. What I thought was true, and what is actually true. Here's what I thought I knew; Carter was dead, and Mitch is the one who betrayed us, but neither of those are a fact. I know Carter is alive because no one else would have mutilated Candice the way he did, and no one else would have left me the roses and the note. He knows how to get to me, how to make me afraid, he always has, and clearly he is still feeding on that, but that's not where my focus lies. After all, even he isn't powerful enough to get to me inside a police station. *Not anymore.*

No, my mind is clouded with thoughts of Mitch. He said he was the mole, no wait, that's not right, *I* said he was the mole, all he did was say sorry, and something about plans being ruined and being caught up in a game. He said, '*He made you a pawn*' but if he wasn't the mole, what was he talking about? It can't have been Carter, he never makes mistakes, so if he said we caught and killed the wrong mole that means he is telling the truth. Candice was the mole and Carter killed her for it, so what did we kill Mitch for?

When we got back to the clubhouse I actually felt relieved, free even. There was just a short period of time where I thought it was over, truly over, and that I could actually start working on getting my life back. Then I saw all the blood, and I knew, even without taking in the card and roses, I just knew that this was far from over.

Everything else happened so fast, one minute we were standing there staring at all the blood wondering what the hell was going on. The next, the windows were shattered around us

and there were guns on us from every possible direction. They cuffed me first, a strategic move I'm sure, because as soon as they grabbed me the guys lost their minds, and not just my three Crows. *All of them.*

Every single member of my father's club moved to protect me, not caring about the weapons on them, they just wanted to get to me. Alfred went down first as he was closest to the door, then it was the prospects followed by Ciaran and Frank. When they grabbed Ezra, I screamed so loud that I could feel the sound tearing from my throat, as my wrists were bound behind my back. I ignored the feeling of metal breaking my skin and just kept on fighting.

When Killian went down it was like everything started moving in slow motion. I could see all the commotion, feel all the chaos, but it's as if everything went silent inside my head as I accepted our fate. When I turned to Aiden, his eyes were already on me, the same look on his face that I'm sure was on mine. This was really happening, the Mayor really won. That didn't stop him from beating his way past a cop and grabbing my face in his hands. It was barely seconds before he was ripped away again, but still he managed to whisper four important words.

*Don't tell them anything.*

If our situation wasn't so bad I might have laughed. What would I ever tell them? That I was stalked and kidnapped by a Mayor that is now missing, and that even though we did commit murder today it wasn't this one? Yeah I'm sure they'd really buy that, but Aiden's right, saying something would just make everything worse. Silence is our only ally now.

When we made it outside, the blue and red flashes lit up the entire lot in a way I had never seen before, it almost looked pretty. When they pushed my head down into the car I made sure to take one last look at the clubhouse before we drove away. It might be tainted now, but it's still my home, and that might have been the last time I ever see it.

A hand bangs down on the table in front of me and I am jolted from my thoughts, as I lock eyes with the male detective

leading the questioning.

“Tell me which one of them killed her,” he demands, his tone intent on being intimidating, but still soft compared to what I am used to.

He has been patronizing me with question after question since they brought me in here. I know they see me as their easy target, as their way into the inside of the infamous Hallowed Crows MC, and I should probably be thinking about ways I can get us all out of this, but I have nothing left to give. All I have done for two years is give, and fight, and fucking break, and I’m tired, so fucking tired. And I am just so sick of being scared every second of every day that there comes a point where it just has to stop.

There comes a time in life where you have to make a choice: lie back and take it and accept your fate, or do something about it. Right now it’s fight or flight, and I refuse to run anymore, no matter how tired or scared I am.

*Don’t tell them anything.*

Aiden’s hushed whisper just before he was ripped away from me bounces around in my head once more as the detective questions me again. We’ve been here for a few hours now, or at least that’s how it feels, and Detective Jasper Adams has done nothing but interrogate me. While a woman, Special Agent Sasha Jones, remains silent by his side. I know how serious this is by her presence alone, but she seems happy enough to let Detective Adams lead the investigation. *For now at least.*

“Which one of them did it, huh? Or was it some kind of group bonding thing?” I can tell he is starting to get annoyed by my silence, he isn’t biting his tongue as much as he was when we first started. “You think I don’t know how these pathetic little clubs work? The ‘hazing’ that’s really just unspeakable crimes that you think you can get away with.”

He storms around the table and I see his female companion flex her knuckles like she is expecting him to blow off as he comes to my side. I don’t even flinch, two years with Carter taught me better than that. His hand slams down onto the table

as he leans into me and brings his mouth to my ear. “How far are you willing to go to protect them?”

I almost smile at that, because he has no idea how close to the truth he is. How far *am* I willing to go? As far as it takes is the answer, it’s always been the answer, but he doesn’t know that. He thinks a little rough questioning and some intimidation will wear me down and I will talk. He has no idea the kinds of things I have been through to protect the club, to protect them, and that doesn’t stop now. Our hands are covered in more blood than ever before and I have to bite my lip to stop myself from screaming at him.

I want to shout and tell him how wrong he is, and how typical his questions are. I let out a little huff and he stands back to his full height and stares at me. Still I don’t move, but I do raise my eyes to the woman across the table. She is already watching me, but not in the way he is, no she watches me like she knows, like she sees. I stare right into her eyes and silently scream at her to listen.

They think they know us, they don’t, but they think they do. If they did they wouldn’t be asking these questions, they’re all wrong, their focus so misplaced that even if I did say something, it wouldn’t help them.

Another question is fired at me but I barely hear it because it doesn’t matter what they do or what they say, I will weather it. I will push against them, stay standing, stay intact, and fight with everything I have until there is nothing left.

Carter Fitzgerald is still out there, and I can’t stop until he is dead. This will not be the storm that breaks me.





**P**olice stations are usually where I do some of my best relaxing. My conscience is never clear, but my mind usually is, and most of the time I can switch off and wait for the bullshit charges to be dropped. That isn't happening now though. I have so many thoughts in my mind it feels like it might explode. So much blood on my hands I'm surprised they can't see it, and so much pain in my chest for the ones I love that I feel like my heart might stop beating. On the outside I appear calm, relaxed, uninterested in them and their baseless questions, but every single one they fire at me just creates another of my own.

I can't stop going over and over in my mind of what I know and how we ended up here, and to try and make sense of it all I keep doing it going back to the beginning.

Rebecca was taken, for two years she was gone. Held captive in a goddamn cage where she was abused both physically and mentally, so much so that she came back a changed person. We put it down to time spent apart, but we were fucking stupid, all of us so fucking stupid. She wasn't changed, she was damaged. Broken beyond repair, and instead of helping her, we made it worse. Even now with the truth in our hands, look where we are. We are sitting in a goddamn

police station surrounded by the FBI ready to line us all up and take the shot.

Two years on and still we haven't learned how to protect her. Connor is probably cursing our name to hell right now, as he watches the mess we made with her, and his fucking club. Yet I can't help but curse him right back for making us leave her, for us not having our shit together quick enough to make us worthy enough to stay. Could we have saved her? Would claiming her like she claimed us have been enough to protect her from Carter and all his fucked up plans?

It doesn't matter that we know the truth now, that since being home we've had pieces of the puzzle fed to us until we thought we knew how it all fit. We put it together and it still came out wrong, we still lost, and now the blood on our hands is even dirtier than before.

Which brings us to the two questions I can't answer.

Carter was dead, Angel shot him. We left him with a bullet hole in his chest bleeding out in those fucking woods, and we were all happy to let him burn. I should have known killing the devil would have been harder than that. He escaped, I don't know how, but he escaped, and the evidence of that is what landed us here, but how did he do it? How did he go from dying on that floor covered in smoke, and blood, and ash, to leaving Candice's dead body in our clubhouse with the FBI ready to make us pay?

Her body, the roses, the note, Aiden's fucking cut. All of it orchestrated so perfectly that I can't even wrap my head around it. We have underestimated the Mayor every step of the way, and it seems all we can do is keep paying the price for our stupidity.

Then there is Hustler, a very much now dead Hustler.

*Our brother, our friend, our fucking comrade.*

Now nothing but blood and bones buried deep in the woods where no one will ever find him. The FBI asked about him almost instantly, having conveniently been given all of our names. Now they are demanding to know where he is, but

all I want to know is who he is. Rebecca said he was the mole, choked it out with such finality that none of us questioned it. Not that we had to, she ran from him and he chased her, and I saw the fear in her, the anger in him, the fucking gun in his hand meant to kill her. Hell, if Ezra hadn't beaten me to it, I'd have ended him myself, but where does he fit into this puzzle?

Clearly he wasn't the mole, we know that now. The blood stains in our clubhouse made that clear. But then why did he go after Rebecca? She told me that he apologized, said that he had plans and they had been ruined. That she was a pawn and he had to finish what another *he* started, but if he wasn't talking about Carter, then who is the other he?

So many questions, more important ones than these fuckers even know to ask, and I don't have the answer to any of them. How can I protect her, protect my club, when I can't even protect myself? All of us are here, in this fucking place, with these fucking pigs ready to take us out to slaughter, and there is not a damn thing I can do about it.

“We have a dead girl in your clubhouse, Mr Drake, wearing your President's jacket, don't you find that odd?” The detective has rephrased the question so many times that she must be exhausted, I know I am, but still I say nothing. “Okay, how about the whereabouts of Mitchell Tanner and Angel Burrows?”

I don't react to their names like she wants me to, she has said them so many times they don't even sound like names anymore, and plus it's not like I can actually tell her where Mitch is. I don't think it would do my current situation any good to give her the location of his fucking decomposing corpse, for a crime he clearly didn't commit. And Angel, fucking Angel, I would love to know where he is myself. I don't blame him for leaving, I can't, not when staying would make him suffer. I know what it's like to love someone and not have them, and worse, see them with someone else.

Angel and Rebecca would be perfect for one another in a different universe. In a place where there was no me, or Ezra, or Aiden. They would have become friends, and fallen in love, and lived a perfect happy life together, and Connor would

have done nothing but smile in approval. I can't help but wonder if karma is punishing me for all of the things I have done. They gave me Ezra to love, and then Rebecca, but how much is it really worth when their love is tainted with nothing but pain?

I can remember the name of every man I have ever killed, and the list is too long for me to bother trying to repent, so is this my penance instead? Have I been given everything I could have ever wanted, only to be forced to step back and watch it all burn? My only hope now is that Rebecca saves herself, that she throws every single one of us and our crimes under the bus until she can walk out completely free. She needs that, she deserves that, and I would be happy for all of us to fall if it meant that she got to fly.

Rebecca needs to walk out of here, find Angel, and run without ever looking back. That is the only way we can all truly save her. Yet if I am being honest with myself, I wouldn't let her go. I did that once, and look how that turned out. I pretended I didn't want her, hid my feelings, and all it did was make things worse. I won't make the same mistake, I'm too selfish. I am done hiding my feelings, for both her and Ezra, they are mine, and I won't let anyone hurt them again.



**I**t's been hours and I still haven't said a word. Not that they haven't tried, in fact they have tried every trick in the book. The time is trickling by so slowly that it feels like I have been here for days, like I am back in that cage just counting away the seconds of my life. I almost laugh at the fact that they think they can break me, that they think I am the easy target. They think if they just push hard enough that I will crack, but clearly they haven't looked at me closely enough. All the cracks already exist. Don't they see all the marks brandished against my skin already? Their torture is nothing I can't withstand. The only thing I care about right now is the guys and the club.

Question after question and now their patience is finally wilting, their true colors only now starting to shine. "You think we don't know your type, Miss O'Sullivan, that we don't know what you do for them?" Detective Adams spits at me, as he comes around the table once more and pushes his face towards mine. "How many times have they all fucked you? Defiling you like a worthless whore and still you fight to protect them."

I watch Special Agent Jones' jaw clench under my interrogation. She clearly doesn't share the same technique as my friend Adams here, but she has done nothing to stop him in

his bullshit assessment of me. She might have a badge and a gun that make people think she is strong, but watching her with him I see it, the weakness, the one I once shared. The one that lets men think they are superior to us. I was just like her once, so scared to stand up for myself that I let myself fall.

Aiden told me not to tell them anything, and his words have guided me this far, but what good have they done me? I know she sees something, I might put on a good front, but I know what I see when I look in the mirror. The darkness my eyes now hold, it's the kind of black that can't be hidden, the kind of black that turned me completely into a Crow.

It's why I keep my eyes on her, ignoring him completely as I say, "Women are always seen as weak, helpless creatures. Like ants being burned under a magnifying glass, because some piece of shit decided it was their turn to suffer. Yet men could never endure the things we have to. In fact, they get angry at us for trying to do anything but submit to them, and somehow we are considered the emotional ones. They think doing that makes them stronger, smarter, but all it does is create a drive in us. A fire that starts to fester from deep within until we are the ones holding the magnifying glass, and unlike us, they scream when they burn. They don't suffer in silence, or run away, they thrash and fight because it is their right as a powerful man to do so. That is, until they create a powerful woman. A tip in the scale they never wanted yet can't erase because it was their actions that did it. It makes for a strange world, don't you think?"

The two of them are silent as they digest my words, no doubt dissecting every single one of them and trying to attach them to the crimes at hand here today. The truth is, they will never uncover the *real* crimes, the *real* victims, the *real* horrors that have occurred, that led me to be sitting here in front of them. Not even if I drew them a map to all of the disasters I have left in my wake.

Detective Adams opens his mouth to respond, but Agent Jones beats him to it. "I think I could never possibly understand the world you come from, Rebecca, that none of us could, not unless you explain it to us." I can spy the good cop

bad cop routine from a mile away and I can't hold in my laugh, she really is naive if she thinks that is going to work.

“See that's the problem, Agent, it's not something that can be explained, it's something that goes far beyond anyone's understanding. Why is the world the way it is? Why do bad things happen? Why do certain people have to die when others are allowed to live? So many questions and the answers will never be found.”

She assesses me even closer than before, her mind working harder than it ever has I'm sure, before she asks, “And why did Candice have to die?”

I laugh again, a laugh that almost turns into a cry as tears gather in my eyes. God I hated her, hated her so fucking much that it used to hurt. To watch her with my guys and imagine all the things I wanted to do to her to cause her as much pain as she was causing me. Yet now, here I am with a sickness in my stomach at the image of her abused, tortured body burned into my mind. How long was she under his thumb? What tactics did he use on her that made her betray us? Could I have helped her? Protected her? Useless questions that don't matter, yet they haunt me anyway, and once again I find myself jealous of her, because she might be dead, but at least she is finally free of him.

Before I can respond, there is a knock and commotion outside of the door, then it is pushed open to reveal a police officer looking annoyed, and a smartly dressed older woman I don't recognize. Her eyes find mine instantly and she gives me a quick once over as if ensuring I am okay before she addresses my interrogators.

“I am Miss O'Sullivan's legal representation, why are you questioning her without me?” Her tone is commanding and almost regal, as she stares them down, and I sit dumbfounded without a clue who she is. Adams opens his mouth to answer but she cuts him off, “What evidence do you have against my client?”

He shares a look with Special Agent Jones before he straightens his shoulders and says, “She was found in the room

with the murder victim.”

The woman raises her eyebrows as if to say is that it? “The last time I checked, being near a victim wasn’t a crime, Detective Adams.” Clearly she has done her homework on them as she addressed him by name before she adds, “Are you charging her with anything at this time?”

Again the two of them share a look, but then he sighs as he shakes his head to admit defeat. The woman nods. “Good, then I will be taking her home now.” She looks to the officer at her left expectantly, and when neither Detective Adams or Special Agent Jones say anything, he moves inside to unlock the cuffs still on my wrists.

I try not to hiss as they fall away from my skin, but after being in them for so many hours, my wrists are red and painful. I stand, forcing my legs not to shake which only comes in thanks to Carter, and I move towards her slowly with my head held high. When I follow her from the room, I try not to make it look like I am searching for the guys, but there is a panic inside of me as I am led to the front desk to collect the things they took from me. When we reach it there is another young woman waiting, my belongings already in her hand, and she nods at the older woman beside me as they both lead me out of the station.

When I realize we are leaving, I pause, pulling on her arm to ask, “What about the guys?” Surely we can’t just leave them here, and why is she even helping me in the first place?

The two women share a look before the younger one says, “Our only priority is you.” They don’t bother waiting for me to respond, just open the door and push me out of it and into the early morning sun.

My eyes scrunch in response after being kept inside since last night and when I follow them to the parking lot, I shouldn’t be surprised to spot a familiar black SUV waiting for us. As we approach, Elle King climbs out of the passenger side, and I spy Lincoln behind the wheel waiting for us to depart. Of course, the South Side Rebels have sailed in once again to save the day.



Elle smiles when she sees me, and like the women beside me, her eyes trail over me quickly to check my appearance as she says, “I’m getting really sick of saving you.” I know her words are playful, and I fight back a smile at them, because she’s right, it is getting a little ridiculous now.

“I would tell you it won’t happen again, but with the crowd I run with I can’t make any promises.” I aim for my tone to be as light and playful as hers, but it falls flat, as the reminder of the rest of the club still being inside sours between us.

“Don’t worry, we’re working on it.” Her eyes flick to the two women beside me before she gestures to the older one first. “Rebecca this is Helen Royton, and her daughter Lily.”

I shake both of their hands and thank them for coming, presuming they are legal hands she hired until their last name filters into my mind. “Royton as in Logan?” I ask, turning my attention back to Elle, as I remember being introduced to the boy Lincoln is dating when I stayed with Elle before.

Elle nods. “Helen is Logan’s mom, and Lily is his twin sister. Helen used to practice family law, but we knew they didn’t have anything to hold you with after Linc and Ash broke into the database, so we figured we could use her to get you out.”

As she talks, Lily opens the car door and directs me to it, and we all climb inside and get ready to leave as Elle continues, “You were easy, but the guys all have criminal records, it will take a few more strings I have to pull until I can start getting them out, or at least pay their bail if they are charged.”

The word charged flows through me and my stomach revolts, but thankfully it’s too empty for anything to crawl up my throat. I swallow down the lump now forming there as she turns around to look at me. “We will get back to the house and then you need to tell me everything that happened okay? Don’t worry, Rebecca, we will sort this out.”

I nod but I can’t bring myself to answer her, instead I fight back the tears as we drive out of the parking lot of the station

and leave my family behind. The drive over to Elle's house is familiar now, and as we start to pass the woods that part the North and South side of town, I can't help but wonder, how the hell Carter Fitzgerald escaped and lived to see another day.

By the time we make it through the gates to her house, exhaustion clings to me, and I want nothing more than to eat, shower, and sleep, but as we pull up and head inside, I am led to the dining room that is bustling with people. Of course Marcus is waiting for Elle, moving to greet her as soon as she enters, there is also an older gentleman waiting to greet Helen, who is introduced to me as her husband, Arthur. Lily avoids all of them as she heads into the open plan living area and takes a seat by the windows alone.

Lincoln moves over to the computer in the corner where I spy both Asher Donovan, and Logan waiting, and also Elle's brother Zack, all of them looking over something on the screens. Then there is Max and a few of his security team who I recognize from being at the clubhouse to help us out. They are all clearly working, sifting through information to try and figure out what happened, and I should be grateful, but when I look around all I see is them.

Rebels, a family, a unit of people so intertwined with one another, and so happy to help me, but they aren't my people. I miss the quietness of the clubhouse, the smell of smoke and leather that clings to everything. It doesn't matter that it has been tainted in blood and roses, it's still my home, and I miss it. I miss my Crows, and they're all gone. All of them are in trouble and only I can save them.

I walk towards the table where my bag of stuff from the station has been dropped, and I reach inside for my phone. Elle looks at me like she is going to ask me to tell them what happened, but I halt her with my hand as I move back into the hallway where it's quiet, and dial a number I told myself I wouldn't. It only rings a couple of times, and when they answer, I almost break.

"I know you said that you needed space, time, but I need you." The words are almost a cry. One, for how true they are,

and two, for how selfish I am for saying them, but I can't do this without them.

Seconds of silence drag out and just as I am about to completely fall apart, the front door opens, and I look up and come face to face with the person on the other end of the phone, as he holds it to his ear and smiles sadly.

*Angel.*



**I**t happens so fast that I almost don't catch her. Her knees buckle and I get to her just in time before she crashes to the floor, wrapping my arms around her as if it can stop her from falling apart completely. Sobs wrack her entire body as she buries her face into my chest and cries. I know I shouldn't be here, that I am putting myself back in the line of fire of heartbreak. That it hurts me to see her pain more than anything else in the world, but there is still nowhere else I'd rather be.

The pain is indescribable as my heart aches in my chest at her touch, her tears, but before she became the woman I love, she was my best friend. And right now I need to put her needs, the club's needs, above my own, no matter how much it hurts. The cut across my back means I will be there for her no matter what, not just because of my oath to the club, but because I promised her father I would protect her, and I have already broken that promise far too many times. It doesn't matter that I am someone else now, that I belong somewhere else, for her I will do this.

When she eventually pulls back her eyes are red and glossy, as she looks up at me, and I have never seen her look more relieved to see me. I can't help myself, I love the torture of it too much, and I reach up to cup her face, as I ask the

question I am dreading the answer to. “What happened, Becca?”

Just as I ask that, Elle King steps through a set of double doors with a bottle of whiskey in her hand. She doesn't say anything, just moves towards us and holds it out to Rebecca in silence. Becca doesn't hesitate, she pushes off my chest, accepts the bottle, and takes a deep calming breath, before she tips back a few swills of the liquid, until the tears on her face are dry.

When she is done, the two of them nod at each other in silent solidarity, and Rebecca turns back to me and offers me a sad smile. “Come on, I'll explain everything to you in here.” She gestures to the room that Elle just came from, and we all move to head inside.

I'm not surprised to find the room bustling with people, and after some quick introductions to everyone, even though I already have background information on all of them, a few of them leave while the rest of us take a seat around the large dining table. I make sure I am next to Rebecca, and when everyone silently turns towards her to await an explanation of what happened, I see the slight shake of her hands. She slips them under the table, and I take a deep breath as I reach into her lap and pull her hands into mine, she jolts a little at the contact, but then I see her shoulders loosen a touch.

When she looks at me I see the same look in her eyes that has been there since the second I got home, pain and fear. When she stumbled out of the clubhouse that night with her mascara running and her lipstick smeared, it took everything inside of me to not storm in there and make them pay, but then I saw it. The look of absolute despair in her eyes as she fell into my arms in relief. It was that look that made me remember everything Connor had told me, that she needs me, and that I have to protect her, it's why I'm here now.

Connor knew I was in love with his daughter, he knew it before I did, in the same way he knew she could never love me back. Her heart was never going to be mine, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't fight for her, die for her, and when Connor

picked up that phone and told me it was time to come home, he knew that, and so did I.

“I was in my dad’s small garage at the back of the lot,” she starts with a shaky voice. “I was just trying to gather my thoughts and come to terms with the fact I was finally free.” She says the word free with a humorless huffed laugh, as if the very idea of being free is ridiculous. “I heard a noise and I turned around to find Mitch, Hustler.” At his name my own shoulders tense, and my hands squeeze hers, she flicks her eyes to mine and I see sadness in them, as if she knows what I am thinking, but she couldn’t possibly know.

She ignores my reaction and continues, “He was looking at me and then he started saying stuff I didn’t understand. The words he was saying didn’t make sense at first, but then he pulled out a gun.” I try to keep the shock and anger off my face as she recants her story, but the wrath curls inside of me. “He told me I was a pawn and that he had to finish what *he* started, I thought he meant Carter.”

My mind runs a mile a minute as I try to work out what those words mean in comparison to what I know about Mitch and who he is. Rebecca takes a deep breath before she adds, “I thought he was the mole and when he tried to corner me I shot him and ran. He chased me but the others heard the shots and came running, he was about to shoot me again when Ezra killed him.”

“You killed a member of the MC?” Elle interrupts, and I can see her mind working as hard as mine as she tries to piece together how we got here. “I thought the body they found was a woman?”

Rebecca nods. “I’m getting there,” she sighs, before she continues, “We took his body into a remote area of the woods and buried him. I thought it was over, that Carter was dead, and we had caught the mole, and that I could finally try to move on, but then we got back to the clubhouse.” Her hands start to shake in mine, and I see the tears gather in her eyes again as she struggles to go on.

“It’s okay, Becca, I’m right here.” I move my chair closer in an effort to comfort her, and I watch as she swallows thickly, forcing her emotions to stay back.

“I entered the clubhouse before the others, just so happy to be home,” she recalls. “I smelt the blood first, so used to the smell that I knew what it was before I even flicked on the lights, but when I did, it wasn’t the blood that scared me, it was the roses.” Elle and a couple of the Rebels curse as the realization slams into us all, but still Rebecca pushes on. “Candice was lying dead in the middle of the floor covered in blood, and wearing Aiden’s President Cut that Carter took from him when we were taken, and I just knew it wasn’t over.”

“Are we sure it was the Mayor?” Lincoln Blackwell asks, and Rebecca looks at him and smiles softly, and I can see a familiarity between them. I know she stayed here with them before and it’s clear she has made some friends here, that she could have a place here if she chose to.

She reaches into a hidden inside pocket of her jacket and pulls out a piece of white card that is stained in blood. She slides it onto the table and we all lean forward to read the words written there.

**If you are going to capture and kill a mole, at least make sure it’s the right one.**

**See you again soon my little rose**

**XOXO**

The words are like a rope around all our necks and the reality of it all comes crashing down on us. Carter Fitzgerald isn’t dead. None of us have to ask what happened next, we know the FBI came and took them all away, and I can’t help but reach up and trace the scar along my neck. That motherfucker is going to pay for what he did to me, to her, to our club, and I won’t fucking stop until I have slit his goddamn throat.

There is a lot of talk and chatter as everyone around us tries to work out how this happened and why, and I can’t help but keep my eyes on Rebecca. She hasn’t said anything since

she slid the note onto the table, and her eyes are still focused on the words there, as if they aren't already burned into her brain. Carter has hurt us in so many ways, but she has taken the brunt of them all. Every hit against the club, obliterated through her first, and the fact I now have to deliver another makes me sick to my stomach.

“Becca,” I whisper, and her eyes snap to mine instantly, as I feel the attention of almost everyone here turn to focus on us. “I need to talk to you about Mitch.”

Tears form in her eyes and I hate that whatever guilt she is feeling is about to get a thousand times worse. I wish Connor was here, he should have been the one to tell her. There are questions she is going to have that I am not going to be able to answer, and I wish there was a better time to tell her this, but if we are going to catch Carter, she needs to have all the pieces of the puzzle.

“I know,” she cries. “He wasn't the mole and we killed him. I got it wrong and now he's dead.” Tears start to spill down her cheeks, and the pain in my chest at the sight of them is excruciating. The guilt is clear on her face and the words I have to say taste sour in my mouth.

Asher Donovan is the next to speak though, as he picks up the note and reads it over before he asks, “If this Mitch wasn't the mole, why did he try to kill you?” Of course the heir to the Donovan throne is only focused on that point, but I can't help but agree with him. Especially with what I know.

“Maybe he was working with Carter too,” Elle muses, taking the note from his hand and examining the words closely, not caring for the blood still staining it. Everyone in this town knows the whispers of how much blood she has already had on her own hands. If she had her way, Carter would have met the same end as all of his corrupt friends. From the look on her face I can tell she still thinks about all the things she wants to do to him, now more than ever.

Rebecca is already shaking her head. “Carter wouldn't make a show like that based on a lie, if he said we killed the wrong mole, he meant it.”



I squeeze her hands even tighter in my own. “Becca, I really need to talk to you.” Her head snaps back around to mine as she explores my stare with curiosity, waiting for me to go on, but I’m not sure this is the place for my admission. “Maybe we should go somewhere more private.”

She shakes her head again. “Angel, whatever it is, just say it, it’s not like things can get any worse. Look at the situation we are in, where the rest of the Crows are, please no more games, we need everything out in the open so we can all figure out what to do next.”

Nodding along slowly to her words, I take a deep breath, flicking my eyes across the other people in the room, before I bring my stare back to hers. “Mitch was Connor’s son.”

Four words that explode between us, and she blanches back from them as if they physically struck her, ripping her hands from mine. Her head is shaking again as if trying to erase what I just said, and I feel the tension flood the room around us. “No,” she mumbles, stumbling to her feet, clutching at her throat as if she expects to find something there. “No, my dad would have told me that, he isn’t, he wasn’t, he can’t be.”

Her hands grip her neck tighter as she starts to breathe heavily. I rise next to her, putting my arm on hers, but she pulls herself away, looking at me with nothing but distrust. “Becca,” I plead. “I know this is hard to hear, but your dad called me after you got home, told me I needed to return to the club. He knew something was different, and he didn’t know how to help you, no one did, and on the day he died he called me again.” Tears are falling freely down her cheeks now as she listens to what I am saying and I know this is going to rip her apart. “He knew there was a possibility he wouldn’t make it home that day, and he made me promise I would look after you, that I would help, and then he told me about Mitch.”

The pain in her stare is so violent I can almost feel it as she gasps, “Months, Angel, my dad has been dead for months. You came home and laid in my bed and cried about him with me, and all this time you knew that Mitch was my brother, and you said nothing, did nothing.” Each word from her mouth cuts me

deeper than the last as her entire body shakes in disbelief. “I shot him, Angel, I shot him.” The last word turns into a cry as her knees buckle once more, and I catch her for the second time today.

Everyone around us, quietly excuses themselves as I move us towards a sofa in the living room and sit down and let her cry. I expect more fight, more berating, but it’s as if this was her final straw and she has nothing left to give. Her tears feel like they last forever, but after a while she falls silent, and when I look down I find she has fallen asleep in my arms, something she has done a hundred times before, yet now it just feels bitter and cold.

I’m not sure how long we stay like that for, but when I look up I find the assessing eyes of a young woman. She can’t be much older than I am, yet she watches us with a sadness stained by a thousand years of heartbreak. She’s beautiful and elegant, but looks as if she knows exactly what it feels like to be cast aside and left alone. Something passes over her eyes as she takes a seat across from us, just as everyone else returns to the dining room adjoined to the room we are in.

We both listen to them all in silence as they rip apart Crow history as if it means nothing, as they discuss how to track down Carter Fitzgerald. I should get up and join them, but I can’t, they aren’t one of us, and I’m not sure they understand the depths of what has happened here. Instead I find my eyes straying back to the young woman in front of me. She is still watching the others, but as if feeling my stare she looks back at me.

“You’re Angel, right?” She asks softly, and I nod, wondering who she is before she adds in explanation, “My name is Lily.” The name is familiar from the background checks I did on them, but my mind can’t quite place her in my memory.

“It’s nice to meet you,” I say, mostly because I can’t think of anything else to say, and she smiles as if reading my mind. “Aren’t you going to join them?” I nod my head towards the filled dining room and she smirks.

“My family and I don’t really share the same extra curricular activities,” she muses, her eyes lingering on two of the men I was introduced to from earlier, Zack and Max. I try to find any similarities between them as if to work out who she is, not that it matters, I’m sure she wouldn’t be here if Elle didn’t trust her.

As I watch them all going through documents and pulling out maps I can’t help but sigh as I look back down at Rebecca in my arms. She looks content and peaceful for once, and I wish I could just take her and run from here and never look back, but she would never leave without them.

“You love her,” Lily says, interrupting my thoughts, and I see no point in trying to deny it, so I nod. She waits for something else and when it doesn’t come she concludes, “She doesn’t love you back.”

I almost laugh at how casually she says it, like it means nothing, and I suppose she’s right, so I smile as I say, “I guess she ran out of love on the first three Crows.” I’m sure she knows about Rebecca, Aiden, Killian, and Ezra, but instead of laughing at my pity joke she just smiles sadly in understanding.

“Sometimes we fall in love even though we know we can never have that person, and it’s not their fault for not loving us back, it’s ours for believing they ever could.” Her words seep into my bones and wake up my soul because she is right.

I spent four years watching Rebecca fall in love with three people and none of them were me, yet still I let myself fall for her anyway, when I knew she would never catch me. And it wasn’t because she didn’t care, or didn’t love me, it was because I stupidly thought I knew what was best for her own heart. I was so fucking naive.

Lily has just been able to understand me in a way I haven’t before, and I guess she must be talking from her own experiences. “You got your own unrequited love?”

Her eyes flick from mine to the two men from earlier who are standing closely together as they have a quiet heated

discussion before she sighs, “I’m not sure there’s any other kind, not in a place as selfish as this world.”

Before I can say anything in response she rises to her feet and walks away silently, not one other person seeming to notice her arrival or departure, and not her seeming to notice the wreckage she just left at my feet.

I know I will have to deal with the aftermath of my confession, and the truth from her father, but right now I take comfort in touching Rebecca like this for the last time, because after this I know I have to let her go.



I wake up a little disoriented and panic floods me as I feel strong, firm arms holding me in place. Thankfully when my eyes flick open, there is no fear, just recognition as I look up and find Angel. I am curled up in his lap with my head against his shoulder, and right now he looks to be sleeping too, but as soon as I try to move, his eyes snap open and his hold on me tightens. He looks around the room in search of what woke him and when his eyes come back to mine he offers me a sad smile.

We share a silent peace with one another before I quietly slip from his lap without a word. Coldness seeps into my body, but it's nothing that I'm not used to as the reality of before comes back to me. Mitch was my father's son, which means he was my brother. I'm not sure if that means we have the same mother, he was older than me, and I'm not sure I want the answer, not now, not when the guilt and confusion are almost crushing me. Not when I still have to fight for the life of my Crows.

As I stand I feel Angel watching me, waiting for me to fall apart again. Maybe he expects me to yell at him some more, but the truth is, none of this is his fault. My father should have never put him in this position, and I should have never asked so much from him, some things he isn't even aware of. There

is so much wreckage between us now that I don't know if we will ever make it back to how we were before, if he even wants to, but I know I want to try.

Just as I have that thought Elle walks quietly into the room, her eyes shifting between the two of us as if to try and assess the tension there. When neither of us say anything she gestures for me to take a seat, and when I do, she comes and sits down on the coffee table in front of us. She is holding a couple of brown files in her hand and I know that however long I was sleeping for, which now I feel slightly embarrassed about, she was clearly busy working.

"I've got Max and his team working on tracking every known associate of the Mayor's, and Roger Burrows." She looks at Angel as she says his father's name but he doesn't react. "We have flags on all their known identities and a few places they could be in town. If either of them pull on one of those strings we will know about it." She hands me the first file and I presume everything she just discussed is inside of it, but I don't get a chance to look before she continues. "I have a team of lawyers working on getting the guys out but it's going to take some time, they all have criminal records and considering how you guys were caught, it's going to be a tough case."

My throat turns so dry that I can't even thank her for helping us. No, instead the fear of it not being enough swallows me whole, as I think about what I will do if one of them is charged for Candice's murder. Elle doesn't seem to share my concern as she passes me another file and takes a deep breath before she continues. "This is a file on your father, I did some digging and I found details on what I think may be Mitch's mother. We are still running some background checks, but I will let you know what we find. There are also details of a safety deposit box that your father kept in town. It's yours to do with as you please."

She holds out the last file and my hands shake as I reach out and take it from her. So much information, so many secrets, and my father never told me about any of them. I don't open it though, not now, not here, I can't. There is nothing I

can do to change what happened to my father, or to Mitch, but I can do something to save the Crows, and that's what I need to focus on.

As if reading my mind, Elle adds, "You guys are welcome to stay here as long as you need and I promise I will do everything in my power to get them back." There is no fear behind her words, no thought that she might not achieve the impossible, she just says it so matter of factly that you have to believe it's true.

Before I can open my mouth to say anything, Angel stands. "Thank you for your help, we really do appreciate it, but we aren't staying here."

My eyes snap to him in confusion, because it's not like we can just go back to the clubhouse, and I'm not sure where else we can stay that can be as safe as this. He doesn't let me voice any of those thoughts though, as Elle rises to her feet and cocks an eyebrow at him.

"Look, I know you can protect her, you have done it before and I know you will do it again, but you have a family here, one that I know you will put before her, as you should, but this isn't a battle you need to suffer. There will be a fight, and we will have to endure it, but I won't put your family at risk to do so." Right now I don't see my best friend, I see someone different, someone I barely recognize and I know the two years we spent apart didn't just change me, they changed him too.

Those two years don't matter though, not right now, no, the only thing that matters is we are Crows and we have to protect our own. I rise to my feet and stand next to him in silent agreement, but instead of refusing us, all Elle does is smile. "I thought you might say that."

With a silent nod, Lincoln appears from nowhere with a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth as he dumps a metal box on the table beside Elle. When she opens it I shouldn't be surprised it is filled with weapons and gadgets. There are guns, knives, knuckle dusters, burner phones, wires, and some little pieces of jewelry that she confirms have hidden trackers in

them. I would probably find the whole thing bizarre if I didn't already know her and her history, but this is just typical Elle King behavior.

She pulls out a knife similar to the last one she gave me and fits it to my upper thigh, then reaches behind me to tuck a gun into my waistband before stepping back to face me. "No one knows how smart and ruthless Carter Fitzgerald is more than you. Never underestimate him again, but also don't underestimate the hold you have over him and the power it gives you."

I snort a laugh as Angel picks up the box from the table to take with us, and we all move towards the front of the house. When I turn to Elle she is watching me carefully as I say, "I don't feel very powerful, not right now, not like this." She knows I mean without my Crows, she understands they are my lifeline, like I'm sure the Rebels are to her.

Elle smiles, opening the door to show us a convoy of cars waiting to take us wherever we want to go as she purrs, "If we weren't powerful, men like them wouldn't covet us." She doesn't mean men like Carter, she means men like the Crows, her Rebels, men who would burn the world down for the people they love. Yet I don't want them to start the fire, all I want them to do is light the match.

Neither her nor Lincoln say anything else and I can do nothing but follow Angel out to a sleek car that he clearly drove here, as he unlocks the trunk and places the box inside. "Where are we going?" I ask, because despite supporting his speech inside, I don't exactly have a list of places we can crash while we try and sort this mess out.

Angel's smile is more somber, like he wishes he didn't have to share this with me and I can't say I blame him, but still he leads me to the passenger door and opens it for me. "We are going to my apartment, Blade is waiting for us." That's the only information I get before he guides me inside the car and slams the door, and then we drive away from the Rebels and the safety of their gated mansion.



The drive to the edge of town is quiet and awkward, as Angel and I both try to navigate the giant elephant in the room between us. I wish I could erase it, could give him what he wants and love him back, but he knows as well as I do that it just isn't possible. So, instead of saying baseless words that mean nothing, the two of us remain silent as we let our eyes scan our surroundings until we reach our destination.

The word apartment was being used very loosely because when we arrive and pull into an underground garage that sits below a huge twenty storey building, I think he has the wrong place. Yet as we pull into an empty parking space I note the guards with guns waiting for us. Angel greets all of them by name and in return they refer to him as Ghost, letting us pass with nothing but a polite nod.

We take an elevator all the way to the top that opens up right into a huge open plan living space, and standing at the window looking out over the city is a man who is wearing nothing but black pants and a bullet proof vest. When he hears our arrival he turns and smiles, but before we can get any closer a giant dog steps in our path.

I freeze, fear crawling over me as the dog bares its teeth, and then all of a sudden it's charging at us and leaping on Angel. I close my eyes tight but when no grunt of pain comes, I peek out and notice the dog wiggling at his feet, accepting his firm strokes along its back.

Angel smiles up at me, the first genuine smile I have seen since before he was shot as he introduces me. "Becca, this is Stitch, the goodest boy in the entire world."

"I thought that's what the hooker nicknamed you, G?" The man asks, approaching us with a smile, until he can pull Angel in for a man hug as he adds, "Knew you wouldn't stay away for long."

When he pulls back, the man looks at me and holds out his hand. "Rebecca O'Sullivan, we didn't exactly get a chance to be introduced the last time I saw you, friends call me Blade."

My mind pushes back to the night of the rescue as memories of him rise to the surface, still a little foggy in my

mind. “Yeah, I remember, the guy who nearly blew us up, right?”

A smile takes over his face at my recollection, “It was so fucking awesome right? But don’t fall in love with me and add me to your harem, I don’t roll like that.”

“Jesus fucking christ,” Angel mutters under his breath, as I stare at his friend dumbfounded before he steps in. “We need a place to crash, I was wondering if I can take the rest of the apartments on seventeen?”

The dog wanders back to his owner’s side as Blade looks between the two of us before he nods. “La mia casa è la tua casa, Ghost,” he replies in what I think is Italian, but I can’t be sure.

“Come al solito la tua grazia è troppa,” Angel replies, much to my surprise, and Blade laughs.

“You’re the only man in the world to believe that, my friend.” He pets the dog on the head, and the two of them start retreating back towards the window as if they were watching something.

“I think four others would agree with me,” Angel calls out to his back, as he leads me towards the elevator.

Blade flips him off as he bids us a pleasant farewell. “Yeah, yeah, just fuck off out of my apartment, I’m busy.”

Angel directs the elevator back down to the seventeenth floor and when the doors open, more armed men await us. Again, all greeting him by the name Ghost as he leads me down the hall to the last apartment. One of the men hands him a black key card and he swipes it to allow us inside. He doesn’t say a word as he walks me through the huge apartment that has two bedrooms, both with an ensuite, a bathroom, and a massive open plan living and dining area, and a huge kitchen.

The whole thing is beautiful and furnished to perfection, but still I don’t understand why we are here. Angel is standing in the middle of the living room watching me take it all in when I turn to him and ask that question. “Why are we here?”

Angel laughs, it's hoarse and low, without a trace of humor and does nothing but remind me of the bullet he took in the neck for me. "We are here because I don't know how else to protect you, Becca." He closes the distance between us and pulls my hands into his. "We're here because I don't know what else to do and because even though you think I'm a Crow, I'm not, not anymore. I'm this, this is the world I am a part of now, and it's where I belong, and until I can bring them home to you, it's where you belong too. It's what your father would have wanted me to do."

At the mention of my father, I can't help but recoil. "My father would have wanted you to tell me about Mitch," I whisper, that hurt and pain from before comes crawling back as I squeeze his hands in mine. "He would have wanted me to have all the answers and would have asked you why you waited until now to tell me the truth."

The look of guilt in his eyes is too much and I try to walk away, but he doesn't let me, just pulling me back until we are staring at one another. "When was I supposed to tell you, Becca? When you were crying over missing him, or falling apart because of everything the Mayor did to you? Do you not think I wanted to tell you? That it didn't eat me up inside every minute of every day we spent together, that I knew and you didn't, but there was never a right time for it, and I just thought when we got past all this that I could tell you and the two of you could work it out."

His words turn over in my mind as I repeat them and come to only one question. "Mitch knew who he was, that he was Connor's son?"

He nods slowly. "Your father said it's why he joined the club, to get to know him, to follow in his footsteps or some shit," he shrugs, clearly not knowing the full details of it all. "All I know is that they had agreed to wait until you were eighteen to tell you, I guess with you being gone and everything that followed that they never found the right time."

I guess I can't blame him for that, he wasn't even around when I got home after Elle rescued me, and it's not hard to guess why my dad didn't fess up before he was killed. I was

like a shell when I came back, I barely left my room, barely talked to anyone. He must have been waiting for me to get better, or just show any sign of emotion, before he revealed the truth. Yet that still doesn't explain why Mitch was trying to hurt me, I just don't understand any of it.

"Do the others know?" I ask him, not able to say their names right now, not to him, and Angel shakes his head. So that means Ezra didn't know who he was when he killed him. He probably won't take it well when he finds out, even if he did it to protect me, I know E well enough to know that.

"You should get some rest until we get some more information." He doesn't wait for me to respond, just leads me to one of the bedrooms, and I follow behind him silently, this new found separation between us unbearable.

He stands quietly holding the door open and I slip past him and take a seat on the bed, hating that this is how we are with one another, and before he can turn to leave, I can't help but apologize. "I'm sorry, Angel." He pauses where he stands but doesn't say anything. "I'm sorry that I need you so much, that you are hurting."

"You don't have to apologize to me, Becca," he interrupts, but I interrupt him right back. "Yes, I do, you told me you needed time and here you are standing by my side anyway. I'm sorry that I took your friendship for granted, that I was so blinded by them that I didn't notice I was hurting you." I take a deep breath as the words pour from my heart and before I can try and talk myself out of it I add, "And I'm sorry that when we were in the cage that I wished Carter would let you take his place, god you have no idea how sorry I am for that."

I don't have to say Aiden's name for him to know what I am talking about, he understands, and time stands still between us as my words fall into the hole that now separates us. I feel sick and disgusted for ever thinking it in the first place, and even worse for admitting it out loud to him now.

"I'm sorry he didn't let me," he whispers in defeat, and if my heart wasn't already empty shards in my chest, it might break even more for everything Carter put him through. "I

know how much you love them,” is all he adds, as if that makes my wishes okay.

“But I love you too, Angel, you’re my friend and I never should have wished that. You’re always there for me, always looking out for me, and I know you’re not ready yet, but when you are, I’ll be here.” I need him to know how much he means to me, how much I care about him, and that just because I can’t love him the way he loves me, doesn’t mean I don’t still love him.

Angel just smiles softly, nodding his head once before he turns and leaves without looking back. When the door closes behind him, I let the tears I have been holding back fall. And with no one here to hold me together, I have no choice but to curl up on the bed and completely fall apart.



I'm usually comfortable in silence. I have no choice to be when I spend so much time with Killian and Aiden, but this silence is different. In fact, it's not silent at all. I can hear plenty of people yelling out from their cells for their phone calls and lawyers, can hear officers talking shit about their wives and their pay, hell I can even hear Irish singing somewhere. The silence is in my mind. It's the sole sound of that bullet leaving its chamber before it slammed into the center of Hustler's head. It's the sound of the birds whistling in the middle of the woods as we buried his body, and it's the sound of the metal door slamming me inside of a cage a lot better than the one we found Rebecca in.

Rebecca, god, all I can think about is Rebecca. Is she okay? Are they hurting her? Can she handle this fucking lifestyle we let her drag herself into? Hell, we are no better than Carter at this point. All the shit we have done, all the crimes we have committed, all the people we have killed, that I have killed. I killed him. I killed my brother, I killed him to protect her, and what's worse than the guilt festering inside of me, is the fact that I know I would do it again without question. For her, for Killer, even for fucking Aiden. I would kill for every single one of them, and I know they would do the same for me. So why do I feel so much regret?

I don't know how long I have been here, I lost track of time after the first twelve hours. They questioned me non-stop, as I am sure they did with the rest of us. Endless amounts of questions and all I could think about was the fact that I was the only person who deserved to truly be here. There might have been a fucking dead body in our clubhouse, but the only one who committed murder this week, was me. Yet did they know that? No, of course not. Instead it was question after question about that useless cunt of a whore who betrayed us. Fuck, if she wasn't dead, I would have killed her myself with my bare hands.

Never did I think I could murder someone so freely, but the second I saw Hustler with the gun in his hand I didn't stop to think. My gun was aimed and fired before he even had a chance to squeeze the trigger, and I justified it by telling myself it was to save her. I wasn't a murderer, I was just protecting someone I love, and that balanced out the scale of my crime. Yet when we entered the clubhouse and I saw Candice lying there surrounded by blood and worse, roses. God those fucking roses, I knew I would kill again, and I would do it without a care, but for some reason in the silence of my mind, all I can see is Mitch's cold, dead eyes.

It's those thoughts I am lost in when the door bangs open and I jolt. "Bishop, let's go." The officer booms, and I internally groan as I stand up and roll my shoulders to release the tension.

I guess it's time for another round of questioning, which is a waste of both our times, they know I won't say anything. I haven't said a fucking word since the second they put those cuffs on me, not since they put those cuffs on her. We leave the cell and my eyes flare wide around the station as he walks me through, just looking for any sign of Rebecca or one of my brothers, and when he leads me to the front desk instead of a questioning room, I frown in confusion.

There is a man in a suit talking sternly to the officer on the desk, and I can see someone in an FBI vest listening intently with exasperation lining their stare. I flick my gaze around all

of them as I wonder what the fuck is going on before the man turns to me and smiles.

“You are free to go for now, Mr. Bishop, sorry for any inconvenience caused. The officers will be in touch if they have any more questions.” I’m pretty sure I can’t keep the shock off my face as I stare at him, and again I look to the officers around him as if to seek confirmation.

“You’re letting me go?” I ask in slight amusement, as if this is some kind of joke, which in a way I guess it is. I just fucking killed someone and they are letting me go.

The man in the suit nods, grabbing my stuff from the officer behind the desk and holding it out to me. When I accept, he gently grabs my arm and steers me towards the door as he lowers his voice. “I am working on getting the rest of the Hallowed Crows released as we speak, but it will take some time. It’s a lot of strings I have to pull on.” He looks annoyed by the whole concept of having to deal with an MC, like he has bigger fish to fry, yet all I feel is confused.

I stop walking and pull my arm from his grip as I stare at him. “I’m sorry, but who the hell are you?”

The man straightens his shoulders, looking annoyed to be questioned instead of me just being grateful at his very presence, as he snaps, “I’m Nick Avery, criminal defense attorney.” When I don’t react because his name means absolutely nothing to me, he leans in closer and adds in a whisper, “Elle King sends her regards.”

The scoffed laugh leaves me before I can stop it. I should have fucking known. Of course the little murdering princess with too much money and bodies under her belt has sent a fucking lawyer to save the goddamn day. I don’t know why I am even surprised, in fact it’s getting embarrassing how often she is having to ride in on her fucking white horse and pull us out of trouble. We have a reputation to uphold, and Black Hallows Barbie is hell bent on ruining it. I know I should be grateful, but all I can feel right now is fucking pissed.

“Of course she does,” I mutter beneath my breath before I look back at him. “Anything else I need to know?”



He watches me carefully, almost as if he can read every thought in my mind, and knows exactly how much blood is stained on my hands, before he smiles a cold smile. “Try not to kill anyone else this week, Mr. Bishop, I don’t want to be pulled out of another golf game with the Senator.”

*Rich fucking prick.*

My grin is almost feral as I cock my head at him. “I’ll try my best.” I don’t wait for him to respond, just push out of the doors and head into the night.

I don’t even think about the fact I have nowhere to go, or the fact I don’t know how many fucking Crows are still trapped inside. Fuck. Rebecca, where is she? Is she still inside, or did Elle get her out too? So many fucking questions and as I rip open my bag of stuff and slide my arms into my cut, it feels like the only person who is able to find the answers is me.

Just as I have that thought, a sharp, familiar whistle pierces through the air and I freeze. I look around but don’t see anything, and I am sure I imagined it. But then I hear it again and I cock my head to the side, eyes fixed on the wooded area beside the station. I walk slowly towards the darkness, very aware I don’t have any kind of weapon to defend myself, but before I can make it any closer, headlights flash on and I can make out a black car.

“Hurry the fuck up, Bishop, before I get fucking cuffed again!” A sharp voice cuts into the dark, and I fucking smile. *Angel.*

I jog towards the car and lean down to peer into the window and smile when I see his face. “Thought you needed space?” I ask like an asshole, and if looks could fucking kill, he would have sliced me open right here.

He huffs a laugh, shaking his head as if wondering why the fuck he even came for me, before he smiles. “Yeah well, someone had to be there for your fucking girl while you were being a dumb asshole, isn’t that always me?”

His words slam into me at force as my smile drops and I ask, “You’ve got Bex?” He nods slowly, and I feel as if a

weight of a thousand fucking mountains lifts off my chest. I don't say anything else, just round the car and get in, not caring where he is taking us, as long as he is taking us to her.

We drive into the night and away from the station, and the closer we get to the edge of town, the more at ease I feel, despite the fact Angel confirmed I am the first person to get let out after Rebecca. Which means my brothers are still in their cells at the station. They will keep questioning them all until they get out, or worse, are charged for something they didn't fucking do, and I try to keep my anger in check when I think about that.

When we pull up to a huge, dark building, I raise my eyebrows, studying the architecture that tells me whoever lives here has money, and I'm talking big money, but Angel isn't fazed as he navigates his way into the underground garage and greets some of the guards with a nod of the head. I hear a few of them calling him Ghost and it's still weird to hear him be called something other than Angel, and I can't help but wonder what kind of life he was living for the last two years. He doesn't say much as he guides me towards an elevator and I feel every guard we pass eyeing the cut across my back. When we get inside he punches the button for the seventeenth floor and then up we go.

When we get off and walk towards a door guarded by two men, Angel pauses to greet them. "Leo, Mykos," he nods at them. "Anything for me?"

The men shake their heads, eyeing me with amusement, and it's only then I recognize them as two of the men that came to the clubhouse with Blade the other night. I nod my own head in greeting and they part to let us in as Angel swipes a card at the door. When it opens he steps aside to let me pass, but when I do I notice he pauses at the threshold not entering.

"She's in there, she's probably sleeping by now," he starts, pain and exhaustion lining his face as he looks at me. "Security on the building is tight, no one gets in that we don't want to get in, and there will be guards on this floor at all times, you're safe here."

I don't miss the unspoken words of her being safe here, of him protecting her with everything he has got because he loves her, and there is nothing I can say but nod again in thanks. When he closes the door leaving me alone in the apartment with her, I can't help but feel his pain. He is good, the kind of man that was made for her, a true fucking angel. Yet our girl fell for the devils instead, and now she gets to live in hell with all of us.

Quietly I make my way to the closed bedroom door, and when I open it, I find a sight I have seen a thousand times. Rebecca is curled up in the center of the bed alone, so much space around her that as if even subconsciously she is leaving room for us. I enter silently, making my way towards her and when I sit down beside her, she doesn't even stir. I watch her, my eyes dragging over every inch of her to make sure she is okay, and then I almost laugh because she isn't okay. She will never be okay again, not after everything she has been through, and now here we are, falling apart all over again.

A better man would walk away, a better man would fucking protect her. But I'm not a better man, and I am never walking away again. She is mine, just as Killian is. I love them with everything I have got, but now that love is clouded in guilt and blood, and it's taking everything inside of me to not let it swallow me whole. No, I have to hold it together, for her, for him, for them. I have to do better, be better.

I will not let Carter Fitzgerald win. Not again, never ever again.



**H**arsh hands grip me tight, throwing me against the hard metal of the table as my body folds over it. The air huffs out of me as I try to fight back, but then he is on me, pushing me, stroking me, demanding me in a way that only he can, as the bile crawls up my throat and threatens to escape. Escape. That's what I need to do, escape, protect them, set them free, but those fucking hands keep me frozen in place. It doesn't matter how hard I fight, how much of myself I give, it's never enough. It will never be enough.

*My screams, Aiden's pleas, Angel's desperate attempts to get to me, all of it means nothing here, not to him. All the nights I spent waiting for this to happen, but nothing could prepare me for the reality, as all of his threats rain down on me.*

*If you are going to act like a filthy little whore I am going to treat you like one.*

*I look at Aiden as he lies bleeding on the floor and before I can see his heart break anymore, I shut my eyes and block him out like a coward, as I feel Carter's cock finally press against my hole, only this time there is no explosion. No, instead hands touch me, grab me, and try to keep me from escaping and I am screaming, thrashing, fighting. I will not go down like this.*

I AM SCREAMING.

“Rebecca, it’s me!” Hands grip me and I push against them, panting and breathless. “Bex, come on, Love, it’s me, it’s Ezra.”

My movements falter as my eyes flick open, my vision blurry from the tears, as I look up and find familiar eyes looking down into mine. “Ezra,” I whisper, relief washing over me as my nightmare starts to slip away. “Ezra,” I sob. “Is that really you?”

I hear him sigh as he leans down and pulls me into him. “Yeah, Love, it’s really me.” When his arms wrap around mine I fall apart, too fresh from the memories of Carter and the absence of my Crows that I can’t help but break.

His arms hold me close, as we breathe each other in, the only lifeline either of us has right now. And even though everything is far from okay, I find peace in his arms. “E, everything is such a fucking mess.”

“I know, Love, I know.” I can hear defeat in his tone, as he rubs his arms up and down my back in an attempt to soothe me, but it doesn’t feel like him, his voice not sounding like his own.

When I pull back and look into his eyes I find them empty. They are the eyes that usually tear me apart, the ones usually filled with so much love and lust that I can barely even meet his stare. Instead they are darker, colder, and I know he feels responsible for everything that happened, but he has to understand that we would be in this situation with or without him. It isn’t his fault.

“Ezra I should have never pulled you and the Crows into this, Carter only ever wanted me. If I just gave him that then none of this would have ever happened.” It’s something I will always blame myself for, telling myself that life with the Mayor wouldn’t have been that bad. I would have married him and lived by his side following his rules. There would have

been blood and pain, but surely not as much as I have dealt with since my rescue.

His eyes darken even more, if that's even possible, as he grips my arm to a painful level. "Don't you ever fucking say that shit again, Rebecca!" He seethes, anger wrapping around him like a vine, as his skin burns into mine. "You do not belong to him, and even without that fucking cunt, we would have still dealt with Hustler going psychotic on you."

I watch his chest as it rises and falls rapidly, his stare avoiding mine completely, and I feel a lump in my throat as I make myself whisper, "Mitch was my brother." Ezra's eyes snap to mine, and a flare of his usual self flashes as I add, "Well, my half brother."

"Explain," is all he grits through his teeth, pain burning through me as his fingers press deeper into my arm.

"Connor was his father," I explain. "My dad called Angel the morning he died, told him stuff about thinking he might not survive and how Hustler was his son." He's shaking his head, utter disbelief like I'm sure was on my face earlier now pouring across his.

I can practically see the guilt taking over him as I press myself towards him. "I'm sorry, E, I'm so fucking sorry."

He snaps back from his spiral as he looks down at me in confusion. "Why are you sorry? Out of everyone arrested I'm the one who deserved it. I killed someone, Rebecca." He says the word so casually, like talking about murder is normal for us, like Killian is inside of him right now and not himself.

I choose my words carefully as I watch him. "No, you killed Mitch."

"Exactly!" he screams, pushing me away and rising to his feet. "I killed Mitch, a Crow, a brother, your fucking brother." The last three words he barely chokes out, like he can barely believe he is saying them, and my heart aches for him as I push myself closer to him, begging him with my stare to fight this.

“It’s more than that and you know it,” I whisper, praying he doesn’t let this come between us. We have jumped over enough fucking hurdles, we don’t need anymore.

“I know,” he snaps again, before softening. “I know, I just need,” he pauses, looking so beyond exhausted it hurts, before he glances towards the bathroom. “I just need a shower.” He doesn’t wait for a response, just storms away from me and into the en suite, slamming the door behind him.

I flop back onto the bed, taking a deep breath, intent on giving him space to process this, fuck, I need space to process it, and in an attempt to distract myself I start to look around the room. It’s furnished but there are no personal touches, and it isn’t until my eyes land on a bag by the door, that I notice anything out of place.

Slipping from the bed, I head towards the bag and pick it up, dropping it back on the bed and looking inside. I’m not shocked to find a few changes of clothes, for both me and Ezra, I guess Angel must have guessed we would need them. But I feel better when I note the bottom of the bag is lined with guns and knives, and not just the ones from the box Elle gave us. Angel assured me that I was safe here. I saw the guards myself, but that doesn’t stop me from stashing a few weapons by the bed, and hiding the bag in the cupboard in the bottom of the nightstand to ensure it’s kept close.

I’m not sure how long I wait, but when Ezra still hasn’t emerged for a while, I push off the bed to go and check on him. Opening the bathroom door, I am hit by a wall of steam, and as it starts to clear, I find Ezra with his hands on the tiles with the shower pounding down against his back as he just stands there.

I don’t even stop to think, I pull off my clothes as I walk towards him, and when I open the door to the shower, he doesn’t even flinch. I close the door behind me and close the distance between us, bringing our bodies skin to skin, ignoring the heat of his from the shower as I push my arms around his waist and bring them to rest on his stomach. His breaths are heavy and forced as if he is struggling to breathe, and I drop my arms and push him around to look at me.

When we look at each other, the look on his face almost rips my heart straight from my chest, as tears fall from his eyes in pure agony and regret.

“Ezra,” I say, my voice cracking, as I ignore the water now pouring down on me as well as him, and it’s as if his name on my lips pulls him from his trance as he finally notices me here with him.

“He wasn’t the mole,” he whispers, pain staining every word as he forces them out, and I shake my head as I repeat it back to him. “He wasn’t the mole.”

Ezra nods as if needing to hear the confirmation from me, before he drops his head back against the tiles and murmurs, “But I killed him anyway.”

I can’t bear it, the look on his face, the pain in his eyes, the hurt in his voice. I press my body against his, chest to chest, letting the water wash away our sins as I reach up and cup his face. “Ezra, you saved my life,” I tell him, forcing him to look at me. “Mitch was going to kill me.” He closes his eyes when I say his name, shutting me off from his stare but I don’t stop. “You know that and I know that, and you killing him is the only thing that could have stopped him. It was me or him and you chose me.”

His eyes open slowly and he looks at me as if it’s the very first time as he purrs, “I’ll always choose you, Bex.”

I ignore the tears spilling down my cheeks as I lean up and whisper against his lips, “I’ll always choose you too.”

Our mouths collide like we are both coming home and as my wet skin rubs against his I can’t help but moan as his tongue slips past my lips to caress my own. His hands roam my body, swiping across every inch of my damp skin before settling on my ass and squeezing tight. I moan again, rubbing my body against his as I desperately seek more friction from him, always wanting and needing more.

“Ezra,” I moan, letting my own hands search him for what I know he can give me. “Fuck me, please.”



He groans into my mouth as he rocks his hips into mine, and I moan into his mouth once more. “Only because you asked so nicely, Love,” he purrs into my neck, his teeth sinking into my shoulder until I gasp. Then one of his hands pushes in between us and starts massaging my clit, and like a moth to his flame, my body begins to tremble. He knows exactly where to touch, to taste me, I am his, and he is mine, and not even murder can come between us.

“I need you inside of me, E,” I beg, and I feel his savage grin against my skin, as his free hand reaches down and he dips to pick me up with one arm, pushing me against the wall of the shower.

We fumble against one another as I wrap my legs around him, and I have barely got him to my entrance when he surges forward and slams his cock inside me without warning. His length stretching me open wide, and I gasp, riding the bite of pleasure and pain as my pussy clamps down around him.

All that anger and guilt is overtaken by lust and need as he fucks me hard into the wall, not waiting for me to be ready, and the cold tiles scratching against my skin are nothing compared to the feel of his cock stroking inside of me. He drives into me hard and fast, and so fucking brutal that I can't help but cry out against him, and plead for more.

“So good, E, you feel so fucking good,” I choke out on a moan, and he growls, fucking me even harder.

“And you feel like fucking heaven, Love, so fucking wet and perfect,” he groans into my neck, his teeth and tongue lapping against my skin. “I can feel your tight little cunt sucking me deep and begging for more.” I groan beneath him, my back arching off the wall so I can roll my hips and meet his every thrust and he groans right back. His stare dropping down to take in where he is sinking his cock inside of me.

“I bet you wish the other two were here to fill you up, huh?” He asks, slowing his pace and dragging his cock in and out of me, almost torturing me as I dig my fingers into his neck. “Imagine Killer filling up that fucking ass, that I know is made to take cock,” he purrs, slipping one of his hands around

my cheeks to press against the hole only he has ever fucked. “Fuck, you’d like his cock back there, Love, he knows exactly how to fuck an ass until it’s overflowing with his cum.” I start to tremble in his arms at the picture he is painting, as his other hand reaches between us and starts to rub against my clit in barely-there touches that leave me panting for more.

His lips drag up the column on my throat as he brings his mouth to my ear and flicks out his tongue. “Oh we would fuck you so hard between us, Bex, you’d come so many times that even when you cry we wouldn’t fucking stop.” His teeth sink into my ear lobe, and I writhe my body against him harder, bouncing myself on his cock and fingers as I ride myself towards an orgasm. “Then your President would appear, knowing that this pretty little throat needs filling.” His teeth bite down into the skin of my neck so hard that I know I am going to have his mark on me but I don’t care. “I remember how good you looked choking on his cock, you fucking loved it, even with an audience. I bet you were so fucking wet as he fucked your face, weren’t you, Love? But I wouldn’t let you waste his cum next time,” he purrs, his tongue lapping against where he just broke the skin on my neck. “Nah, I’d suck it right from your tongue and then share it with Kill, not spilling a drop. You’d like that wouldn’t you?”

“Yes,” I scream out, exploding around his cock and fingers, as my orgasm barrels into me and pushes me over the edge. “Yes, god fucking yes!”

I am barely holding onto my sanity, still lost to my pleasure, when his grip moves back to my waist and he lifts my hips before drawing them back down and slamming his cock inside of me even harder than before. He fucks me like he might die, my pussy clamped around him like a vice, as he rails into me like I am his only hope at salvation.

He fucks me raw, and deep, and fucking insanely, and all I can do is claw at his back, breathless and broken, as my first orgasm spirals right into a second when he finds that spot inside of me. I scream and thrash as he punishes me with his dick, and praises me so perfectly. “That’s it, Bex, you come so fucking pretty for me, you’re so fucking perfect.”

My body almost slips down his as my second orgasm subsides, and he appears nowhere near done, as he turns and slams the button to turn off the shower. Then he is kicking open the glass door so hard I am surprised it doesn't shatter, before he storms back into the room and throws us down on the bed. His cock never leaves my pussy, and as soon as I am on my back, he is pounding into me again, the loud, wet slap of his hips the only sound in the room aside from my moans and his grunts.

I have never been fucked this hard, this fucking good, and I cling to him like he is the answer to everything, so desperate for the other two men in my life that I love to be here that I cry. Tears spill down my face as I dance in the flames of lust and love, widening my legs to pull his cock even deeper inside of me.

“Fuck, Bex, this fucking pussy was made to be fucked, to take my cum, to take my brother's cum,” he grunts, pistoning his hips in and out of me, as he leans down and laps his tongue against my tits. Licking, biting and sucking at each nipple until they are raw and aching, and silently begging for more.

Feeling another orgasm starting to rise, I push myself against him, rubbing my clit against his groin at every snap of his hips. Moaning loudly at every contact, and he sees the need, the high I am pushing myself towards again and he smiles, leaning down and parting my pussy with his fingers to rub his cock against me even harder. His grin goes from savage to smug as my body shakes beneath him and he feels another orgasm being pulled from my body.

“Oh you're such a good fucking girl, Bex, you come so fucking good for me, don't you?” He groans, rolling his hips into me harder, throwing his head back as he tries to prolong his own release in aid of mine. “That's it, Love, come all over my cock like you are fucking desperate to,” he grunts, and once again I am done, falling apart loudly around him and his fucking cock.

He doesn't give me a chance to rest though, instead his hand pushes under my back and pulls me up until my body is off the bed and he is slamming me onto his dick like it's an

Olympic sport. Fast, hard, and fucking ruthless, as I scream at how deep his cock is going inside of me until he roars out his release. “Fuck! Fuck, I’m coming!”

I feel his cum as it floods inside of me searing hot, filling me completely as I tighten around him one last time. He drops me back to the bed and leans his hands on either side of my head as he remains above me, mouth still open as he struggles to catch his breath. That doesn’t stop his lips from curling into a satisfied grin as he spies me spent beneath him.

He drops his head down and captures my lips with his once more, molding them together in a perfect synchrony until we are completely out of breath. When he pulls back, he rests his head on mine, his cock still half hard inside of me as his cum leaks from my pussy and down to my ass, yet still I have never felt more comfortable.

“I love you, Rebecca, and so do they. We will all be back together soon,” he promises, and even though I know he can’t guarantee that, I still smile and nod anyway,

“I love you too, Ezra, always have, always will.” His smile at my own words takes my broken heart and starts to put it back together, and when he drops down beside me and pulls me in close, I know that even though things are bad now, they won’t be forever.

I will get my Crows back, and Carter Fitzgerald will die. I just have to make a plan, and that starts with a Crow and a promise. The rest will follow, I’ll make sure of it.



**M**y head is pounding from all the questions they keep throwing at me, and the pictures spread out across the table in front of me do nothing but piss me off. The officer explained they were sent in anonymously, but it doesn't take a genius to realize who they're from. I mean, it's not like this is the first time I am seeing photographs like this. No, these are from the Mayor's personal collection for sure, and if I wasn't already planning on killing the fucker the next time I laid eyes on him, I would be now.

There are five photographs from different dates in total, three are of me and Candice in a number of compromising positions. Then there is picture of Rebecca and Candice standing in some sort of confrontation, and a final picture of Rebecca and I outside the clubhouse entangled together from the other night. I want to laugh at them, to toss them back in the officers' faces and ask how they could be so fucking dense? Ask them why they are wasting their time with us, when the real fucking criminal mastermind is out there waiting for his next time to strike. For his next time to possess his perfect fucking little rose.

Rebecca, it always comes back to Rebecca. It has since the day she climbed over the fence of the clubhouse and first locked her stare with mine. If I had just left her to it, just

ignored her and carried on with my day, then maybe, just maybe, we could have escaped all of this hell. Would the Mayor have ever found her? Would he have even wanted her if not in spite of Connor and who he was? Or would she have stayed away from the club, away from us, away from me, and found peace and happiness like she deserves?

These officers are throwing questions at me and I can hear the hatred in their voices, see the loathing in their eyes, but what they don't realize is that nobody can hate me more than I hate myself. I can still remember the look on Connor's face when he found us in bed with his daughter. I can still see the look in Rebecca's eyes when we told her it meant nothing, and still feel the breaking in my heart when I thought she betrayed us. Nothing they can say or do is going to change that.

I don't feel any guilt towards Candice. I wish I did, but the truth is when I saw her lying in the middle of the clubhouse wearing my cut, I wished she was still alive just so I could kill her myself. She betrayed us, she helped Carter, she put Rebecca in danger, and if she would have still been alive when we came home, I would have slit her throat without pause for what she did.

"Why did you do it, huh? Did she know too much? Or were you just tired of fucking her?" The officer slaps his hand over a picture of me with Candice bent over in front of me, my dick plowing into her from behind. I remember the night, barely, but I remember it nonetheless. It was from when Rebecca was gone. I was drunk and Candice was there, it meant nothing, not to me anyway.

Nearly every night without Rebecca I found some nameless cunt to drunkenly sink my cock into, and sadly most of those nights it was the little dead traitor. There was no love or respect, fuck, I didn't even like her. She knew that just as much as I did, we just both pretended otherwise. I didn't think about her when I fucked her, no, instead all I thought about was Rebecca and whatever she was doing with the Mayor. I replayed her lips pressing against his over and over until I could barely see anything else, and then just when I needed to

come, I would remember the tight wet heat of her cunt, and just for a second I would let it all go.

These pricks here have it all wrong, so much focus on Candice that they can't see the true wronged woman here. I want to smash their fucking heads into the table and tell them to wake up. To ask them if they realize that the Mayor they worked under and respected so fucking much has done more heinous crimes than our MC could ever commit. Hell, some of them probably already know. I haven't forgotten their late Chief of Police who the little King took out for his own involvement in all this shit.

They make me sick, all of them, thinking that just because they have a badge that it makes them good. The only difference between them and me, is that they get a fucking pat on the back when they take someone out. They know nothing about true power, or how to really fucking save someone, if they did I wouldn't be here. None of us would. The thought of Rebecca rotting away in here somewhere makes me fucking sick, and I can't bare to think what Connor would say if he was alive.

I ruined everything. Ever since that bullet slammed into his body and his title transferred from him to me, all I have done is fuck everything up. Hell, who am I kidding? I have been fucking things up for a lot longer than that. I deserve to be here, I know that, but none of my brothers do, she doesn't, so maybe the only way out of all this is to confess. Tell these officers exactly what they need to hear and grant the rest of my family freedom. Rebecca would be safe, Ezra and Killian would make sure of that, and they could make each other happy. All I am doing is holding them all back.

“Or maybe it's not about this whore at all,” the other officer cuts in, eyes flicking down to the picture where I have Rebecca pressed up against the side of the clubhouse. “Maybe it's your President's daughter, huh? Or I guess you're the President now since he is dead.”

I grit my teeth to keep myself from lashing out, but he sees it and smiles as he continues to make the connections in his head. “Yes, that's it, isn't it?” He looks so fucking proud of

himself that I imagine taking a knife and slicing that fucking smile in permanently, see how he laughs then. “You wanted her, I bet you even took her didn’t you? Nice little young pussy for you to break in, huh? Is that how Rebecca O’Sullivan became involved? You fucked her and your whore started to get jealous.”

My eyes stay on his, not wanting to let him get under my skin, but I see the gleam in his eyes, as I’m sure he sees the temper in mine. “Or was it all you, and you just decided to get rid of Candice now that you had a new whore to play with?”

I dive across the table and smash his head into it before he can even finish his sentence, the cuffs not stopping me as much as they should have, as two other officers burst in to restrain me. “Watch your fucking mouth,” I seethe, sweat dripping from my brow at my outburst, the pain of my gunshot wound that they have been too dumb to notice now screaming at me in agony.

“I’m going to fucking kill you!” The injured officer now curses, and I can’t help but laugh at his baseless threat. I bet he’s never killed anyone in his life. He doesn’t have the stomach for it, most people don’t, and I make sure to keep my smirk in place, saying a silent fuck you as another one of his friends pulls him back.

The officers slam me back into my chair and I have to bite back a hiss as a female officer appears in the doorway. It isn’t until she nods at the men to release me and they step back, that I notice her FBI vest. She watches me, her stare assessing me slowly, and I do nothing but stare right back, disdain dripping from my face as I sneer at her. Something passes between us though, and I’m not sure what, but I see her lips tip up into a knowing smile as she clears her throat.

“Give us the room,” she demands, eyes never leaving mine, and when none of the men move, I can tell she has to stop herself from rolling her eyes. “Give. Us. The. Room.” She sounds the words out again, only slower this time, like everyone here is stupid and she had to break it down for them.



There are a few grunts and a couple of under the breath comments, but none of them outwardly challenge her, and I am guessing she has authority over them, which only makes me smile. She still watches me as they leave the room, and it's only when the door is closed behind her that she moves forward and takes a seat, not caring that her colleague's blood is still smeared on the metal in front of her.

"I'm Special Agent Sasha Jones," she starts, not beating around the bush, as she drags each of the photos towards her and appraises them without reaction. Then she flicks her eyes back to mine and watches me, before reaching into her pocket and pulling out a pack of smokes that just so happen to be the brand I prefer. I almost roll my eyes as I can see the good cop bad cop routine bullshit about to come into play.

She offers me one, just like I knew she would, and I take one, reaching my cuffed hands out and plucking one straight from the pack. I keep it held in her direction as she pulls out a box of matches and lights it for me, and our eyes remain locked as I bring the smooth white stick up to my lips and inhale. The smoke fills my lungs and for the first time since I watched them drag Rebecca away from me, I feel as if I can breathe a little easier.

"I had an interesting chat with Miss O'Sullivan earlier," she muses, and I laugh, a hoarse cough getting caught in my throat as I shake my head at her words. I'm not sure what shit she thinks she can pull here, but trying to make me think Rebecca turned on us is fucking laughable.

I don't know why I even bothered warning her not to say a word. I know deep in my soul she would never betray us. She has taught herself to do nothing but protect us, it's engraved in her bones, and bound in her blood. She walked through fucking hell and back for us, so I know without a shadow of a doubt that Rebecca wouldn't have told them anything that could be used against us.

My smirk doesn't falter as I respond, "She is a very interesting woman."

Special Agent Jones nods, lighting up a cigarette of her own as if we are in some type of fucking bonding situation, as she uses her free hand to pick up the photograph of me and Rebecca. “I imagine any woman would have to be extremely interesting, for someone like you to fall in love with them.”

“Or extremely stupid,” I offer in return, and she laughs, placing the photo back on the table in front of me.

“That’s what love is, isn’t it?” She asks, taking a deep drag of her smoke, before leaning forward with her elbows on the table. “Being stupid. Stupid enough to give them your heart, stupid enough to expect them not to break it, stupid enough to want to die for them, stupid enough to want to kill for them.” Her words are so casual, you would think we were in a bar exchanging stories, not a fucking interrogation room being questioned for murder.

“Then I guess there are many stupid people in the world.” Including me, is what I don’t add aloud, and I force myself to lean up in my chair slowly, not wanting to show any hint of weakness, as I look down at the picture she placed back in front of me.

My whole body nearly covers Rebecca’s in a way that makes me feel both powerful and vulnerable. Her eyes are locked on mine, and even pressed against the wall she is leaning into me begging for more. That’s something she has always done, always asked for more. More than I had, more than I could possibly ever give. Yet now all I want to do is hand it all over to her. Just everything, she owns it all, and now it might be too late to ever make her realize it. The thought of sharing her with my brothers used to make me sick, she was supposed to be just mine, but now, sitting here with the odds stacked against me, all I want is for them to make it work without me.

Rebecca O’Sullivan has loved me since she was fourteen years old, and now I am just realizing that in my own way, I have loved her since then too.

“And how stupid would you say Carter Fitzgerald is?” The question cuts through my thoughts, and my eyes snap back to

hers before I can manage my reaction. Why the fuck would she be asking about the Mayor? Does she know something?

I look at her now and assess her in the same way she has been assessing me since the second she breached the doorway. She doesn't look angry like her colleagues, more like she is intrigued, like she is looking at a puzzle but doesn't have all the missing pieces. Like she thinks I might be the one to give them to her, and I wish I could. I wish I could open my mouth and purge all of the sordid things the Mayor has done. I could pull up my shirt right now and show her the bullet wound he left in me, but all that would do is bring more questions.

Questions that she has to find the answers to herself, otherwise we will all go down. So all I can do right now is try to not let any hope show on my face as I reply, "I'd say he is the stupidest man I have ever met."

Eleven simple words that somehow form the most complicated sentence I have ever spoken aloud. Carter Fitzgerald is ruthless and smart, cunning and cold, but he has a weakness. I know this because it's the same weakness I have, and I know exactly how to exploit it, I just need to get out of here to do so.



**S**omething jolts me awake, and when I open my eyes I flick them around in the dark. One of the curtains is still slightly open, and the slither of moonlight it lets in allows me to scan the room. Ezra is passed out beside me, no doubt exhausted from everything, and I feel the ache in my chest at his still, sleeping form. I know he is okay, I can see the gentle rise and fall of his chest as he snores softly, head buried into his pillow as if he doesn't have a care in the world. Yet still I watch him, my eyes trailing over the two bullet holes in his chest, as I feel the pain of that night all over again. Even with him here beside me I don't think I will ever let go of that moment.

A bang sounds out from the living area and it's only then I realize that something woke me up. I hear footsteps walking across the floors, and panic floods my insides as I reach out blindly to find the gun I stuck in between the mattress and the headboard. My eyes stay fixed on the dark open doorway. It wasn't something that woke me up, but someone. The sound of them walking stops, and I don't hear anything else, but still I check the gun is loaded before silently sliding out of bed and bending down to pick up one of Ezra's shirts from the bag Angel brought.

Slipping it on quickly, I take one last look at Ezra sleeping and then silently move towards the door, flicking the safety off the gun, and raising it in my hands so I am ready. I will never let myself be vulnerable again, I won't be taken again without a fight, and I won't let anyone hurt the men I love. Elle was right, I do have power, and it's time I start remembering that.

I force my steps out one after the other, careful not to make a sound as I leave the safety of the bedroom, and head out into the rest of the apartment. I am still not familiar enough with it yet to know my way around, especially in the dark, but thankfully the large floor to ceiling windows offer enough light for me to look around. It spills down the hallway as I pass a bathroom, and another room, before coming out into the open plan kitchen, dining and living area.

Fear grapples with me as my hands begin to shake, and just as I bypass one of the pillars, my eyes land on a large frame sitting on the sofa. I take a deep breath as I focus the gun on them, my finger squeezing the trigger gently ready to strike as they ask, "Are you trying to kill me or turn me on?"

*Killian.*

His familiar voice flows through me, the panic and fear being replaced with relief and love, as he leans forward and turns on the lamp beside him. Once illuminated, our eyes scan one another, both of us desperately trying to see if the other is okay before I smile and answer his question. "Both, always both." I throw back the words he once said to me, and a smile curves his mouth, but it doesn't quite meet his eyes.

I move towards him quickly, placing the gun on the table and climbing into his lap making him almost drop the bottle of whiskey in his hand. Clearly he didn't expect the affection but I don't care, right now I need it, and only a second ticks by before his arms curl around me to keep me in place. "You're back," I whisper into his chest, breathing him in, just so grateful to have another one of them here with me that I have to fight back the tears now pooling in my eyes.

"I'm back," he repeats softly, and so unlike him, as he begins rubbing one of his hands up and down my back gently.

I'm not sure how long we stay like that for, but we both remain silently clinging to one another before I feel him shift and I lean back. He is looking up at me as I sit straddled above him, and when he opens his mouth to speak I know I am now dealing with Killer. "I should have made sure he was dead."

I blanch back a little confused, before I realize what he is talking about. "You mean the Mayor?" I ask, not wanting to say his name, not now, and Killian nods slowly.

"Yes," he breathes, huffing out slightly, and bringing the bottle up to his mouth to tip a little inside. "This is my fault. I am the enforcer of the club and I didn't do my job."

I'm already shaking my head in disagreement. "There's no way you could have known, Kill, we all thought he was dead." I try not to picture the last time I saw *him* as we fled the warehouse in the woods, ignoring the phantom feel of his hands as he tried to force me down and rape me. I have to shake my head again to rid those thoughts from my mind and focus back on my crow.

Killian reaches out and places the bottle on the table and sits up, pushing us to the edge of the sofa as his hands land on my hips. "No, Rebecca, I could have. I should have. It's what I do. What I've done for years until my judgment became too clouded."

Realization of what he is saying slams into me and I feel the lump in the back of my throat as I reply, "Until I clouded it you mean."

"Yes," he snaps without hesitation, and guilt slams into me as I try to slip out of his lap, but all he does is hold me tighter.

"When I started things with Ezra it was as easy as breathing," he whispers, almost like a confession just for me. "It didn't matter about the secrets or the hiding, it was like I could feel a piece of me was missing and he completed it, but with you," he trails off, and the first tear splashes from my lashes to my cheek.

"I don't fit," I whisper back, as his thumb comes up to swipe away my emotions as if they are that easy to erase.

“No, you don’t,” he sighs, shaking his head as if trying to work out where we go from here. I swear I can feel my heart breaking inside of my chest, but instead of letting me pull away and fall apart, he drags me in even closer. “Everything about my relationship with you is complicated, Rebecca. You were my President’s daughter, you were too young, you loved too big, yet despite all that I fell for you anyway. And it isn’t easy, simple, it didn’t just complete another missing piece of me. You consumed me, all of us,” he laughs, almost like he can’t believe we are finally here together. “You consumed us until I couldn’t breathe without you, even when I had E, and I didn’t know that was love, not until you were taken. Not until you came back.”

He shakes his head again as if remembering the night I came home, and all I can think about is the shocked look on his face when he stared at me. “God, when you stepped out of Elle King’s car that night it’s like my lungs woke up for the first time in two years, and I tried to fight it, but it was you, and it was us, and it was completely fucking impossible. So yeah I should have checked he was dead.”

My tears are spilling freely now as I lean forward and place my forehead against his. “Killian, I love you, my silent and deadly soldier. I love you more than you can even imagine, and there isn’t anything I wouldn’t do for you, or them. So no matter what happens next, we will face it together.”

Before I can even take another breath he stands, taking me in his arms, and then the next thing I know my back hits the sofa and he pushes in between my legs as his mouth crashes into mine. He is already hard beneath his jeans, as I feel the thickness of his cock roll against me until I am gasping into his mouth. I try to move my hips and grind against him to relieve some of the tension now building in my core, but it’s not enough. He keeps me pinned beneath him as he fucks my mouth with his tongue, until I sink my teeth into his bottom lip and pull.

He growls into my mouth, hands dragging down my body as he palms both my breasts and squeezes them between his

fists until I moan. Then he leans down and sucks one of my nipples into his mouth through Ezra's shirt, as my fingers try to desperately pull him in for more. When he pulls back his eyes are dark and lost to the lust burning between us, I don't think twice as I reach down and shimmy out of the shirt until I can pull it off my shoulders and toss it aside, letting his gaze feast on my bare skin.

When his hands come down now they trail the ink of their Crow mark across my chest, as his cock dry humps my bare pussy and I push up into him. His eyes flick down and watch as I rub myself against him as if lost in a trance, and when I moan out loud he snaps, reaching down to grab my hips and shoving me higher on the sofa until his shoulders are between my legs.

First his fingers trail across my skin, dragging along my inner thigh as he trails closer to where I need him most. Then his eyes zone in on the two scars, one from him, and the other from *him*. I see the anger in his eyes, feel the need in his hold. He wants to fuck me bloody, and kill him even bloodier. Both would satisfy him just as much as the other, and when he leans down and traces his tongue along them, I shudder beneath him. He ignores my reaction, lost to the need pulsing inside of him as he continues to lick and bite my skin as he makes his way up my thigh.

When his tongue flicks against my cunt for the first time, licking my needy clit with just the barest of touches, the groan I let out could wake the dead, and most likely, Ezra. But I don't care, I can't care, not when at the first taste he turns feral, sucking my clit until he is biting hard, his nails digging into my hips as he pulls me closer to his mouth to devour me.

"You taste like him," he groans, and I know he has found the evidence of my earlier in the night activities with the man we both love. "Fuck, you let him fill this pretty pussy with his cum, didn't you, Sweetheart?"

I nod desperately, pushing against his tongue as it glides from one hole to the other, not leaving an inch of my lips untouched by his mouth. When his tongue pushes inside of me I gasp, my body breaking out into a sweat as I roll my hips



into his seeking mouth, so desperate to come that you would think I hadn't been pounded into the mattress just hours earlier.

His lips taste, his tongue licks, and his teeth bite, all of it so mind-blowing that I can barely think straight, and as he uses his fingers to slide inside of me, all I can do is dig my own into his neck and silently pray for more. It feels fucking amazing, yet still it isn't enough, it could never be enough, not with him, and when he pulls back and smiles against my slit, I know he knows exactly how to give me what I need.

"You love having this pussy filled, don't you?" he asks, two of his fingers now slowly gliding in and out of my cunt as he watches me. "You want something long and hard to fuck you until you cover it in your cum?" Three hard thrusts of his hand, and my teeth sink into my lip as I nod, begging for more with everything I have.

With his hand still inside of me, fucking me roughly, he leans forward and steals another kiss, his other hand coming down above my hand as he distracts me with his tongue. It isn't until I feel cold metal dragging down the side of my face that I realize what he was getting. The gun slides down my neck and between my chest until he uses it to circle my nipple and I hate how good it feels. How fear and excitement curl in the pit of my stomach at the thought of him hurting me, at the thought of me liking it. I guess Carter fucked me up good because even though I know the gun is loaded, all I do is I press in closer.

"I see you, Bex," he purrs, dragging the weapon down my stomach until it presses against my groin. "I know what you need, what you had to endure to survive." He pulls his fingers from inside of me and brings them up to spread the wetness along the barrel of the gun. "Pain fights pain," he adds, circling the tip around my clit as I pant in anticipation. "Our bodies are trained to only focus on one bit of pain at a time, increasing it in one place, decreases it in another."

The tip of the gun is pushed down and he slowly starts to slide it inside of me. I gasp at the unusual sensation of the hard metal as he continues. "I see your pain, I feel it, and now I am

going to fuck it out of you.” He thrusts the gun deeper inside of me and I scream out at the intrusion. “Look at you, so fucking beautiful, so fucking powerful.” In and out, in and out, he moves it constantly, twisting and fucking me senseless until I can feel myself dripping on them both.

“Killian, please,” I beg, ignoring the fear of what’s inside of me, and instead enjoying the delight of danger he is putting me in. This isn’t like the Mayor, he could never bring me to the edge of fear and pleasure like this. No, this is all him, only my Killer.

“You fucking love it, don’t you? Love that you bring the three of us to our fucking knees for you, love that we would battle one another just for a taste of you.” He leans down and flicks his tongue against my clit, and I feel it glide along the gun to as my body begins to burn. “And god do you taste so fucking perfect, Bex.”

His mouth attacks me again, feasting on me as he fucks my cunt with the gun and I moan, begging and pleading for more. “Yes, Killer, please, right there, harder please.” My words barely make sense, but my body tells him more than my mouth ever could. Sweat is slick across my back yet still goosebumps come alive against my skin as every part of me starts to shake.

“Give it to me, Sweetheart, I’m not stopping until I can taste both of your cum in my mouth.” His words are groaned into my clit as he flicks it vigorously with his tongue, and when he twists the gun inside of me again, I explode, clamping down around the weapon as my orgasm rips through me.

My body is still trembling as he rips the gun from inside of me, tears open his jeans, and lines up his cock at my entrance. His cock is hard and thick as it pushes into me in one slick thrust, stretching me around him so deliciously until I am filled completely. I arch my back beneath him, letting him glide deeper inside of me, his hands finding my hips as he starts to roughly pump his length into me. I widen my thighs, pushing him in as deep as he can go until he curses into my neck.

He's right, pain eases pain, but nothing compares to the feel of one of my Crows inside of me, erasing every bit of harm Carter ever brought me until all I can feel is them. That's the kind of power I will gladly let consume me. It's the kind of power I will use to protect us, and end Carter once and for all. Killian owns my body, Ezra owns my mind, Aiden owns my heart, and all three of them own my soul.

The Mayor tried to take all three of them so he could own me, but the only thing he will ever own again is his demise. I will never be his wife, but I will forever be willingly their whore, and their Queen.



**B**lood, pain, prison, murder, I'd endure it all, risk it all, as long as I have her, have him, have them. Rebecca thinks she tore us apart, but she doesn't realize she is the one thing that truly saved us all from the depths of our own demise. I love the club, my patch, my brothers, but that is nothing compared to the feelings I have for Rebecca. She was made for me, just like Ezra. To take me, to love me, to be owned by me, and to be shared with the two people in this world I would trust with my life, and I refuse to lose her again. Carter will come for her, I know he will, because his feelings mirror my own. He thinks she belongs to him, but I won't let him win, not again. He will come and we will be ready this time to end it for good.

I pump into her hard, gritting my teeth at the vice grip she has around my cock, relishing in the wet heat of her pussy. "Fuck, Sweetheart, you are so fucking hot inside," I spit out, grinding against her like a dog in heat.

It has barely been a couple of days since I was last inside of her, yet like a moth to a flame, it wasn't enough. I don't think forever with her would be enough. Inside of her is searing hot and all I want to do is stay here and burn. I pant above her, dropping my head to watch our bodies slam together as one, while sweat begins to drip down my neck. I

fucking love sharing her with Ezra, and the fun we had with Aiden was one of the hottest nights of my life, but having her like this, rough and raw, and all to myself. It's like a gift from the gods.

I drag my cock in and out of her slit, coating my length in the slick heat of her pussy. She is fucking dripping for me, and I can feel her clit swelling against my cock at every snap of my hips. Each one of my thrusts making her inner muscles tighten around my dick until I am lost in her. I don't look at her face or her body, no, my sole focus is between her thighs as I fuck her with a deep, punishing pace until she is moaning beneath me.

"Kill, more please," she breathes, her hands reaching up to cling to my neck, as she wraps her legs around me tighter.

I can feel the raised skin of her scar grazing against my side as her movements push me in deeper. "Fuck, yes, that's it!" I reach down and grip her ass, pulling her onto my cock again and again as she whimpers out in pleasure. "Fuck, Sweetheart, your pussy feels so fucking tight, you were fucking made for us," I growl, my cock so hard I can barely breathe as she tightens at my words.

Leaning down, I grip one of her tits tight in my palm, pushing it up to my mouth so I can flick my tongue across her nipple before grazing it with my teeth. Her breath hitches in response, small little panted gasps slipping past her lips, as she raises her hips to meet my every thrust. God I am fucking addicted to everything about her, but the way she always seems so desperate for my cock sends me completely wild.

"Harder, Killer, please," she begs, lifting her body fully off the sofa and plastering her skin against mine, until the only thing holding her up is me.

My road name slipping past her lips in a moan is my undoing, gone are the deep, rolling thrusts, and rough, loving touches. She doesn't want to be loved by one of her Crows, she wants to be fucked by the club enforcer, and I know exactly what she needs. I rip my cock from her pussy, pick her up, and toss her forward over the back of the sofa. I barely

give her time to catch herself before I am lining myself back up and thrusting into her from behind, slamming my hips into her ass until her body slumps forward doing nothing but taking me. Her cunt is so fucking tight from this angle that I can barely function, and I need more. I reach down, lifting one of her thighs, widening the space between her legs, as her hands fist the fabric of the sofa in an attempt to steady herself.

I know the instant the sofa starts grinding against her needy, neglected clit, because the groan she lets out practically vibrates through the two of us. “Yes!” she drags out the word on a moan, as her hips start grinding down against it as I fuck her roughly.

“That’s it, Bex, you fucking rub that needy little clit, I want you to cover my cock in your cum!” She moans at my words, and my fingers dig into her hips as her body starts to shake.

I can feel her orgasm right there, ripe for the taking, and stealing it from her will be my only perfect crime. “Killer,” she gasps, and I feel him behind us, his eyes watching her fall apart beneath me with my name on her lips. It sends an erotic rush through me to have his eyes on us, as I fuck the girl we were once both desperate for, and I pick up my pace even more.

“Come on, Sweetheart, come for me like I know you came for him.” I press into her, straightening my back as I lean forward and fuck her relentlessly until she is screaming out her orgasm.

“Ah, yes, god, fuck, yes!” Every word is strangled as it is ripped from her throat with a moan. She tightens around my cock and falls apart until her body goes limp and weak.

I don’t stop, though, no, I know she can take it. I fuck her hard with quick, sharp snaps of my hips until I can feel my spine tingle, heat flooding my groin until I throw my head back and come with a loud groan. Hot spurts flood her insides as I slowly start to decrease my pace until I am gently thrusting in and out.

When I collapse on top of her, I swear I can feel Ezra's smile from here as he purrs, "Looks like I missed all the fun." Rebecca doesn't tense at his presence, so I presume our little Queen must have sensed him there too.

I lean up and rub my hands up and down her sweat soaked back, scanning the goosebumps that appear at my touch as I respond, "From what I tasted, you started the fun without me."

Ezra chuckles as he erases the space between us, and with my cock still half hard inside of her, he leans over and presses his lips against mine. Rebecca groans below us, and I wish I could will my cock instantly back into action to take them both, but before that thought can resonate, he pulls away and drops down to our girl.

"Naughty, Love, leaving me in bed alone so you can steal my man," he teases, brushing a kiss against her mouth. She sighs, which turns into a breathy half moan as I pull my cock from her cunt and watch my cum spill out of her.

"Fuck," I whisper, soaking up to sight of it, as Ezra walks around the sofa to see for himself, cursing low beneath his breath.

Then heat spreads through my body as he reaches out and uses his fingers to push my release back up inside of her. We both watch his hand move in and out a few times until she starts to push back a little, and then groans as he pulls away from her. Before he can move his hand, I snatch it up and suck his fingers into my mouth, enjoying the taste of him mixed with both mine and Rebecca's juices.

"Fuck, Kill, stop, you are making me hard," he complains, watching me with rapt attention as I swirl my tongue up and down his skin with a smirk.

When I pull back and drop a kiss to the pads of his fingers he smiles, the tension I could see in his shoulders dropping completely as he whispers, "Are you okay?"

A breathy laugh leaves me before I drag him into my arms and embrace him, just breathing in the smell of him. I hear Rebecca move off the sofa, and feel her linger beside us, so I

pull away, and drag her into us too. “I am now,” I admit softly, feeling the ease of some of my heartache, as I reassure myself that they are both here and safe.

“How did you get out?” Rebecca asks, which makes Ezra scoff a laugh.

“Really?” He looks between the two of us. “Just went straight to fucking, huh, no questions asked?” He asks with a smile, and I see Rebecca blush, despite the fact he just caught us with my cock inside of her.

I shrug, knowing from the taste of her that they didn’t exactly spend their whole time talking, but choose not to point that out as I back away from them and lean down to pick up Rebecca’s discarded shirt. I pass it to her, and she slips it on, the bottom of it reaching her mid thigh and I smile at the sight of her in E’s clothes, as I direct us to all sit down on the sofa.

“Some fucking big shot lawyer got me out,” I start, reaching into my cut to pull out a cigarette. I light it and inhale before I look between the two of them. “Avery he said his name was,” I add, and Ezra nods.

“Yeah, he got me out too,” Ezra muses, snatching the cigarette from my hand and taking a long drag before passing it back. “He was interesting.”

“Courtesy of the little blond queen I presume.” I note my thoughts out loud, and I see Rebecca nod as if she was aware of the plan already.

It’s not hard to guess that Elle King would have got her out first, she barely even tolerates us. The only reason we are in her pocket is because she saved Rebecca. I’m sure she saw something of herself in her, they both had to fight against powerful men to remain intact, like two broken spirits woven together by violence. Elle gave her something we could never teach her, and something Rebecca needs now more than ever. *Hope.*

“What about the others? Aiden?” Rebecca cuts in desperately. “Did this Avery guy get anyone else out?” Her



eyes search mine wide, and I have to swallow the lump down into my throat as I shake my head.

“No, I asked about them and he just said he was working on it,” I tell her calmly, but to be honest it took everything in me to not grab him by the shirt and tell him to work harder, but given where I was, it wasn’t really the time to do it. I’ve got enough hidden blood on my hands, I don’t need anymore. I focus my attention back on Rebecca. “It will be fine, Bex, we will get them out, everything is under control.”

Her teeth sink into her bottom lip before she stands and retreats into the bedroom, and before either of us can follow, she returns holding a stack of brown files. “Well, we have a few things we can focus on in the meantime,” she replies weakly, handing the files over to me with shaky hands. I frown in both of their directions as Ezra sighs, and paired with the clear worry on Rebecca’s face, I know that whatever is in these files isn’t going to make me happy.

I don’t open them, instead I keep my eyes on hers as I demand to know, “Rebecca, what is this?”

Her own stare flicks to Ezra nervously, as she starts to fidget with her hands. “There have been some developments,” she starts slowly, as if trying to figure out her words and being careful what to say. “We found some new information and Elle did a little digging and gave me those.” She nods her head to the files, but still I keep my focus completely on her.

Ezra is as silent as death beside her as my jaw tightens at whatever they both aren’t saying. Rebecca keeps her eyes on the files, her knuckles almost white, as Ezra keeps his on the floor, blindly reaching for the bottle of whiskey I discarded earlier. “What aren’t you telling me?”

Her eyes snap up to meet mine as Ezra takes a deep swill from the bottle. “It’s about Mitch,” she almost whispers, and I feel my spine stiffen. Fuck, did the police find him? Is that why they both look wounded? The spot I took them to is so secluded, it should have been impossible to ever find him, we buried him deep.

“What about him?” I snap out, dread curling in my gut as my mind tries to flick through every scenario. How can I get her out of this? Get them out of this? I won’t let them go down for this, no, if it comes to it, I will throw myself under the bus before I let either of them pay for his death. I don’t give a fuck if he wasn’t the mole, he tried to hurt Rebecca and he deserved to die.

I stare at her as I wait for her to answer my question, but silence lingers in the air, and when it’s finally broken, it’s Ezra’s voice that cuts through the tension. “He was Connor’s son.” His eyes slowly move up to meet mine as I process his words and when our stares align, I see the guilt swimming in his. “He wasn’t the mole, he never was, but he was our President’s son, our brother, her fucking brother,” he scoffs, spilling more of the whiskey into his mouth as Rebecca remains silent.

Fuck. This is bad. Worse than I thought, and I can barely wrap my mind around it. I can see the worried look on Rebecca’s face as she studies him, and I know they must have already had this conversation when he came home, because she reaches out and silently slips her hand into his. I want to comfort them both but my mind is spinning. Connor was Hustler’s father and he never told us, why? He trusted us, or at least he did before he caught us with his daughter, so why did he never tell us about his son? A son that was part of our club for years and he just kept it to himself.

It’s those thoughts that have a thousand questions burning in my brain, but then it’s another that halts them all. “If Hustler wasn’t the mole, then why was he after you?” My eyes fix back on Rebecca, and I can tell by the look on both their faces that they have already asked themselves that question, but I push on, voicing my thoughts out loud. “He had a gun and came after you, why?”

Rebecca shrugs. “That’s what I can’t work out,” she whispers, her voice hoarse from tears she refuses to let fall. “He said sorry to me when he pulled his gun out, that he didn’t want to do it, but that he had to finish what *he* started.” Her voice shakes as she recalls their interaction and my mind

continues to buzz. "I guess I just presumed he meant Carter, I mean who else could it be," she trails off mindlessly, squeezing Ezra's fingers between her own to keep them tethered together in this spiral.

The Mayor already confirmed with his fucked up corpse display of Candice that Hustler wasn't the mole, and to be honest, now that I think about it, it makes perfect sense for it to be Candice. She used to slip in and out of the clubhouse all the time undetected, and was always so desperate to be close to Aiden, never really pushing herself onto any of the other guys like she did with him. The other whores would gladly be passed around, but not her. No, ever since the month before Rebecca turned eighteen she only had her sights on Aiden. Which now I think about it, that was the same time that Carter became aware of Rebecca.

Connor told us about his run in on the other side of town with Rebecca and the Mayor, and his worry about people finding out who she was. We brushed him off, told him that someone in a position like Carter's wouldn't care who his daughter was, but clearly we were wrong. A mistake we all paid for, but it's clear that Candice always had an agenda, we just mistook her facade of being jealous and wanting Aiden for herself, not that she was a fucking mole.

I shake my head, shifting my focus to Hustler and the shock I felt when Rebecca came running from her father's garage and told us he was the mole. I never wanted to believe that one of our own could betray us. I'm not ashamed to admit that as much as I was happy Ezra erased him from this earth to stop him from hurting our girl, that there was a sick feeling in my stomach the entire time we buried him. Yet if he didn't betray us because he wasn't the mole, then what are we missing?

My mind filters back the last few months as I try to piece together how we got here and I try to think if I ever saw Hustler acting strange. He was always quiet, kept to himself, but he seemed happy to be part of the club. He was over the moon when he was officially patched in, so what happened? Was it Connor's death? Is that what changed him? I mean, if

he was his son then of course he must have been wrecked the day Connor was killed, I know I was.

Again I force myself to remember how he acted that day, but all I can remember is the blood and the booze. I was so distraught that day that I drank until I blacked out once we got back to the club. Not exactly practical, but we all deal with shit like that in our own way, and it was the only way I could keep myself from scooping up Rebecca's broken form into my arms as she cast her eyes down onto her father's dead body.

Memory after memory assaults me as I try to piece together this fucking puzzle that is falling apart around us until I can barely stand it. I rise to my feet, startling both of them as I say, "We should get some sleep, figure out the rest of this shit tomorrow, it's late." I toss the files onto the table and ignore the fact that technically it already is tomorrow, but fuck if I care.

The two of them quietly follow behind me, and when I reach the room she came from earlier, I smile softly at the mussed up sheets. Stripping out of my clothes I slide into the bed and I am assaulted by the scent of both of them as I push myself to the furthest side. Rebecca climbs in after me, followed instantly by Ezra, until the three of us are in a cocoon together.

I know we have a lot of shit going on, and a long road ahead of us to keep us all safe and intact, but right now, I can fall asleep knowing that at least two members of my family are here and safe. It's with that thought and the feel of their skin on mine that I am lulled into a much needed deep sleep.



**S**earing heat wraps around my body as I jolt awake from the nightmares that always plague me. I was back there, with him, in his cage, obeying his every rule to protect them. I cast my eyes in the early sunrise across both Ezra and Killian, the two of them naked and plastered against me on both sides. Even in their slumber they reach across me to touch one another, their hands entwined on top of me. Flashes of last night burn through my mind as I recall getting them back. It was relief and passion, secrets purged, and bodies shared. It was fucking wildly, yet filled with so much love that it steals my breath to think about how I now have them.

It's funny how different the two of them are, or I guess the three of them. The President, the Vice President, and the Enforcer. Three deadly men who create carnage and chaos, who burn bridges and slay monsters, both better and worse than themselves, and all three of them belong completely and utterly to me. I try to ignore the stab of pain I feel in my chest as I think about the third person missing from this bed with me. Aiden wouldn't want my pity or my regret, he'd probably punish me for it, and I would pretend that I didn't need it, that I didn't enjoy it. Somewhere between my stupid teenage crush,

and demise into Carter's world, they managed to dig their way under my skin until they knew me better than anyone else.

It's what got us here, my desire for them, *his* desire for me. You could argue that the Mayor made the same mistake I did, that he became enthralled by something he couldn't have, which just made him want to take it all the more. And take it he did. He took a piece of me, every day for two years he took until there was nothing else to give, and then he still took some more. The only thing keeping me held together now are my Crows, yet how can they do that if they aren't all here? I might be free, but Carter is still winning, and that's a fate I was never prepared for.

I'm no stranger to falling apart, to clinging to the little things in an attempt to keep me sane. I would do it daily in my cage, but still feeling so trapped when I have my freedom is something I will never get used to. It doesn't matter what I do, Carter is always one step ahead of us, in a game which I have never been able to learn the rules of, and the chaos of it makes me miss the solace of my cage. The number of bars never changed, the dirt on the floor always felt the same, and the bitter cold eventually became comforting to me.

Suddenly the warmth of the guys' heat turns to suffocation and I can no longer stand it. I shuffle down the bed in between them until I am free of their tangled limbs, and move to grab the bag that Angel brought for us. I rifle through it until I find a clean outfit, and then I quietly sneak into the bathroom to freshen up. With my mind consumed by him, the ritual of my shower feels as if Carter is sitting right there in the corner watching me. My thoughts so clouded with anticipation and fear of what is going to happen next, that I go through the motions ingrained in me until I am fresh and clean.

When I step out, I don't bother cleaning the steam from the mirror, I don't want to look at my reflection and see the broken girl staring back at me. The girl who is responsible for all this mess, for getting taken by Carter, for getting her father killed, for getting her brother killed. Those thoughts make my throat tighten as I try to choke back a breath, my hands flying to my neck, clutching at it desperately as if I can force the air out

myself. I drop to my knees as if I am heeding to his command, and then I close my eyes and pray it all goes away.

“I’m free, I’m free, I’m free, I’m free,” I chant in a whisper, over and over until I barely hear them. Until my body is reminded that while my mind is still owned by him, that I did manage to escape.

By the time my heart rate settles and my breathing returns to normal, I am curled up in a ball on the floor of the bathroom. I don’t move, not right away. Instead, I flatten my palm to the cold floor tiles and let the goosebumps scatter across my entire body until I am near trembling. It’s something I used to do back at the mansion, when I had done something that didn’t please him, and when he had beaten me for the audacity. It would remind me that the body can feel things other than pain, than fear. That simple trick would allow me to wrap myself up in something new until the blood had clotted and the tears had dried. Then I would rise to my feet and be ready for more.

So that’s what I do now. I let the cold numb me until my breaths are even, and then I rise on shaky legs until my head is held up high. Then I wipe off the mirror, ignoring the dark circles in my eyes, as I scrape my hair back into a sleek ponytail and check over my outfit. Then I nod and slip quietly back out into the bedroom, eyes trailing over my Crows still-sleeping form, before I reach for some of the weapons I stashed last night and load them onto my body. A blade around my thigh, a gun in the back of my waistband, and some knuckles dusters on my fist, channeling all of my inner Elle King energy, until I feel strong enough to steel my spine and walk out.

I head to the kitchen first, searching around as silent as I can be until I find what I am looking for. I make myself a large black coffee, and inhale a couple of granola bars until the quivering in my hands eventually stops and I feel okay enough to do what I need to do next. I finish my coffee by the large floor to ceiling windows that overlook the city, taking in the stillness of it all until there really is nothing else I can do. Then I put my mug into the sink and head over to the front

door, unlocking it and swinging it open, unsurprised to find two guards standing by it.

Even expecting their presence I startle a little, causing them both to smirk as they look me over from head to toe. I don't recognize either of them, not that I expected I would, but I know they wouldn't be here if they weren't trusted by Blade, and more importantly, Angel.

"Good Morning," I greet them, flicking my stare between the two. "I'm Rebecca O'Sullivan."

One of them grunts a laugh as the other spits, "We know who you are, Princess." The term of endearment sounds nothing like how Aiden says it to me and I harden my eyes at them.

"The polite thing to do would be to introduce yourself back," I snap, anger curling around my tone as I stare them down.

This time it's the other one who answers as he elbows his comrade playfully. "We've been called plenty of things by women before, polite wasn't one of them." His grin is both playful and scary, as his gaze once again drags across my skin until I feel naked.

"Shocker," I grit through my teeth, crossing my arms beneath my chest. "Where is Angel?" I know he is staying here too, I was there when he asked Blade for an apartment, but this building has twenty floors, and lord knows how many apartments. I don't feel like knocking on every one to find him.

The two of them remain silent, those insufferable smirks still staining both of their faces as they act like they don't know who I am talking about. It's only then I realize their game as I sigh in frustration before changing my question slightly. "Where is Ghost?" I ask, remembering the name that was used to greet my best friend when we arrived yesterday, and I can tell by the smile on both of their faces that they find my questions amusing.



“Becca,” Angel calls out, and I snap my head to the right as I see him storming from the apartment at the other end of the hallway, his eyes fixed on the men in front of me. “Rhory, Nic, get the fuck away from her!” He sounds furious and I blink back a little at the authority in his tone.

“We were just saying hello to the pretty new girl,” either Rhory or Nic says with a smile, leering at me once more. “She’s hot and armed,” he adds with a groan as Angel reaches his side.

“And she has three fucking men who will murder you where you stand for even looking at her!” He positions himself between the three of us, making the men in front of me smile even wider as if they just won something.

“Seems like four if you ask me,” the other guy adds, staring Angel down with a feral grin, and I feel heat start to burn up my neck which only gets worse. He flicks his eyes back to me as he continues, “Sounds like you had a lot of fun inside there last night.” He nods his head to the apartment I came from, his words are paired with a bite of his lip, as my cheeks burn even brighter.

I see the tension snap into Angel’s shoulders as he warns, “Watch yourself, Nicoli.” Three words that sound too close to a threat that I know we don’t have time for.

I push Angel aside slightly and hold my head up high. “A lot more fun than you did standing out here playing guard dog.” It doesn’t take a genius to know that Blade is the one in charge and everyone else just works here, and given they were sent to watch my door, Angel must have some kind of pull with him.

The guy, Nicoli, just smiles though. “I hope your bite is as strong as your bark.” His words don’t sound like a warning, more like a comforting assessment, but given my history with powerful men, I don’t back down.

“Ask the three men that belong to me,” is all I respond, before turning to Angel and nudging him towards his apartment. His eyes stay glued on the men taunting us, until he slowly starts to step back. I link my arm through his, like I

have done a hundred times before, and I guide us back the way he came.

Once we reach his door, he opens it to allow me inside, before shooting one last look of warning to Rhory and Nic, who are still both smiling like idiots, and then he slams the door behind us. His apartment is a mirror image of the one I am staying in which doesn't surprise me, and instead of sitting down, I find myself wandering over to the floor to ceiling windows once again.

Angel joins me silently, both of us taking in the city below us as people start to wake up and prepare for their day ahead. I picture their lives, getting up, having breakfast, dropping their kids off at school, and heading off for work. Maybe they stop for coffee, or grab some donuts for the office. Maybe they go to the gym, or treat themselves to a manicure. Just a regular day in their life filled with little mundane things, and I envy every single one of them.

“Do you remember when we were kids and we used to say we would be best friends forever?” Angel asks, his voice far away as if he is back there in his memories. Tears sting the back of my eyes and my throat starts burning as I nod silently beside him. “I thought nothing would ever come between us,” he adds, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. “Not once did I ever imagine the thing that would come between us would be me.”

I turn to look at him fully, moisture gathering in my eyes as my heart breaks for him. I wish I could love him how he loves me, and could give him what I have given to the guys, but it wouldn't be real. Angel is easy to love. He's handsome, funny, smart, playful, but my heart wasn't made for easy. It was made for hard and brutal, rough and unsteady. It was made for three men who tore me apart only to slowly put me back together. Falling in love with him would only ruin us both, and our friendship, and until he can realize that, I will do whatever he needs me to in order for him to survive.

“If you need me to leave, just say the word and I'll go.” The words taste thick on my tongue, and I fucking hate feeling so far away from my best friend, but I want him to be happy,

his heart to be whole. I need him right now, more than I have ever needed him before, but I won't ask him to stand by my side, not unless he wants to.

“So much has happened between us over the years, things that I never imagined. Things I never wanted to imagine, and things I didn't think I could ever survive, but here we are, still standing, bullet wounds and all.” His focus remains on the city below but I know he doesn't see it. No, the only thing he sees right now is our past, and the future we will never have. Pain tears me apart from the inside out and I ready myself to walk away from him as silence stretches between us until he finally adds, “I don't want you to go.”

He turns to face me, the tired circles under his eyes standing out against his dark skin, making my heart ache even more. “I didn't sleep last night because all I could think about was how I'd let my best friend down.” I open my mouth to refute his statement but he holds his hand up to cut me off. “Let me finish. I promised you a thousand times that we would be best friends forever, and what, just because I feel more than that, I am going to break my promise?” His words are said as a question, but I know he isn't looking for an answer, so instead I stay silent. “Becca, you and I have a whole lot of history, and things are hard right now, but I don't want to throw away what I know will be a lifetime of great friendship, just because you love them.”

“I don't want that either,” I rush out. “You're my best friend, Angel, always have been, and I will always need you by my side.” He nods to my words as if they settle something in his soul before he sighs and pulls me into his arms.

“I love you, Becca.” His words are whispered into my hair, and I don't bother trying to work out whether he means them as his friend or more, because it doesn't matter, not anymore. He can't take back what he said, but we can both choose to put our friendship first, and that's what matters.

“I love you too,” is all I respond, and when we pull apart, his face seems lighter, and the tension in his shoulders seems to have relaxed out, but mine is only just beginning.

A phone rings and Angel leads us both over to the sofa, the coffee table covered in scattered pieces of paper, as he picks up the burner there and answers it. I can only hear his side of the conversation so I move my focus to the pages in front of me. I see criminal records for all the guys, surveillance photos from the station of us all walking out, and background checks on all the officers that work there. There is even some stuff on the agent who interviewed me although a lot of it is blacked out. I shouldn't be surprised that Angel has been working on all this, but I am. I know he said there is a lot of stuff I don't know about him, we spent two years apart, there is no way I could know who he became in that time, but seeing it in front of me feels different.

It's obvious he is no longer the boy who promised to be my best friend forever. Instead he is now a man fighting to protect me and the ones I love, the ones I know he loves. He might be Ghost here to these men, but he will still always be a Crow first.



The back of my eyes sting with fatigue as I listen to the dronings of one of my contacts at the station, updating me about what happened throughout the night. The rest of the club has been let out in dribs and drabs over the last few hours, protocol be damned, especially when there is a chunk of green involved. Yet the FBI have hooked their claws into Aiden as deep as they can.

Being President has its downfalls, especially when he is so newly appointed and with the death of Connor still so fresh. They will see the changeover of power as a weakness they think they can exploit. They probably even think they can scare him into talking, fool him into giving something up in return for something else. What they don't know is, the most dangerous thing about Aiden, is underestimating him. Just like the Mayor, he is willing to do anything for Rebecca, and that includes going to jail for something he didn't do.

It's why I admire him so much, not that I would ever tell him that, but he has always cared for her in his own way. A way that might have been lost and sullied a few times along the way, but in the end, I know he would die to protect her, just like I would. A fact that has been tested too closely on both of us as I feel the sting of the wound still so fresh in my neck. It hurts when I talk, hurts when I cough, hurts when I swallow,

but none of that pain compares to being chained down and forced to watch Rebecca suffer under the Mayor's hand. Hell, I'd rather fucking lick my President's cock once more than have to go through again.

The officer keeps on talking about mindless stuff that isn't relevant right now, so I cut him off to ask, "What about, Graves?" Rebecca's eyes snap in my direction at his name, and I try to swallow down the pain it evokes within me.

I wasn't kidding when I said I was up all night. Yeah, I was mostly working and trying to get to the bottom of this mountain of shit we have found ourselves under, but mostly it was to let myself think. I've already been through so much, lost so much, and come close to losing my life. Am I really going to let myself lose my best friend as well? Right now she is the only good thing I have in my life, and I refuse to ruin it just because her feelings don't mirror my own. That's childish, selfish, and downright stupid. So I have decided to coat my heart in steel, and do what needs to be done in order to save her. I can't get over her if I lose her, so instead I will fight until she is truly free of him.

"Still being questioned, they've been at him nearly all night. He hasn't slept, and I'm pretty sure he hasn't even eaten." The officer actually sounds like he feels sorry for him, but his words only make me rage.

"Get some fucking food in there and tell him it won't be long now," I snap, locking eyes with Becca as she sinks her teeth into her trembling bottom lip. The sight of her makes my chest ache and I have to turn away before I add in a gritted whisper, "And tell him if he doesn't get his ass home to his girl today, I will kill him myself."

I end the call and walk back towards the table, tossing the phone on top of it, before I sit down with a tired exhale. "The prospects have gone home, but the rest of the club excluding Aiden are on the floor below us. Probably sleeping, or more likely drinking, as they wait for us to update them."

Becca closes her eyes tight, as if trying to keep the tears at bay as she sighs, "They're all out?" I nod even though she

can't see me, and when she opens her eyes I see relief burning in her stare. I know she feels guilty and like all of this is her fault, she can't seem to accept the fact that this is all because Carter Fitzgerald is a sick piece of shit.

"I'm working on Aiden right now as we speak, but they have a hard-on for him given he's the President." Her eyes open and find mine, and she is nodding, knowing from experience with her father how true this is. The police always used to stop Connor for irrelevant bullshit trying to catch him out with something, and I'm sure it will be the same for Aiden when he gets out.

"I need to see them now," she demands, and I smirk at her tone, her true persona slowly coming back to her after so long in his cage. Sometimes she forgets the power she wields and the effect it has over the club, but when she remembers I can't help but feel nothing but pride.

"Then let's go." I smile and hold my hand out for her to lead the way. If she is going to be Queen she needs to own it, and I for one can't wait to see her do just that.

She storms from the apartment with her head held high, flipping off Rhory and Nic as they smirk at her again, and then jams her finger into the button to call the elevator. I nod my head at the guys who track us with their eyes, and I know they are intrigued by our relationship. It's not like in the time I have known them that I have ever brought a woman around. Especially not one I am willing to give my life for. Plus, they are trained to pick up on these kinds of things, just like I am.

We enter the elevator and I scan my universal key card, press the number for the floor below us, and then we travel down in silence. When I lead us off the elevator, she follows me to the largest apartment at the end, and I use my key card to enter. I'm surprised to find all of the guys already waiting around the kitchen island. They all look up as we enter, nodding and smiling at me, until I step aside and reveal Rebecca.

When I turn to close the door, I watch her track each of them individually, her stare traveling over Butler, Irish and

Razor first, before moving onto Blaze, Sinner, and Ranger. The six of them look tired, but relieved to be out as they give her a quick once over, and I'm sure wonder where the other three are.

Butler is the first to step forward, which given he was so close to Connor and has known Rebecca most of her life, isn't surprising. "You okay, Bex?" he asks, and I see fresh tears gather in her eyes as she nods. "Thought I told you crying over boys was a waste of time," he adds with a tease. With that she is storming towards him and throwing her arms around his neck, sobbing into his chest.

Surprise flashes across his face before he smiles softly, curls his arms around her back and pats her head. "Ssh, it's okay, we're all okay," he reassures her softly. Pain rushes up inside of me at the fact Connor is no longer here to console her, that this club is the only thing she has left of him. He will never get to see the woman she will become in spite of everything that has happened to her.

When she pulls back she smiles softly at him, and then much to everyone's surprise, moves across the rest of them to give them all a hug too. They all accept it gruffly, pretending it doesn't turn their stone hearts to mush to have this girl's appreciation, before she comes back around the island to stand at my side.

"I'm sorry," she begins, her voice holding no sign of nerves as she addresses them all. "I wish that none of your were dragged into this situation with Carter, but I promise you I will do everything I can to keep you out of it."

"We're not staying out of it," Irish interrupts. "This isn't just about you, Bex, it's about our club, about Connor, about fucking respect. The Mayor crossed a line taking you and we won't rest until we have buried him like we did Hustler." Rebecca seems taken aback by his support until the mention of Mitch changes her completely.

"We need to talk about Mitch," she almost whispers, and all of them focus on her as she takes a deep breath. "Mitch was



my father's son," she announces, just ripping off the band aid, and I see all of them frown at her words.

"How is that even possible?" Razor asks, and Rebecca shrugs.

"I don't really have all the information right now, I just know that we don't have the same mom, and the reason he came to the club in the first place was to be close to our dad." I can tell those words are hard for her to say, and it makes me fucking hate him even more than I already did when I found out he tried to hurt her. "What I do know is he wasn't the mole, and while yes he tried to hurt me, Ezra killing him for betraying the club was a mistake, one I take full responsibility for."

I can hear the shake in her voice now, as much as she tries to hide it, and I don't feel any regret at moving in closer to her and stepping in to say, "Regardless, Hustler tried to kill her for reasons we aren't sure of yet, so he might not have died the traitor we thought, but he was still a traitor, and he died a coward."

Silence descends between everyone as my words settle over us all, and it's Irish that clears his throat first to ask, "What happens now?"

I look between them all as I take Becca's hand in mine and reply, "Now. We go to war."



I'm burning up, my body on fire, and as I come to I find the reasoning behind it. Killian is curled around my chest, head buried in my neck, with one of his legs sprawled across mine as he sleeps soundly beside me. *I should have known.* I've woken up many mornings like this, with his body heat consuming me until I can barely breath, but with everything going on right now, I wouldn't change it for the world. At least we are together. It's that thought that has my eyes snapping around the rest of the room in the morning sunlight in search of Rebecca.

"She went to see Angel," Killian grumbles into my neck, and when I look down I find his eyes closed, looking as if he is still perfectly asleep.

"How do you know?" I snap, harder than intended, but the panic of what just happened to us all, what is still happening to us all, curls deep in my gut

I keep my eyes fixed on him as he shrugs. "I just do, she left a few hours ago." When I keep staring at him he sighs, flicking open his eyes looking up at me, as he blindly reaches for a burner phone sitting on the bedside table and tosses it onto my chest. "They should be back soon," he gruffs, closing

his eyes once more, as I open the message thread that is clearly from Angel updating us.

A smirk tugs at the corner of my mouth, as I toss the phone back to the table and move my focus back to Killian. I don't know how he does it, always staying so in control and on top of everything. Even when Rebecca was gone and the three of us denied we were falling apart and missing her presence, and basking in what we thought was her betrayal, Killian remained on top of everything. Even with things spiraling out of our reach, he never lets the world see him panic or sweat.

I wish I could be more like him. More numb to the world we live in and the crimes we commit, especially now I know Rebecca is still in danger, that Carter is still out there waiting for her. I want to swear that I will keep her safe, that he won't get to her again, but how can I promise something that I have already failed at too many times before?

Then there is Hustler. My brother, her brother, now fucking dead by my own hand, and all I can see is his blood and his patch as he dropped to the floor. I wasn't prepared for his death, but at that moment all I could see was Rebecca in that cage, the marks from the Mayor still staining her face, and when he came after her, I didn't hesitate, I just fired. The sound of my shots and the word mole echoing around us. My hand reaches up and traces the bullet holes in my chest that are a reminder of the Mayor's sins. Sins that Hustler never even committed, and yet, I killed him for them anyway.

"Do you think she will ever forgive me?" I ask, my voice barely above a whisper, and I feel Killian tense beside me.

My deadly enforcer leans up on his broad arms to look at me, and as if he has a direct line into my thoughts, he snaps, "There is nothing to forgive."

I sigh as I trail my hand up his arm to try and soothe some of the tension there, but really it's the tension in my own that hurts me. "I killed her brother, Kill, we aren't just going to get past that, he was Connor's son." The last three words taste bitter on my tongue as I say them out loud, and I feel bile claw up my chest at the thought of what I did.

“No, you saved her life,” he demands adamantly. “Would you have forgiven yourself if he had killed her?”

My heart aches at just the thought of losing her again and I can barely choke out my response. “No, never.”

Killian leans up and over me, covering my body with his as he traps me in place. “Then don’t waste one more second feeling guilty. You did what you had to do to protect her, what any one of us would do, and just because Mitch wasn’t the mole doesn’t mean he wasn’t guilty.”

His stare tears me apart, just like it does every time I remember he is mine, and I try to do what he says and push the guilt away, but it’s harder than I thought. “My hands are covered in his blood.” I see the understanding in his eyes at my statement. The fact that I didn’t just kill a threat, but someone I thought we could trust, an MC brother, a friend.

“And mine are covered in everyone else’s,” he growls, pressing against me even more until our eyes are locked. “Does that mean you don’t want them on you?” He asks, trailing his fingers up the side of my torso until he can wrap them around the base of my throat.

I know what he’s doing, because it’s what I do to him every time he comes home from a night as the club enforcer. When his eyes are almost black and soulless, and the stench of copper clings to his skin like a cologne. I give him an outlet, one he can fall into and explore his depravity in any way he wants until he comes back to me completely. They’re the nights with him I love the most, not the quiet love making, but the rough fucking that ends with me bleeding for him. Maybe I need that now, the same way he always does. Maybe I can erase the stain of Hustler, and replace it with Killer.

I lean up into his hold against my throat as I purr against his lips, “No, we all know how much you like the color red, baby.”

He smirks against my skin, his eyes now dancing with delight as he warns, “You better shut this fucking mouth before I fill it with my cock.” His words of warning have me hardening beneath him, and I know the second he feels my

arousal because he smirks, smug as a fucking prick as he erases the distance between us and shoves his tongue into my mouth.

Groaning at the intrusion, my body comes alive, as my tongue starts a battle with his that's dirty and messy, and completely distracting as he disarms me with his mouth. When he starts to trail his lips along my jaw I am almost panting, grinding my hips up to meet his as I feel his own hard length against mine.

"Killian," I grit through my teeth, desperation pouring from that one word. I feel his smile against my neck as his fingers squeeze my throat tightly in silent demand. Fuck, I am so fucking hard for him.

Pre-cum leaks from my dick as he starts to trail his tongue down my body, and if I wasn't so turned on I would probably laugh at the threat to shut me up with his cock in my mouth, as his own heads for mine. His fingers trail down to my hard cock, then he grips the base and slides his hand up and over to the head where he knows I like to be tugged hard.

His deadly fingers are beautiful and powerful as he strokes me with firm, efficient movements until I am breathing hard. My eyes are transfixed on the way his teeth bite into his lower lip, as he watches his hand stroke my dick. The way that to everyone else he is a lethal killer, but to me he is the man I love. His touch on my skin makes my cock ache and my ass clench.

I'm so fucking aroused that my dick is pulsing with need, and if he keeps fucking teasing me I won't even last a minute. Just as I have that thought, he leans down and licks a strip from my balls to my tip, before swirling his tongue around my crown and then sucking me deep into his mouth with a deep guttural groan. I fucking gasp out as his warm wet mouth engulfs me whole, and his fingers reach down and press against my taint.

Then he pulls off for a second, his talented tongue teasing my crown and slit. "I'm so fucking hard for you, E, I need you so fucking much." His head dips down again and starts

sucking the tip of my cock once more, as his fingers brush against my rim in a way that has me biting back a curse.

I thrust into his mouth as one of his fingers penetrates my hole, and I love how fucking rough he is with me, not caring if hurts, but the second my cock hits the back of his throat, I cease to exist as one person. Any control or lack of control I was worrying about disappears as his teeth scrape against the underside of my length. My hands reach down and cup his head as I allow myself a few seconds to roughly fuck his mouth until he is choking and groaning against my dick.

He takes my cock like it was made just for him, as he bobs down until his nose teases against my groin, before pulling back and teasing my crown. Over and over he moves, alternating between licking and sucking, until my cock is covered in his spit and he adds another finger to my hole stretching me out for him.

When I can barely breathe through his sensual attack, he lets my cock fall from his mouth and moves back up over me to line his cock up against my ass. "I want you coming with my cock inside you," he grunts, dropping his lips to mine as he strokes our cocks together in our pre-cum.

When we are both panting, and slipping and sliding against one another, he pulls back, moving to his knees and pushes his tip against my hole. I feel the burn of his length and girth instantly, and before I can even prepare myself, he shoves his dick deep inside of me and we both groan out loud.

"Fuck, Kill, your fucking cock will be the death of me." My words are hoarse as he draws back and slowly fucks me with deep, long strokes.

His hands land on either side of me as he watches his cock enter me, grunting in agreement. "You always have this ass so fucking ready for me," he praises, rolling his hips against mine. "Bet you wish our girl was here so she could ride this pretty cock, don't you?" He lets one of his hands reach between us to cup my cock tightly in his fist, and I am barely holding on to my restraint.

“If she was here, I’d have already fucking embarrassed myself,” I gasp with a laugh, as his cock rolls over that sweet spot inside of me. I’m so close to coming I can hardly stand it. “I want to stretch her tight little cunt out and shove both our cocks up there at the same time until she comes around us both.”

Killian’s hips slam against me harder than ever as he curses out at my words. His dick fucks me hard, rough, and fucking dirty, as he uses his slick fingers to stroke my cock. His thrusts are getting faster and faster with every jerk of his hand, as I lose myself to the pleasure. He groans, loud and fucking filthy, getting the friction he needs, and I come so fucking hard that I cover my chest with it as he watches in blissed-out fascination.

He doesn’t falter, just keeps pumping, as he leans down to lap up my release onto his tongue, before slamming his lips to mine and pouring my own cum into the back of my throat. Then he is coming hard, his fingers digging into the skin of my hips brutally until it breaks, before he collapses on top of me completely satisfied and breathless.

Silence engulfs us as our hearts beat rapidly in our chests against one another, struggling to catch our breath, and when he leans back up to look at me, I hope he can see the darkness he erased from my eyes, like I usually am able to see with him.

When I smile and press a soft kiss to his lips, I don’t hesitate like I once did to whisper, “I love you Kill.”

“I love you too, baby.”



**T**he pig piece of shit behind the desk is looking at me like I am the dirt he scrapes off the bottom of his shoe as he dusts off his feet before entering his fucking white picket fence house. I make sure my smile is smug as fuck as he finishes writing up my release. *Two days*. Two fucking days they have kept me in this shithole for questioning, and now finally they are begrudgingly letting me go. The lawyer that sharp little blond sent my way is clearly worth whatever money she is paying him. Even finding me in the room with the dead whore wearing my bloody cut wasn't enough to stop him from getting me out.

I have no idea where the rest of my Crows are, but I am sure I was the last resort in the line of importance. I don't give a fuck, as long as she got Rebecca far away from this shithole, and my brothers safe from harm. My skin buzzes with the anticipation of wondering where they are, if they are okay, if Carter has fucking found them again. My fists curl, my nails digging into the palm of my hand as the cunt behind the desk takes his sweet time finishing up the steps to let me out.

A million thoughts run through my head as I watch him tap away at his little computer, just as the FBI agent from earlier comes stalking up behind him, her eyes fixed on mine. Special Agent Jones seems to be the only person in this place with any



sense, or any fucking morals. She was even almost asking the right questions, but as with the rest of her friends, the focus was on us and not him.

*Carter Fitzgerald.*

The once leader of this prestigious town, now nothing but a soon to be bit of bait for the end of my fucking gun. These pricks have no idea of the depraved intentions that lie beneath the surface of their old Mayor, but by the time I'm done with him, I'll make sure his name is nothing but a pathetic whisper in their Friday night after work drinks.

Jones keeps watching me as the desk officer shoves the clear plastic bag of my belongings towards me with a huff, "Don't leave town, Graves, we will have you soon enough."

I eye him with disdain, enjoying watching him shrink beneath my glare a little, but before I can bite back a retort, Agent Jones steps forward, clearing her throat. "I'll walk you out."

The officer's head snaps towards her as she addresses me, but I don't spare him another glance, my sole focus on the woman who clearly has an agenda. I haven't forgotten the questions she asked me, how she danced around the Mayor's name like it was nothing but a game to her. So instead of refuting her, I hold out my arm to gesture for her to lead the way.

We walk back through the main part of the station heading for the front doors when her voice cuts through the awkward silence. "I'm sure your brothers will be happy to have you back."

I smirk at her chosen term. Clearly she knows the rules of an MC, another piece of information I tuck away in my mind that might be useful later when it comes to Miss Sasha Jones and her agenda. I don't bother with a response, I just keep my head down and my eyes everywhere. Watching every person we pass, anyone who pays me the slightest bit of attention, and anyone who seems interested in my release. I'm not stupid, the Mayor has friends everywhere, and after the present he left in

the middle of my fucking clubhouse, it's clear he isn't done playing.

When we reach the double doors, Sasha exits first and then stops abruptly so I almost slam right into her back. When she turns to look at me, I see a desperation in her stare that wasn't there before, and I can't help but wonder if I have mistaken her intentions.

“When someone takes something we love away from us it makes us do things we thought we'd never do, things we thought we weren't even capable of doing.” Her eyes turn glossy as she watches me, like she is pleading with me to understand something but I don't know what, and when I don't respond she continues on, “People from the North Side of this town only care about themselves and their powerful last names. Don't get caught up in their games.”

My own stare searches hers, confused and at a loss as I try to work out what or who she means, but without being able to offer her any truths that wouldn't get me fucking arrested again, I reply, “I'm not caught up in anything I can't handle.”

Whatever answer she was looking for, clearly it wasn't that, because the blank mask she was wearing in the interrogation room returns and her spine straightens as she steps aside to let me pass. It's only then I see the black SUV waiting at the bottom of the stairs in front of the station. I cock my head back towards Agent Jones as she purrs, “Tell Miss King I said hello.”

I don't bother with a response, just move quickly and swiftly down the steps towards the vehicle clearly waiting for me, and when I reach it, I notice Marcus and Lincoln sitting in the front seat. When the back window rolls down it of course reveals their little Rebel Queen and I almost roll my eyes at the sight of her. What? Did she feel the need to come down here and rub it in my face about fucking saving our asses again?

“Your Majesty,” I sneer with a fake smile, and a ghost of her own smirk curls at the edge of her mouth. She lets her gaze travel past me to the agent who I am sure is still watching us.

“Take a ride with me,” she quips back as if I have a choice, and I roll my eyes as she moves over to let me inside. Neither of the men up front say anything and without further instruction, Lincoln pulls out of the lot and we are on our way.

I presume we are heading to Elle’s house, or some other location she must have arranged for Rebecca and my club, but as we start to descend towards the woods that sit between the North and South side of town, I begin to feel uneasy. Of course, the wicked little Queen senses that because she leans over and whispers, “Don’t worry, I’m not bringing you out here to kill you.” Yet I don’t miss the large blade strapped to her thigh just like always.

A scoffed laugh leaves me, and when I look up I catch Lincoln’s feral stare in the mirror as he watches me carefully, navigating the road ahead blindly and with ease. Why is it always the quiet ones that are fucking unhinged? He has the same aura about him as Kill does, and I’d be very interested to see who would win between them in a fight. As if he can read my mind he smiles, returning his stare back to the road ahead. *Fucking weird.*

We drive for about twenty minutes through the thick expanse of woods, until we come to a stop on an off-road track and when I look ahead I find what was once the Donovan compound. This is where Connor was killed, where I brought Rebecca after Ezra was shot. I should have fucking known.

Without a word Elle slips out of the car and when neither Marcus or Lincoln move to follow, I open the door and go after her. Elle comes to stop in front of the car, leaning on it with her eyes fixed on the compound before us. I’m not sure what she is thinking as I join her, but we both remain silent as we stare at a place that I know holds bad memories for us both.

The story about what happened to her isn’t something I know all the details of, just that it was bad, and the people who did it to her ended up worse. I guess that’s all that matters now. I’m not sure why she brought me here, why she is okay to come here, and when the silence stretches on, I think about

getting back in the car and leaving her to whatever kind of silent therapeutic trip this is for her.

Just as I am about to move, her calm voice cuts into the wind. “My Carter Fitzgerald was Greg Donovan.” I snap my head towards her as she speaks, her face still completely blank as if she is talking about nothing of interest, or staring at a place where she was almost killed.

“Elliot’s son,” I say in response, but not in confirmation, she knows I know who he was. Hell, everyone in this fucking town knew who he was and what he did. He was a sick piece of shit, yet still she nods.

“They were both cut from the same cloth,” she starts, eyes blazing as she takes in the compound as if she is remembering every aspect of how that day many months ago unfolded. “Greg was cold, sadistic, evil,” she adds, as if listing off groceries. “Just like his father.”

I’m not surprised, the apple didn’t exactly fall far from the tree between Elliot and Greg Donovan, but then my mind runs to the other Donovan, the one who takes up residence by her side like a loyal lackey. “But not his brother,” I muse out loud, and for the first time since we arrived here I see her face soften slightly at the mention of him.

“Asher Donovan is darkness reincarnated,” she replies, her voice laced with affection. “Just as cold as them, just as ruthless,” she says with a shrug.

“Yet you keep him around.” My mind works overtime as I try to work out how they could possibly have found common ground. A ground where he was completely fine with her killing both his father and brother. Was it an inheritance thing? With them gone he gets to be the heir to the Donovan throne, but he hasn’t stepped up to take it. Word on the street is he walked into his house and burnt it to the ground without a second thought, and he has made no move to take over his predecessor’s businesses since their departure.

“I have a daughter,” she interrupts my thoughts and I blanch back in shock, utterly not prepared for those words to fall from her mouth. “Her name is Cassie, she’s almost five.” I

frown at that, almost five, which means, I start to do the math in my head and I feel Elle turn towards me with a sigh, “Every awful thing you are currently thinking of is true.”

No, it can't be, but as I try to pray her words aren't true, all I can think about is Greg's reputation for liking underage girls. For the amount of times we forced his drunk ass away from the South Side of town to keep him away from the girls we knew, but as I look into Elle's cold, assessing eyes, it's clear the only thing I should have done was put a bullet between his eyes.

I open my mouth to say something, anything, that could possibly try and make it better, but as if she knows where my mind has gone she holds up her hand to stop me. “My point is, bad things always happen, we can't stop them or even change them, but we can fight back and make it better.” It all makes sense now, why she came back, why she went after them all, why she chose to bring Rebecca home. It was because she had no choice. She had a family to protect and the only way she could do that was to eliminate her enemies. “She isn't going to be better until the threat of him is gone.”

I nod in understanding, but this whole trip was pointless because Carter already sealed his fate with us, and that fate is that he will die. “I'm not going to stop until the Mayor is dead,” I declare, and she watches me carefully.

“Why?” she asks simply. “Why does he need to die?”

“Because he hurt her, not just physically but mentally. He took everything from her. Her freedom, her peace, her innocence, her fear, her fucking father. He took and took until she was barely recognizable, and then I took some more from her because of him. Because I love her, and because I have already failed her twice, and I won't let it happen again, I can't”

Elle listens silently to every word until I run out of breath and my heart is thundering in my chest, and then she finally smiles, but it isn't sweet or reassuring. No, it's a smile that promises death, destruction, and disarray.

“Good, then we can go.” She doesn’t say another word as she leans up from the hood of the car and spins on her heels to head back towards the door.

When she climbs back in and I realize we are clearly done here, I can’t do anything but follow her, noting the sour face on both men in the front seat. It’s a look I recognize, one I am sure was on my face the day we all went to the Mayor’s house and I saw where he kept her, where she fought for her life to protect me. Sickness bubbles up inside of me and when I settle beside the Rebels and the engine rumbles back to life there is only one thing I know.

I am going to slit Carter Fitzgerald’s throat until he doesn’t have a drop of blood left, and then I will set fire to his fucking corpse.

The drive back to town is just as quiet as the one before, but when we jump on the highway to exit Black Hallows and head towards Fairfield I start to panic. The only reason we ever come out this way is to see Dr Harris, and I can’t stop myself from panicking about Rebecca or one of the Crows being hurt. It isn’t until we bypass her clinic completely that I go from panicked to confused, but that confusion doesn’t last long when we pull up in front of a posh high-rise apartment building and I spy another familiar psycho with an affection for weapons.

Blade is leaning against the building wearing nothing but black jeans and a bullet proof vest, as he smokes a cigarette and two of his men linger near his side. That dog of his is sniffing around the sidewalk, keeping just as much watch on his master as the two guys with them, and I can’t help but smile as Lincoln pulls up right in front of them. I should have fucking known my day was only going to get worse.

Elle exits first and I follow as Blade smirks at her and mockingly bows at her arrival. “Well, good morning to my favorite little blond killer,” he says with a smirk. and she rolls her eyes at him as she leans back on the SUV.

“You killed someone in my town again, B,” she says casually. “You left quite a mess for my boys to clean up.” I see

the two men at his side eying her with keen interest that I'm sure the King inside the car wouldn't appreciate, but Elle ignores them completely.

Blade doesn't seem concerned though, in fact all he does is shrugs as he says, "The guy looked at Stitch funny, I didn't like it."

"Of course you didn't." Elle shakes her head with a smirk.

"You don't want cheap, arrogant security fucks like that in your town anyway," Blade adds, like killing a man means quite literally nothing to him. He is worse than Killian.

"Security?" Elle questions out loud, not looking for an answer. "I'll look into it, reach out to some of my contacts." She turns back to Lincoln who is looking through his now open window with a sharp look in his eye. "Give Max a call, and reach out to Tyler, it might be what he's looking for." When she turns back to Blade, her usual calm, and eerie smile is back in place, as she gestures towards me. "Brought you the last one," she says, before patting me on the back and moving to climb back inside the car. "You boys have fun."

I keep my eyes on Blade, not knowing him well enough to trust him fully yet, even if he did help save us from Carter the last time. I don't care, I just need to set eyes on my girl. "Where is she?"

Blade doesn't bother with an answer, just smirks, and nods his head for me to follow him as he tosses his cigarette and starts to head back inside. I follow him into the elegant entryway, noting the four security men sitting around the doors as we make our way to the elevators along the back wall. Once inside he hits one of the high floors and then we are on the move silently.

It isn't until the elevator stops that he turns and says with a smile, "Apartment at the end, my guys will let you in."

I nod, exiting and turning towards where his men are situated and following the path to the door they are guarding. I recognize them both from the night they came to the clubhouse, and the night they came to the woods, and they

both stand aside with a smirk as one of them uses a key card to let me inside.

The apartment is huge and clearly expensive, which isn't surprising given what I have seen of the outside of it, and what I know about its owner. It screams Blade and his obnoxious self, everything is black and marble, modern and clean. There is barely any sign that anyone is even here except for a discarded weapon and whiskey bottle, which almost makes me smile. I head deeper in search of Rebecca or my brothers and when I reach the bedroom I find the latter.

Both are still sweating and panting as they gaze at one another lovingly. "Really, I'm locked up and all you two care to do is fuck one another," I drawl, leaning on the doorway and watching as both their heads snap in my direction.

Ezra is the first to relax as he smirks, "If it makes you feel any better, we both fucked our girl first."

I shake my head with a smirk. "You know somehow that *doesn't* make me feel better," I bite back, the jealousy almost choking me, but I know it's something I have to get used to.

Killian dismounts his lover, standing to his full height, dick still swinging as his eyes trail over me to assess that I am here and okay. Ezra doesn't bother covering up either as he does the same, ensuring I got back to them unscathed.

"Christ, put your fucking dicks away!" I turn, giving them some privacy to get dressed as Ezra calls out to my back, "You might as well get used to seeing them seen as though we are all gonna be sharing so nicely."

I roll my eyes, that feeling of not being enough for her burning me from the inside out, but I know he's right. Once we take care of Carter we are going to have nothing standing in our way of being together, and that means all four of us. I won't make Rebecca choose, I know she wouldn't do that to us, any of us, and that means trusting her with two of the most important people in my life. The four of us against the world.

As Ezra and Killian come follow me into the living room, I find myself desperate to know what is going on, why we are



here, and what our next fucking steps are, but when I turn to look at them, only one question comes out of my mouth.

“Where is she?”



**H**aving breakfast with the rest of the club without my guys here makes me feel like I am fourteen years old all over again. Back then I did whatever I could to stay longer at the club to try and catch sight of my three Crows. That included sneaking over early before school to have breakfast with whomever was around, before they opened up the garage. My dad would scold me for making myself late for school, but I knew he was always happy to see me and spend extra time with me. It's that thought that makes my heart ache inside of my chest as I look around at his brothers, his friends, his family, and realize he will never sit here like this with us again.

Like he has a direct line into my thoughts, Alfred leans in close and nudges my shoulder with his. "He was so proud of you, kid, you know that, right?" He couldn't possibly know what his words mean to me, especially from him. He was the closest thing my dad had to a real brother and I have always seen him as family.

I have to swallow down the lump in my throat as I nod at him in response, unable to form any words that won't come out as a choked sob. There has been so much going on in the last few months, hell who am I kidding, the last few years. I don't think I've had time to sit down and fully accept that my

dad is dead, that he is gone and never coming back. There will be no more breakfasts, or sitting with him for hours while he works on his bike. There will be no more telling me that I turn calm into chaos, and he will never be here to accept that I love my three Crows, and that they love me back.

I'm sure that last one will have him turning in his grave, the disappointment burning the soil around him to ash, but it doesn't make me regret choosing them. Even if he would have never accepted us together, I always knew we were meant to be.

Just as I have that thought, the front door opens with a bang, ricocheting off the wall from the force of it. All seven of the men around me are on their feet with a gun in their hands, before I can even turn around, and I have never felt more protected in my life. Yet when I do turn around and find those familiar green eyes boring into mine, the rest of them fade away.

Aiden stalks across the room, power dripping from his entire being, commanding every inch of the President he is, as he reaches me and slams his lips to mine without a word. His kiss obliterates me, consumes me, fucking owns me, as he reaches down and wraps my legs around him so he can sit me on top of the kitchen island without breaking our touch. I hear the scuffle of people around us, but I can't bring myself to care or notice as Aiden's hands start to roam across my body.

"Let's give them some privacy," Angel coughs out, clearing his throat, and guilt slams through me. Aiden must feel my tension because he immediately pulls back and rests his head against mine, but still doesn't look away.

"We'll meet all of you upstairs in an hour," he demands, no less than a Presidential order, and the rest of his brothers, including Angel, file out of the apartment without another word. He doesn't seem to care that we are in their apartment and not ours, no, the only thing he cares about right now is me. "Are you okay, Rebecca?" His hands cup my face so I can't look away from him until I answer.

“I’m okay,” I whisper, two words so far from the truth it’s insane, but he sees the lie for what it is. It’s the only thing I can say right now when everything outside of this building is still falling apart around us. “Are you okay?” I ask in return, desperately looking over him and frowning at his disheveled state.

All he does is nod in response as he whispers against my lips, “I am now, Princess.” He kisses me again, this time softer and slower, like he is savoring the taste of me on his tongue, and all I can do is melt into him once more. He’s home, my home, I finally have all three of my Crows back, and I refuse to lose them again.

His lips trail along my jaw, down my neck to my collarbone, and I can’t help but lean into his touch, my skin buzzing with anticipation of where his mouth will land next. “Come shower with me,” he whispers into my neck, and I am already nodding before he has even finished getting out his words.

He wraps one arm under my ass, picking me up effortlessly, and stalks deeper into the apartment in search of the shower. It’s the same layout as the one I am staying in upstairs, so I nod my head towards the bathroom down the hall and he storms us towards it without another word.

When we get inside, he shuts the door behind us and slams me up against it, kissing me hard and fast, as his hands pull at my shirt to try and get it off. Before I can move to help him, he rips the knife from where it is still strapped to my thigh, and slices through the fabric without regret until it spills around my shoulders. He tosses the knife onto the counter beside us, and pulls the remains of the shirt off and onto the floor. His eyes flare when they trail across the ink in the middle of my chest, and suddenly desperate to see his own, I reach out and grab the knife and use it the same way on him: Slicing until I can reveal his own inked torso. My hands trail down his chest and along his abs, and when I see goosebumps start to rise beneath my touch, it’s like a switch is flipped inside of me. I need him everywhere. I rip at his jeans, struggling to open the

button and zipper because I can't get it undone fast enough, and then I am on my knees staring up at him.

I keep my eyes on his as I slowly slide him into my mouth, pushing my lips all the way down his shaft until I feel the tip of him teasing the back of my throat. I shiver at the gritted inhale of breath he sucks in through his teeth, knowing that I am the one to do that to him. His fingers slide into my hair on both sides as he gently pushes in and out of my mouth, and I relax my throat to try and take him deeper every time. Another moan slips out and I groan around his cock, so fucking hungry for him that I can barely even breathe. All I want to do is suck, to take him deep down my throat and have him come undone. I feel him getting harder against my tongue every time he drags himself against it, and when he pulls back I make sure to suck hard on the tip until he is growling.

“You look so fucking good down there, Princess,” he groans, his hands still fisting in my hair to hold me still while he slowly fucks my mouth. His eyes are dark as I widen my jaw and take his cock all the way to the back of my throat with a smile. He fucking loves seeing me like this, on my knees with my mouth full of his dick. You'd think it would feel degrading, especially given how I first found myself in this position for him, the way he used me, but the truth is, being on my knees for him makes me feel powerful, unstoppable. The way his eyes watch my every move, the way he swallows thickly around his moans, and the way his fingers bite into my scalp until it hurts. Some people get on their knees to worship god, but I get on mine to worship my President, and his two best friends, and fuck does it feel good.

The rise and fall of his chest is fucking mesmerizing as he starts to thrust even harder, using my mouth like I am his favorite toy. “You were fucking made for sucking my cock, Princess, always so fucking hungry for it.” I moan around his words, fascinated by the way he roughly uses my throat while looking at me like I am the only thing in the world that matters.

Our souls are connected so deeply that even if I died I know I would find him again in another life. I'd find all three

of them, always destined to be together even after years apart. He pulls back abruptly, leaving my needy throat all too soon, with spit still dripping down my chin, and all I want is more. He strokes his cock slowly, swiping his thumb across the precum now spilling from there, before shoving it into my mouth so I can taste him. “So fucking hot,” he whispers, holding out his other hand so he can help me climb to my feet.

He pulls his jeans and boxers the rest of the way off, and then drops to his knees to help me out of my own. When he pulls them down he stills, noting the black marks on my hips that are only just starting to turn yellow. Killian and Ezra both ignored them, but of course they weren't there when I got them. They didn't stare into my eyes as Carter held me down against that table and tried to rape me. They weren't the ones bleeding out on the floor unable to help me as the worst was about to happen. It's then that I see the guilt in his eyes, the wonder about what we would have done if Kill and E didn't get to us in time, if Carter had taken the last thing possible from me and ruined me forever.

I tell myself I would have survived, that the thought of his touch doesn't make my entire body tremble with fear, but Aiden knows the truth, he saw it that night. I would have fought, I would have got back up like every time before, but I wouldn't have been whole. I haven't been whole since the day I met the Mayor of Black Hallows and he changed the course of my life forever, but I am still here, still fighting. I won't let the crimes of a sick man ruin me forever, I refuse to cower and obey again. I am *not* his little rose.

Aiden's head drops against my stomach, and a choked sob slips past his lips as he breaks. “I'm so sorry, Rebecca, I am so fucking sorry.” Tears start to swell in my own eyes at his words, but I refuse to cry, not again, not because of *him*.

Instead I drop down until our knees are touching and drag his face up until he is staring into mine. “I don't accept your apology, I don't, because you were right there with me, and you would have stayed with me until the very end, I know it. So don't fucking apologize, not for him, not after what he did to you too.” I don't have to say anything else, I don't think

either of us will ever forget the one girl to ever truly come between us.

I know it wasn't her fault, that she was just as much Carter's prisoner as we were, but I don't think I will ever be able to forgive Daisy, or whatever her real name was, for touching him. That probably makes me a bad person, but there are worse things I've done, worse things I will do, and I refuse to make any sort of apology for that. The decisions I made through the force of the Mayor and their outcomes will all die with him, and I will have no regrets. So I might be wrong to hate her for something she couldn't control, but it's only because I hate myself more for letting it happen.

Standing on shaky legs, I move towards the shower and turn it on full power until the room starts filling with steam. Then I turn back to Aiden and hold my hand out to await his. "Wash it away with me," I almost beg, desperate for him to take my hand and not treat me like I am some breakable little doll that is going to fall apart at any minute.

"It doesn't work like that, Rebecca," he murmurs, eyes still shining with tears as he stares up at me from where he still remains on his knees. So different from the other times I have put him there, and all I want to do is see him stand tall.

I shrug, like none of the trauma we have experienced matters, like it can just be washed away in the shower as if it never existed. "Try it with me anyway."

Still he doesn't move and I drop my outreached hand and walk backwards towards the shower, my stare never leaving his. I remember the first time I ever saw Aiden Graves, those emerald eyes staring down at my own as he pressed me against the clubhouse fence in wonder. I remember thinking I had never seen anyone more beautiful in my life. I remember the night of my eighteenth birthday, how he looked at me as I dropped my dress, those same eyes burning with an intensity I had never seen before. How his inked fist closed around his shaft as he watched me take his friend's dick down the back of my throat, like I just took his. He looked so fucking perfect, but they were nothing compared to now.

Naked and on his knees for me, watching me as I step under the spray and let the water cascade down my own naked body. I let him watch as I drench every inch of myself, my hands trailing over my skin in a way meant only to entice him. “You think what Carter did to me matters?” I start, my hands and lips trembling as we both pretend saying his name doesn’t affect me. “You think standing before him for inspection every day means that he owns me?” I watch his gaze harden as he realizes the position he’s in now is one Carter put himself in every single day of my captivity. The only difference is that Aiden is on his knees. “You think just because he put me in his cage or in his bed that it changed what was in my heart?”

My hands continue that path across my body, as I bring them to my breasts and squeeze them both tight until I moan, his restraint now hanging by a thread. “He could never own me, Aiden, no one could, not since the day I first met you. I am yours, and I am theirs, and despite what Carter Fitzgerald likes to think, he will never ever change that. I love you.”

He doesn’t move until those last three words, and then it’s like a magnetic force snaps into place at the sound of them. Like me saying them set him free from his own curse, because one-second he is on his knees, and the next he is slamming me against the wall of the shower and kissing me like he might never stop. He hauls me into his arms and my legs come up to circle his waist, as he presses me against the hard tiles of the wall.

His cock is hot and hard between my thighs, and I groan into his mouth as it slides through my achingly empty pussy. My fingers clawing at his back, so desperate to feel him inside of me as if I didn’t just fuck both of his brothers only yesterday. That thought just makes me even madder until I have no choice but to plead with him. “Please, Aiden, I need you to fuck me.”

My words are moaned against his mouth, and I feel his smirk as his hand comes up to curl around my throat. “Feeling needy, Little Sully, you must be if you are begging for my cock.” There is a lightness back in his tone, that tears me apart to know I can still give that to him.



“Beg,” I scoff. “In your dreams.” I aim for my own voice to be as light as his, but as he thrusts his cock through the lips of my cunt my words are cut off into a moan.

“Tell me how much you want my cock, Rebecca.” His thumb rubs against the pulse point in my neck where it is hammering against his touch, as his other fingers squeeze even tighter. “Tell me how much you need it, beg me to fucking give it to you.” His free hand cups my breast, as his other thumb starts to wreak havoc on my nipple until I am panting hopelessly. “Mmm, I can feel you dripping on my cock, Princess.”

I almost black out when he roughly pinches my nipple, and the words are leaving my mouth before I have even granted them permission to do so. “Fuck me, Aiden, please, I need your...” My sentence turns into a scream as he slams his cock inside of me fiercely, and I throw my head back and moan as he pumps into me hard and fast.

“So tight, so wet, so fucking mine,” he grunts against the base of my throat, those same words he said on that first night we all shared. I press into the hold he has on my neck so he can both feel and hear the moan I let free for him.

His cock slides out and back in, deep and fast, his hips pounding between my legs and making my body shake as I gasp out, “I don’t belong to you.”

A growl slips past his lips as he slams inside of me even harder, bringing his forehead to mine as I start to roll my hips to meet his every thrust. “When my cock is inside this tight little cunt, you fucking belong to me.” As if to reiterate his point, he shifts me so the angle of his cock starts to hit even deeper, rolling over that perfect spot inside of me until my entire body is completely trembling.

“And what about when their cocks are inside of me?” I ask breathlessly, taunting him to the edge of insanity, but he has to know I won’t choose. He has to share me with them, whether he likes it or not.

He grits his teeth, like the very thought of it causes him pain not pleasure, not caring about what fun we could have

with all four of us together, until eventually he spits, “Then I guess you are fair game.”

I kiss him hard, pouring in every ounce of love I have for him, until he is fucking me with his tongue in time with his cock. Then I lean up and sink my teeth into his lobe as I whisper, “I guess I have three holes for a reason.”

“Fuck,” he grunts, his hold on me almost slipping as he absorbs what I just said to him. His cock slamming into me faster and faster, his hold on my throat getting tighter and tighter.

“Which one would you take, Mr President, when your friends have me spread out between them, where would you put your cock?” Aiden throws his head back and groans, loud and obscene, as my words wash over him, and when he brings his eyes back to mine, they are almost black.

“You fucking ruin me, Rebecca.” His hands slide down my body until they can grip my hips, and then he is slamming me down onto his cock as his own hips snap at lightning speed, fucking me, ruining me, breaking me, and then putting me back together again.

“You.” *Thrust.* “Ruin.” *Thrust.* “Me.” *Thrust.* “Too.” *Thrust.* My words are barely audible above the sound of the water and his moans, but I know he hears them, feels them. I press my shoulders into the wall, forcing my body to remain still as he shoves his dick into me over and over again until I am almost seeing stars.

“Come for me, Rebecca, I want my cock fucking drenched from this pretty little cunt.” He grabs my hand and presses it against my clit until I start playing with myself, and then he is back to fucking me.

The entire room is filled with steam, so much so that we are almost blind, but as my body continues to shake and my orgasm starts to take over, the only thing I can care about is the feeling of him inside of me, changing me forever. When I start to come, his grip on me tightens, fucking me through it and no doubt leaving his own marks in place of Carter’s.

“So fucking beautiful,” he whispers, pride shining in his tone as he praises me, and all I can do is gasp as he moves inside of me faster and faster.

“Oh god,” I moan, my orgasm rippling out to every part of my body and never seeming to want to end, and I feel him tense up around me. Then, like a mad man he pumps into me harder and faster than ever, my nails digging into his shoulders as I jerk against him again and again.

“Oh fuck!” The words tear from my throat in a scream as he spills inside of me, hot spurts of his release flooding me as his abs tighten, his cock still pumping until he collapses against me completely spent. Every muscle in my body feels strained and burnt, but still I bring my hands up to his hair and stroke it back from his face.

He kisses me one last time, softly and slowly, until he pulls back and whispers, “I love you so fucking much, Princess, and I won’t fucking stop until I give Carter’s head to you on a platter.”

I smile at his harsh words, and place another gentle kiss against his mouth. “I love you too.” His smile at my response threatens to break my heart, and when he lets me dismount, I am finally free to check over his body. “Are you okay, do you need food, sleep?” My hands desperately roam over his skin as if I am searching for damage, my eyes only focused on the bullet wound still red and angry on his torso, but Aiden grabs my hands until I focus back on him.

“The only thing I have ever needed is you.”



**I**t's hard to focus on what anyone else is saying when I know my brother is downstairs railing the girl I love, and if the scowl on Ezra's face is anything to go by, I am sure he is feeling the same. We followed Aiden downstairs earlier to find Rebecca, not that I think she noticed, and when he gave us our marching orders, of course we all followed. They deserve to have some time together, and it's bitter to feel jealous over something I know I have already had, but that's just the effect Rebecca has on me, on all three of us really, and it seems none of us can shake it.

I've been here before. I've endured this kind of jealousy before, every single time I had to watch Ezra with the club whores. Sometimes he would fuck girls in the same room as me, sometimes our eyes would lock, and every single time it was like the jealousy was eating me alive. It's kind of like that now, except I don't want to steal Rebecca away from Aiden, like I did with Ezra and the random whores. No, instead I just want to join him. Hell, even just watch, as long as I get to see her fall apart, hear her breathy moans and pleas for more, smell her fucking sweet scent in the goddamn air. I don't care, as long as I get to have her.

My mind starts to think of all the scenarios me and my brothers could put her in, the ways in which we could share

her. Ezra and I have enjoyed her together a few times now, and every single time it gets better and better, yet still I want more. I want in her pussy with Ezra like he described, I want in her ass, while one of them takes her cunt. I want all three of her holes dripping until she begs us to stop. I feel my cock hardening under the table, and I have to grit my teeth to stop myself from groaning as it strains against my zipper. A little grunt slips out, and as if the noise is a beacon to him, Ezra snaps his stare to mine instantly, watching me closely trying to work out what's going on. When I stare back, I know the instant he sees it, the desire in my eyes, the lust on my face. A smirk curls up at the corner of his mouth as he reaches for his cup of coffee and smirks into it as he takes a zip.

“Looking a little tense there, Kill,” he purrs sarcastically, and I feel a couple of the guys look our way, but they don't pay us too much attention. “Do you need a hand to calm down?”

That damn smug grin of his fucking gets me every time, and I rise to my feet as casually as I can manage, ensuring my groin stays turned in his direction only. His eyes drop down and flare wide when they take in my erection, and it's then I see lust enter his own eyes. It doesn't matter that we spent the morning fucking, there is always that need for more with us, it's always been like that, and when I round the table and drop into the seat next to him, I see his eyes take in where the rest of the guys are around us. None of them pay us any further attention, and I have to laugh a little at how we thought we could ever hide our relationship from any of them. They were right, we have never been subtle, nothing could ever contain my attraction and need for him.

I take the coffee from his hand and chase his sip with a taste of my own as I murmur, “A hand would be good, but a mouth is always better.”

Ezra's smirk only grows as I hand the cup back to him and he turns to me casually, as if we are talking about nothing of interest as he responds, “Oh yeah, I remember something about a threat to fuck my mouth to shut me up, but you didn't follow through on it. You're not going soft on me, are you?”

This cocky little prick. I shake my head with a smile as I look at him, enjoying his teasing playful side in comparison to his morose side this morning that was filled with nothing but guilt. “Careful, Easy, I wouldn’t want to have to do that to you right here in front of everyone.” I see his eyes flare wide in interest, he likes to watch as much as he likes to be watched, and to push him that little bit further, I grab his hand and press it against my erection as I drop my voice even lower. “And trust me, baby, there isn’t anything soft about me.”

His fingers flex against my cock, and only years of restraint around him keep me in place, instead of pushing my chair back and forcing him to his knees right here in front of all of them. I’m not Aiden, no matter how tempting that thought is. Instead, I crick my neck and try to focus my attention back on the rest of the Crows here.

Butler is busy in the kitchen with Irish cooking up some lunch for everyone, and the smells of peppers, onions, and tomatoes cooking together is making my empty stomach rumble in anticipation. The rest of the guys are spread out across the apartment, talking quietly amongst themselves like Ezra and I.

Angel seems to be the only one still on edge. He is pacing back and forth by the window, stalking the view below like our enemies might jump out and surprise him at any second. Given past experiences, I can’t say I blame him, but I know that’s not why he is doing it. He’s there because he is trying to distract his mind from the same thing I am, and it’s only now that his feelings are out in the open that so much about him makes sense. He is so like us in so many ways that I’m honestly surprised Rebecca turned his affections down. I mean, what’s one more in the harem at this point? But I guess the heart only wants what it wants, and I can’t say I’m mad about not having to share her with one more person. Three is more than enough, and I don’t have the same connection with him as I do with Aiden and Ezra.

My feelings for the two of them are very different, but I am bonded with them in a way I’m not with any of the other Crows. Yes, I would still die for them, kill for them, and I love

them like they are family, but Rebecca, Ezra, and even Aiden feel like an extension of me. Like they are parts of my soul that I'm meant to love and protect. I couldn't imagine sharing Rebecca with anyone other than my two brothers, not even another Crow.

I feel bad for Angel, I do, I know how much he loves her, and I know everything he has done for her. I mean we all thought he fucking died for her! I don't know what he has been doing for the last two years, but I know he will always protect Rebecca no matter what, but in return I hope he knows I will protect her too, even if it's from him. I won't let him hurt her just to protect his own feelings. If he is here then he has to understand she can't give him what he wants, the only people she belongs to are me, Ezra and Aiden.

As if my thoughts drew them to me, the front door opens, and I hate the relieved breath I blow out at the sight of my girl and my President. They both look flush with freshly wet hair, and I see they found the clothes that Ezra took up for them right after Aiden ordered us out. Angel looked confused at why he would be taking them more clothes, but all I did was smile. I knew Aiden would turn feral the second he saw our girl thrust up with weapons strapped to her. There is no way they were getting out with everything fully intact, not that I was going to say that to the best friend that's in love with her.

Now as my eyes trail over her, I see no signs of the earlier tension, she can finally breathe easier knowing she has all of us back. As if she didn't spend the night in between us, Rebecca moves towards us instantly, kissing me first before moving onto Ezra, smiling at the rest of the Crows who are watching her silently. They know things have changed, just like I do. There is going to be a new dynamic now that we have established our relationship with one another, and we all need to talk about what that means.

Yes we have a lot of shit to figure out with Carter and the whole situation with Mitch, but now we are all back together I know it's not just going to be Crows versus everyone else. I honor my club and my patch, but Rebecca will always come first and I know Aiden and Ezra feel the same. The four of us

together will be a force all on our own, and we've already proven we will kill anyone who gets in our way or tries to hurt her, even if it's one of our own. They have a choice to make, they are either with us or against us, but from the relieved looks on all their faces, it seems I won't have anything to worry about.

The silence stretches out between us all until Rebecca eventually speaks. "Smells great, Alfred, what are you guys making?" I snort a laugh, to which Rebecca frowns, but I can't help it. Her question is just so casual that it really is laughable. Our week has been filled with blood, threats, and murder, and all the little Queen Crow cares about is what is being made in the kitchen.

Butler smiles, one I have seen him give her a hundred times before, like a father smiling at his child, as he responds, "Fettuccine, like your dad used to make." I see her tense slightly at his response, before she smiles and nods at him without saying another word.

"Family dinner," Aiden cuts in, stepping forward and smacking a hand to my shoulder in a comforting manner. "We deserve a decent home-cooked meal after two days with the fucking pigs." He taps my shoulder again and when I look at him and see his smirk, I know he is doing it to piss me off.

"If you don't stop touching me, I'll feed you to the fucking pigs," I grunt, shoving his hand off my shoulder, but all he does is smile, and I can see the relief on his face to have us all here safe and together. Connor left behind some very big shoes to fill, but I can't think of anyone more perfect to follow in his footsteps than Aiden.

Rebecca takes a seat beside me and Aiden takes a seat on her other side. Once settled, the rest of the guys start to move in place as Butler and Irish continue to work quietly in the kitchen. Angel sits beside Aiden and the others move around the table until we are all seated and waiting. The silence descends over us, and I know everyone is waiting for one of us to break it and talk about what our next steps are, but when Aiden opens up his mouth to speak, Rebecca stops him.



“Nope!” She holds up her hand to signal him to stay quiet. “Today is family day, we are long overdue one, and all I want to do is eat a nice meal and talk about something that isn’t fucking life-ending, heartbreaking bullshit.” Her words settle over all of us, and I see the guys all look between themselves, as Butler starts to plate up everyone’s food in the kitchen with a smirk on his face.

The rest of us remain quiet until Razor leans over and says, “Remember when you tried to sneak into that one club party through the bathroom window?”

The tension in Rebecca’s shoulders drops completely as she smiles. “Yeah I couldn’t get that fresh paint out of my hair for a week.”

“And we had to paint it again,” Sinner chimes in, shaking his head with a smile.

“That was better than facing Connor’s wrath for letting her slip past the fence,” grumbles Blaze, frowning as if remembering the complete reaming he got from our then-President.

Butler and Irish start to hand out plates filled with food as we laugh and start to pass happy memories back and forth, some Rebecca has never even heard, and it feels good to just relax and take our minds off things. It feels like old times, like our family Sundays at the club, as if any minute Connor is going to walk through that door and join us. It’s bittersweet and from the look on all the faces of the people that are here, I can tell they feel the same.

After dinner dies down we all move back into that silent territory, until Irish finally clears his throat and says, “What happens next?”

Rebecca looks at him as she blows out a deep breath, her stare trailing along everyone here until she comes to land on Aiden. He is watching her closely, waiting for her next move, her next order. He might be the President, but she is the Queen, and as much as I wish I could keep her out of this and end the Mayor without involving her, she would never let that happen. She needs that kill more than any of us do.

Without a word she rises to her feet and stalks into the kitchen, ripping open cupboards until she stumbles on one containing liquor. She reaches inside and pulls out a bottle of whiskey and turns back to us. “Now we drink.” She grabs two more bottles as Angel joins her to grab some glasses, and then they both move back to the table and start pouring out healthy amounts of amber liquid into each glass, passing them around.

Once all of us have a glass, she stands at the head of the table and holds hers up. “This is to my father, to the President of the Hallowed Crows and all of his brothers. To my family, for without you I wouldn’t be here.” She doesn’t mean literally, she means metaphorically, like she believes we are the cure to her trauma, when instead she is the end to all of ours.

She knocks her drink back and reaches for another, as all of us raise our glasses to Connor and do the same. “It’s been a rough couple of weeks,” she starts again, and then laughs. “Or I guess I should say a rough couple of years. So much has happened and the last thing we need right now is to be sloppy, so I want you all to take tonight, drink, sleep, rest, whatever it is that you need to do to feel whole.” She eyes each of us again with a fierce look in her eye before she adds, “Tomorrow we will regroup and go through every piece of information we have on the Mayor, and make a plan to end him once and for all.” She throws back the second glass of whiskey and then slams it to the table with a nod as we all watch her quietly.

Aiden is the first to move, rising to his feet and moving to stand next to her. “Rebecca is right, rest, refuel, and then we can plan our next move. Thanks to Angel, we are safe here.”

Rebecca seems relieved that Aiden agrees with her, smiling slightly as he slips his hand into hers, and then her eyes find mine and Ezra’s, and I know she is silently communicating with us. We both move on instinct, like a siren she calls to us, and one by one we lead each of the Crows to the door to bid them a goodnight.

Angel is the last to leave, watching us closely, watching her closely, like he feels she might slip away, and before he can get to the door to say goodbye I step in front of him,

lowering my voice. “I know what she means to you,” I start, and his eyes bore into mine like he wants to end whatever I am about to say with just one look. “You’re a member of this club, a brother, her best friend, but she has made her feelings clear. If you hurt her again...”

He cuts me off, “What? Then the club enforcer is going to take me out?” he laughs and it holds no humor. “I heard her loud and clear, Killer, I know my place. Just make sure you remember yours.” He pushes past me, and I find Aiden and Ezra watching me as he steps up to Rebecca to say goodnight.

She is completely oblivious to our conversation as she smiles at him nervously, but still he reaches out and offers her a one-armed hug that she awkwardly accepts, before stepping back and saying goodbye. Once she closes the door behind him and the lock slides into place, I feel more at peace.

“Bed?” she asks, as she turns back to us, and as enticing as I wished that sounded, I can hear the exhaustion in her tone as she stares between the three of us.

Aiden is the first to agree, moving up to drop a kiss to her head as he once again puts his hand in hers and leads her towards the bedroom. Ezra and I share a quick glance before we trail after them, and it’s only once we reach the room that I realize the only night we ever shared a bed, all four of us, was the night of her eighteenth birthday.

Rebecca strips out of her clothes and grabs one of our shirts from the bag and slips it on, before she stares at the bed biting her lip. The tension is thick and it’s not the kind I am used to, but thankfully Ezra steps up, stripping down to his boxers and pulling Rebecca in for a quick kiss before shooting a look at Aiden. “No touching our dicks, Prez. You might be pretty to look at, but the only cock I want is his.” He nods his head at me and I smile as Aiden scoffs.

He strips out of his own clothes and climbs into the bed first, pulling Rebecca in next to him until he is curled round her like a possessive dick. Ezra just laughs as he bounces onto the bed next to them, making them rock with the force until he is pushed up against her other side. Then I turn off the light

and climb in behind him, until all four of us are silently breathing as one in the dark.

This is not how I imagined it would be. I mean, for one I imagined more orgies, but I never thought about just existing like this. Just doing mundane relationship things like going to sleep together, and as weird as it should feel, all I can feel is relief, because I spent two years' of nights wondering what she was doing, and wishing she was with us, and now we have her, and we won't let her go again.

Carter Fitzgerald did his worst and still she survived. Now we are coming for him, and he will know what it's like to become the prey. It's those thoughts that send me into a peaceful and deep sleep, as I imagine all the ways I am going to gut him.



**M**y body feels heavy and warm as I rouse from a deep, nightmare-free slumber. When my eyes open and flick down my body, I can't contain my smile. They're here, all three of them are here. They stayed with me. My eyes trail over Killian and Ezra first, the latter plastered to my right side, his leg tucked between mine, with Killian's muscular frame curled around him, his hand flexed out across my stomach. It's like they can't bear to be apart, but also can't keep themselves away from me. Then there is Aiden, he is tucked in on my left side, his hand curled loosely around my neck, and his leg almost tangled up with Ezra's. The four of us molded together like we were always meant to be. The image warms me from the inside out, and it's like I can physically feel the three of them scraping my broken pieces back together.

This is how it should have been that morning, the one after my eighteenth birthday, the one where I woke up cold and alone and in desperate need of my Crows. I didn't know then that my dad had seen us, and I understand why the guys felt like they had to leave, but they should have trusted in me, trusted in us. I know my dad would have been angry, but he was also still just my dad, he wanted me to be happy, I could have helped if they let me. I don't want to wonder if things

would have been different if they hadn't left, but I can't help it. Their leaving led me down the path we are on today, the one filled with pain and death, and of course the Mayor, and I wish I could erase it all. I wish I could go back to that night and beg them to stay, to plead with them that loving me was worth it, but I can't change the past. I can only hope for a better future.

And I do hope, even after everything that has happened, everything we have been through, and everything that is still to come, I hope we all make it out alive and we can put each other back together on the other side. Will it always be like this? Waking up together, lost between their bodies, consumed by their kisses, possessed by their minds. It's all I've ever wanted, and all I ever will want. I know deep in my soul, that this kind of love is forever. I knew it at fourteen years old, and I need them to know it now, because my feelings for them will never change, and I will always need them more than anything else. If I could wake up like this with them everyday, then nothing else would matter. All four of us have scars, too many to even count anymore, but I know together we can heal one another. One more fight, that's it, just one more fight and we can put all of this behind us and move on with our lives. We just have to win.

A phone vibrates on the nightstand and Killian's hand snatches out instantly to silence it, eyes still closed as my smile gets even deeper. Even half asleep he is always still switched on. He lets out a little yawn before opening his eyes and instantly finding mine watching him. We take a few silent seconds just to stare at one another, just to live in this moment that is real, and not think about all the bad things we had to do and endure to get here.

Then he is leaning up and over Ezra to drop a kiss to my forehead that makes tears burn at the back of my eyes. This silent and deadly killer, who has erased more men than I could ever count, yet handles me with so much love and care that it makes it hard to breathe. Yes, we have our own moments of blood and pain that push us both to that edge that we adore so much, but we also have everything else in between.

“Good morning, Sweetheart,” he whispers, stroking a hair back from my face as he watches me. “I told Irish I would check out the gym with him this morning, will you be okay if I leave for a little while?” His question is so simple, yet emotion crawls up my throat and threatens to spill out in a sob as I nod rapidly.

“Of course she is, you annoying bastard,” Ezra grunts from between us, voice still thick with sleep, and the two of us smile at him.

“Go, I’ll be fine,” I finally manage to tell him.” And he nods, dropping one more kiss to my mouth, then another to the side of Ezra’s face, before he climbs out of bed and silently gets dressed.

Ezra’s eyes are still closed, so I enjoy the floor show alone, and when Killian catches me staring he just winks and strolls out the door, leaving me with nothing but images of him sweaty and working out in my mind.

“You’re drooling on me,” Ezra teases, nuzzling his face into my neck, his breath hot against my skin as he speaks.

“Yeah, well, you’ve had him a lot longer than I have,” I muse softly, turning on my side so I can face him, while Aiden still breathes evenly behind me.

Ezra’s eyes flick open at my words and he shakes his head. “Always so blind, Love. You were always ours, and we were always yours.” He gently pulls me out of Aiden’s hold until he can wrap my legs around him, and then his hands are caressing my ass as he purrs, “Although right now it looks like you’re all mine.”

His lips capture my own and unlike his usual kisses that are hard and fast, this is slow, steady, like we have all the time in the world, and all he wants to do is kiss me. I feel sixteen again, with butterflies in my stomach at the first press of his lips against mine. It’s gentle and exploring and has my heart thundering in my chest, as his tongue pushes into my mouth and I moan. It massages against mine until his hands are gripping my ass even tighter and pulling me against the hardness now pressed between my thighs.

I roll my hips against him, searching for friction and savoring the deep groan that rises up in his chest. My hands push into his hair and I pull it tight, holding him against me until we are kissing wildly and passionately, making out like teenagers in the back of a truck past curfew.

When he pulls back I can't help but whisper, "I wish you kissed me like this when I was sixteen." I'll never forget that night and how he made me feel, how he gave me everything I wanted, yet still left me begging for more. I tried to push him then, tried to take more than he was allowed to give, and I knew it was wrong, knew it could have got him in trouble, but I just didn't care.

He laughs, pressing gentle kisses to my mouth again, before sucking my lip between his teeth and gently biting down. "Love, if I would have kissed you like this when you were sixteen, I'd have ended up in jail." He reiterates that point by bringing one of his hands up and squeezing one of my breasts through the shirt I'm wearing. "You have no idea how hard it was to walk away from you." His words are followed by a kiss and another gentle squeeze, but I know how much truth they hold, how he doesn't just mean the night he kissed me.

It makes me press into him even harder, pull on his hair even tighter, and kiss him like I can't survive without him, because I can't. He grunts into my mouth again, rolling on his back and pulling me with him until I am straddling him. My eyes flick over to Aiden who is still sleeping soundly, and then I look down at Ezra and smile as I grind against his hard cock, desperately wishing there weren't two layers separating us.

As if reading my mind, he reaches down and grabs the hem of the shirt I am wearing and tears it off in one quick pull, until my tits are bare to him. "Fucking look at you," he praises, hands slowly stroking over my skin and teasing me, as he bypasses all the good parts on purpose. "So fucking beautiful, so fucking perfect." His thumb comes up and skims across my nipple and I shudder, my skin erupting in goosebumps as he watches me.



Then his stare flicks over to Aiden and around the rest of the room, before they land on the mirror in the corner. His hands land on my ass and I let out a little yelp as he moves us down the bed until he is sitting at the end of it, my back facing the mirror. Before I can say anything, he is pushing me to my feet and spinning me around until we are both looking at one another in our reflection. He rises behind me, slowly slipping his boxers down until he is naked, and then he puts his fingers in the side of my panties and slides them off as he sits back down on the bed.

His hands trail over my exposed skin as his mouth starts to kiss and lick across my ass, mumbling in appreciation. "I can't fucking wait to take this ass again, Bex, feel it so fucking tight and hot around my cock." His fingers slide between my cheeks and press against my back hole and I gasp, preparing for an intrusion but it doesn't come. Instead, his fingers move back to my hips as he pulls me back down into his lap, and spreads my legs over his. "I want you to watch as I sink into your tight little cunt, Love. I want you to see what I do to you, what all three of us do to you."

I can already see my pussy glistening, my arousal leaking onto the skin of my thighs in anticipation of his touch. It's like our first night together all over again, only this time I won't just tell him what I want, I'll take it. I reach between my legs and grip his hard cock, delighting in the sharp hiss he lets out as my hand strokes up and down the length of him, my thumb swirling across the tip through his pre-cum. Fuck I can't wait to get him inside of me. I let my hand tease him a few more times before I rise up onto my toes and position him at my entrance, ready to sink down onto him.

Before I can move, his hands fly to my hips and hold me in place, and when I turn to look at him, he captures my lips in one more searing kiss. Our tongues battle against one another and I can feel the slight swivel of his hips as he teases the tip of his cock against my hole. Then he abruptly pulls back, a smug grin on his face as he demands, "Go ahead and ride me now, Love, I want to see this ass bounce on my cock." Then he drops his hands away and leans back onto the bed on his elbows, waiting for me to take what belongs to me.

When I slam down onto his dick the smug grin is wiped from his face immediately, replaced with pure pleasure and need, especially when I feel myself tighten around him. He curses beneath his breath, as if he forgot what it's like when we come together, and I intend to remind him as best I can. I keep my eyes on his as I rise and fall onto his cock again and again, slamming myself down harder every single time until he grips my hips to take over.

I smirk, knowing my taunts have worked as he thrusts himself up into me, groaning out filthy, obscene words that do nothing but spur me on. "Look at you, such a good girl riding my cock like I asked," he groans. "Fuck I can't wait to spread you out between all three of us and fill all three of your holes, you will fucking love it won't you?"

"Yes!" I cry out honestly. "God yes!" I throw my head back against his shoulder, arching my back so I can push him to hit that spot inside of me, and when the tip of his cock rolls over it, neither of us can contain our moans.

We are lost to the pleasure, caring about nothing or no one, as he fucks me slow and deep, our eyes staring at one another in the mirror, until an irritated groan sounds out behind us. Then I hear his voice, deep and gruff. "You two..." Aiden grits, sounding like a threat. "Are making me so fucking hard."

His voice is like gasoline to the fire burning inside of my body, and I tighten around Ezra's cock once more until he curses. "Fuck, Bex, stop fucking strangling my cock like that, I'm not ready to come yet."

I'm not ready for him to come yet either, but I can't stop, it's not enough. "More, Ezra," I beg. "Please, I need more." I know what I'm asking for, what I need, but whether they will give it to me, whether *he* who refuses to share will give it to me, is a whole other story.

Ezra's eyes are still locked with mine in the mirror and I know he sees the look in my eyes, hears what I am refusing to say, and he has no problem asking for it, demanding it even. "You heard her, brother," he grits out. "Our girl needs more, what are you going to do about it?"

I close my eyes unable to see the rejection that might follow and just focus on the feel of Ezra's cock pumping so good inside of me. My clit is throbbing with need and before I can reach down and give it some attention, a hand collars around my throat. My eyes snap open and land on Aiden who is standing in the way of the mirror, eyes fixed on mine as I bounce on his friend's cock. Ezra continues to hold my legs open as he pumps into me from below, not caring that his President now has a hand around my neck.

Instead he taunts him. "Gonna force your cock down her throat again? Or are you actually gonna pleasure her this time? Do you need some pointers?"

Aiden cuts him a sharp look as he replies, "You don't know as much as you think you do if you think our girl sucking my cock in front of everyone didn't turn her on just as much as it did me." I clench around Ezra at the memory of that night, at the illicit, forbidden things he made me feel, and how outside all of the trauma it brought, that my panties were fucked soaked because of it.

Ezra grunts and Aiden smiles. "Yeah I bet you can feel how much she fucking loves it, can't you? Let's see shall we." He drops to his knees between both of our legs, and I see his eyes move back to the mirror, before he shifts slightly, spreading our legs even further, so the view of whatever he is about to do isn't blocked. "Now you can both see how hard I'm going to make her come."

I try to look down at him, but the cocky asshole keeps his grip tight around my throat as he commands, "Eyes on the mirror, Princess." Then his tongue flicks against my clit and I almost explode on the spot, a gasped moan breaking from my throat as he sucks and swirls against my most sensitive spot.

Aiden Graves is on his knees for me once again, and more, he's on his knees while his best friend fucks me. His tongue is so close to Ezra's dick that I'm surprised he isn't licking that too. That thought causes me to groan, pushing myself on to Ezra's cock even harder until they both grunt from the force.

“You look good down there, Prez,” Ezra groans in my ear, as he watches Aiden’s mouth eat me like I am his last meal, and I can’t help but smirk at his taunt.

Aiden’s eyes flick up to watch us, his tongue swirling around my clit over and over again before he sucks it into his mouth. Then his eyes move to Ezra and I see an evil glint in his stare as he watches him closely. “Well, what can I say, she tastes good when she’s filled with cock,” he responds, ignoring me completely, before he dips down even further and Ezra curses behind me.

I know he just felt the slip of Aiden’s tongue against him, and the thought shouldn’t excite me as much as it does, but Aiden has always made a point of claiming me as his. Then I feel it again and Ezra groans this time. Once could be considered an accident, but with his eyes still on Ezra’s, Aiden dips down again and starts pushing his tongue inside me alongside Ezra’s cock.

“Fucking hell,” Ezra grunts, snapping his hips even harder, and I can’t help but wonder what Killian would make of all this if he were here. I know it’s not the same, that Aiden only has eyes for me, but when his tongue is filling my cunt with his brother’s dick, I can’t help but think.

When he pulls out and starts licking me again, my whole body starts trembling, my orgasm rushing towards me with no way back. I come, hard, gushing out onto his tongue and Ezra’s cock, and they both groan in appreciation. Ezra lets go of my legs and grips my hips in his hands again so he can pound up into me while Aiden keeps his tongue pressed against my cunt.

The friction from the two of them is maddening, life altering, and when I tighten around Ezra again, he explodes, filling me with long jets of cum as his thrusts falter, and I sink down onto his length one last time, panting for my breath. Before I can even catch it, Aiden is pulling me off Ezra’s cock and slamming his own inside of me without even letting Ezra move out from under me. Then he is fucking me into his brother, hard and fast with zero restraint, as Ezra’s hands come back to hold me open for his President.

“Always knew you wanted my dick,” Ezra teases, and I feel Aiden smile into my skin before his teeth sink into my neck.

“In your fucking dreams, Easy,” he grunts, pulling back to look at me as his hips snap into me over and over, abusing my already used pussy to the point where the only sounds in the room are the wet smack of our bodies smashing together. “I can feel his cum dripping down my cock with yours, Princess.” Fucking hell, his mouth is something else, all of them always knowing exactly what to say to get me off. “Such a dirty little slut for us, aren’t you?” I’m already nodding, desperate to come again as he continues to fuck and tease me. “I think you should let me fill you up with my cum too, then we’ll call Killer back in here to finish you off, what do you think?”

My only response is a loud moan that turns into a scream when Ezra reaches round and starts roughly circling my clit with the pads of his fingers, pushing me towards another release before I am even over the last one. This one feels more intense, rising from the tips of my toes and making my entire body feel like it is on fire, as Aiden starts to fuck me with deep, long strokes, pulling all the way back to his tip, before slamming back inside.

“Yes, that’s it, right there, please, yes, more,” I ramble out nonsense words one after the other, not able to form a coherent thought or sentence as the two of them rip me apart piece by piece.

When I come this time, Aiden comes with me, both of us moaning, as we explode around one another until I feel tears damp against my cheek from the extreme amounts of pleasure. Fuck, that was intense and completely unexpected, and when I throw my head back against Ezra’s shoulder I find him smiling at me in the mirror, his cock still pressed up against me, so close to Aiden’s that I can’t help but taunt them.

“You should both fuck my pussy at the same time, next time,” I purr, my voice hoarse from all the moaning and screaming, and I take delight in the way they both groan in approval at the thought of fucking me together.

Aiden flicks his eyes between me and Ezra before he settles on me, bringing his hand back around my throat to place a punishing kiss to my lips. “I guess sharing isn’t as bad as I thought,” he whispers against my mouth, and I feel Ezra smirk as he kisses and licks his way up my neck.

“It definitely has its perks,” he adds on, winking at me in the mirror just as we hear the front door open and close.

Firm footsteps cut across the floor and none of us move, still coming down from our shared high as Killian appears in the doorway, sweat dripping from his brow as he takes in the scene before him. His eyes widen in shock and then darken instantly with lust as he curses, “You fucking assholes.”

I have to laugh, because he wasn’t even gone an hour and somehow I ended up being fucked senseless by his two brothers. I push Aiden off me, and he grumbles as his still half-hard cock falls from inside of me, both his and Ezra’s cum dripping down my legs as I stand and move towards Killian.

“Come on, you can come shower with me and tell me all about how you got this sweaty,” I tease, rising up on my toes to press a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

Without a second thought he dips down and grips me beneath the ass, and hauls me into his arms storming towards the bathroom. “I’d rather hear all about how *you* got this sweaty,” he teases, his fingers spreading through the mess his brother’s made of my pussy, and then before either of them can think of joining us, he is slamming the door behind us and sliding the lock into place. “And unlike the two of them, I’m not in the mood to share.”

Possessive and sexy, just like the two assholes we just left, and I can’t help but love it. I love it even more when he bends me over the bathroom sink and fucks me hard and fast with two of his fingers in my ass until I am screaming and coming even louder than before. Fucking enforcer show off.



**W**hile I listen to Killian blow Rebecca's back out in the bathroom, I can't help but watch Aiden as he stomps around the room getting dressed. You wouldn't think the prick just blew his load inside our girl, because he's acting like a whiny little bitch. I get this whole sharing thing is new to him, and he is finding it hard, but he has to get used to it because I'm not going anywhere, and from the sounds of what Killer is doing to Rebecca in the bathroom, neither is he.

When Aiden knocks into the mirror that I just watched him fuck Rebecca in, I can't help but snort, "You okay over there, brother?" He looks fucking furious, like he is trying to get away from this room and the sound of her pleased moans as fast as he can.

"I'm fucking fine," he snaps, in a tone that is far from fine, and I laugh, shaking my head at his performance. I don't know what he expected, I mean I definitely didn't expect his tongue on my dick, but here we are. Shit happens, we move on, I'm sure it won't be the last time something like that happens, not when we all love her the way we do. We can barely keep our hands off her, and if things weren't as bad as they were right now, I doubt we'd be even leaving this bedroom.

Still, he continues to act like a fucking brat, shoving himself into his clothes and when Rebecca lets out another moan, I see him flinch from across the room. Just as he is about to stomp away and leave, I grip him by the arm and slam him into the wall.

“What the fuck, E?” He tries to push me off, but he is still weak from his gunshot wound, and the attempt is a lot more feeble than his usual strength.

“Enough,” I grit through my teeth. “Fucking enough, brother. I know it’s hard, trust me I know. I guess it’s about as hard as being in love with two people at the same time and refusing to choose. Like being in love with three people and refusing to choose.” He tries to look away, but I snatch his jaw in my grip and keep his stare on mine. “But it isn’t as hard as us fucking leaving her to rot with the Mayor for two fucking years, okay?”

His eyes harden with every word I speak, and this time when he tries to push me off he succeeds. “Don’t you think I fucking know that, E, I’m the one who fucking left her there!” He slumps back against the wall and I’m surprised to see tears forming in his eyes. “It makes me sick to my fucking stomach every time I think about her in that fucking cage.”

“So don’t fucking think about it,” I grit, stepping back up to him until he opens his eyes to look at me. “Don’t think about it, all you need to think about is that we have her now, brother, and I know that the three of us together won’t let anything happen to her again, will we?”

He shakes his head. “Never again,” he tells me, covering the hand I’ve got pressed on his chest as if promising me. Just as he does that, we hear Killian climax, and then a couple of seconds later the shower turns on. Aiden clears his throat and wipes the moisture from his cheeks. “I’m going to go and fetch the rest of the club, we need to make a plan and end all of this.” He pushes past me and leaves the room before I can even respond, and all I can think is that I hope we can fucking end this.



By the time Killian and Rebecca are done in the shower, and I have had one myself, the rest of the club is situated around the dining room table waiting for us. I don't see Angel anywhere, and when I ask about him, the others say they haven't seen him since last night. I see worry form in Rebecca's eyes and I wish I could reassure her that everything is fine, but I think we have all learned our lesson on that front. Either way, she starts spreading out the files from Elle across the table, before taking a seat beside Aiden. Killian and I move to her other side, and once we are all settled, she starts talking.

"Elle King is helping take care of another problem on the North Side of town, but Lincoln reported that there is no new information. Carter is still completely MIA." I can tell it pains her to say his name, but I'm proud of her for keeping her head high and her voice strong as she does. She clears her throat before she continues. "They did however confirm that Mitch's background is completely clean. His mom was some random girl my dad knocked up in Fairfield, and apart from a few stints in therapy, until he bailed when he turned eighteen, they couldn't find anything else about him, or any connection to the Mayor."

My eyes flick to Killian and Aiden, the first of which is looking at me with concern, but the latter is staring at the file on Mitch, the wheels in his head working double if the look on his face is anything to go by. I know he feels responsible for what happened with Hustler. It doesn't matter that I pulled the trigger, this is his club. He's the President, and before that he was the Vice President, yet Connor didn't trust him with the information about his own son, why?

So many questions and neither Connor nor Mitch are here to answer them, and worse, we still don't know why he tried to kill Rebecca. We don't know if it's connected to the Mayor or not, or if he just decided to lose his fucking mind and go after her. Either explanation isn't good.

"So then why did he try and kill you?" Butler asks, his voice tinted with an anger I have never really heard from him before, his stare fierce as he watches her closely. The rest of

the Crows turn his way, but he doesn't shrink back. "What? We're all thinking about it aren't we? That fucker came after her with a gun, if Ezra hadn't gotten to him first, he would have killed her, but why?"

"Maybe I just have that kind of face," Rebecca cuts in with an awkward smile, trying to alleviate the tension, but when none of us return it, her face drops. "Sorry, bad joke," she whispers, rubbing her hand absentmindedly across her chest.

"Alfred is right," Killian cuts in, and I see surprise at the use of his real name, I guess we are all becoming more familiar with everything that is going on. We aren't just a club anymore, just brothers, we are a real family. "Mitch was armed and he attacked Bex for a reason, he wanted her dead, but why if not for the Mayor?"

"The will," Aiden almost whispers, yet all heads turn to him, including Rebecca's. His eyes are still on the photograph of her dead brother, as if he can read his every thought even from beyond the grave. When he brings his head up, his stare searches every member of his club before he says louder, "When Connor died he left everything to Rebecca. The club, his money, everything, it all belongs to her. The day of his funeral, a lawyer came to see me to read me his will, and those were his last wishes, that she gets all of it."

Rebecca cringes slightly at the reminder of what he kept from her, and I see the rest of the club stare at her with looks ranging from surprise to wonder. It appears only Alfred doesn't seem to be shocked by the revelation, but not in a way that suggests he already knew, more like he wouldn't expect anything less from Connor. He knew him best after all.

"What does that have to do with Mitch?" I ask frowning.

"Don't you see," Aiden responds. "He left everything to her, his daughter, his second born child." He looks to Rebecca solemnly, as if apologizing in advance for whatever he is about to say, but all she does is nod, eyes completely focused on his line of thought. "This," he gestures round to all of us. "Is a man's world, the only women we allow in the clubs are old ladies or whores, nothing in-between. Yet Connor said fuck

you to that and left this club, *his club*, to his daughter, *not* his son.”

Of course, how could we have been so blind. This was never about the Mayor, the *he* that Mitch was talking about was Connor, his father. The man who never announced him as his son, in life, or death. That had to have hurt all on its own, but then add that to the love and affection he publicly showed Rebecca, it's no wonder he went after her. It was a well known fact throughout the club that Connor would do anything for his daughter. She is the very reason he lost his life, and I know he gave it without regret, because the only thing that ever truly mattered to him was her safety.

“My dad cut him out,” Rebecca murmurs, lost in thought as she replays what Aiden just said over and over in her mind. “No, it can't be, he can't have tried to kill me for something as simple as owning the clubhouse and our father's money, it's not even worth much.”

Killian reaches out and snatches her trembling hand as it moves towards her neck again, as he says, “But legacy can be worth everything.”

She shakes her head, refusing to believe this happened over something so trivial, but she should know better than anyone what greed can do to a person. She has seen first-hand what a man who wants something is willing to do, and any guilt I had over taking him out starts to slip away. He was going to kill her just to get her out of the way, so he could take the clubhouse for himself. He could have just asked her for it, told her who he was, and knowing her she probably would have handed it over if he wanted it so badly. He didn't have to try and kill her for it, especially after everything she had already endured. Silence settles between us all as we come to terms with what must have happened, and I can tell from the look on Rebecca's face that she still can't believe it, so I'm not surprised when she suddenly stands.

“I need to go to my father's safety deposit box. He hid it for a reason, and I don't think it's a coincidence that Elle was the one to find it. My dad knew he could count on her, she had

already proven herself to him, so there must be something there that he wants me to have.”

Before any of us can say anything, the front door opens with a bang, and Angel storms inside, two guards at his back, and his hands covered in blood. His eyes move quickly over all of us before they settle on Rebecca, and it isn't until then that he lets out a sigh of relief at the sight of her.

“Angel,” she gasps, almost stumbling over her chair as she pushes it back and moves towards him. “What happened? Are you okay?” She doesn't hesitate to let her hands reach out and touch him, and I see the slight flinch he lets out in response, yet still he lets her check him over.

“I'm fine, Becca, it isn't my blood, I promise.” His eyes have dark circles under them, like he hasn't slept all night, and I see the tension in his shoulders as he turns back towards the two men with him. “Tell the boss I'm back, and that we need weapons and transportation, I've got this.” They both nod at his demands, moving quickly and quietly back towards the door and closing it behind them. It isn't until they leave that Angel turns back to us all, but he keeps his focus on Rebecca as he says, “The prospects are dead.”

Rebecca's gasp cuts through the room like a knife, as curses sound out around me at his news, and I feel sickness and anger go to war inside of me.

“All of them?” I ask, and he nods solemnly. Fuck.

*The fucking Mayor.*

“How?” Rebecca jumps in, her voice shaking as she demands more information from him.

His eyes travel to meet Aiden's, who just nods in response, rage staining his own face as he awaits the story. Angel clears his throat, “They were found mutilated and hung down by the docks on the South Side.” Rebecca's hands drop away from him at his words, and she takes a few steps back, like she is trying to distance herself from what he's saying as he continues, “I got a call from one of my contacts who works the night shift down there. He was doing one of his patrols when

he discovered them. He cut them down as quickly as he could before anyone else could see.”

I keep my eyes on Rebecca as she retreats towards the window to look out on the town, as Killian steps forward to interrogate Angel. “Are we sure it was him?” He asks, not saying Carter’s name, which I know he has to ask as the enforcer, but really, at this point, who else would it be?

Angel nods, glancing towards Rebecca and back before he adds, “Yours, Ezra’s, and Aiden’s names were carved into their chests.” He checks on Rebecca again, but she doesn’t react. “And there were roses threaded into the ropes they were hung with.”

That seems to finally get her attention, as she makes a sound and her whole body starts to shake. I take a step towards her, ready to offer her comfort, but when she turns around she is laughing. I know I’m not the only one watching at her as she falls into a fit of giggles, and all I can do is stare, unsure of how to react to her outburst.

“Roses,” she gasps out, shaking her head as she reaches up to cup her neck. “Always the fucking roses, he’s so goddamn theatrical, it’s hilarious.” She laughs even more, doubling over as she loses her breath, but she doesn’t stop. She just keeps laughing, tears slipping down her cheeks as she falls apart. “God I think I’m finally losing it,” she adds, laughing even more, and all of us do nothing but stand here and let her.

When she finally starts to compose herself, she wipes her eyes and turns back towards Angel. “Where are their bodies now?”

Angel is watching her carefully, no doubt trying to assess if she is okay and if she can handle this, but he has seen first hand what she can handle. “I paid off a guy down at the morgue to keep them on ice and away from the FBI until we can bury them.”

She nods. “Good, that’s good.” She focuses back on the rest of us as she adds, “So, safety deposit box?” she asks, returning to our previous conversation as if nothing else has happened, and I see a few of the guys shift uncomfortably.

Aiden is the one to respond, taking a step closer to her. “Rebecca, don’t you think we should deal with this first before we go and find whatever your dad left in the safety deposit box?”

“What is there to deal with, Aiden? They’re dead, we can’t bring them back.” Her voice is cold and void of emotion, and it’s so unlike her that I find it hard to even listen to it. “That might sound harsh but it’s true. I can’t bring them back, and neither can you, but what I can do is keep looking for a way to end the Mayor before he kills anyone else. You’re either with me or you’re not.” Her last statement is directed at all of us, a gauntlet tossed at our feet for us to decide whether we want to pick it up and fight.

Alfred is the first to step forward, he doesn’t say anything, just nods in a silent show of solidarity. Killian is next, to which I follow without regret until Aiden finally nods. “We are with you, Princess, to the very end.”

She takes a deep breath. “Then we need weapons.”

We all move as one, some of the guys leaving to fetch things from their apartments, as Rebecca moves back into the bedroom to get dressed. An hour later we are all fitted with guns, knives, and other forms of weapons. Some of the guys have put on a bulletproof vest between their cuts, and others have tucked in enough weapons to take out a small army.

Once we are ready we all gather in the underground garage, and separate ourselves between three cars that have been loaned to us from Blade. Just as we are about to leave, Aiden looks at us all one final time, his Presidential tone in full force as he commands, “Stay together, keep our eyes open, and watch out for the fucking Mayor.”

And with that we are on our way back to the lion’s den.



I've lost count of how many people the Mayor has murdered because of me. Which is hilarious when you think about it. How do you lose count of how many people that have died at your fault? The number has to be high, otherwise how would you forget it? He's killed people to get to me, to get back at me, to punish me, to keep me in line. Yet somehow, I can't seem to get a grasp on the final number, and it's not because I've forgotten who was killed and who died. No, it's because within that number there are countless nameless people I watched suffer and die at his hand too. It wasn't just my family, members of my club, people I loved, people I hated. No, it was also other people's families, other people that somewhere someone else loved, and in a way those were a lot worse.

Vengeance can be had, found if you know where to look, and I do, but what about those other people? The families of the women who Carter tortured for fun. Either to put on a show for his friends, or to remind me of the rules any time I broke them. How do they get their vengeance? Who gives them justice? Even if we manage to stop Carter, to end him once and for all, it won't bring them peace. I know that because it won't bring me peace, but at least I will know what happened, and know that I am finally physically free of him.

But them? They will be left to wonder, to guess, and worse, to hope, and nothing hurts more than that.

The drive back to Black Hallows is silent and tense, and I'm glad we don't have to go too far until we get there because I can't stand the quiet. Aiden is driving, and Killian and Ezra are in the back behind us, all of us lost to our own thoughts. I wish I could feel something right now, but when Angel walked through the door earlier covered in blood, I felt myself go numb. I retreated back into my shell, the one I mastered when I was inside Carter's cage, and it's here I will stay until his body is lifeless at my feet.

When we pull up to the address written in the file from Elle, Aiden doesn't unlock the doors until the guys in the cars behind us get out, and span out around the building to check the perimeter. I almost roll my eyes at how ridiculous they are. They still don't know the Mayor at all if they think he will be waiting out in the open for us. It's not how he works, but I let them do what they feel they need to do. When they deem that the coast is clear, Aiden gets out first, rushing around the car to open my door for me, and I almost don't recognize him, not when he is acting so chivalrous. In fact, his idea of chivalry is usually making sure everyone knows who I belong to, including his brothers, and I feel my cheeks heat at the reminder of what we did this morning, and how he willingly shared me with Ezra.

We share a look, and the bastard smirks as if he knows exactly what I am thinking, then as if to be sure to piss the Mayor off even more, he pulls me in for a kiss. His mouth hot and insistent against mine, as he pushes me against the car and forces his tongue into my mouth until I relent. When he pulls back I am panting, but all he does is curl an escaped tendril of hair around my ear.

“Stay by Angel's side, Princess, he's got your back.” I nod at his words, already knowing the plan we made before we left.

With the guys being recognizable from their cuts alone, we deemed it made the most sense for Angel and I to enter the building alone. I've got a gun tucked beneath my jacket, a



knife under my sleek dress, and a burner phone with a tracker hidden in the fabric of my boots. Angel is also armed to the teeth beneath the suit he is now wearing, the blood from his hands conveniently washed away. As Aiden releases me, I move towards my best friend with a solemn smile.

“You sure you’re ready for this, Becca?” He asks, his brow furrowed with concern, and it’s weird to see him as anything other than the boy I grew up with. Yet somehow, I can see the man he has become, the ease in which he commanded the room and men before, the way he looks ready for business and killing right now. He was right, he might have been a Crow first, but right now he is nothing but a Ghost.

I nod my head, words escaping me, as my heart pounds in my chest in anticipation of whatever we are about to find inside. Then I slip my arm through his and we move towards the doors of the building as one. It’s a midweek afternoon, so I’m not surprised by how quiet it is when we enter. We approach the front desk and give the details of my father’s box, and a copy of his will over to the clerk, who runs a check on her computer, and then happily leads us into the back where my father’s box awaits.

Once she has pulled his box down and placed it on the table, using her own key, she excuses herself to give us some privacy, and then Angel takes the other key from me and opens it, before taking a step back to let me look inside. It takes a few seconds for my feet to move, but when I finally step forward, I am surprised to find that the only thing sitting inside the box is a large brown envelope with my name on it. I don’t know what I was expecting, but I guess it was something more.

I reach inside to retrieve the envelope and when I lift it out, I notice how thick and heavy it feels compared to how it looks. Flipping it over I see the seal hasn’t been tampered with, so I pick at the corner until it starts to pull away, ripping it open so I can look inside. I tip out the contents on the table and find a few thick stashes of bills that equate to more money than I can even count right now, a stack of photographs tied together with

some string, some official papers that look to be drafted up by a lawyer, and another small sealed envelope addressed to me.

My eyes flash up to Angel's but he looks just as confused as I do, as his own eyes roam over the contents of the box with a frown. I guess he was expecting more too. I mean, it's not like I was expecting the box to have a whole bunch of answers, but at first glance it seems to offer nothing. Knowing that anyone could come back here any minute, I know this isn't the place to delve deeper into what my father left behind, so I shove the money back into the safety of the box, pushing it towards Angel so he can lock it. Then I scoop the papers and letter back into the larger envelope and signal for us to leave.

I know the Crows waiting outside will be getting impatient, so I wait for the woman to come back and secure the box, and then we give our thanks and leave the same way we came. When we push through the doors and get back outside, only my three Crows are waiting, the rest are inside their cars awaiting our next move. I am heading straight for my guys when that familiar tingle burns down the back of my spine and freezes me in place.

Two years I spent with Carter. Two long years, and if I learned anything in that time, it was to always be aware of my surroundings, it's how I know. He's here, he's watching me. My eyes fly around, scanning and searching for his hiding place, but I come up empty. Fear grips me like a knowledgeable vine going straight for my jugular, and it takes everything I have to remain upright. He's here, I know he is, I can feel him.

"Becca, what's wrong?" Angel asks, pulling at my arm, as the Crows descend around us.

My mind works as fast as it can, trying to ascertain every possible situation that could occur right now, and I plaster a smile on my face as I look at them. "Keep your eyes on me, do not react, do not make a scene," I demand, reaching out to touch Aiden's chest in what would be seen as a loving gesture, but really it's because I know he is the biggest flight risk and I need to keep him next to me. "Carter is here somewhere."

I feel the President tense beneath my touch, and I step forward and put my arms around his neck before he can react any further. He sees the move for what it is, a distraction, one he welcomes as he takes a breath and whispers, “Are you sure? Where?”

Ezra and Killian crowd around my back, as Angel pulls out his phone in a casual manner and starts to type out a message, to whom, I don’t know. “Yes, I’m sure, I can feel him watching me.” I think they might laugh at that, at me having a feeling rather than being certain, but after two years in captivity, you learn to trust your gut.

To my surprise, Aiden smiles, leaning in for a kiss, but instead whispers against my mouth, loud enough for the other two to hear, “So what’s the plan, Little Sully?”

I smile at the use of my childhood nickname, love and memories flooding me from the inside out at the trust they are putting in me, but I am finding it hard to even think. The image of Angel’s bloody hands is at the front of my brain, my father’s handwriting scrawled across the envelope in my hand. Both of them remind me of what I have already lost, and how I am not willing to lose anything else. We have to end this, and the only way to do that is to draw him out.

“I need the keys.” I step out of their embrace and hold my hand out for the car keys, to which Aiden hands over without any hesitation. Then I turn my head towards Angel who is already watching me. “Follow behind us and keep your eyes open. Have Lincoln pull the CCTV footage of the surrounding areas for the last hour, he knew we were here and we need to find out how.”

I don’t wait for a response, I just move around to the driver’s side of the car and get inside. I fasten my seatbelt, wait for the others to get in, and then watch for Angel and the rest of the Crows to be ready to leave in the cars behind us. Then I pull out into the road and head towards a place I thought I would never go again.

The drive to Demise is a short one, and when we pull up outside I hear one of the guys in the back curse beneath their

breath. They know the story of this place, what went down the first night I came here, so I am sure they are wondering what we are doing here now.

I park out front, thankful it's the middle of the day and that it's quiet, and wait for the other two cars to arrive. While I wait, I pull the burner from my boot and dial Elle's number from memory. For this to work I am going to need a favor. She answers in two rings and when I tell her what I need, she agrees quickly, disconnecting the call, and then calling back less than two minutes later to tell me it's done.

Once I have the rest of the Crows in tow, Aiden turns to me and asks, "Rebecca, what are we doing here?" His shoulders are tense, and his face is set into a frown. I'm sure he wants to be here even less than I do.

"We are having lunch," I say simply, gesturing for them to follow me inside where the host is already waiting for us.

The staff and a few patrons that are dining let their eyes stare at the cuts across my guys' backs, but I keep my head high and act like I am the goddamn Queen, as we are led to a large table in the center of the restaurant. Perfect. I take a seat, pulling the napkin into my lap and lifting my eyes to the guys until they all reluctantly follow suit.

The waiter comes by and I order water, wine, and steaks for everyone, the most expensive on the menu, courtesy of my favorite King, and then I sit back and survey the view from the windows. *Watching. Waiting.* The guys are all tense around me, but for me it's like a switch has flipped inside of me. I want him to come and find me, to try and take me from them again, because I know exactly how it will end.

Once our food is delivered, the guys have settled down a little bit, chatting quietly amongst themselves, but letting me stew in my own little world as I keep my gaze firm on the outside world. It isn't until Killian leans in close, his enforcer mind taking charge as he asks, "What is the point of all this, Bex?"

For the first time I break my stare to look at him, and when our eyes lock I know he sees the recklessness on my face. The

need for this to be over, and for Carter to be dead. He knows as much as I like the pain and suffering, that if it isn't from him, or them, then I can't bear it. It's also why I feel no regret in leaning forward and kissing him, in tasting the need for revenge on his lips, before I pull back and respond, "The point is, I know him better than anyone. I know how he thinks, how his mind works, and I know how to push him, and you see when you push something too far..." I trail off and he finally smiles in understanding.

"There is only so long before it pushes back," he murmurs, his thumb coming up to trace my freshly kissed lips. "You truly are astounding, Sweetheart." I shrug at his words, acting like they don't make my heart jump inside of my chest, as I slink back into my seat and return my stare to the window.

The rest of the meal is eaten with the guys a lot more relaxed in what we are doing here. They smile, eat and drink, and act like nothing can get under their skin. Yet all the while I see their eyes remain clear and focused, their bodies ready for action whenever required, and for the first time ever I feel like we might actually win this war and come out unscathed, with only the few scars we've already got.

By the time we leave the restaurant a couple of hours have passed, and as we walk out onto the street I don't get the same feeling as before. He's not here, not anymore, but there is still something in the pit of my stomach that tells me that he wouldn't have just left without doing anything.

Aiden insists on driving back to the apartment, and I don't battle him on it. Instead, I slump in the front seat beside him feeling a little resigned that my plan didn't seem to work. Then we start the drive back, and just before we cut off onto the highway, I feel the need to see home.

"Stop by the clubhouse before we leave," I say, turning to look at Aiden, as the other two perk up in the back.

"Why?" Ezra asks. "It's probably still taped up," he adds, and I'm sure he's right. The police won't have unsealed it as a crime scene yet, but my gut is telling me we need to go there.

I don't say anything in response, and thankfully that's enough, because Aiden turns towards the place we all call home, and it isn't until we are pulling up across the road that I start to feel better. Ezra was right, the place is still surrounded by police tape, and without any lights on inside it looks cold and empty. Nothing like what I am used to, and from the silence surrounding me, I'm sure the guys feel the same.

We all climb from the car without a word, and I hear the others pull up behind us and follow suit, no questions asked, and I let my eyes travel over every inch of it as we get closer. It isn't until we reach the front gates that I notice there is a gap in the fence, in the same place where I jumped over it when I was fourteen. It stands out because there have never been gaps in the fence before, hence the reason I used to have to climb it in the first place.

I move towards it, crouching down to peer through, and then slipping inside it before any of the Crows can protest. I know they'll follow, and if the curses behind me are anything to go by, they can't get through as easily as I did. Nothing looks out of place as I look around, but I feel a pull towards my father's garage, and I don't know if it's because we have just been to his deposit box, or something more, but I walk in the direction of the back lot, my hand reaching beneath my jacket to grasp my gun in case I find anyone waiting. I won't be caught unprepared again like I was with Mitch.

When I round the corner I freeze, someone stumbling right into the back of me, but I can't turn around to check who it is, because my focus is on the bunch of roses resting across the door to my father's sanctuary. I know when everyone else sees them because I hear weapons get drawn and footsteps spread out, as they start to search the area. I want to tell them that it's a waste of time, because I know Carter is no longer here, but I can't move as I stare at those fucking roses.

If I never saw another rose again for as long as I live it still wouldn't be enough, but it's the white piece of card that is attached to them that always instilled fear in me. Never the flowers, always the words that came with them, and then I move on instinct, my gun now drawn and in my hand, as I

storm towards his latest gift and snatch up the note he left behind.

**You can run but you can't hide!**

**I'M COMING FOR YOU MY LITTLE ROSE**

**XOXO**

I don't even get a chance to say anything before I am being grabbed and dragged back towards the fence. "We are leaving now!" Aiden's voice is like fire, as he covers my front with his body, his own gun drawn and ready to shoot.

The other Crows are panning out around us, and I can hear Angel spitting orders down the phone to someone, his tone as vicious as Aiden's, as we all move towards the front gate and rip it open, ducking under the police tape and moving back to the cars. Aiden doesn't relent until he has me tucked back into the safety of the car, and doesn't move to get inside until both Killian and Ezra are in the back seat.

We pull back out into the road, our eyes everywhere all at once, and none of us settle down until we have arrived back into the underground garage, had Blade's guards check the perimeter and cameras, and are all safely back in our apartment upstairs. All of the guys still have their weapons out like they expect Carter to burst through the door any second, and all I can do is clutch the large envelope from my father's box like my life depends on it.

Angel is the first to break the silence, storming in from outside where I can still see his men guarding the door as he says, "Lincoln is trolling through the CCTV footage now, he will let us know when he finds something."

I nod, only half listening as I turn to my three Crows and watch them. Ezra is sitting at the table rereading all the information we have on the Mayor, Killian is on the sofa, pulling apart one of his guns and cleaning it, and Aiden is leaning against the wall, flicking a knife open and closed in his hands with his eyes completely locked on mine.

"Well, I think it's safe to say we drew him out," Irish cuts into the silence, pulling out a cigarette and lighting it. "Now

what, Bex? Like you said, you know him better than anyone.”

All eyes turn to me, but I have no idea what to say to them, how to explain that I have never once got past this part. Yes, I would break the rules sometimes and be punished for it, but then I would just accept the roses and whatever note came with them, and move on until the next time it happened. I didn't care back then, the only thing that mattered was submitting to him and keeping the Crows safe. This is new territory, even for me.

“I don't know how to end this,” I start, my words trembling slightly as I admit that fear out loud. “I don't know how to keep pushing him until there is no going back. With Carter, there has never been a point of no return. He always had room for more, and only ever had one goal when it came to me, to make me perfect enough to become his wife.”

My words settle over the room and silence descends until Aiden steps forward, moving until he is right in front of me. “I have a plan.” Four words, four simple words that make me fall even more in love with him. “Do you trust me?” He asks, and I don't know why, but his question makes me pause.

*Do I trust him?*

I think about everything that has happened, everything he has done, as his eyes search mine for an answer. When I don't respond he grabs me and asks again, “Rebecca, do you trust me?”

His fingers dig into the spot I always choose to ignore on my upper arm, and I know what he feels, and I see the plan forming in his mind as he looks towards the box of things that Elle gave us. Those emerald eyes silently convey what we need to do, what he's suggesting, but will it be enough?

There are a million reasons I should say no and only one reason that I can think of to say, “Yes, I trust you.” The relief my words give him is instant, I feel it in the way his grip loosens, see it in the way his eyes soften. We've come a long way, and no matter what we have to do, we will fight to survive, because I don't just trust him, I love him. I love all three of them, and this is not how we end.



Aiden nods, taking a deep breath as he holds my stare and digs the knife into my arm. I scream out in pain, but this is the way it has to be.

You can't call murder without losing a little blood.



**T**his is the kind of day I never thought I would have. One I never let myself imagine, not with anyone, but especially not with her. Not because I never wanted it, or because I don't love her because I do, but because I don't deserve it, and I sure as fuck don't deserve her. Yet here I am, waiting for her anyway. If Connor were alive I doubt we'd have ever got this far. In fact, I am pretty sure it would have been me six feet under, and my two brothers beside me, because despite the possession I feel for her, they have her heart too. It isn't just her and I, and it was never going to be, I just took too long to realize that. It was always going to be the four of us, just like that first day we met her, just like that first night we took her. She is ours and we are hers, until the end.

It only took a few phone calls to get everything into place. The plan forming in my mind for today, and how to end this, more and more clearly as every minute ticked by. It was something Rebecca said earlier about knowing the Mayor better than anyone, and she was right. She belonged to him for two years. She knows his moods, can predict how his mind is going to work, fuck, she even knew he was watching us and she was right. I asked her if she could trust me, but really all I needed to do was put my trust in her, and the Mayor's obsession with her.

She wasn't the first girl he kept in captivity, we saw proof of that when he brought in Daisy when we were all captured together. My mind tries not to recall the details of that interaction, but I remember Rebecca being surprised by her presence. Not because she doesn't know that Carter tortures women, but because she thought she was the only one he kept around. Sure, he had others brought in and used them to keep her in line, but Daisy was being used in a similar way to her, and when I thought back to that, and the familiarity of her rushed through me, I knew what I had to do.

I slipped out of the apartment without detection while the others were getting ready, and made my next move before they even realized I was gone. I knew it was a risk, that it could backfire on me and ruin everything, but I had to take the chance. When I got back, me and the guys were ushered away from Rebecca and Angel, and sent on our way to Elle's house to prepare.

I should have been surprised when we arrived not even three hours after I talked to her on the phone, that she had gone above and beyond what I asked for, but I'm not. It's just typical rich people bullshit, and I find myself getting more and more used to her. Fuck, I think I kind of even like her a little bit, and I will always be grateful for how she stepped in for Rebecca. It's why I called her, because I knew that no matter what, she'd say yes.

Her people have transformed the ballroom, yes ballroom, more rich people shit, into something out of a movie star's dream. There are flowers and candles everywhere, seats lined on either side, and champagne glasses stacked up in the corner. I almost roll my eyes when I enter, but Elle is ordering people around with that trusty little knife strapped to her thigh, so I decide against it.

"Finally pulled your head out of your ass," she says when she sees me, smirking as I enter with Killian and Ezra on either side of me.

I shrug. "It was time," is all I respond, and she nods with a smile, moving away to no doubt give orders to more people.

The chairs slowly start filling up as we wait, and when Asher Donovan walks inside holding hands with what can only be the little girl Elle told me they share in the woods, I have to smile as Kill and E both say ‘what the fuck’ under their breaths. I guess I hadn’t gotten around to telling them about that yet, my bad.

Asher stands tall, looking smart in what is clearly a bespoke designer suit, as he moves across the room holding his daughter’s hand. It looks small in his hold, and it’s sort of jarring to see a Donovan man hold onto her so gently, but when she smiles up at him, I see nothing but love shining in her eyes, that makes me imagine something else I have never considered for my future before.

The little girl is dressed in an orange sparkly dress, oohing and aahing at the decorations around us until she spies another Rebel entering and rips away from Donovan. “Superman!!!” She yells, running rapidly towards Lincoln Blackwell, who dips down and catches her before she can run right into him, and when his eyes move to lock with Asher’s, I notice the latter now grimacing. Lincoln doesn’t seem to care though, all he does is nod in response, as another blond guy enters beside him, ruffling the little girl’s hair with a smile.

“That’s the crazy fucker that gave Blade the bazooka,” Ezra cuts in, eyeing what I now know to be Jace Conrad. I heard all about him and his reputation for setting things on fire. It’s no surprise he was involved in supplying Blade with his new favorite toy.

Before I can say anything in response, Elle commands the room. “She’s here,” she announces with a smile, as more people start filtering into the room, and all my brothers take their seats in the chairs.

The rest are filled by members of Elle’s family, the Rebels, and Max and some of his security team, like we’re all one big happy family, and I guess in a way we are. We have all formed a connection through something so terrible, suffered so badly, yet here we all are, together and alive. Surviving against all odds, and praying the next part of my fucked-up plan works and we can end all of this once and for all.

I can't help but feel happy and sad at the same time, wishing Connor was here to see this, even if I know he wouldn't approve, and also missing my mom. I find my hand coming up to rest on the cut the guys found for me, now stitched with a new President patch, one that wasn't worn by my former leader, and I silently promise to never hurt his daughter again.

When the music starts, I turn to the two men I trust with everything and hold out my fist for them to meet. When they bring their hands up, I flick my stare between both of them as I say, "We've been through too much together to ever let anything come between us. The three of us will have her back forever."

"Forever," Killian repeats, nodding in agreement with me. He was completely on board with the plan as soon as I suggested it, no doubt ready for this step before I was. He might hide it better than Ezra and I, but I know he loves her just as much as we do.

Ezra smirks, ignoring his lover's sentiments as he reaches out to smack my shoulder. "About time you got on board with us, Prez, was it the taste of my dick that finally did it for you?" He asks, and Killian's head snaps towards him with a shocked expression, but Ezra just laughs, before his eyes move past me and his jaw drops.

Then I feel it, the pull of her, the magnetic force and allure that can only be Rebecca O'Sullivan. I turn to find her on Angel's arm, him leading her towards us with nothing but pride in his eyes, and I have to stop myself from falling to my knees for her again. She looks perfect, like darkness reincarnated, molded as black as our souls for us alone. The black silk dress clings to her body like a second skin until it pools out around her ankles. There is a long slit on one side that reaches up to her hip, letting everybody here know that she isn't wearing anything underneath it.

It reminds me of the dress she wore on the night of her eighteenth birthday, more modest of course, but only just. That one was picked solely to ruin all three of us. I can still remember how perfect she looked in it, how I almost broke my

neck looking at her when she came into the room. How Connor cursed under his breath at the sight of his daughter finally all grown up. It's why me and the other two were down in the basement in the first place. We were avoiding her, and that fucking dress, but of course she found us. The word 'murder' slipping past her lips like it meant nothing, when in reality it meant everything.

That was the night it all changed. Yes it had been building up slowly before that, but none of us ever admitted it, we couldn't, but that night, in the darkness, she claimed us and there was no going back. I have regrets, especially considering what followed after that night, but deep down I have never once regretted taking that step with her, no matter what it cost me.

My cock thickens in my pants at the sight of her walking towards me, towards us, my cut feeling like nothing but a weight on my back that I want to shed, just so I can have her. This is it, this is everything I want, and for once I am finally going to get it. Yes, it's not how I imagined it, but if I am being honest with myself, it's even better, and I get to say a giant fuck you to Carter Fitzgerald while doing it.

When they reach us, the air leaves my lungs, as Angel drops a kiss to her forehead and she smiles softly at him, with a completely different kind of love shining in her eyes. "Thank you, for everything," she whispers, and I know how hard this must be for him, and he's a better man than I am, because I could never stand and watch her do this with someone else with how I feel about her.

"Just be happy, Becca," he tells her, slowly pulling his arm from her grip, and holding out her hand for me to take. When I grasp it in mine, our knuckles gaze against one another, a stern look in his eyes until he finally lets her go.

When Rebecca looks at me I feel everything and nothing all at once. Forgotten are our sins and mistakes, and in their place lies our future and the promise we are about to make to one another. I didn't know the day I met her what she would come to mean to me, but I did know she was different, that I felt different around her. I always put it down to being

protective over her because of who she was, but now I know it was something more. Something we weren't ready for back then, Connor warned us away from her for a reason. He saw it, probably before we even did, but now I've got something worth fighting for and I am never letting it go again.

"You ready for this, Little Sully?" I ask with a smirk, and she shakes her head at me as she releases a long breath, glancing at both my brothers by my side, before bringing her stare back to mine.

"I'm the daughter of Connor O'Sullivan, I was born ready for this." Her voice doesn't tremble, her head is held high, and those lips are stained in a deep red pulled into a sultry smirk.

"That's our girl," Ezra praises, openly dragging his eyes over every inch of her like he can't wait to rip her dress off and devour her, and I can't say I blame him.

"Then let's do this."

Rebecca and I go first, a tightness like I have never known wrapping around me, until she utters those two words and my heart breaks apart in my chest. Then she leans up and brushes her lips against mine, whispering how much she loves me. Then Killian and Ezra follow, just as much love in their eyes when they look at each other, as there is when they look at her. Then the two of them take turns exchanging their words and feelings with Rebecca, until finally all four of us are giving a blessing.

The applause and cheers that follow are loud and heartfelt, and I don't think I have ever felt this content in my entire life. I tip my head back and take a deep breath, saying a silent prayer not just to Connor, but to my mom too, promising them both that I will do nothing but cherish the woman and her partners beside me.

For the next three hours we drink, dance, and celebrate with old friends and new, until Rebecca is deliciously tipsy, and clearly ready to go home. We say our goodbyes and thanks to Elle, and then I lead her outside with my two brothers by my side, just like it was always meant to be. I'm holding Rebecca up slightly, so I toss the keys to Ezra and order him to

drive. Then I slide into the back seat with our girl as the other two take up residence in the front.

Rebecca leans in and starts leaving trails of gentle kisses up my neck and onto my cheek, and with my cock already hard as a rock in my pants, I can't help but turn and capture her lips with mine. Fuck, it feels good to kiss her, to know she now truly belongs to me forever.

When I rip my mouth from hers I catch E's eyes in the mirror. "I hope you are good at driving while distracted," I muse out loud, and he frowns.

His stare flicking between me and the quiet road ahead as he asks, "Why?" And I can't hold in my smirk.

"Because I'm about to fuck my wife in the backseat." I unzip my cock from its restraints and then pull Rebecca into my lap, ripping open the top of her dress, baring her tits to him and Killian, and enjoying the curse they both let out in response.

"I hope you know how much I love you, Princess," I grit, as I drag my tongue up her neck, and she gasps.

"I love you too, I love all of you." I push my hand inside her dress and palm her wet, bare cunt with a grunt, flexing my fingers against it as she starts to writhe.

"Good," I whisper, gripping her chin and dragging her mouth to mine so I can plunge my tongue inside of it. "Because I'm about to fuck you like nothing but my whore."

I thrust into her without warning and the groan she lets out would turn a saint into a sinner. Her pussy is warm and tight, and so fucking infuriating that I swear it sends me blind with rage, especially when I think about the fact I have her spread out in front of her two other husbands. Fuck. *Husband*. That word shouldn't turn me on so much, but there is this primal need inside of me when it comes to her, and the fact I now get to own her in this way forever is going to take some getting used to.

My cock is pulsing so hard it aches as I push into her, keeping her legs on the outside of both of mine so I can hold



her open while I fuck her. My rhythm is firm, in and out, faster, deeper, harder, until she is whimpering above me and begging for more.

“Please, I need to come,” she whines, and Ezra swerves the car trying to turn around to get a look at her, then curses me out like a jealous bastard and I have to laugh.

“Hear how she begs me, brother, so fucking sweet.” I wrap my hand around her throat, and grind up into her until she is crying out. When I look down I find Killian’s hand between her thighs, swirling the pads of his fingers roughly against her clit as he watches her fall apart above me.

“Yes, fuck,” she moans, clawing at my hand around her throat which just makes me squeeze it even tighter until I am stealing her breath. She makes me fucking wild with need, even when I am inside of her, and when I feel her clench around my length, losing herself to her orgasm, I have to bite back a curse of my own as I stop myself from coming.

I let her ride out her orgasm, enjoying every one of her breathy moans as Ezra finally pulls into the underground garage at Blade’s apartments. The tension in the air is thick, the smell of her arousal no doubt intoxicating all three of us, and when E kills the engine, I see his usual light and easy stare stained dark with lust.

This is it, no going back, she’s now ours forever.



**T**he slim black band around my finger has a weight I can't even describe. It's the kind of shackle I have coveted from them since I was fourteen years old and fell madly in love with the fantasy of all four of us. Now here we are, making it come true despite all the odds that have been stacked against us. The ring is nothing like what the Mayor would have picked for me, and it just makes me love it even more. It's smooth and delicate in design and all I can think about when I look at it, is wrapping it around their cocks and watching it slide up and down until it's covered in their cum. They own me, every part of me, in a way the Mayor could have only dreamed of owning me, and as I ride out my orgasm on Aiden's thick, hot dick inside of me, I silently curse Carter Fitzgerald and everything he ever did to me.

Aiden's cock is still hard, my orgasm dripping down his length and coating him, yet still it's not enough, it will never be enough. I shift in his lap, moving to dismount since we are now back home, and I relish in his grunt as he slips out of me. Ezra and Killian both get out of the front seat and move towards my door as just as they open it, I turn back to their President and purr, "Thank you for the ride, husband."

I know I'm playing with fire, pushing him to an edge that only I can, but when his eyes take on that dark, possessive

edge at my words, I don't feel anything but elation. He snaps, pushing me forward in the back seat towards the open door until he has me positioned on my knees, then he is thrusting back inside of me without warning and I cry out in pleasure. His hand fists my hair, gripping it tight until he can pull my head back to look at his brothers. Their eyes are already on me, trailing over my body with want and need, as Aiden pounds into me from behind.

Their cocks are straining against their slacks, desperate for attention, and using Aiden's grip on me to my advantage, I lift up my arms and reach out to both of them, scrambling to try and undo their pants. They step closer to help me, and I pull them both out and start teasing their tips with my tongue, and then sucking them both into my mouth as they curse. My mouth is desperate for their taste as I feel Aiden's fingers dig deeper into my hip and scalp, making me moan around their lengths as I try to fit them both down my throat.

"Fuck, Princess, I shouldn't be this turned on by two cocks in my wife's mouth." Aiden groans, fucking me even harder, and I push my hips back against him making him slap against my ass.

I can feel my arousal dripping down my thighs for all three of them, so turned on by the fact I am finally getting to experience all three of them at the same time again. Except this is nothing like the night of my eighteenth birthday, there is no risk of ruining our friendship, we are way beyond that now. This is something else entirely, something raw, something real, and when all this is done, I only want to spend my days like this, spread between them.

"Maybe you need my cock in your mouth again to shut you up," Ezra teases, and I don't miss the flash of jealousy across Killer's face, which only makes me smile.

"No thanks, Easy," Aiden grunts. "I don't want to give my enforcer a reason to slit my throat in my sleep, especially not when I am going to be sharing a bed with him."

I pull back, spit trailing from my mouth to their cocks as I gasp out, "Can my husbands stop arguing and focus on making

me come?” My words are barely out before I feel a sharp sting across my ass as Aiden spanks me.

“Needy little brat,” he purrs, leaning over my body to bring his mouth to my ear. “Now I am going to make you scream so loud that all the guards out there know exactly what is happening to you in here.”

He doesn't even give me a chance to refute him, just pulls back and starts pounding into me with deep, long strokes of his cock, rubbing right over that spot inside of me. I feel another orgasm start to build but that's not enough for him, he slides the hand that is gripping my hip between my legs and starts rubbing my clit in quick, rough circles, forcing me to moan around Killian and Ezra's cocks as I choke around the two of them.

“Fuck, that's it, Love, suck us nice and deep,” Ezra praises, and my eyes flick up to meet his, arousal pouring off his stare, and I can tell he and Kill are seconds from ripping each other's clothes off. “She looks good with both our cocks inside of her, doesn't she baby?”

Killian nods, his eyes staring at where both their cocks rub together, pulling in and out of my mouth as he murmurs, “She looks fucking perfect.”

Their words and stares tip me over the edge and I come again with a muffled scream around them, causing Aiden to fuck me even harder as he chases his own release. It doesn't take long for him to get there, thrusting into me one final time, releasing hot spurts of cum until I am filled with him. Both of us are panting, sweat slick down my spine, as he pulls back and shifts my dress back into place to cover my ass.

Killian and Ezra quickly tuck their still-hard cocks back inside their pants, and then move to help me out of the car, and even after what we just did, I find myself blushing as Aiden's cum drips down my thighs. Aiden steps out behind me and draws his gun instantly, pointing it towards the guards in the corner. “Avert your eyes before I put a bullet between them,” he warns, tone completely serious and lethal, and I have to look down so they don't see how much his words affect me.

The four of us move as one through the garage towards the elevator, and as the doors close behind us I can't help but feel that everything tonight has changed us forever. There is no more uncertainty, no more running from our feelings. This is it, we will be forever entwined as one.

When we reach our floor and the doors open, I'm not surprised to find Rhory and Nicoli standing guard by the apartment we all share. From the smirk they both exchange, I'm sure they have already heard about what just happened in the garage, so I make sure to match their energy and smirk right back to piss them off.

"Evening, Princess," Nicoli purrs, ignoring the three men at my side completely. "Heard you just put on quite the show."

Killian moves before either of them even detect him, grabbing Nicoli by the throat and bringing his blade beneath it in warning. "I'd watch your fucking mouth when you address my wife, dog," he seethes through gritted teeth, and I'm not ashamed to admit his tone has my pussy aching for a taste of him.

Rhory laughs, unconcerned by the threat to his friend as he eyes Ezra with a cocky, knowing smile. "No wonder you can't keep your hands off him, the silent but violent ones are always fun to play with."

I take a deep breath, knowing that being married to three Crows means a lifetime of them measuring their dicks with everyone we come across, before I step up to Killian and put my hand on his shoulder. "Down, Killer, he's harmless." Killian cocks his head a little, but then to my surprise, he does what I say and takes a step back, his eyes never leaving Nic's. I focus my attention back on Blade's guys and smile. "I'm about to get filled with three cocks, so be sure to enjoy that show while you're out here being your boss' pet."

They are both too shocked to reply as I move to step past them, but before I can make it too far, Aiden is grabbing me and lifting me into his arms, making me yelp out in surprise. I look at him in question, and even with the anger still lining his

face from the guards he smirks as he says, “I’m carrying you over the threshold, Little Sully.”

A laugh bursts out of me before I can stop it as the other two move to grab the door for us, and then hold it open as we make our way inside. When it slams shut behind them, enclosing us in, I don’t think of the two men outside as I feel the tension rise. All three of their eyes focus on me, but Aiden doesn’t stop moving though. He walks us right into the bedroom, with Kill and E hot on our heels, until he can slide me down his body to my feet at the foot of the bed.

The other two come to a stop behind him, as he drops to his knees and brings his hands to circle around my ankle, lifting it gently, forcing me to place my hands on his shoulders for support. Then he unbuckles my shoe and slides it off, digging his thumbs into the bridge of my foot in a soft massage as he goes, before switching legs and doing the same thing on the other side.

When he looks up and catches me staring at him in awe and anticipation he smirks. “Do you like seeing me on my knees for you, wife?”

That word flows through me, like a new found drug I am quickly becoming addicted to, but I can’t help but keep pushing him right back. “Not as much as you like seeing me on mine, President Graves.”

I know my words affect him in the same way, and I don’t miss the smile on his face as he shakes his head, dropping it down to take a deep breath, before he rises back to his full height and steps back, falling in line with his brothers. All three of them watch me, and it’s Killian’s voice that cuts through the silence. “Strip,” he commands, and goosebumps rise across my body as that one word undoes me.

My hands tremble as they reach up to push the dress off my shoulders, the thin straps spilling down easily, exposing my bare breasts to all of them. When I reach for where the dress tucks in at the waist, I take my time undoing the zip that is keeping it in place, dragging my stare to each of them before I let it pool around my feet on the floor. I remember doing the

same that first night when I thought I knew everything. I might have stormed into that basement like I didn't have a care in the world, but the truth is, I was so nervous I could barely breathe. Yet now I don't feel anything but powerful.

This is nothing like that time, or all the times Carter forced me to strip for him. No, those times were desperate, for a need that was purely selfish. One, to make them mine, and the other, to protect them with everything I had. The Mayor used it as a tool to own me, but the three men before me want to be owned by me. The difference is staggering, making me feel like nothing in the world could ever break us again.

Ezra is the first to move, taking the step I know he wanted to take that night, but now he doesn't have to worry about hurting Killian's feelings. He moves towards me, gripping my face in his hands and pulling my mouth to his. "Always so fucking beautiful, Love," he whispers against my lips, molding his mouth to mine until his tongue can sweep inside and consume me.

I feel Killian before he does, moving in behind him and curling his arms around his torso to start undoing the buttons of his shirt. When Ezra pulls back, he drops his head against Kill's shoulder, and lets me watch as he bares his inked and scarred chest to me. Killian starts to trail kisses up E's neck and across his jaw, before lightly nipping his lips as he murmurs, "Lose the pants, baby."

Ezra doesn't need to be told twice, using one hand to unbuckle his belt and undo his button and zip, as Killian moves back to do the same. Aiden moves to the chair in the corner, sitting down silently to watch the show as two of his brothers strip down to nothing.

With the darkness staining everything in the room, and the only light coming from the moon outside, I can't help but reminisce as Killian moves in to drag me in-between him and Ezra. I look up into his silent and brooding stare. "Are you going to order me to suck again?" I ask, with a smile, and the corner of his lips tip up in amusement.

“Only if you want me to, Sweetheart,” he breathes, bringing up the blade I didn’t notice in his hands before as he adds, “But I had something else in mind for tonight.”

My thighs shouldn’t press together at the sight of the knife, and the underlying threat in his tone, but he makes me want things that I shouldn’t. Things that other people might find wrong or fucked up, especially after everything I have been through, but he gives me the kind of pain that makes me feral for more. The kind that erases all the other, the kind that stitches all my broken pieces back together, and all I can do is plead for more.

Besides, pain is subjective. So is pleasure, and we shouldn’t be judged for the things that make us feel something, anything, especially in a world as fucked up as ours.

My silence must have been expected by him, because he moves to grip Ezra by the throat, dragging him in for a filthy, brutal kiss. Their lips collide in unrestrained need, making my heart beat harder in my chest at the sight of them, and when I flick my eyes over to Aiden, I find his are already on me. Watching me, detailing every little thing about me, from the panted breaths slipping past my lips, to where my thighs are rubbing together in need for something more.

When Ezra and Killian finally pull apart, I know they are both as desperate as I am for more, and when Killian turns to me, I know whatever he is about to do is going to change me forever. “Sit down,” he commands Ezra, pushing him into a seated position at the end of the bed, before reaching down and stroking his cock in quick, firm strokes until Ezra is groaning, pre-cum leaking from his tip.

I feel my mouth water at the sight of him spread out before me, aching for the feel of him inside me, as Killian rolls and twists his palm around his cock. Fuck, I am dripping and they haven’t even touched me yet, and the little moan that slips out alerts them to how desperate I feel. Ezra’s smirk is cocky as Killian grabs his hand and positions it to take over his strokes, and I watch with greedy eyes as E starts to jerk himself out.



“Look at you, so fucking desperate for us, Love, do you want us to fill you up?” He matches his words with quick, rough strokes of his dick, as Killian moves towards me and tips my chin up to him.

“Don’t worry, Sweetheart, tonight you are going to be filled up tight,” he promises, a wicked look in his eyes, as he moves to stand behind me, pushing me firmly towards where Ezra is waiting.

When we reach E, he spins me around to face him, pushing me between Ezra’s open legs until my ass touches his chest. I don’t get a chance to enjoy the groan he lets out at the sight of it, because Killian steals my lips with his own, forcing his tongue into my mouth and groaning at the taste of me until I am trembling between them.

When he pulls back, I see that Killian has been replaced with the enforcer of the Hallowed Crows, his eyes dark and murderous as he watches me. I feel a fire lick up my spine at the thought of whatever he is about to do to me, and as I watch one of my three husbands drop to his knees for me, all I can think is what could be more powerful than being married to three deadly and dangerous Crows?



**M**y ring brushes against the handle of my knife as I tighten my hold on it, watching them both with rapt attention. Rebecca is blocking most of my view of Ezra, but I can hear the wet tug of his hand on his cock, like a symphony in my goddamn ears. My own cock is hard and leaking as I come eye level with Rebecca's glistening pussy, and I have to bite back the groan that rises up in the back of my throat.

I reach up to tap her inner thigh, motioning for her to spread her legs for me, and my eyes catch on her own ring, as her fingers flex when she obeys me. Her actions bring Ezra more into view and I admire the matching band on his hand as it strokes up and down his length. Fuck, his cock is beautiful, long and thick, with a vein running along the underneath that I like to tease with my tongue, but tonight isn't about him, it's about her, us.

My hand reaches between her legs to grab Ezra's dick, batting his hand away with my own as I look up and lock eyes with Rebecca. "Sink down on his cock, Sweetheart, I can smell how much you need him." Without prompting him, Ezra's hands move to grip her hips, as he lifts her effortlessly until she is spread and hovering over his cock.

I use my hold on him, to guide his cock to her entrance, and then I shove it inside her and let myself bask in the mix of their moans and groans, as she sinks down his length. Watching him plunge deep inside of her does something to me that I can't even describe. To have them both here in front of me, fulfilling my long-hidden desires and urges, it settles a part of my black soul in a way I didn't even think possible.

A hiss from behind us sounds out and I snap my head in Aiden's direction, to find him watching them the same way I was. Watching and waiting, just like that first night. Only this time he won't take her from us, not because he can't, but because he knows we are all in this together. His own cock is hard again, despite having just fucked our girl into oblivion in the back seat of the car, and he strokes it in slow, smooth strokes, rotating around the head in an almost lazy manner as he keeps his eyes fixed on her face.

When I turn back to Rebecca, her head is thrown back against Ezra's shoulder as he grinds his cock up into her in a way I know she loves. His fingers are digging into the skin at her waist, no doubt leaving more bruises there, that mark her as ours. Yet all I can do is stare at her wet hole as Ezra slides his cock in and out of it, and I think I could gladly stay here and watch them forever, but I know she needs more.

There is a darkness inside of her that matches the stain on our souls. One carved into her heart by us, and pushed to fester by her time with the Mayor. Yet she doesn't cower from it, isn't scared by what she was made into. She embraces it, pushes herself to the edge with it like a true Crow, and all I want is to make sure every need of hers, no matter how dark, is always met by us.

It's why when I bring my knife to her neck and press it into her skin until her pulse is scraping against the metal, I keep my eyes on hers, savoring the way her stare darkens in preparation for what is coming next. I don't keep her waiting, dragging the metal of my blade down her sternum, between her breasts, and onto her stomach until I reach across to her waist. My other hand comes up as I thumb the area, searching for the perfect spot on her body to leave another one of my marks.

When I find it, I look up at her and smirk. “You can scream if you want to, Sweetheart, you know it only makes me harder.” Then I press the tip of the blade into her flesh and start to carve out the first letters of our names, digging deep enough to ensure it leaves a scar forever.

Blood drips down her hips and spills to her thighs where they are spread across Ezra, and he shifts to look over her shoulder, watching me closely as I slowly spell out the K, E and A, until they are bright and bleeding. Once I am happy they are done, I brush my thumb across them, grunting at the hiss of pain she lets out, yet still she pushes up into my touch like she is desperate for more. *So fucking perfect.*

“You’re ours, forever, Rebecca,” I tell her, like the rings on our fingers and the vows we spoke earlier aren’t enough, and I doubt no amount of words, jewelry, or blood could convey the depths of our feelings for her.

“I’m yours,” she breathes, looking far too fucking good with her pale skin tainted crimson, and when I dip down and drag my tongue across her red-painted skin and she moans. I know that forever with her, with them, will never be enough.

My tongue laps against her skin, cleaning up the blood I shed like a starving man finally finding salvation, and when I drag my tongue down to her pussy and get my first taste of her as my wife, I groan against her cunt like a savage. My hands gripping the skin of her thighs and pushing her legs open even further, until I can drag my tongue up and down the length of her cunt, letting it lap against E’s cock at the same time, tasting him and the remnants of Aiden at the same time.

“Oh fuck, Kill, yes, lick my cock,” Ezra groans, as he starts to fuck her a little harder, pushing them down onto my tongue even more until I snap. Then I am licking, sucking, biting, fucking, until she is screaming out another orgasm around him, and I feel her come into my mouth as I greedily drink her down.

Ezra is still snapping his hips up into her, no doubt chasing his own relief, and when I reach up and shove my fingers into his mouth to dampen them, he takes them easily. Sucking them

deep towards the back of his throat until they are dripping in his spit, then I reach down and start to play with the mess between Rebecca's thighs. Swirling them around her pussy and bringing her right to the edge again quickly, before backing down as she curses me. It's cut off quickly though when I start to push one of my fingers inside her alongside Ezra's dick. Then her curse turns into a moan.

I remember the last time I did this, when I found her and Ezra together and the jealousy of what they had burned me from the inside out. I wanted to punish them then, to show them that they couldn't be without me, but all I did was show myself I couldn't be without them. I ease another finger inside of her, stretching her out to the point where she is so wet that all I can hear is her pussy weeping.

Ezra had slowed his strokes, letting me use my fingers to stretch her open for us, watching every move I make like it is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen in his life. "That's it baby, work her open for us, stretch that tight little cunt until it's ready to take us both." Letting his words fuel me, I add a third finger and bring my thumb to her clit to start rubbing quick circles around it, forcing her to relax and enjoy the burn.

"Fuck, Kill, yes right there, don't stop." Her tone is breathy and weak as she forces the words past her moans, and knowing I need more than her juices to make this work, I lean back and spit on my fist to get some more lube. Covering her pussy as much as I can, as Ezra continues to slowly tease her hole.

He pulls all the way out until his tip is barely inside of her, then slams back inside to the hilt, causing her to gasp and moan. When her body starts to shake and another orgasm starts to build, I pull out my fingers and replace them with the head of my cock, hissing as her wet heat starts to tease me. My thumb keeps up its pace on her clit and as she starts to scream out again. I slowly push the tip of my cock inside her at the same time as Ezra.

Her scream turns into a half-pained groan, her fingers reaching out to dig into my shoulders, breaking the skin with

the force of her touch, until we are both hissing out in response. “Fuck, it burns,” she moans, pleasure and pain going to war with one another, as I slowly ease both mine and Ezra’s dicks inside of her.

“Take it, Bex, take it all,” I demand, pushing until both our thick lengths are filling her up completely. I have to bite the inside of my cheek to stop myself from coming, and from the firm set of Ezra’s jaw, I am pretty sure he is doing the same. “Good girl, letting us fill you up with both our cocks,” I praise, stroking the hair off her face and dropping a soft kiss to her mouth.

We both give her a minute to adjust, and then I tap E’s shoulder to let him know I am about to move, and he follows suit. Slowly pulling both our cocks out and then pushing them back in again. Her breaths are forced as she gets used to the rhythm, and after a few thrusts, she lets out her first moan. I smile into her neck, leaning in to kiss my way up her throat and towards her mouth, as Ezra brings his hands round to play with her tits.

It’s only then she starts to writhe against us, impatiently and silently begging for more. “That’s it, Sweetheart,” I mutter against her mouth. “Take both our cocks like a good girl,” I grunt, slowly starting to move a little faster, making both her and Ezra curse. I flick my eyes over my shoulder to my President as I ask, “Enjoying the show?” He is still stroking his cock, only now his movements are more rushed and forceful, matching every thrust we give her.

My question causes him to flick his eyes to mine, a predatory grin on his face as he drags his stare over the three of us until he purrs, “More than you could ever imagine.” His voice makes Rebecca look towards him, and when their eyes lock he smiles even wider as he adds, “My wife looks good with two cocks in her cunt.”

Another moan slips from her mouth at his words and she stares at him continuously, as Ezra and I continue to slowly fuck her pussy at the same time. “They feel so fucking good inside of me, Aiden,” she gasps out, letting us abuse her tight

hole with every thick inch we have while moaning his name. “I feel so tight and full, but I need more, I need you.”

Her words have both Ezra and I fucking her a little harder, desperate to fulfill every last need she has. Fuck, she is perfect, spread out between us like this. Sharing someone has never felt so fucking good, and when I hear movement behind me, I know my President must finally agree. I mean, Ezra hasn't stopped bragging about how he pushed him to the edge, but still this is different. Yes she belongs to all of us, but Aiden tends to stick to having her one on one, just like that night. He didn't care that we were watching, he wanted us to see how he owned her, but for this to work it has to be different.

Just because he accidentally licked Ezra's cock doesn't mean anything, he still took her from him when he was done and had his turn. Yet he approaches her now with both our cocks deep inside our cunt, and no way for him to reach her ass, so it leaves him with only one choice.

When he reaches our side she looks up at him and licks her lips, her throat dry as she chokes out, “I want to taste you.” The smile on his face only widens at her words and it makes something deep inside my chest ache, to see him happy, to see him in love, to see him finally have everything he wanted. I'm sure it's a new feeling for all of us, happiness is something we never thought we would be destined for, yet here we are.

Ezra palms her tits again fully, rolling her nipples between his fingers as he cocks his head to the side to look at our brother. “Wanna taste my dick again, Prez?” He teases, rolling his hips and making it hard for me not to come instantly. They both feel so fucking good.

Aiden doesn't tear his stare away from our girl as he grabs her chin and replies to Ezra, “You better shut your mouth before I shove my dick into it.” Then he shoves his thumb into Rebecca's mouth and demands, “Open up, wife.” Her lips part and he swipes the pad of his thumb across her waiting tongue. “Is this what you want?” He asks, and she shakes her head, mouth closing around him, as he allows her to suck on it. Then he abruptly pulls it out and pushes the tip of his cock against her instead, spreading his pre-cum across her lips. “No, my

dirty little slut wants another cock filling her up, doesn't she?"

I feel her cunt tighten at his words, her nails digging into my skin even harder than before to the point it makes my entire body shiver. "Yes," she chokes out. "Please, god yes." She continues to writhe between me and Ezra, and I can't help but admire the firm length of my President's cock as he presses the tip against the center of her mouth.

"Then open your mouth and suck," he commands, and she obeys instantly, taking his cock into her mouth with ease, and I groan at the sight. Her tongue sweeping lush flicks over his length as he pushes deeper. I know from experience how hot and wet her mouth is, and if I wasn't deep inside her cunt, I'd probably be jealous, but the feeling of my cock rubbing inside her alongside Ezra's, is something I can't even describe.

Aiden fists her hair, tipping her chin up, forcing her head back to Ezra's shoulder as he pushes even further, and I can tell he is fighting the urge to ram to the back of her throat completely. "Fuck, look at you, Princess, taking our three cocks like you were fucking made for it."

Her eyes start to roll back as Ezra sinks his teeth into the side of her throat. "She was made for it, her cunt has always been desperate for us, hasn't it, Love?" His question doesn't need an answer, we feel the response in the way her pussy tightens around both our cocks, and in the gag she lets out as Aiden finds the back of her throat.

Rebecca O'Sullivan is a fucking Queen sent to put us all on our knees, and as I ram into her greedy cunt alongside my husband's dick, I feel grateful she deemed me fit enough to be put there. The only sounds in the room are the wet slaps of our cocks entering her, mixed with our grunts and her moans, as our bodies turn slick with sweat.

We fuck her endlessly, ruthlessly, and wildly. Not stopping until her entire body starts convulsing, her gagged screams getting louder and louder. Aiden's restraint snaps first, as he fucks her throat like the vile and vicious villain everyone knows him to be, and not the man who has finally got his



Queen. When he finds his release, he draws back, jerking himself a couple of times until he unloads hot ropes of cum across her face and tits, a sight that makes my own restraint disappear as I start fucking her hard and fast.

The sight of her covered in cum and blood undoing me so completely that I know this is a wedding night I will never fucking forget. Yet when I lean forward to clean up her chest, it's Ezra that explodes first. "Fuck, Kill," he groans, watching me lap up Aiden's cum, as his hips start to snap rapidly against her until he comes with her name on his lips.

I don't let him fall apart just for her though, no, I lean in close, gripping his chin with my bloodied hand and forcing his mouth open. Then take delight in watching his eyes widen as I spit Aiden's release onto his tongue and watch him swallow it greedily.

It's that action and feeling his release flood her, drowning my cock as she tightens around us, that has me going off without warning, Slamming into her abused, drenched hole a few more times before my own cum joins his. Her body continues to shake between us as she finds hers, and when she throws back her head once more, closing her eyes to lose herself to the pleasure, Aiden reaches out and squeezes her throat. "Eyes on us when you come for us, wife."

Her eyes fly open, meeting his gaze first before dropping to mine as Ezra groans, "God, you are never going to stop saying that are you." His joke isn't lost on me, I can hear the possessive lilt in my brother's tone, but I can't tear my eyes away from her as she slowly comes down from her high and goes limp between us.

This is what I wanted, what I always wanted, her, him, them, and now I have it. So completely and fully, that if anyone ever tries to take it from me I will fight for it and kill for it without regret. I will end Carter Fitzgerald if it's the last thing I ever do.



**A**s wedding nights go, I think getting railed by three hot bikers at the same time is probably top tier. I lay awake for hours after, despite being exhausted from the way they fucked me, that even the hot shower we took turns sharing did nothing to ease me into a slumber. No, all I could do was lay between them and stare at the black band around my ring finger, the three men in bed beside me, and the three letters now carved into my skin for eternity. Forever, I am now tied to them forever, and that means that no matter what happens, I will always have a piece of them with me. I will always own part of them in a way they have always owned me, and nothing can change that, not even Carter Fitzgerald.

The sun is rising now, shining through the curtains and casting them all in an early morning glow. One that makes me wish we could stay here in this wedded bliss bubble forever, but I know what's waiting for us out there, and it's not something we can ignore. Not just because I am the one Carter truly wants, and he won't stop until he gets me again, or is dead, but because the Crows have taken on this threat too, and as the President, Aiden won't stop until it is dealt with.

It makes me miss my dad, and appreciate the burden he carried for us all. He made it look simple, easy, yet now I see

how much he hid from me to keep me protected, and I wish he was here so I could thank him. Although he probably wouldn't approve of my recent activities, especially not last night's, the thought makes my chest ache. It's only then that I remember the letter he left in the safety deposit box, one I have yet to read because I was too scared of what it would say, but at this point, what could it hurt?

I slip out of bed silently, ensuring not to wake the guys as I dig around and find some clothes to put on. Then I leave the room and go in search of the envelope I brought back from town with me. Of course I find it right where I left it, and when I pick it up I find myself hesitating. Wondering what he could have possibly put in here that he felt he had to keep away from me until he was gone. I guess there is only one way to find out. I dig inside and pull out the smaller envelope with my name scrawled across the front, then I flip it over and rip open the untouched seal.

I take a deep breath and then I let myself read.

*DEAR REBECCA,*

*Today I will go to war for you. Something I should have done a long time ago but I was scared.*

*I know what I have to do. I know what deal I made, what the consequences could be, especially when I have only just got you back, but it's a risk I am willing to take.*

*For myself, for my club, and for my daughter.*

*I hate that I have to write this, and if you are actually reading this letter then it probably means I am no longer here with you, and for that I'm sorry. I always knew I wouldn't live a long life, but from the moment I laid eyes on you, I knew I would do everything in my power to try. You'll never know how sorry I am that I failed.*

*I picked this lifestyle before you were ever born and if I could have walked away from it, I would have.*

*I should have.*

*But know this - nothing means more to me than you do. Not the club, not the guys, nothing. You are my shining light in a world of darkness.*

*I have many regrets in my life but my main one was not protecting you more. It's why I tried so hard to keep you away from this club, this life, because I knew if I let you in that there would be people out there who would try and use you to get to me. To hurt me in the only way they could. It's only now I realize what a mistake that was.*

*I shouldn't have kept pushing you away, I should have held onto you as tightly as I could and reminded you every day how special you are to me. There wasn't a day that went by when you were with that cunt that I didn't regret every mistake I had ever made, because somehow they led you to him.*

*When he took you everything fell apart. I had nothing, no one, and you were gone for so long that I lost all hope in ever seeing you again. I was in a dark place for a long time, and when that crazy little blond turned up and broke into the clubhouse with a bomb, I thought this is it, this is the penance I deserve for letting you go and karma was finally going to grant it to me.*

*Yet instead of karma she brought me hope. For the first time in a long time I could see the possibility of you coming back home, and the night she rammed through the gates and you stepped out of her car, I felt like I was having a damn heart attack.*

*You were home, my baby girl was finally home.*

*Except you weren't my baby girl anymore. You'd changed, he'd changed you, and I couldn't bear the thought of what he had done to you. I tried to be there for you, for us to be close again, but it's like the daughter he took was gone and in her place was someone completely new. Someone who had fought and suffered, and seen more evil that I would wish on my worst enemy, and there was nothing I could do to help you.*

*There were so many things left undone and unsaid, and secrets I should have told you, but for the first time in my life I felt completely and utterly helpless. I know I fucked up, and that*

*this letter can't erase my mistakes, but hopefully there are at least two I can make up for.*

*First, you should know that Mitch is your half-brother. I didn't know I had fathered him until he turned eighteen and sought me out, and by that point you were just turning into an unruly teen who demanded all of my attention. I gave him a place in the club and told him when the time was right that I would give him a place at my side. We agreed to wait until you turned eighteen to tell you, but then you were taken and everything changed. I couldn't claim him as my own flesh and blood when my baby girl wasn't there, and I thought he would understand, but after a while I saw a change in him.*

*I should have warned you, and the club, but I thought I could handle it, but now I might not be around to do it. So know this, Mitch has had it tough, he struggles with his emotions and doesn't understand love in the same way we do, so please keep an eye on him. He might be my son, my blood, but you are my lifeline, and you should know by now after everything you have been through that you can't trust anyone.*

*All I can hope for now is that you find happiness and protection with the three men you love.*

*Yes I know about them.*

*I've known about them since the day you climbed over the fence and saw them for the first time. I saw how you looked at them, and it wasn't exactly a coincidence that you started coming around a lot more after that. You followed them everywhere, annoyed them into becoming your friend, and it was so obvious to me you wanted more, yet finding you in their bed the morning after your birthday was like a knife to my heart.*

*You might not know this, but from the second they met you I saw a change in them. They are like sons to me and when you turned up they went from boys to men, and it was hard for me. To watch them befriend you, protect you, fall in love with you, because as much as I love them, you're still my baby girl. And those assholes had such a hard time with their feelings that*

*they kept fucking things up, not that you noticed, you were too in love with them, but I noticed.*

*I watched them, every day I watched them, and I knew that if I wanted them to step up and be completely worthy of you that they had to try harder. You were too young and none of you knew what it meant to belong to each other, you needed time. I just never imagined warning them away would hurt you as much as it did, and never in a million years did I think it would lead you to the hands of the Mayor, and I will never be able to make up for that, but hopefully after today he won't be able to hurt you anymore.*

*And as for them... well I hope the three of them pull their heads out of their asses and realize that the four of you were always meant to be. I have no doubt in my mind that you will be able to convince them of that, and I wish I could be here to support you all and give you my blessing.*

*I love you forever and I will miss you always*

*Love Dad*

*PS - You turn calm into chaos Rebecca - never forget what a gift that is!*

The words blur together as I read and reread the letter multiple times, until I can no longer see them. The date is scrawled across the top and it's a date I could never forget, because it's the date he died. He wrote this letter the morning of the day he was killed because he knew, he knew that there was a chance he wouldn't make it back to me, and he didn't want to leave without saying everything he needed to.

I clutch the letter in my hands and press it to my chest in the hopes of erasing the ache inside of me. He's gone, my dad is gone and he's never coming back, and he loved me. He loved me so much that he died for me, and I know I should be grateful, but instead I just feel guilty. Guilty for being alive, guilty for being in love, guilty for being happy, because he's dead and gone and will never be able to feel anything ever again.

We will never be able to talk to each other again, I won't be able to go to him for advice, or just ask him how his day was. If anything good happens I won't be able to share it with him, and if anything bad happens I won't be able to go to him for support. I got married yesterday and he missed it, and it won't be the only thing in my life he will miss. He'll miss birthdays, and Christmas, he'll miss club parties, and family Sundays, and if I have kids someday he will miss that too. He will miss everything, all the big moments in my life, and every little moment in-between, and even though Carter didn't kill him, he is still the reason he is gone. He is the reason I am so broken, he is the reason my dad is dead, he is the reason for so many deaths and scars that the number only grows, and it will keep growing until somebody stops him.

*I have to stop him.*

My tears won't bring my dad back to me, and they won't stop Carter from coming after me either. Carter taught me to be passive, to obey and submit, and to not disrespect him, but what he doesn't know is that every single one of his lessons changed me. They shaped me into who I am, and there is no going back. I can't change the past, but I can change my future.

There will be no submitting, no obeying, and no fucking Mrs Fitzgerald. I am Rebecca O'Sullivan. The daughter of a Crow, the wife of a Crow, and I won't ever drop to my knees for him again.

I turn calm into chaos and it's time he found out exactly what that means.

With the guys still asleep, I move over to the box Elle King gave me and pull everything out and lay it on the table. Then I grab the files on the Mayor and lay those out too. To finish this I need to come up with a plan, one that Aiden already put into motion yesterday, but it's me who is going to decide how it ends. I reach up and rub my thumb against the small scar on my inner arm, not feeling any difference between what Carter put there to what Aiden replaced it with. I still feel just as trapped, just as in danger, and the only way to

escape that is to kill Carter, and this time I will make sure he is really dead.

It's that thought that sparks my mind into thinking about where he could be staying. He was shot, and we left him in that place in the woods to die, yet somehow he escaped, but was still injured. I've seen first-hand what recovering from a gunshot wound looks like, so there is no way he is at his full strength, which I could be able to use to my advantage. I tuck that piece of information away in my mind for when I might need it and focus on the information in front of me.

No matter how hard we look, we still haven't been able to find where he has been staying, and I don't think that is going to miraculously change now. Which means in order to get to him, he has to come to us. I've already proven I know how his mind works, and drew him into leaving me that little gift at the clubhouse, which means somehow he is watching us. He knows where we are, but he can't get to me. It's impossible, Blade made sure of that. The security in this building is the tightest I have ever seen, but Blade did some business with Carter before he saved us, which means the Mayor knows him, or at least knows him enough to know where we are.

I don't want to bring trouble here, it's the reason I didn't stay with Elle and her family. Other people shouldn't be caught in the line of fire that is only meant to burn me, and Carter is smart, he knows coming here would leave him outgunned and outmanned. He wouldn't put himself in a position to fail, yet his obsession with me won't allow him to just let me go, which means for any kind of plan to work, he has to be able to think he can have me again.

My eyes flick back down to the letter in my hand, to the words my dad wrote for me, and it's only then I know what I have to do. My dad sacrificed his life for me, and now it's time I do the same for the three men I love, and the club we call family.





**S**he's gone. I know it the second I wake up, I don't even have to open my eyes to confirm it, I just know. I roll onto my side and find Killian and Ezra wrapped up in one another, and an unfamiliar ache burns inside of me to see them like this. No more secrets, no more hiding, they finally got everything they always wanted, and I guess in a way I did too. Deep down I have always known that Rebecca loved all three of us, and if I have to share her with anyone, I'm glad it's the two of them.

When I move to sit up, Killian's eyes snap open instantly. "Where is she?" His stare flicks around the room, noting the empty space between us, and the lack of noise coming from everywhere else in the apartment.

"She's gone." Two words. I never thought two fucking words could rip me apart, and when I look down at the black band on my ring finger, I feel like I might throw up.

Ezra rouses as Killian jumps from the bed and storms out into the apartment naked, in search of what he definitely won't find. If she were still here I would be able to feel her presence, just like always. I spent years trying to fucking ignore it and it didn't work, so I don't have to go and check to know I'm right.

“What’s going on?” Ezra asks, as Killian walks back into the room, anger pouring from him.

“Rebecca’s gone.” Again those two words, and I feel like I might pass out if I hear them again.

“Gone, what do you mean gone?” Ezra sits up, shaking the sleep from his mind as he glances between the two of us.

I don’t answer him. Instead, I slide from the bed and reach for some clothes to start getting dressed. I feel both their stares burning into my back, waiting for me to freak out, or worse, deal with it, but I can’t, not right now. “Just fucking get dressed,” I snap, struggling to keep my temper in check as I fumble with my jeans.

Thankfully, the two of them know me well enough to know when I am on the edge, and they don’t argue, moving silently to start throwing on clothes of their own. Then they follow me into the main living area and watch as I start strapping weapons to my body. I feel them exchanging looks, but I can’t focus on them. No, my only focus is on the fact that she’s gone, she isn’t here, and there aren’t many explanations as to where she could be.

Just as I strap a fourth gun to my chest, the front door opens and all our heads snap in the direction of it. Rebecca appears with Angel and the rest of the club crowded behind her. “Oh good,” she smiles, when she sees us standing here silently. “You’re finally up. I left you guys to get some rest.” There is a slight smirk curving at the corner of her mouth as she says that, no doubt replaying how we spent our wedding night, but there is something else in her eyes that I can’t quite decipher.

She moves inside, letting the guys all pass by, before she gives the two guards still outside the door the finger, and then slams it shut in their face. “I rounded everyone up so we could start...” I storm towards her, cutting her off as I slam my lips to hers, silencing her completely. She gasps in shock, allowing me to slip my tongue into her mouth without warning, and shivering at the feel of hers as I massage my own against it. She tastes like heaven and hell combined, like mine, and

despite coming twice last night, I feel ready to take her all over again, right here in front of everybody.

When I pull back, I see a slight frown in her stare as she looks at me, and it only deepens when I bring my hand to her throat and squeeze it tight. “I don’t remember giving my wife permission to leave my bed this morning.” My words have her frown turning back into a smirk, as Ezra groans behind me.

“In case you hadn’t noticed, the ring has made our President fucking insufferable,” he complains, moving to pluck Rebecca from my grasp and dropping his own kiss to her mouth. “Good morning, Love, try not to leave without telling us, it only makes this fucker grumpy.”

I roll my eyes, stepping back to let Killian slide in my place to have his own moment with our girl, and shake my head at how fucking annoying it is to share her affection. I make a mental note that when all of this is done, I am going to kick those two pricks out, drag Rebecca to bed and spend all day showing her how fucking hard she makes me.

“I went to rally the troops,” Rebecca shrugs, moving towards the dining room table where she has a bunch of shit spread out across it, like all of this is no big deal. Like we didn’t get married just last night, and regardless of whether I suggested it as a fuck you to Carter, having her as my wife still means something to me. It means everything, in fact, and I’m not sure what is going on in her mind right now, but I intend to find out.

“Rebecca, what is this?” I gesture to the table, and the men now forming a circle around it, while she takes her place at the head, and she watches me silently as I try to assess what is going on. I see her note the weapons now decorating my torso, the readiness in which I am to go to war for her, but it seems she doesn’t care.

“This is the end,” she replies sweetly, almost too sweetly, and when she nods her head at the guys, they all start to take a seat. Killian and Ezra take the chairs closest to me, but I don’t move, I can’t. I’m frozen on the other side of the table watching as she tries to hide the shake in her hands.

When she sees me watching, she flexes out her fingers, and then picks up a couple of pieces of paper that appear handwritten, smiling softly at whatever is written there. “The night I invited the Mayor to join me for dinner I was feeling a little lost,” she starts, dragging his file towards her, and studying his picture closely. Her fingers reach out to stroke his face in an almost affectionate manner, as if she can recall every second of that night with ease. “My heart was broken, and he was kind to me, even flirted with me a little.” She smiles fondly, before shaking her head. “I thought...” she trails off, as if she doesn’t want to finish that thought out loud. “I thought a fling with an older man might make me feel better.”

Bile crawls up my throat at her words, as my fists tighten at my side, the band of my new ring now cutting into my palm. Pain, I need pain. Our eyes lock and I know she sees the regret in my stare, the anger at what could have happened if the Mayor wasn’t a psychotic piece of shit. She would have fucked him, fucked him because we fucked her, because Connor forced us to walk away, and like a bunch of fucking cowards we let him.

I don’t have many regrets in my life, but walking away from Rebecca the morning after her birthday is one of them. Things were never the same after that, we ruined everything. I’m still not sure how we got from there to here, and the fact her finger now bears a ring that matches the one on my own hand will forever astound me.

“Fucking hell, Love,” Ezra scoffs, scrunching his eyes closed as if he can erase what she just said. “Not really the kind of shit your husbands want to hear the morning after we married you.” I can tell he is trying to lighten the mood, choking down the disgust I am sure he is feeling too, and I don’t miss the way he smirks when he says the word husbands. He might be making fun of me for being all possessive over her, but I know deep down he loves it just as much as I do.

We wanted her for a long time, denied it for even longer, so the fact she is now tied to us until death do us part, well, it

makes the dead organ inside of my fucking chest beat again.

Of course Rebecca ignores him completely, she's too focused, too distant, and I can tell from the look on her face that whatever she is planning on doing next has already been decided. "My point is this all started with me, and that's how it's going to end."

I try to read her face, fill in the blanks of all the words she is not saying, but it's her best friend that breaks the silence. "What the fuck does that mean, Becca?" Angel snaps in fury, the gentle Crow she grew up with nowhere to be seen. He didn't just give her away to us yesterday, he let her go, let us all go. I know he will always be there for her, will always have her back, but I doubt I will ever see him in a cut again. He isn't one of us, not anymore.

I can't help but wonder if I told him what I have already done, the moves I have already made, would he support me? I don't know what Rebecca is planning, and I have to try and work out if whatever she is about to say is going to railroad the plans I already have in place. I know I should tell them what I have planned, that I asked her for trust without putting my trust in her. It's not that I don't trust her, it's that I actually do. I know her better than I know anyone, and I know if I told her what I had already done that she would hate me for it, but that's a risk I am willing to take. I just have to hope it works in time to save us from all of this before it's too late.

"It means I am going to draw Carter out of hiding." Her tone is casual, but I don't miss the undertones of what she means, and all of the air in my lungs evaporates. *No, no fucking way.* I can see where this is going, and I refuse to let it happen.

"And how are you going to do that?" Ezra asks, sounding annoyed, but it's Killian's stoic form beside him that he should be worried about.

"She's going to use herself as bait," he grits through his teeth, the enforcer in him coming out to play and taking over completely. Yet where I hope and pray she shuts him down for saying something so stupid, she remains silent.

It's in that silence I see the cage. The room where he made her shower. The bullets in my brother's chest. I feel the cattle prod burning into my torso, and the whore that was forced to fuck me. I see the bruises on her body, and the maroon tint of blood on her skin. I hear her pleading for my life, her begging for him to stop, and the tears in her eyes as they went cold on that goddamn fucking table. I see the Mayor hurting her and breaking her every fucking day for over two years, and I see us doing absolutely nothing about it.

She fought and he killed, she obeyed and he killed, she fucking submitted, and he fucking killed. This went on until body after body was left bleeding at her feet, and now she wants to just hand herself back over to him? I thought she realized that what I did to her arm was just a precaution, a preliminary step to ensure if things went wrong, we would have a way to find her, not a fucking invitation for her to go rogue.

"We are not fucking using you as bait," I seethe. "I'm not going to let you offer yourself up to the fucking Mayor just so we can get to him." Does she not remember what he did to her, how fucking broken he made her? I saw the fucking cage, I can barely stand to think about what he did to me, and I was only there a few days. I stop myself from thinking of all the stuff he would have done to her in two years. What I saw was enough.

"It's the only choice," she insists, and the silence from the rest of the club is deafening.

I look to my brothers, her other two fucking husbands, and plead with them to find this as ridiculous as I do, but Killian remains silent, watching Rebecca closely, like he can dissect every thought in her mind. Yet it's Ezra who meets my eyes, assessing how his next words will affect me before he shrugs. "It could work."

I'm already shaking my head. "You weren't there," I tell them, before looking at Rebecca and then Angel, praying for him to back me up. "You didn't see him hold her down and almost rape her!" I feel the entire club flinch in response. I don't care, I can't. Nothing matters more to me than keeping

her safe. “I won’t put her back in his arms,” I add, before focusing back on Rebecca. “And fuck you for thinking I would.”

My last words affect her more than any of the others, and I regret them as soon as they leave my mouth, but does she not see what her absence did to us, what it did to me? We were just as broken as her while she was gone, we lost everything, and I can’t keep losing. The price we have paid is already too high.

Everyone remains silent as Rebecca moves around the table towards me, keeping her head high, and I notice her hands are no longer shaking. When she reaches me and I look down into her eyes, all I see is the young girl who jumped over the fence that day and fell in love with me at first sight. The girl who grew up to be everything I didn’t realize I’d always wanted, and now she wants to throw it all away.

“You can’t ask me to do this, Princess,” I whisper, the lump in my throat threatening to choke me. “I can’t lose you, I wouldn’t survive it, not again.”

Her hands reach up to cup my cheeks, as she rises up on her toes to press a soft kiss to my mouth, before she pulls back. “I’m not asking, Aiden. I’m telling you, I have to do this.” Tears threaten to spill from my eyes, as she takes a step back and clears her throat so she can address all of us at once. “Carter knows how to get to me. He tortured and killed people in front of me, he abused me, punished me, violated me, yet I survived. I learned how to survive and stay on his good side, but when it comes to people I know and people close to me, he knows I will do anything to protect them.”

I don’t miss the look she flicks towards Ezra and then Angel, no doubt recalling the blood pouring from their bodies. She has to take a deep breath before she turns back to me and continues, “I know you’re scared, I am too, but there is no other way, and I am not backing down. I am going to do this, and you can either have my back, or step aside.”

Alfred is the first to stand, his eyes solely on Rebecca as he brings his hand up and covers his patch with it. “For Connor,”

he gruffs out, before he adds, “For his legacy.”

Rebecca smiles tightly, nodding at him as her eyes turn glossy. Then one by one the other members of the Hallowed Crows MC stand up and repeat Butler’s words, until there is only Killian, Ezra, Angel and myself remaining.

Ezra moves first, standing up to join her at my side, pulling one of her hands into his. “I got your back, Love, always.” His words slice through me, and when Killian joins them to add, “Whatever you need to do, Sweetheart, I got you.” I find myself looking at her best friend. The only other person who understands Carter like I do is him, he was there.

He watches her for a long time, the silence stretching out between them, until finally he sighs, “I don’t agree with your choices, Becca, but I learned a long time ago that when you have your mind set on something there is no changing it.” He smiles softly, and I see the underlying heartbreak still lingering there.

When Rebecca looks back at me, waiting for me to say something, I find myself not able to meet her eye. Instead, I look at the rest of the Crows, all of them standing for her, supporting her, ready to do anything for her, and I can’t help but smile. I wish Connor was here to see how strong she has become. That despite everything she has been through, Carter didn’t break her, he made her into a Queen.

I reach out and grip her throat, my ring cold against her heated skin, as I smile and say, “Okay let’s do this.” Four simple words that I hope I don’t regret.





**R**ain falls heavily on the car as we drive through town, and I can't help but smile as I watch the drops splatter against the windows of the SUV we borrowed from Elle. A storm is brewing, the sky dark and filled with clouds. Chaos is ready to erupt, yet the only thing I feel is calm. Today it will end, I will make sure of it. My plan will work, it has to, because I can't take another minute of wondering. Of looking over my shoulder, of worrying about the people I love. No, it has to stop, it has to end, and Carter Fitzgerald has to die.

We've been in the car for almost two hours on and off now, and my adrenaline is rushing through me in waves. I'd instructed the guys to make a couple of stops on the way to our destination. I wanted to make sure wherever the Mayor is hiding, that he gets word we are on the move. We even drove past the clubhouse, stopping on the other side of the police tape this time, and inspecting it like nothing but outsiders. Then we made a stop at a local diner, the guys making a show of grabbing food, their cut and patches standing out loud on their torsos, making sure everyone knew the members of the Hallowed Crows MC were around. For once in our lives we didn't want to fly under the radar, we needed to be seen.

By the time we make it to the cemetery, my heart is thundering in my chest. All I can think of is the day of my father's funeral, how the weather was just the same as it is today. Maybe that's a bad omen, but it's too late to turn back now. When the car rolls to a stop by the gates, I jump out instantly, not waiting for the guys to chime in with any last minute ploys to try and change my mind. I step out of the car and slam the door behind me, tipping my chin back and forcing my face up to the sky, letting the rain drench into my skin. Washing away all my sins just as I am about to commit another.

When another door slams behind me, I hold my breath, waiting for Aiden's refusals to start spewing again, but when I bring my head back down, I find Killian instead. I can tell how hard it is for him to not check his surroundings, to act like everything is fine, and pretend he isn't the enforcer I know and love him to be. Instead, he keeps his eyes on mine, moving towards me slowly, yet no doubt still scoping out the entire area. We only have one shot for this to work, he knows and I know it.

It's one of the many things I love about him. If I turn calm into chaos then he is the opposite. He is the calm in the chaos, the peaceful, the stormless. He doesn't bend or break at the sight of trouble, no, he charges into it head first. Never wavering, never faltering, and letting the burden bear on his shoulders alone. Yes he is part of a club, a family, but when he puts his arms through his cut, he changes, and in turn, so does everything else.

When he reaches me, erasing the distance between us, he places his palms on my cheeks, and then he kisses me. His mouth chasing away the sting of cold now lingering on my skin from the rain. Instead, I feel that familiar flare of heat tugging at me deep down in my center. Killian Drake, my silent and brooding Crow with a heart of steel, who made me fall in love with the brutal-ness of him. I pull back from the kiss and try to memorize every inch of his face, in case this is the last time I ever see it. "I love you," I whisper, tears forming in my eyes, and his thumb swipes up to catch them before they fall.

“Stop that,” he demands, reading my train of thought with ease, and I can’t help but smile. Yet he doesn’t offer me words of comfort to prepare to never see me again, he doesn’t even bother to return my sentiments. Instead, he asks the one question I wish he wouldn’t. “Is he here?”

My eyes close at those three words, the wind sweeping through us, and I find myself wishing it would take me with it, but I am done living in a fantasy world of fairytales and happy endings. If I want that, I have to fight for it. I lean into him, letting his touch on me keep me grounded, as I breathe deeply, trying to fall into my surroundings. That’s when I feel it, that sensation that used to start at the bottom of my spine and work its way up until it was choking me.

*He’s here.*

I nod in response, words failing me as my own breath starts to suffocate me. I can feel his eyes scraping against my bones, watching, waiting. This is it. He’s here, and one way or another, this is going to end.

Aiden and Ezra step from the car, the rain now soaking into all four of us, as the rest of the Crows from the cars behind us also step out, readying for the show. For the first time since I suggested this idea, I want them to beg me to stop, to plead with me not to go through with this, to spare myself. However, in doing that I would only be sacrificing someone else, and I’ve already done that enough times.

Ezra takes me from Killian, nodding his head at our shared lover, and then forcing a smile to his face as he looks at me, holding out the flowers we stopped to pick out on the way here. “Least they aren’t roses,” he jokes, and I don’t know if it’s my trauma, or just the fucked up situation we are in, but I laugh, drawing him in closer for a kiss.

With Carter watching, his lips taste tainted, but then I remember how angry it will be making him, so I make sure to slip my favorite VP a little tongue, which causes him to groan as he pulls away. “Don’t start me off, Love, I’ll fuck you right here on the hood of this car while that piece of shit watches.” His words are exactly what I need to hear.

“I love you, Ezra Bishop,” I smile, praying he doesn’t hear the shake in my voice, but I just need him to know that. Instinctively, my hands reach out and caress his shirt where I know two bullet holes lie beneath it, and I feel him exhale a breath.

“I love you too, Bex.” He is the one who I knew would give my wild plan his support instantly, but those five words tell me how much he wishes he hadn’t. I know Ezra though. He won’t ask me to stay, not when he knows how much I need this. Instead, he drops one final kiss to my mouth and pushes me towards his President.

Aiden is waiting silently at the side of the car, leaning against it like he doesn’t have a care in the world. The rain is making his ebony hair seem even darker than usual, and his eyes hold no emotion as he watches me approach. It feels like that night all over again, like I am holding my breath and waiting for him to refuse me. It doesn’t matter that the black bands now bear weight on both our fingers, when I look at him I still feel like that helpless little fourteen-year-old, falling in love for the first time.

I press myself into him, reveling in the way the hard planes of his body mold to mine so perfectly, like we were always meant to be. Last night was perfect, just like the first night we all spent together, and I hope we get many more in the future, but if not, at least I know we had something special.

“Little Sully,” he breathes, almost like a confession, and I feel that emotion threatening to spill down my face once more, as I shake my head at him. He exhales a deep breath, trying to control his own feelings no doubt, and I wish things could be different. I wish that there was a simpler way to do this, but we have tried so hard, come so far, it’s now or never. I drop my head to the center of his chest and he wraps his arms around me, holding me tight. I take comfort in his strength, in being his only weakness, and when he starts to pull away, I force a smile to my face.

I open my mouth to tell him I love him, but his hand comes up to cover my lips. “Don’t say the words,” he begs. “Not here, not like this.” It’s the same words he asked of me

when we were captured together, and I force myself to swallow them back down. “You say them to me after,” he demands. “When this is over and we are back together, that’s when I want to hear them, when my wife is back in my arms.”

He brings his arms around me again, only this time I feel him slip under my jacket as he slides something into the band of my jeans. The metal is cold against my already near-freezing skin and I shiver, our eyes locking as I nod at him in understanding. “This is it, Rebecca, we have one shot at this, don’t fucking miss.”

His words are barely above a whisper, the sound nearly lost in the hammering of the rain as it pours down on us, yet still I nod again. I press up on my toes, dropping a quick kiss to his mouth before stepping back and saying loudly, “Give me five minutes alone guys, then you can join me.”

I turn before any of them can answer, or before I have to see the look in their eyes as I walk away from them. They know how important this is, and when I hear a few of the car doors open again, some of them no doubt taking refuge inside from the rain, I breathe a sigh of relief.

The walk through the graveyard is familiar. Even though it isn’t one I’ve done often, it’s not like I will ever forget where my father’s body was laid to rest. I make my peace in the walk though, say my prayers, whisper into my mind my fucking hopes and dreams, and when I finally reach the stone, it’s only sheer will and determination that keep me upright.

“Hey dad,” I whisper meekly. He is probably cursing me right now, screaming at me to turn and run. To go back to my Crows and let them protect me, but I am done relying on other people. I am a survivor, and I will rise from my own ashes alone.

I talk to him quietly for a couple of minutes, my head never turning, never searching, and when I feel him getting closer I sigh, finally finding solace. “I miss you.”

To my surprise, Carter appears in front of me, instead of behind me where I expected him. Stepping out of the shadows

cast by the trees, and coming to stand directly behind my father's headstone. "I missed you too, my little rose."

It's hard to choke down the emotions inside of me when seeing him. The anger, the fear, and worst of all, the longing for approval. Most people would find it weird if I told them that I missed him, but that's what trauma does to you, fucks with your mind to the point where everything gets muddled up. Cruelty, violence, assault, it can all feel like love, especially if it comes from the only person around you to show you affection when you have been snatched away from everything you have ever loved.

Yes he hurt me, in the worst ways, but he also spent two years caring for me, spending time with me, loving me, and when I look into his eyes now, it's hard to forget that just because I know it's wrong. We're connected, whether I want to admit that or not, there will always be a part deep down inside of me that belongs to the Mayor.

"Are you ready to come home, Rebecca? To end all of this" he asks, and the use of my name makes me shudder under his questioning command.

I nod, my eyes never leaving his as I reach behind me, my hand closing round the handle of my gun, but he doesn't seem fazed. In fact, his smile gets even wider, then I feel the needle jab into the side of my neck and that familiar darkness claims me once again.



Every second feels like an hour as we stand outside of the graveyard, pretending we are all okay with sending Rebecca in there alone. He's here, somewhere. That fucker is here waiting to get to our girl, and instead of looking for him, we are standing here with our fucking dicks in our hands, letting the chips fall where they may. I don't do this, leave things up to chance, that's a game for fools. No, this isn't me, I plan, I plot, I fucking execute, taking out every single threat against us until we are the only ones standing.

*So why the fuck am I still standing here?*

The enforcer in me is screaming at me to move, to do something, anything, but the other part of me, the one Rebecca owns, keeps my feet firmly planted, utterly unmoving. I made a promise, I made a vow, just like I made an oath to my patch, yet this feels like it's ripping me apart. Every second away from her is torture, something I am more than familiar with, yet being the one on the receiving end of it, is something I can't bare to endure.

So I stand and wait.

Seconds turn into minutes, and every one that ticks by feels like someone is plunging my blade directly into my heart.

Ezra and Aiden are silent beside me, and the rest of the Crows are inside the cars, watching our surroundings and readying for a war. A war that doesn't seem to be coming. Shouldn't something have happened by now?

The plan was clear, as much as I hated it, as much as I wanted to deny her, I couldn't deny that her idea was clear and solid. Go in alone, make a quick kill, and then come back to us. It was simple, easy, or at least it should have been, but as I wait for the sound of a shot that never comes, I let regret consume me.

It's quiet, far too quiet, and I feel the shadows of my inner-self transforming until any emotion I am feeling completely disappears. Angel is the one to finally break the silence, walking away from the other Crows and moving towards us. "Something's wrong, it's taking too long."

I know he's right, but there is still a lingering hope and denial inside of me, begging me to trust her. She knows Carter better than anyone, she said it herself, and she was right, she has to be right about this too.

"Just give her a minute," Aiden snaps, fury and fear colliding in his eyes as they trail over every inch of the graveyard. If something has gone wrong, he won't just bear the weight of it as her husband, he will also bear the weight of it as our President.

We can't see Connor's stone from here, it's much deeper into the cemetery than I would have liked for this particular plan, but Rebecca left no room for discussion. So we give her the minute, and then we give her five more, but the shot never comes.

To my surprise, Ezra is the first to move. "Fuck this," he snaps, striding towards the gate Rebecca entered through, and I am hot on his heels in the next second, my restraint instantly broken.

The rest of the Crows follow suit, all of us drawing our weapons, and spreading out to cover as much ground as we can manage. The rain is still heavy, fog is starting to crater over the forest in the distance, and I tell myself it's okay, that



everything is going to be fine, but the closer we get to Connor's grave, the more I realize how much of a lie that is.

The thick gray stone sits in a line in front of a row of trees. There is a path off to the side that leads towards the other entrance, and a small house on the other where the groundskeepers keep their tools. I haven't been here since the day of Connor's funeral, and it feels worse now than it did then. I remember how I felt that day, what it was like to stare down at a mound of dirt, like I have done so many times before, only this time there was someone I loved beneath it. Not only that, but I had to watch Rebecca with her head hanging low, her shoulders completely defeated, the rain washing away any tears she might have cried. I felt her loss as well as my own, and all I wanted to do was wrap her up in my arms, warn her to stay away from her, and tell her everything was going to be okay. Only that would have been a lie, because nothing has been okay since the day her father died.

Rebecca isn't here and neither is the Mayor, and I wish that made me feel better, that I could hope that Bex just walked a different way back and the Mayor was never here at all, but I can't. There is no sign of Rebecca or a struggle, but Connor's grave is covered in dozens of white roses, wilting in the rain, and dripping in blood. I tell myself it can't be hers, that there would be a trail of it leading us right to her if it was, but when it comes to Carter Fitzgerald, we can't be sure of anything.

He was here. He was here and he saw her, took her, and now he's gone. She was here, ready to kill him, equipped to do so, ending this once and for all, and now she's gone. Everything around me goes still, silent, like I am realizing everything in slow motion, and when I turn towards Ezra, his face angry and distraught, I know deep in my soul that this is really happening again.

Aiden snaps, snatching up the roses and smashing them against Connor's headstone like he wishes it was Carter's neck, destroying them completely. As they fall to pieces in his hands, withering away into practically nothing, he begins punching, his knuckles bashing against the stone until they are

split and bleeding. Irish is the one to finally move, grabbing him from behind to try and reign him in.

“Come on, Prez, we can’t find her if you lose your fucking head,” he curses at him, dragging him backwards, letting Razor step in to help him. Still, he thrashes against them both, anger fueling him completely, and I wish I could help him, join them in trying to stop him, but I feel as if I am falling apart right along with him.

It isn’t until Angel steps right up to him, gripping his face until Aiden looks at him, that he starts to calm down. “Fucking control yourself, this is exactly what the Mayor wants. You’ve been in his cage, played his fucking games, get a handle on your fucking anger so we can come up with a new fucking plan.” I don’t think I have ever seen the Boy Scout so angry before, not like this, and I’m starting to see why people now call him Ghost.

Those words seem to finally get through to him, his face turning somber as he exhales rapidly, the cogs in his brain turning over and over as he tries to regain control of his temper. He takes a deep breath, brushing Irish and Razor off him, and straightening his clothes, before snapping, “Get me Elle King on the phone.”

He doesn’t wait for a response, just storms back the way we came, heading back towards the cars, not stopping until he can climb back inside the driver’s seat. Angel joins him in the front, as Ezra and I slip into the back, and then Angel is dialing a number through the car system and the dial tone rings a few times before a male voice answers.

“What is it, Ghost, we’re busy,” the guy drawls in almost a lazy manner.

I see Angel’s jaw clench, biting back his own temper as he seethes, “Fuck off, Blackwell, and put the King on the phone, it’s fucking urgent.”

Silence follows, a few clicks sounding out down the phone before we hear that familiar voice. “What’s happened?” Elle asks, concern clear in her tone.

“The Mayor has her,” Aiden cuts in. “We need her location now!” I can tell it’s taking everything in him not to shout at her, and I think he deserves more credit for the control he is now showing, because I am ready to set this whole fucking town on fire until we find her.

“On it,” Lincoln chimes back in, still on the line, and we hear the battering of a keyboard as he does what Aiden asked. Barely a minute passes before Elle curses, as Lincoln whispers, “That can’t be right.”

“What is it?” Aiden snaps, his fingers flexing around the wheel, his bloodied knuckles turning white as he grips it too tight. I will have to fight him to be the one to end the Mayor, and for once I think it will be my President who will come out on top.

A few more keys are tapped and then Elle sighs, “She’s at the clubhouse.”

“The clubhouse?” Aiden asks, that rage from before coming back in full force. “Our fucking clubhouse?” No, that can’t be right, there is no way he would take her to our fucking turf, not unless he plans on... I let that thought trail off in my mind, unable to even finish it without vomiting in my lap.

I exchange a knowing look with Ezra, who still has his weapon in his hand, ready to kill for our girl all over again, as Elle exhales another breath. “We are dealing with another problem in town with some friends from the West Coast, but I’ll send backup to meet you there. How far out are you?”

Aiden glances back and forth, before putting his foot all the way to the floor and speeding up. “We’ll be there in ten minutes.”

Elle curses again, and I hear her shouting orders to someone else away from the phone before she comes back to us. “I can have a team there in fifteen, don’t go in alone, it might be a trap.”

I appreciate her help, but her words just make me laugh, and when I lock eyes with Aiden in the mirror, I see a feral grin of his own spreading across his face. “Don’t fucking

bother,” he snaps, rushing through a red light before he adds, “Just send a fucking clean up.” Then he disconnects the call and silence engulfs us.

The only sounds remaining are the checking of weapons, our heavy breaths, and the rapid tapping of Angel’s fingers across his phone screen. This is it. Back to the beginning, back to where it all started with her, a fight in our own goddamn backyard. I just hope it’s enough, hope she is still alive, because it might be the biggest risk we have ever taken.



**T**he smell of leather and iron rouses me from sleep. My body feels heavy, like I am not in control of it, and my eyelids scream out in pain when I try to open them. I try to move but find myself groaning when my limbs don't cooperate. When I finally manage to get my eyes to open, I have to blink them closed again instantly. The lights feel as if I am staring directly into the sun. I feel dizzy and disorientated, something that is all too familiar to me, as I try to recall what happened in the graveyard. Fuck. This is not what I had planned. What the fuck happened?

When I can finally blink without feeling like I am being blinded, I frown, focusing my stare on the ceiling above me. Not because I need something to focus on, but because I recognize it immediately. I'm at the clubhouse, and not just anywhere in the clubhouse, but in Church, the sacred heart of the place. Where decisions are made, and orders given, where the man in charge demands, and the people around him follow without question. I think my mind must be playing tricks on me, and I open and shut my eyes a few more times, trying to erase the image I am seeing, but it doesn't work. I am definitely where I think I am.

I force strength into my arms, pushing myself to sit up, and then freeze when I find Carter Fitzgerald sitting in my father's

chair at the head of the table. He's watching me silently, staring at me with that cruel, cunning glare that used to preempt his punishments, but that's not what makes bile choke its way up my throat. No, it's the eight dead bodies of only he knows who, filling up every other empty seat at the table. All of them women, all of them naked, but again that isn't what shocks me. It's the crimson stain across their stomachs where he has brutalized my name into their skin, branding them as my victims for eternity.

Blood, you think I'd be used to seeing it by now. I spent two years under this puppet master's strings, yet somehow he can still surprise me. These aren't the first women he has killed, I know that, I've seen with my own eyes far too many times the extent of his savagery. Yet seeing my name carved into their skin hurts more than any penalty he has ever forced on me. I've played these games, broken his rules, bored his sanctions, but it's never been enough. A deal with a devil is always going to be bad, but the cost of mine just keeps piling up.

I try to stop my hand from trembling as I bring it behind me and search for the gun I pray is still there, and his sickening, humor-filled laugh finally breaks the silence in the room. "Oh, come on now, my little rose, I thought you knew me better than that." He sounds disappointed and excited at the same time. He reveals the gun I was looking for, bringing it from where it was hidden under the table, and placing it on the wood in front of him. "Do you not think I searched every inch of your body before I brought you here?"

I smother the shiver that tries to break free as I stare him down, refusing to think about his hands on me, as I slowly push myself away from him. Instead, I think about the one other thing that was hidden on my body and pray it's still there. *It has to be.* I wait until I reach the end of the table, throwing myself off it to the floor, and caressing my arm on the way down. The thump knocks the breath out of me, and I have to take a few seconds before I can reach up and use the table to rise to my feet.

My legs are weak and shaking, and Carter makes no move towards me, which tells me there is no escape from this situation without a fight. I just have to keep him talking, distract him long enough until I can find my way out of this. I try not to let my eyes roam over the dead bodies that surround us, they are just a reminder of all of his sick and twisted ways. I can't focus on that right now, or the guilt that threatens to eat me alive as I think about who they might be, whether their families are missing them. No, instead I keep my focus on the Mayor.

My eyes trail over his body, noting the crinkled look of his suit, and the sweat gathering on his brow. He is probably still in pain from where he was shot, and for the time ever, he looks disheveled. There is no longer any control, something I know he prides himself on, and given how dire my situation already is, I can't help but taunt him.

"Looking a little worse for wear there, Mr. Mayor," I tease lightly, swallowing the dry lump in my throat, and ignoring the fear of how he might react. Like I said, I've played this game before, I know the rules, and how to break them.

He smiles, nothing like the one he used to give his voters, and I can see the mask he always wore has ceased to exist completely. There is nothing but the true monster I know him to be staring back at me. "I see that sharp tongue is back, would you believe me if I say I missed it?" he teases me with a grin, and in a way I understand him. Being with him feels familiar, like falling back into a routine as if we are nothing but old friends.

Yet I can't hold back my snort. "Missed punishing me for it you mean." The image of him slamming me into the table and trying to rape me rushes to the forefront of my mind and I push it away. I won't let him get close enough to get to me again, I just need to keep him talking, and keep this damn table in between us, then maybe I have a chance of winning this game once and for all.

"Semantics," he replies casually, with a wave of the gun in his hand, and it's as if I can taste the recklessness of him in the air. He leans forward and puts his elbows on the table as he

adds, “It felt good to have my hands on you again, stroking your soft, supple skin while you slept. I’ve been hard as a rock ever since.”

I have to stop my hands from reaching up to clutch my neck, my own lungs betraying me as they are empty of oxygen. I refuse to falter beneath his words, and instead I pray my voice holds strong as I smile and reply, “I doubt it’s as hard as the three cocks I took last night.”

It’s no surprise that he moves as fast as he does, pushing up from the chair and pointing the gun in my direction in less than a second. Spit flying from his mouth as he seethes. “You watch your fucking mouth you little whore!” More sweat drips from his forehead, as he pants through his outburst, pain clearly wracking his body, as he uses his free hand to hold himself up on the table. Slowly he regains control, breathing deeply until he can smile easily again. “You haven’t commented on the gifts I brought you.” He gestures with the gun to the naked women around us, and I force myself to hold his stare, pushing back my emotions.

“You should know by now how much I hate your gifts,” I reply coolly, trying with everything I have to sound unaffected by their presence. In truth I know the image of them will haunt me forever. If I even survive today.

“I would think you’d be more grateful considering it’s your fault they are dead.” His voice has that callous lilt to it once more, as he slowly moves towards the first victim. He strokes the bloodied and matted hair from her face as he purrs, “I wonder if your father would still be proud of you if he knew you were a murderer.”

I ignore his goading about my father and focus on the rest of his statement. “The only murderer here is you, you sick fuck,” I seethe, gripping the table even tighter to keep me upright. “You think I care about them?” I lie, ignoring the weight pressing on my chest as I face off with him. “They’re already dead, I can’t do anything to change that.”

His smile takes on a whole new vicious edge. “Well, lucky for you, my little rose, I saved you a live one.”



I don't register what he means at first, but as if his words were the signal, the door behind me opens, and my spine snaps straight. I make sure to take a step to the side, turning to put my back towards the wall so I can keep both Carter and the newcomer in my sights. Yet my stare is only on the woman being dragged in at his feet. Not because she's alive, or even because of how much trouble she is in, no, it's because I recognize her.

Special Agent Sasha Jones' face is bruised, her clothes soaked in blood, and when the new guard under the Mayor's command drops her at his feet, he smiles. Leaning down he fists his grip into her hair and pulls her to her knees, as he muses, "Isn't she pretty? Just like her sister."

I see fear in the FBI agent's eyes which tells me she isn't here officially, yet I also see determination, and it isn't lost on me what he just said. *Just like her sister*. Who the hell is her sister?

The guard leaves the way he came, slamming the thick door shut behind him, and I focus my attention back on Carter, ignoring the familiar woman at his feet. "I have no idea who she is," I claim, holding his stare firmly, which means I don't miss him rolling his eyes.

"The time for games has passed, Rebecca." I almost flinch at the use of my name from him again, but he is too focused on himself to notice for once. "Do you not think I know this bitch interrogated you? Banded you together with those thugs you love to whore yourself to so much." His grip on her hair gets tighter, and I see her biting back the pain like I have done so many times myself.

The tears I have been fighting back since the moment I awoke threaten to spill. I curse myself for him still knowing how to get to me, but I won't let him take my humanity from me like he took everything else. I pride myself on being weak, of wanting to protect the people I know I love. It's an affliction Carter will never be burdened with, and I'm sure he doesn't care to be.

“I’d rather be their whore than your wife,” I snap back, words so similar to ones I have thrown to him before. I wonder if he spied the black band wrapped around my ring finger?

“I miss your sister, she was a lot of fun, very submissive.” He muses out loud, choosing to ignore my outburst, forgoing any sort of punishment, and instead focusing back on his new guest, and still I have no idea who he is talking about.

Sasha and I lock eyes, and I see the pity in her stare before she licks her split lip and looks up at the Mayor. “Are you going to kill me like you killed my sister?” she asks, and I feel oddly proud of her for not letting any emotion leak into her tone. She doesn’t seem upset or scared, in fact she seems prepared, resilient, expectant. I’m not sure what to make of it.

Carter laughs, caressing her cheek softly in a way I am intimate with. “Oh, my sweet little agent, but I didn’t kill your sister, that was all Rebecca.”

I blanch back from the accusation, my eyes flying between the two of them, before I settle on her. “I didn’t kill anyone, I don’t even know who your sister is.” I search her features, desperately seeking some sort of resemblance to the hundreds of women that Carter brought home to play with, but I come up empty.

“I think you mean was,” Carter chuckles, like this is all some big inside joke that I’m not part of, before he sighs, boredom bleeding into him. “I suppose I’d want to forget the whore who fucked your little biker too if I was you.” He rolls his eyes, the detonation of his words exploding between us as realization sets in.

Her sister, the girl from the cage, the one he brought in to fuck Aiden, Daisy, or whatever her real name was, that was her sister. Pain and regret battle inside of me as I flick my eyes back to Sasha and let the first tear fall down my cheeks.

*It’s okay*, she mouths silently, preventing Carter from seeing her trying to comfort me, but all I can feel is pity. She has no idea what’s coming for her. She’s going to die. He is going to kill her right here in front of me, just because he can, and I can’t do anything to stop it from happening. She must

see the truth on my face because before I can say anything to stop her, she rears up and rams her head straight into Carter's stomach.

It's a move she probably learned in training, one she has probably done successfully at least a hundred times, but she has no idea what the once prestigious Mayor of Black Hallows is capable of. He steps back before her intended hit can land, and with her hands tied behind her back, her body falls forward, leaving her to smash her face into the corner of the table. Of course that isn't enough for Carter, he pulls her back and does it again two more times, until fresh blood is sputtering from her nose.

I take a step forward but freeze as she cries, "It's okay, I can take it." Pain etched into her tone as Carter hits her again and again. I can tell from the grit of his teeth that he thinks she is taunting him, but she's not. She's not telling him she can take it, she's telling me she can take it.

Thanks to his own injuries, her punishment is short-lived, but not any easier to watch. I find myself wondering how so many people stood by and watched me deal with the same in the past. Shaking those thoughts away, I straighten my spine, hold my head up, and act like what I just saw didn't affect me.

Carter straightens his distressed suit, trying and failing to wipe the fresh blood stains from it, before he gives up and runs a bloodied hand through his hair. "Like I was saying, I didn't kill your sister," he says breathlessly, straightening himself back up, and returning to the conversation like nothing happened.

"You expect me to believe that?" Sasha asks, spitting the blood gathering in her mouth to the floor, as she struggles back to her knees to look up at him. "There are eight fucking bodies around this table thanks to your handy work, and it's very similar to a body I have seen before." My eyes widen a little at what I know she is insinuating before she adds, "Tell me, Mr Fitzgerald, how well did you know Candice?"

Her name flows through me, the image of her mutilated body still fresh in my mind as Carter smiles. "Ah yes, that one

was me, and it was fun too.” He slumps back into my father’s chair, almost in a lazy manner, but after watching him for two years, I know it’s because he is feeling weak. Something I can use to my advantage, I just need to come up with a plan. I let my eyes roam around the room in search of something to help me as he continues to speak. “She was so fucking obedient that one, desperate to please me. I could have kept her forever, but she was too obsessed with hating you, my little rose.” His focus comes back to me, and I snap my eyes to his before he can notice me looking elsewhere.

“I knew sooner or later I would have to dispose of her like I have done with the rest of them, but I also knew her death could be useful.” The gleam in his eye returns, as he wipes the sweat from his head with the sleeve of his suit jacket, not realizing that all it does is leaves a blood smear across his cheek. “By the time I was done with her, she was practically begging me to kill her.” He presses his hand into his groin like he is trying to ward off his erection, and sickness floods my stomach. “I fucked her first, of course,” he adds with a wink, and I refuse to look down at Sasha as he reveals his true persona to her.

“Her gaping cunt was nothing special, even when she clenched around me as I slit her throat.” He waves his hand nonchalantly. “It’s nothing I haven’t done to whores like her before, they love it.” When he stands again, I notice his fingers tightening around the gun as his eyes completely zone in on me. “You were supposed to be different,” he starts, moving around the table, and I know this is it. “You were supposed to be mine, I was going to make you my wife.” He emphasizes the last word as if it now offends him, moving closer and closer with every word. “Now you’re nothing but a biker whore!”

I take a deep breath, praying that Sasha uses this distraction to try and escape, or at least attempt to get help. I back away slightly and turn myself fully towards Carter. “See that’s the one thing you could never seem to grasp, Mr. Mayor,” I start. “I’ve always been a biker’s whore. Since the day I first met them, but now,” I trail off, holding up my hand and flashing him the black band. “I’m a biker’s wife.”

The bullet comes before I can even take my next breath.



**T**he blood drips down her body, the maroon tint making her pale skin shine even brighter. She looks fucking perfect. So beautiful, just like always. I'm hard as a rock looking at her, my cock leaking as I take in the still, determined look in her eye, even as she falls to her knees. I should have done this the night I got her, showing her exactly how serious I am about people touching my things. She's mine, not theirs. If I have to fucking kill her to prove that point, then so be it. It wouldn't be the first time, and it seems those three pricks are always in the way. Not that I give a fuck about them, no, this is between me and her, just how it was always meant to be.

Her hands fly to her stomach, pressing down on where I shot her, and then pulling them away in disbelief. She should know me better than that by now. Pain is the best motivator after all. It's how I taught her to be my perfect little rose, but clearly I went wrong somewhere. I ignore the FBI cunt and stride towards Rebecca, gripping her by the hair, and moving to drag her from this fucking room. I don't care for their godlike bullshit and brotherhood ways, this is closer to a fucking brothel than a church, and there is only one place I want her.

“Come on, my little rose,” I spit, exertion pushing me to my limits as I pull her along. “Seems I need to remind you of all the lessons I taught you, and I know the perfect place to do it.” I don’t stop until we reach the basement, kicking open the door and dragging her into the middle of the room. “Let’s end this where it all started,” I grit, throwing her to the floor. “Where you let those three bastards defile you, it only seems fitting.”

She splutters, coughing some blood onto the floor, but then to my surprise, she raises her head and stares me directly in the eyes. “Those bastards are twice the man you’ll ever be!”

My hand flies out, the back of it catching her cheek, as I bring my leg up and kick her in the stomach, covering both counts of the disrespect she just showed me. “I don’t remember saying you could look me in the eye, let alone give you permission to fucking speak!” I snarl, pushing her further into the floor, and using my foot to press down on her wound, desperate to hear her scream.

“You think those cunts can love you the way I do? Can care for you like I do? They can’t even fucking look after themselves. They’re fucking pathetic, all three of them.” I push off from her, relishing in the blood soaking her clothes, making the fabric stick to her. Fuck, taking her now would be so fucking perfect. “Get up,” I demand, using the gun to gesture towards the sofa. A sofa I know she has fucked one of them on. “Get fucking up and get over there!” I reach down, fisting her hair again, and dragging her until she is against the sofa.

She lets out a slight groan, but it’s not enough. I want more, need more, and I won’t stop until I get it. She keeps her head down, heeding to my earlier warning, staying silent, meek, invisible, it makes me fucking sick. I don’t want her perfection, I want her pain. I want her on her knees begging for my fucking forgiveness, but I also want her screaming at me to stop. My cock is aching for pleasure at the thought of both. I’m hard because of how good she bleeds, how good she looks on her knees, but I’m also hard for how fucking good she takes the pain, how much she is fighting back. Fuck! Why

is she always so fucking perfect? Deep down I hate her for it, for the perfection that bleeds out of her, because it's what has always kept her just out of my reach. It's why she now has to die.

I reach down gripping her chin, forcing her stare to collide with mine. "Should I fuck your cunt the way they did, make you my fucking whore instead of theirs? Would you enjoy bleeding for me like you enjoy bleeding for them?" I lean my face until it's a breath away from hers, and when she leans back and smiles, I think I am finally getting my way.

Then she rears her head back and smashes it into mine.

Pain explodes in my nose as a growl erupts from my throat. "You fucking little cunt!" I whip the gun across her face, pleasure burning through me as her blood stains the barrel. Tears form in her eyes but she doesn't let them fall, and she bites her lip to keep herself from crying out. I guess I need to try harder. "I've broken you before, Rebecca. Don't you think I can do it again?"

I press the gun to the side of her skull, and use my other hand to rip the knife from my waistband. "I stole this from you earlier, I hope you don't mind." I place the tip of the knife at the top of her sternum and pierce the skin, dragging it down towards that filthy fucking tattoo I know is hiding underneath. "All these new scars will serve to remind them not to take from me. When they find your rotting, bloody corpse after I've fucked you to death, they will know everything that happened here today was their fault."

More blood spills down her chest, and it looks so pretty with the tears splashing down her cheeks. I tuck the knife back into my belt and reach down to cup her through her clothes. "I know how much this pussy has missed me," I say with a squeeze. "Do they know how hard you made yourself come for me?"

She fights beneath me, that O'Sullivan spirit just as strong as her father's. Because I am having fun, I let her go, reaching to undo my belt. "I let them all fuck me at the same time last night," she breathes, and anger and lust go to war inside of me



as I picture what she is saying. I release my hard cock and smear her blood down the length to lubricate it, and the little bitch smirks. “Are you gonna get off to the idea of them fucking me in a way you never have?” she taunts, her voice sounding weak and breathless.

“No, I’m gonna get off on the idea of fucking their wife’s cunt while she begs me to stop.” I jerk myself a few times, getting annoyed that her stare doesn’t even attempt to drop to my dick. Then I drop to my knees and force her legs apart. “You might not be screaming now, but you will fucking scream for me, Rebecca, I’ll make sure of it.”

I keep the gun pointed at her head as I reach down and push my hand into her underwear, her cunt only wet from the blood dripping down from her stomach. That thought gets me even harder as I leak from my tip, but still she doesn’t make a sound, and I note the deep inhale she takes as if readying herself. This has gone on for long enough, and when I hear commotion in the distance I know it’s time to end this. I’ll fuck her and then kill her. “Looks like the cavalry has arrived, my little rose,” I muse, taking the safety off the gun and preparing to take my final shots. “Any last words?”

Rebecca smiles, her white teeth bloody as she leans over and spits some into my face. “It seems you forgot your most important rule, Mr. Mayor,” she exhales, struggling to catch her breath. “In this town, there’s always someone watching.”

A metal barrel presses into the back of my skull, and I squeeze my finger tighter on the trigger. One of us is about to die. Who will survive?



# REBECCA

29

**S**ilent, deadly, undetected. That's how he slips into the room. He's alone because he's faster than the others, quieter, more ruthless. This is his job, what he was made to do, what he was born to do. *A true enforcer.* I can't help but smile, the blood loss no doubt making me delirious, but I have never been so happy to see him in my life. I can hear the familiar sound of gunshots and fighting as it starts to echo around us upstairs, but all I can focus on is Carter, as he presses his cock against my center, and Killian as he presses the gun against his head. Even if I don't survive, I can go knowing that he came for me, that they all came for me. It's all about to end.

I see the moment Carter realizes we are no longer alone, that his plan has been foiled. I see the rage and desperation as it consumes him. His mask no longer exists, his face now a direct line to his black soul, and when his finger tightens on the trigger of the gun at my head. I say one last, almost silent prayer, while staring him directly in the eye. "Murder."

*Bang.*

The sound is instant, deafening, and with zero hesitation, his blood splatters all over me as I watch the bullet rip through his skull. The vicious light in his eyes goes dark as they

practically explode out of his face, leaving nothing but blood and brain matter. The force of it makes his body slump onto mine, and I register the shock of pain going through me at the impact, but I can't move, can't think, can't breathe. He's dead. Carter Fitzgerald is dead. Killian makes quick work of dragging his body off of mine and dumping it to the floor, but all I can do is stare at his now completely lifeless corpse.

Killian grabs my face with the hands he just killed him with, dragging my stare to his, and I can see his lips moving, but nothing is coming out, or I can't hear what's coming out. I try to read his lips, but my eyesight feels blurry, and I find myself pulling away from his grip and returning my stare back to Carter. He killed him. Killian killed the Mayor.

My heartbeat smashes against my rib cage as more people force their way into the room, taking in the scene before them, but all I can do is slip off the sofa and drop to my knees beside Carter's body. My hands tremble as they reach out, tracing along his neck in search of a pulse, but I can't find it. No matter how hard I try, it's not there. He's dead. He's gone. Distrust floods my body, my eyes not believing what I am seeing, and when I pull my hands away, his blood has mixed with mine. I stare down at it trying to make sense of how this happened, unable to tear my eyes away as our blood merges together like long lost soulmates.

All I can think of is my cage, the one I called home, and the master who consumed me everyday. I was punished, then rewarded, starved, then given feasts, violated, then treated like a princess, and now I will never see him again. I will never hear his voice, or drop to my knees at his command, I will never fight to please him, and force myself not to fall apart during the parties with his friends. There will be no more voyeuristic showers, or days of darkness that feel like a lifetime. And finally, there will be no more threats against the people I love, and me doing everything I can to keep them alive. There will just be this, the memory of his cold, dead body, bleeding out at my feet.

Two years of torture, two years of fear, two years of pain, and now it's over. *Finally over.* My dad may be gone, but

Angel is alive, Ezra is alive, Aiden is alive, and Killian is alive. I did that, I saved them, protected them, chose them, over and over again, and now I finally won. He can't hurt them anymore. He can't hurt me anymore. I don't realize I am crying until Killian drops down beside me and grips my face in his palms again, thumbing away the tears that are falling freely. His hands, these calloused and wicked hands, they killed him, took him away from me forever, it's finally over.

His mouth starts moving again, concern thick across his brow as he implores me to answer him, and I have to use all the energy I have left to focus on him. His eyes widen as he searches my stare, repeating himself over and over until I finally register the words he is saying. "Rebecca, are you okay?"

I'm nodding slowly before he has even finished his sentence, still barely hearing the words, but I am already mumbling back a response. "I'm free," I whisper, my voice strained, my body weak. "I'm free," I repeat in awe, tears spilling down my face. "I'm free, I'm free, I'm free." Aiden and Ezra rush to his side, their eyes wide with panic and fury, as I turn and tell them the same thing. "I'm finally free."

Killian reaches down to help me up, forcing me to grunt, and his eyes drop to my stomach. "Fuck," he curses. "He fucking shot her! We need an ambulance." More curses sound out around us, as people begin rushing for help, but all I can do is stare up into Killian's eyes.

"I'm free, Killer," I breathe, struggling to catch my breath, my eyes feeling heavier by the second.

"Shhh, Sweetheart, I know, that's why I did it, to set you free." His words sound calm, sweet even, especially in comparison to the anger across his face, and my blood-stained hands reach up to caress his cheek.

"You did it, Killian, you set me free." I smile at him, my eyes starting to close, when all of a sudden he jolts me in his arms.

"No, don't fall asleep, Bex. I need you to stay awake, stay with me please." There is so much heartbreak in his voice that

it scares me to hurt him this much. Ezra appears next to him, phone to his ear, his eyes red and swollen as he looks down at me. "Help is on the way, Bex. We just need you to hold on."

I smile at him, or at least I try to. I don't know if my body is listening to me. There is a brightness starting to cloud my stare as I look at them. "I love you both, so much," I choke, blood spilling down my chin, making Ezra curse. And when I turn to look for Aiden I find him watching me, his eyes locked on mine, completely unmoving. "I love you too," I add, praying the three of them say it back before it's too late.

Aiden is the only one to respond, moving towards me and crashing his lips to mine, not caring about the blood across them, as he takes them with his own. Kissing me like I dreamed he would the day I first met him. When he pulls away, he locks me with his stare. "I'm not saying those words, not like this, you fucking stay here with us and I will say them to you every single day of your long life, but not now, not here."

Then he pulls away, rips the gun from inside his cut, and empties it into the Mayor's back. That's the last thing I remember before everything goes white.

*"REBECCA," a familiar voice calls. "Rebecca, what are you doing?" I turn around and see my dad standing there, looking at me in surprise. "You shouldn't be here."*

*I try to move towards him, but my body feels light, and the distance between us stays the same. Frowning, I look at him and shout, "But I'm finally free, Dad, don't you see?"*

*He shakes his head. "This is not how you end, you need more time, they need you." As if the mention of them jolts me, I feel hands scraping against my body, flashes of pain and cold moving through me over and over again.*

*She's lost too much blood.*

*She's going to die.*

*I can't fucking lose her.*

*I know those voices. I love those voices, but going towards them takes me away from my father. I can't lose him again.*

*"I'm not leaving you," I tell him, the pull for me to go getting stronger by the second. I turn back to my dad, noticing the mixture of love and grief in his stare.*

*"You have to go back, Rebecca. You don't belong here, and they won't survive this, they need you. They've always needed you."*

*I want to cry but the tears don't seem to fall, and when I reach up to touch my face, I notice the blood from my hands has now gone. "I don't understand, what's happening?"*

*My dad smiles sadly. "They're saving you, like you saved them, but you have to let them."*

*"Why?" I cry. "Why can't I stay?"*

*"Because you turn calm into chaos, my sweet girl, and they need that chaos." He disappears and then reappears right in front of me, his lips pressing to my head like a cold sweep of wind against my skin as he kisses me. "Go give them hell."*

*Then he disappears and I descend into the light once again.*



**H**er body goes limp in Killian’s arms as her name tears from my throat in a scream. There is so much fucking blood. Hers, his, fucking hers! We got here as fast as we could, yet it still felt too late. Aiden drove like a mad man through town, running stop signs and red lights without a care. When we were almost here we got a call back from Lincoln telling us there were men awaiting our arrival, but not enough. Killian demanded our President to pull over round the corner, slipping away from us so he could get into the clubhouse first without notice.

I thought he was fucking crazy, but then I remembered how easily he got into the Hades Mayhem MC that night, and held a knife to their leader’s throat without detection. I knew he could do it, and that we had to trust him, so we let him go to her while we took care of the others. There weren’t many, either due to the Mayor’s sheer arrogance, or just his lack of friends and funds these days, but either way they’re all dead now.

Yet Rebecca will be too if she doesn’t get help soon, if we don’t get her out of here we are going to lose her forever. That thought makes me sick to my stomach. I can’t lose her, I won’t survive it, none of us will. We have all lived without her, and despite what we thought was a betrayal, we still cared for her,

but this is different. We love her, she loves us, she fucking married us. I won't lose her for good when we haven't even had a chance to live.

“What the fuck happened!” Angel roars, storming into the room, his voice straining from his wrath. He doesn't even spare the Mayor a second glance, his eyes completely zoning in on Rebecca's unconscious body in Killian's hold.

*We have to get the fuck out of here.*

“She's been shot,” I say, my voice barely above a whisper, and I see Angel's face drop. He knows all too well how bad this is. We've both been there, we know what it's like to be shot and left bleeding out by fucking Carter Fitzgerald, and if he wasn't already dead, I would fucking kill him myself.

“Then we need to get her the fuck out of here,” he demands, and Killian must agree because he starts storming from the room, but my stare catches on the very dead body with its brains blown out all over the floor.

“What about him?” We can't just leave another dead body for the FBI to find, we are in enough hot water as it is. I don't think our fancy lawyer would appreciate a second round of trying to spring us from the police station. I doubt even he is that good.

Just as I have that thought, a woman appears in the doorway, gasping heavily and dripping in blood. “Don't worry, I got it,” she pants, struggling to stay standing, a weak smile on her bruised face.

“Sasha!” Aiden says in an alarmed tone, rushing over to help keep her upright. “Are you okay?” It's clear they know each other, but I have no idea who she is, and it appears none of the other guys do either.

“I'm fine, it worked perfectly. I got him,” she says, a hint of pride shining in her voice through the pain. “I got everything we need.” She holds up a wire and device in her hand, and I officially have no idea what is going on.

Aiden takes in the stuff in her hands and then drops his head back as if in disbelief. “I can't believe it worked,” he



mumbles to himself. “It fucking worked.”

*What worked?*

“You all need to get out of here, I’ll take care of this.” She doesn’t exactly sound convincing, and clearly Aiden agrees.

“How?” he asks. “I doubt even an FBI agent can explain away this many dead bodies, even if you are a little roughed up yourself.” I can tell he is trying to cut the tension of the situation, but there is too much shit going on for it to work, even for himself.

Sasha huffs a laughs, holding her ribs, and the word FBI jolts through me, but before I can question what the fuck is happening, a familiar face appears behind her, and Aiden shakes his head. “I thought you were busy.”

Elle King smirks, Asher and Lincoln by her side, as she purrs, “I couldn’t let you have all the fun now could I?” There is a team of guards waiting for instruction behind her, suited to deal with a crime scene like this, as she nods her head at them. “I brought backup because we can’t stay long, we are on our way to another job. However, I’ve got a van waiting upstairs, with a doc in the back, and a bunch of paid off surgeons waiting at the hospital, you need to go.”

I don’t even bother asking how she knew what we needed, I swear the girl is like fucking god, eyes everywhere, sees everything.

Killian doesn’t hesitate, pushing past them without pause and storming upstairs, with Rebecca still passed out in his arms. I nod my head at our friends and follow after him, Aiden and Angel hot on our heels, as Elle argues with the agent we leave behind. There are dead men everywhere, but all I can focus on is the blood trail that Killian is leaving behind as he makes his way outside with our girl.

Aiden instructs the rest of the Crows to head back to the apartments and lay low, taking the cars we came in back with them, as the three of us and Angel pile into the back of the van, greeted by an older man and to my surprise, Aria Harris.

“Doc?” I question, but her face is white, her stare blank and focused as the man instructs Killian to lay Rebecca on the table.

“I’m Arthur,” he tells us, not bothering to look our way, gloves already in place as he starts cleaning blood from Rebecca’s torso, while Aria cuts off her top. Before we can even say anything else the van starts moving, swerving out of the gate and hurtling towards the hospital, as the two medics talk back and forth.

“GSW to the stomach, knife wound to the chest, blunt force trauma to the face,” Arthur starts to list off her injuries, as Aria inserts an IV into her arm, and I know without looking that the guys are as panicked as I am.

The drive to the hospital feels like it takes forever, and by the time we get there Rebecca still isn’t conscious, but between the two docs they have at least managed to stem her bleeding. The driver pulls into a bay around the back that doesn’t seem to have any people around, and Arthur takes the lead, pushing out of the back and greeting the other doctors with a solemn smile.

“Good to see you, Dr. Royton,” one of them greets him. “Sorry it’s under these circumstances.”

“I’m sorry too,” Arthur responds, and then goes into detail about all of Rebecca’s injuries he has discovered so far, telling them what he has done and given her up to this point, and tossing the word surgery out like it’s no big deal.

Aria helps him lift the gurney from the van and I mildly wonder where they even got it from, but then I remember Elle King’s involvement and decide when it comes to her, nothing can surprise me.

The two docs rush inside with the others, updating the team waiting on every detail they can, before they take over and start rushing away with her body.

“Where the fuck are they taking her?” Aiden shouts, moving to follow them, but Arthur blocks his way.

“Let them go, son. They are taking her to surgery, there is nothing you can do but wait.” His tone sounds fatherly, and for once I am surprised that Aiden listens, his shoulders dropping in defeat.

When I turn to Killian, I find him covered in her blood, staring at his hands like he wants to chop them off just to get rid of the red stains. The sight has me frozen where I stand, sickness churning inside of me as I think about what will happen if she doesn't pull through this. I can't do anything but pray she makes it through this.

Aria is the first to move, approaching Killian slowly as if she might startle him, and when she reaches him, she ignores the blood and places a gentle touch on his arm. “Come on, Kill, let me get you cleaned up.” His head snaps up to hers, like she surprised him, looking back at the blood on his skin again before he nods. She gently steers him down the corridor towards a bathroom.

Arthur steps away, trusting Aiden, Angel and I won't move, and pulls out his phone, quietly relaying the details down the phone to someone who I am almost sure is Elle. It's only then that I remember the FBI agent.

I turn my focus to Aiden, who is still staring at the doors they rushed Rebecca through as I ask, “What worked?” Angel looks at me in confusion, then follows my stare to Aiden, who sighs as he turns towards me, but remains silent. “In the basement you knew her, you said you can't believe it worked. What were you talking about?”

He runs his hands through his hair, leaving streaks of blood on his skin as he looks at me. “It was a long shot,” he starts, clearing his throat. “I knew it was a risk, but I had to do everything I could to protect her.” I remain silent as he takes a seat in one of the plastic chairs, Angel grabbing another, as Aiden sighs again. “Sasha interviewed me when we were arrested, she asked about Carter, and then said some other stuff that I didn't understand, but she felt familiar, like I had met her before.”

There was no recognition when I met her, but maybe the bruising and blood on her face hid it from me, and I wrack my brain trying to place her, but just come up empty. Aiden looks towards Angel as he says, “I just didn’t realize it wasn’t her I recognized.”

Angel watches him closely and then I see his eyes flare in surprise. “Daisy,” he whispers, shaking his head, clearly trying to make sense of this the same way I am.

“Who the fuck is Daisy?” I snap, and Angel curses again, my stare flicking between the two of them.

“When Carter had all three of us, there was another girl there,” his words trail off, and I remember what Rebecca said when they all came home.

*Aiden was tortured, beaten, and basically raped.*

“So Daisy is Sasha,” I ask softly, trying to tread carefully, but my mind can’t make sense of any of it. If this is the girl who was forced on him, why was he working with her, treating her so nicely? It must have been hard for him.

“No, Sasha wasn’t the girl in the cage, but there was something about her, and then she took an interest in Carter, and the more I thought about it, the more I knew it couldn’t be a coincidence. So when Rebecca made her plan, I knew I had to have a backup in case anything went wrong.” I almost laugh, always thinking like a President, and in this case it couldn’t have worked out better. “I went to see her, demanded answers on why she was digging her heels in so much with us, and then she told me, and I knew, I just knew she would help us.”

I slump into the seat beside him, processing his words, as Killian and Aria return, the former looking a little more in control of himself with his hands now clean. I don’t know why Aiden didn’t tell us what he had planned, or how well it truly worked, but the one thing I do know is Rebecca’s life is hanging by a thread, and if she doesn’t pull through, it will break us all.

We can’t be a murder of Crows without our Queen.



**A**n incessant beeping noise stirs me from a deep sleep. I can hear the steady beat of my heart, rain pattering against something, and the soft hum of a TV playing on low. I try to force my eyes to open, but when I do I am blinded by daylight pouring in through a window. The room is unrecognizable, my memory foggy, and everything is blurry and just feels wrong. I can't move, can't talk, and it hurts to even breathe. *What the hell happened to me?*

Just as I have that thought, I slip back into darkness.

I wake up again and the beeping is still there, but there is no more rain or TV. Aside from the beeping, everything is quiet, peaceful. I open my eyes, and although not as bright as earlier, it still stings, and I have to press them open and closed a few times until I can adjust to the low light. I'm in a hospital bed, that much is clear. Evening is drawing in from what I can tell from the window, the sun setting in the distance, and the rain appears to have stopped. I try to move, but everything hurts, and then something soft squeezes my hand and I startle.

"Sshhh, it's okay." I move my head, following the voice, and the touch on my hand, and find myself staring into the eyes of Special Agent Sasha Jones. I frown, a little confused, but when I open my mouth to talk, nothing comes out. Sasha

jumps up and grabs a jug of water, pouring some into a cup and offering it to me with a straw. “Here, drink this, it will help with the dryness in your throat.”

She brings the straw right to my mouth and places it in between my lips for me, and it takes a great deal of effort to suck up a few sips of water. I only take a little, but instantly feel the soothing in my throat as the liquid splashes down it. My lips feel dry and a little cracked, and there isn’t a part of my body that isn’t screaming with pain. I glance down and note an IV in my arm, with some bruising and bandages around it, and I try to force myself to remember how I got here.

My eyes flash back up to Sasha and I look at her in question. “The guys will be back soon,” she rushes out, clearly uncomfortable. “They have barely left your side in days, so I forced them to go home and change.” She smiles weakly, but all I can do is focus on what she just said. *Days.*

“What happened?” I ask, my voice coming out all croaky, and I try to clear my throat, but all it does is cause me more pain.

“You were shot,” she says with a sad smile. “The bullet was lodged in the bottom of your stomach. You had to have surgery to get it out and repair the damage.” Her voice lacks emotion, as if I asked her about the weather, and I note the cuts and bruises to her own face which, from the feel of things, I’m sure matches mine.

“That’s not what I meant,” I whisper, and she gets up to grab the remote from the tray table on wheels sitting at the end of my bed.

“I know,” she sighs, turning the TV on and flicking through channels until she finds the news, and then I watch as she focuses on the headlines on the screen.

Carter’s picture is being shown over and over again, different shots of him as Mayor, smiling at town events, shaking hands with local police officers, all of them showing the mask he perfected. Fear rises up the back of my spine, as the image of his body slumping against mine flashes across

my mind. I shake my head, the pain indescribable, as I try to rid myself of those thoughts, and focus on what I am seeing.

*Liar*

*Double life*

*Corrupt*

*Murderer*

*Serial killer*

Word after word pours from the reporter's mouth as she spins a tale of the Mayor's dishonor and disarray. They have details of his crimes, pictures of my cage, and names of some of the girls he has killed. They have photographs of a few of them, and tears spill from my eyes when I realize I recognize nearly all of them. That I watched them all die at his hand. My heart starts to beat rapidly, my breaths coming in quick pants, as I bring my hand up and clutch my neck desperately.

Sasha jumps up, turning the TV off and clutching my other hand in hers, squeezing it harder than before. "It's okay, he isn't here. You're safe, you're free," she repeats over and over again, gesturing for me to take deep breaths in and out in an attempt to calm me down.

"I'm free," I pant, inhaling deeply. "I'm free," I exhale, squeezing her hand back even tighter, but she doesn't seem to mind. "I'm free, he's gone, I'm free, he's dead." I repeat the words over and over again until my heart stops hammering in my chest, and my hands stop shaking.

We sit in silence for a while, her still holding my hand, and we just let our own thoughts consume us. I'm glad she's okay, that she made it out alive, but all that does is remind me of her sister. I turn to her and take another deep breath. "I'm sorry," I start, and her head turns to me. "About your sister I mean. I'm sorry I couldn't save her."

Another squeeze of my hand before she drops it and takes a deep breath. "Her name is Briar," she whispers. "I know he called her Daisy, but her name, it's Briar." I stare at her in silence, processing what she just said, not just her sister's name, but she said *is*, not was.

“She’s alive?” I ask, the disbelief clear in my tone. I know I didn’t see her after what Carter made her do to Aiden, but after everything that happened, I just presumed he had killed her.

Sasha nods, tears now spilling down her face as she chokes out, “I spent over a year looking for her. I never gave up hope, and then there she was, knocking on my door in the dead of night, begging for me to help her.” She takes a deep breath, wiping the tears from her face. “She doesn’t talk much about what happened, but I still know. I can see it in her eyes every time she looks at me. She’s not my sister anymore, not the one I lost. She’s changed, he changed her. She blurted out his name one night, and yours, mentioned a cage, and punishments, until she was shaking so bad she could barely breathe.” She shakes her head, no doubt trying to rid her mind of the same horrors I am more than familiar with. “When you guys came into the station that night, it was like something clicked in my mind. I read your name on the sheet, heard all about the dead girl in your clubhouse, and I just knew they were connected to what happened to my sister.”

I remember how she looked at me in that interrogation room, the questions she was asking to try and make me talk. It all makes sense now, but if her sister made it out alive, how did Sasha end up with the Mayor?

As if she can read my mind, she adds, “I knew I couldn’t let him get away with what he had done, that there was more that I couldn’t even imagine, and I wasn’t going to stop until I took him down.”

“Is that how you ended up being taken by him? You got too close?” It wouldn’t surprise me if that’s what happened, I know how cunning Carter can be, but Sasha is shaking her head.

“Aiden came to see me last week, asking me questions about the Mayor,” she starts, and my eyes go wide in confusion, but she just continues on. “I had asked him about the Mayor during his interrogation, had heard about him being held with you and another one of your friends, and I knew he had answers, I just didn’t know how to get them.”



I try to piece together everything she is saying with everything I know, but still I don't know why she would take our side. "Why did you help us?"

It's the one thing I am still not sure of. She's FBI, Carter kidnapped and tortured her sister for over a year, why not just bring down the full force of her office on him? Surely her sister's word would have been enough to convict him, and I like to think when it came down to it that I would have taken the stand against him.

"Aiden convinced me," she sighs, clearly not completely comfortable with the decision she made, and when I stare at her in silence she continues. "He told me about the Mayor, about what he did to you, what he did to others, what he did to my sister," she trails off, eyes starting to glisten with emotion again. "He said it didn't matter that I was FBI, that they wouldn't protect me or her against him, and that the only way to end him was to kill him, not convict him." She shrugs like none of this is a big deal, like she didn't just help us take down the Mayor and end him once and for all.

"I don't even know what to say," I admit, not sure if anything of this even matters. I don't think we will be able to escape another murder scandal unscathed, no matter what the Mayor did to deserve it.

"There is nothing to say, I made my choice, and sitting here now knowing that I saved you, I can't regret it, I won't." Her solidarity makes me smile, but still I worry about what's going to happen next. "I recorded enough incriminating evidence on the Mayor that you don't need to worry, and I'm not sure how deep Elle King's pockets are, but it's enough that as far as the Hallowed Crows are concerned, you're all cleared of any crimes, you'll be okay."

Disbelief floods my insides. I can't believe it. We did it. The Mayor is dead and we are all finally free.

We talk back and forth a little more after that. She gives me more details about what the FBI uncovered about Carter, and how they dealt with all the bodies at the clubhouse. She's right, Elle's pockets clearly know no limits, and by the time

we are done, I feel myself drifting back off to sleep, as Sasha tells me she will go and fetch a nurse to check on me.

By the time I wake up again, the morning sun is bursting through the blinds on the windows, though not quite as blinding as when I first woke up yesterday. My eyes flick around the room, not finding Sasha, but instead a whole murder of Crows. Killian and Ezra are asleep on one another on a sofa against the wall, and Aiden is asleep in the chair next to my bed. To my surprise, Angel is also present, standing by the window and watching the world below.

“I hear some crazy shit happens in this town,” I croak out, my throat still a little dry, and his head snaps in my direction instantly. His frown turns to a smile as soon as we lock eyes.

“Becca,” he breathes in relief, closing his eyes as if they haven’t rested for a single second in days. “Thank fuck.” He marches towards the bed, pulling my hand into his and smiling. “You gave us quite the scare,” he warns, tone completely serious, but I can still hear the relief in it.

I smile softly. “Yeah, well, what are best friends for if not to show that anything you can do, I can do better.” It’s a lame joke with the worst timing, but still he laughs, shaking his head at how ridiculous I am.

“God I missed you,” he smiles, leaning down and pressing a gentle kiss to my forehead before pulling back. Then he loudly clears his throat. “Wake up, assholes!”

All three of my Crows startle, turning their heads to Angel instantly with a frown, until they see him standing next to me. I smile at each of them, and they’re on their feet in the next second, charging towards me, and crowding around my bedside.

“Bex,” Ezra breathes. “You’re awake.” He drops onto the side of the bed, ignoring the wires there, and leans in to crush my body to his in the same way I did when he was shot. My grunt of pain snaps him out of it of course, but the feel of his body against mine, even with the pain, is just another reminder that I’m free.

“Of course I am, it’s just a little gunshot wound, no big deal,” I joke, and he shakes his head.

“It’s a good job I love you,” he starts, leaning in to drop a kiss to my lips, before moving his mouth to my ear. “Because when you are better, I am going to punish you for that little joke.” His words send a thrill throughout my entire body, and I swear I can feel my face burning, which only makes the bastard smile as he moves away.

Aiden steps in next, that usual serious, brooding look on his face, his emerald eyes boring into mine as one of his hands comes up to cup my cheek. “We thought we lost you,” he whispers, and I swear I can see the tell-tale sign of tears ready to fall as I look him over.

The tension is unbearable and we have been through enough to know that for now, I can push away all my trauma and grief and just enjoy being alive, because I have them. “Is that how it is? I got a wedding band on you and you’re trying to get rid of me?”

Two of them laugh, but Aiden is more serious than I have ever seen him as he leans down, and I feel a ghost of a kiss across my lips. “Never, Little Sully.” That nickname flows through me, for once making me blush instead of making me groan, and then he adds, “You can say it now, Princess.”

I frown, confused at first, but then I remember what he told me, what he refused to give me when I needed it, which is just typical, stubborn Aiden Graves. I smile as I say, “I love you, even though you’re a possessive, grumpy asshole.”

He laughs, his hand moving down to clasp around my throat. “I love you too, wife.” Then he kisses me, soft and gentle, as if it’s the first time he has ever tasted my lips, before pulling away and brushing his thumb across my mouth.

When I move my stare to Killian, he is standing silently at the end of the bed, watching me carefully. He did it, he killed the Mayor. There was no long drawn-out torture, or possibilities for him to escape. He just held a gun to his head and took the shot without a second thought. There are not enough words I know to ever be able to convey to him how

much that means to me. He's an enforcer, a killer, he brutalizes our enemies for fun, because he enjoys the pain and the blood. Yet when it mattered most, when he faced our most vicious enemy, he erased him without pause.

"Killer," I breathe, love, pain, and affection all packed into that one word as we stare at one another. "Thank you." The tears fall before I can stop them, but the other guys step aside to allow him to step up beside me. His thumb reaches up to catch my tears as they fall.

"It was my pleasure, wife," he purrs, and Ezra groans.

"Christ, not you too," he complains, and I burst a laugh through my tears, taking in all four of their relieved faces

My best friend, and the three men I love. All tied to me for eternity in one way or another, and finally, we are free.

I was caged, broken, and taught how to submit. Yet, I made it out, I survived. And like the Crow I was born to be, all I will do now is soar.



## EPILOGUE

### One Year Later

**T**he breeze flows through my hair, my hands around Angel's stomach keeping me steady on the back of his bike. He might not be an official member of the Hallowed Crows MC anymore, but my best friend still likes to get out on the open road every once in a while and take his bike for a spin. Today it was so we could go and visit my dad's grave together, something we do at least once a month. We take flowers, catch up with my dad, and then grab a coffee at a diner in town. It's weird to think that such simple things were missing from my life for so long, and now that I have them, and I get to enjoy them everyday. I can't imagine ever living without them again.

It took me a couple of months to fully recover from everything that went down with Carter. Not just my gunshot wound, but the trauma of everything that happened. I didn't sleep through the night for months afterwards, and it was as if his death, my finally being free, unlocked everything I had been keeping inside. I had panic attacks and nightmares almost every single day, even with the guys around to support me, but things are getting better now. I see a therapist once a week,

and we have slowly been working through all the things that happened to me.

As Sasha promised, the Hallowed Crows were never connected to Carter's death, or the death of his guards, in any way, and apart from a couple of intense interviews about my time with him, we have pretty much been left alone. The only loose end from all of it that still isn't tied up, is Angel's father. Roger Burrows hasn't been seen by anyone since the night he came to the compound and Angel saw him, but that doesn't mean he isn't still out there. I know Angel is looking for him, that he won't stop until he finds him, and I just hope it happens sooner rather than later.

Things between him and I are doing better now, they were still strained for a while, but we have both been making more of an effort to spend time with one another. I understand why he had to stay away at first, that it wasn't fair on his feelings for us to see each other, and we aren't as close as we used to be, but it suits us. I'm with the Crows most of the time, and even though he will always be my best friend, he has forged his own path in life, and I hope one day he finds someone to share it with.

When we finally make it back to the clubhouse, I still can't contain my smile as we roll through the gates. The place looks amazing. It was shut for a while due to the crime scene teams needing it for their investigations, and when it was finally released back to us, I couldn't bear to go inside. After a while we decided to rip it back to the basics and start fresh. It's been replastered, repainted, and completely freshened up. We still kept some of the special places untouched, like my father's garage, but the rest of it got a brand new look. One that reflects how far we have come, and the type of club we are now.

Angel pulls up by the main garage, killing the engine and allowing me to dismount. I run my hands through my hair and take a deep inhale, relishing in the smell of oil and leather. It smells like my dad, like home, and I have to pinch my arm to remind myself that this is all real. That we survived and I got everything I always wanted.

I turn towards Angel to thank him for the ride. “Thanks for coming with me today,” I say, reaching up to place a soft kiss on his face.

“Anytime, you know that,” he replies with a smile, turning the engine back on and revving it with a wink.

I shake my head at him, before turning to head inside, when he calls out to me again.

“Becca!” I pause, looking over my shoulder at him in question. “Happy birthday,” he adds, before shoving his head back into his helmet and tearing out of the parking lot like he is being chased.

I watch him leave and then continue on inside, finding exactly what I always do on most days here. Alfred is in the kitchen, no doubt working on another new recipe for us all to enjoy. I swear one of these days he is going to leave us and open up his own restaurant, when he gets tired of only feeding bikers. In the main room, I find Razor and Irish playing chess, one of them probably cheating, while the other complains that it’s not how Butler taught them. They nod their heads at me as I pass, and I say hello with a fond smile, shouting out that I will play whomever wins tomorrow. It’s our usual routine these days and they both agree.

Then I walk around the rest of the club and greet the other members, including the new prospects that started last month. All of them fully vetted thanks to Lincoln, the last thing we need is another snake in the grass. Then I set out to search for my guys. I won’t have to look far, I know exactly where they will be. During the makeover to the club we re-hauled the entire basement, ripping everything out and starting again.

They wanted to erase what happened to Carter, they even kindly offered to burn the whole clubhouse to the ground, but I refused. Yes he tainted this place, but it’s still my home, the place where my father spent most of his life. I didn’t want to say goodbye to it. So now we have a lovely open plan apartment in the basement, with a huge bed big enough for four, a living area, and an ensuite bathroom that easily accommodates our extra-curricular activities.

I smile as I walk down the stairs, remembering how nervous I was that night three years ago, and how different it felt compared to now. I was naive back then, thought I knew everything, thought I knew them. I couldn't have been more wrong, but now, with the weight of the black ring they gave me bearing down on my hand, I know deep down in my heart that this thing with us will last forever.

So I descend the stairs, rubbing my thumb against my ring as a reminder of how we got here, and smile when I think of everything I have planned for us.

Today is my twenty-first birthday and there is only one thing I want.

*Them.*

When I enter, I'm not surprised by what I see. Killian and Ezra are lounging on the bed together, Kill with a book in his hand, and E just lazily watching him read. Killian's brown eyes flick across the page rapidly, in a way that tells me whatever he is reading is fascinating to him, and the two of them are relaxed in nothing but sweat pants given it's the weekend. Ezra's blond hair is longer and messier than ever, and it looks like either him or Killer have been running their hands through it all morning.

Ezra's blue eyes light up when they see me, and his tongue flicks out to lick his lips, the light shining against the tongue bar he had put back in not too long ago. I had definitely missed the feel of it against me, and by the smirk on his face, I'm sure he knows that's what I am thinking. As soon as he had it put back in, he was dragging me down here to take it for a test run. His words, not mine, and I'm not ashamed to say, it was one hell of a ride.

Killian looks up now, as if just my presence calls to him, which I wouldn't be surprised if that were true. The two of us are connected on a deep level, stronger because of the freedom he granted me that day, right here in this room. It doesn't matter that we have painted the walls, and changed the furniture, the invisible blood stains of the Mayor will always remain. My hand comes up and thumbs over the fabric of my



dress where all of their initials are carved. Killian follows the movement, his talent for noticing things as always, knows no bounds. He closes the book without marking the page, the spark of interest in his eyes now focused on me alone. When I notice the blade sitting on the nightstand I smile, stepping into the room and closing the door behind me.

Naturally, my eyes scan around the room in search of my third Crow. I find Aiden sitting at the desk in the corner, working. Of course his President cut is across his back, it's rare to find him without it, and I admire him for a few seconds silently. He's changed so much in the last year, in ways I never thought he would. He's embraced our group relationship completely, and become the kind of President my dad would have been proud of. I wish he was here to see the legacy he left behind, and I don't just mean mine. I mean the three men he helped raise too.

"I'm sure Connor taught you that it's rude to stare, wife," Aiden drawls, and I smile at how some things never change. Still forever the one in charge. His lips curl up into a smirk as he turns to me and adds, "Just because it's your birthday doesn't mean you can do whatever you want."

His tone is smooth yet utterly possessive, and I have to hide the way my body shakes as he rises from his chair and moves towards me. "And what if what I wanted to do, was you?" I ask with a coy smile, and watch in fascination as his jade green eyes darken.

"You want something, Little Sully, then you better ask for it." He erases the distance between us, his hands coming up to cage me against the door on either side. "And don't keep me waiting, wife, you know how impatient I get."

"Maybe I'll call Murder and you'll have to do what I say," I breathe, goosebumps already rising up on my skin before he has even touched me. I flick my stare over to Killian and Ezra who are watching me with complete focus, ready for anything.

Aiden's hand curls around my throat and squeezes tight. "Don't look at them, look at me." It's the same words he said

to me that first night down here. “Your move, Princess, what will it be?” It’s a taunt, a dare, a thrilling game of cat and mouse, and I am ready to dive in with them head first.

“Murder,” I whisper. The two syllable word echoes around the walls of the basement, until the only other thing I can hear is the rapid beat of my heart. Aiden drops his hand, backing away until he can join his brothers on the bed, taking a seat at the end.

He gestures his hand to me as if to say go ahead, do whatever you want, and the choices are endless. I push up off the door and move towards them, letting my stare drag along each of them. They are still as beautiful as the day I first saw them, and could still bring any woman to their knees if they chose to, but the black bands still circling their hands means they’re all mine.

Just like the first night, I slip the dress from my shoulders, letting it drop to the floor, revealing all of my scars to them. None of us escaped the war unscathed, and I see my battle wounds as something to be proud of. They remind me that I am a survivor, that I am loved, that I am free. The red lace underwear I have on underneath, I know will drive all three of them wild, and when I reach the bed where Aiden sits, I smirk.

“On your knees, husband,” I demand, looking down at him with nothing but lust. “I’m sick of hearing you talk and I know there is only one effective way to shut you up.” Killian and Ezra both laugh, their hands already running along one another in a way that makes me flush with anticipation.

Aiden watches me closely, noting the tightening of my thighs as I wait for him to submit to me. “Do you get off on talking to the President of an MC like that?” he asks, his hands coming out and running up the back of my legs softly.

“No, I get off on having you on your knees for me,” I answer truthfully, with a pointed look, and he shakes his head as he slips off the bed and drops to the floor.

“How’s this, Princess, is this to your liking?” His hands grip the side of my underwear and then he drags them down my thighs agonizingly slowly.

I shake my head. “No, there is still too much talking.”

His chuckle is deep and raw, as one of his hands lifts one of my legs and places it over his shoulder. “Then I better find something else to do with my mouth then, huh?”

The first swipe of his tongue is ruthless, licking up and down my slit, before swirling it around my clit, and sucking it gently into his mouth. The throb in my pussy pulses against his tongue as I feel myself getting wetter and wetter for him. “You taste so fucking good, Princess.” He sucks my clit into his mouth again, only this time he slips a finger inside me at the same time. He fucks it in and out of my cunt while his tongue continues its pattern of gliding up and down the length of my slit, and then lapping against my clit even more.

I gasp, my entire body tensing as his finger finds that sweet spot inside of me and he starts to rub. Then he is spreading my thighs even further, going at me even harder, his tongue licking and sucking, teasing and tasting, and then covering me with his mouth completely, working my clit until I am crying out for him. “Yes, god yes, Aiden, don’t stop, please,” I beg, my entire body shaking as I already start to come undone for him.

I roll my hips against him, trying desperately to meet every swipe of his tongue, and he groans, pulling me against him even harder. “I am fucking addicted to the taste of your cunt, Rebecca,” he purrs against me. Then he dips down, sliding his tongue inside me, penetrating my hole alongside his finger. I whimper, throwing my head back and giving myself over to the pleasure. I grip the back of his neck, pulling him in even deeper, relishing in the feel of his hot, wet tongue as it fucks me.

“God, our wife is fucking perfect,” Ezra moans, and my eyes snap to his, to find both him and Killian watching me closely. They have both slid out of their sweat pants, and have their hard cocks in their hands, tugging on them slowly.

It’s a sight I have seen a thousand times before, but it never goes old. We have fucked in every position imaginable this last year, in every configuration imaginable, and still, it’s

never enough. I always want more. Their cocks are already leaking pre-cum and my throat aches for a taste. As if Aiden can read my mind, he starts fucking me with his tongue even faster. He alternates between circling my clit and fucking my hole, a relentless rhythm on both, until I am writhing and gasping above him.

Every muscle in my body starts to burn. That addictive, maddening feeling spreading out through my entire body, until I am trembling against him. “That’s it, Princess, be a good girl and show your other two husbands how hard I can make you come.”

My orgasm explodes, the feeling wracking through my entire body in a way they have mastered, and all three of them groan as I ride out my pleasure on his tongue, until my chest is rising and falling rapidly. My leg drops down from Aiden’s shoulder, but I have to use his to keep me upright, resting both my palms there as I try to catch my breath.

Aiden rises to his feet, curls his hand around my throat, and pushes his pussy soaked tongue into my mouth, stealing any breath I was hoping to catch. He kisses me like the sky is falling, like the world is ending, and all I can do is let him. When he pulls back, his pupils are blown out, and I can feel the hard length of his erection pressing into my stomach. “Happy birthday, Little Sully,” he whispers against my mouth, licking his lips like he is trying to taste me even more.

My hands reach down between us, pulling on his belt at the same time I pull his bottom lip between my teeth and suck. “Since it’s my birthday, I think I deserve a special treat from all three of you,” I tease, reaching inside his jeans and stroking my fingers along his length.

“I seem to remember something similar on your last big birthday,” Kill muses, moving to sit up so he can take over jerking Ezra’s cock. I smile as Ezra moans, tipping his head up the ceiling and closing his eyes as Killian starts to trail his tongue along his neck. God I fucking love them.

I pull back from Aiden, reaching up to push his cut off his shoulders, and then watch as he reaches back and pulls off his

shirt over his head. I take his pants the rest of the way off and then shove him back onto the bed, climbing on top of him. I don't waste any time, lining myself up with his thick length, positioning him at my entrance. I press myself against his waiting cock, letting the tip slip inside, clenching at the hiss he lets out.

"Fuck, Rebecca, you kill me," he groans, gripping my waist tightly, slamming me down onto his waiting cock.

I cry out, pleasure lighting up my entire body as he starts to fuck me roughly, quick, shallow strokes, building my orgasm up all over again. "More," I beg. "I need more." The words are barely out of my mouth, and Killian and Ezra are already moving, ready to give in to my every desire and need.

Ezra reaches me first, crowding my back as his tongue finds my ear, the cold metal of his piercing a contrast to the heat of his tongue. "I love my greedy little wife." His tongue flicks against my ear, making me shiver, the possessive term slipping from his mouth so easily. He gave the other two so much shit about calling me that for months, until he realized how wild it drives me. "She's always so ready to take three cocks." Goosebumps erupt along my entire body as his tongue slides inside my ear, and I can feel his smile against my skin.

"My ass, Ezra, please." Aiden slows his strokes inside of me as I plead for E to fill up my other hole. Killian is the one who moves to the bedside drawer and tosses some lube to his lover.

"Your wish is my command, Love." I hear the cap open, and a few seconds pass before I feel the cold liquid being pressed against my ass on Ezra's fingers. Then he is sliding the first one into my hole, and that familiar burn that makes me crazy spreads out through my lower half.

"More, E, please," I ask, craving his thick length, but it's Kill who appears at my side, grabbing my chin in his fist.

"So impatient today, Sweetheart, you better watch your mouth, you wouldn't want me to punish it." He keeps my eyes locked on his as Ezra starts to stretch out my ass with another finger. "You love having your ass filled, don't you? You like

being shared by all three of your husbands?” His other hand reaches down to trace the letters along my hip, the scar a constant reminder of who I belong to.

I’m nodding when I feel the tip of E’s cock press against. “Yes, I love it,” I breathe, relaxing my body to let him slide inside. When he reaches the hilt, I gasp, and Killian erases the distance between us, capturing my mouth with his.

The other two remain still, letting me adjust to the feel of them filling me up, before Killian pulls back and groans, as my hand closes around his cock. Swirling my wrist around his length in a way I know he loves.

“Fuck, Love, I always forget how fucking tight you are,” E spits out through his gritted teeth, and my body clenches around them.

“If I don’t fucking move I am going to kill someone,” Aiden groans, his fingers digging into me so hard that I can’t wait to wear his marks tomorrow.

“Ready, Sweetheart?” Killian asks softly, a tone he only ever uses with me, and I smile nodding.

As if I waved a white flag, both Aiden and Ezra start moving inside of me, drawing their cocks out and then pushing them back in. They start slow at first, savoring the feel of their cocks inside of me, but then when I start moaning they pick up the pace. Fucking me hard and rough, exactly how I always need to be fucked, and I throw my head back against Ezra’s shoulder and take it.

The next thing I know, I feel the bed dip as Killian climbs on top of it, pressing his legs on either side of Aiden so he can line himself up with my mouth. “Suck” he demands, his tone now darker and more cruel, the enforcer in him brewing just beneath the surface.

My mouth opens instantly, my tongue dipping out and teasing his slit with soft little flicks. He makes a low sound in the back of his throat as I press the flat of my tongue against his head. Then I gag as he shoves his cock to the back of my throat without warning, until I am filled by all three of them.

Aiden in my pussy, Ezra in my ass, and Killian in my throat.

My three Crows have been ruining me since the day I first laid eyes on them. And me, their Queen, loves every fucking second of it.

THE END.

## **AFTERWORD**

**Thank you for reading**

**- Disarray -**

**Hallowed Crows MC Book Four.**

The end has finally come and the Crows journey has finished. If you enjoyed it then please leave a review on Amazon, your support means the world to me!

Make sure you join my readers group so we can chat about the book and I can keep you updated on my upcoming projects - there might even be some familiar faces...

[Readers Group - GN Wright's Rebels](#)



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Crows,

How the hell did we get here?

I cannot believe I have typed the end on Rebecca, and her three men, bringing their journey to an end, and what a journey it has been! I fell in love with these characters as soon as they entered my mind and they spoke to me louder than any other characters have before.

They took over my mind, my heart, my soul, and I am so beyond grateful that when I shared them with you, you all fell in love with them too.

I cannot thank all of you amazing readers enough for taking a chance on their chaos and letting them into your hearts. I seriously love you guys!

Sammie, my day one, my best friend, my side piece, my soul sister. Thank you for always encouraging the chaos, vibing out all of my crazy ideas with me, and telling me when I am being too British. I cannot thank you enough for everything you do for me. You make me a better writer and a better person. I love you always my little bee!

Sam, my little bacon bish! I definitely gave you all my crazy with this one but as usual you took it in your stride and yelled at me every time I called this book trash. Thank you for always listening to me whine about being a garbage writer and more importantly for disagreeing with me every time. Also lets not forget the bomb ass cover you created for me yet

again. Your talent and heart are my favourite things about you.  
I love you Canada!

Heather, what can I say apart from thank you for saving my ass in everything, all the damn time. You're a real angel and you know how much I love you. Just thank you!

Dean, we still aren't talking about it, but thank you for reading my words and keeping me on track. You're the best Joben!

To my husband and daughter, thank you for always being my best hype squad and telling me I can do this. All of this hard work is for you and I love you more than life.

And finally to myself... YOU FUCKING DID IT!

**ALSO BY G.N. WRIGHT**

**THE BLACK HALLOWS SERIES**

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**DEADLY GAMES AT BSU (co write)x**

1. *All Bets Are Off*

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

G.N. Wright is a self published author of dark romance. She lives in England with her husband and daughter. When she isn't writing she can be found reading, listening to music, and spending time with her family.

She enjoys a good social stalking so be sure to check out all of her links below!

