

DEAR DARKNESS

# Lethal



LEAH STEELE

**Lethal**

Dear Darkness Book 4



Leah Steele



Lethal by Leah Steele

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# Introduction

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# Foreword

## **Please Read!**

The Dear Darkness series is a reverse harem themed book, meaning the female main character will end up with three or more love interests. Our FMC is a true psychopath and as such doesn't feel emotions or pain the same way the rest of us do. And trust me, she experiences several traumatizing situations. She is self-proclaimed as "emotionally dead" inside... Seeing as how this is a series, Lethal will end on a cliffhanger. You will possibly be left with more questions than you started with.

Please continue reading if you would like to know the possible triggers in this book. Be prepared to find assault, blood, gore, death, murder, gun violence, stalking, torture and violence. The spicy scenes have a hint of degradation and some blood and knife play.

## Ravenmaster's Rules of Killing

**The first rule of killing:** Don't let anyone see you...

**The second rule of killing:** Don't keep any evidence connecting you to the crime.

**The third rule of killing:** Don't tell anyone.

**The fourth rule of killing:** Don't leave any evidence behind.

**The fifth rule of killing:** Don't bring any devices with you that can track your location. Unless it's one of mine.

**The sixth rule of killing:** Don't leave a body behind to be found.

**The seventh rule of killing:** Always make sure you control the circumstances.

**The eighth rule of killing:** Always come out on top.

**The ninth rule of killing:** Make sure at least one of your men is involved.

**The tenth rule of killing:** Make sure to clean your workroom when you're done.

**The eleventh rule of killing:** Make sure no one can overhear you when making plans.

**The twelfth rule of killing:** Never leave your Raven behind.

**The thirteenth rule of killing:** Don't forget to spice things up from time to time.

# Chapter 1



## Raven

Six piercings. Six of those exquisite bars of delight. His Jacob's ladder runs along the bottom of his shaft, glinting as he turns... It's an even better sight in person than how I imagined it. Each one spaced out the perfect amount to ensure you feel its presence. I've replayed the memory of Ravenmaster fucking me a million times. It's not even a close comparison. I stare at it long enough to count every rung before it's ripped from my view.

It feels like a lifetime ago when Ravenmaster sent me a picture of his dick. It was hard and angry with the shining metal decorating it. In the background was a computer screen where a video of me was playing as I got fucked by who I thought was my stalker. His method of proving that it wasn't some random picture he stole off the internet.

All the clues were there this whole time. I even suspected him. And yet, that one minor detail kept me from believing it, especially because he didn't have those piercings when he fucked me. How the hell did he pull that off?

Cole has a Jacob's ladder... Ravenmaster has a Jacob's ladder...

What the fuck is going on?

Can it really be true? Is it possible my damaged nerd is also my stalker? Or is it more likely I've entered an alternate reality?

Memories spiral through the forefront of my mind. It's like a flipbook of polaroids showcasing every interaction I've had with Ravenmaster compared to the ones I have of Cole. How the first one came before I even spoke with the sweet nerd from the coffee shop.

How did he even know I killed someone?

Right when I think I'm getting past my men keeping secrets, even more are unearthed.

By the time I'm able to focus past the scenes flashing across my mind, I find Cole is now dressed and running through the bedroom door with a bag in hand.

Where the fuck does he think he's going?

"Cole!" I call after him, shock momentarily holding me immobile. He doesn't stop, doesn't even glance over his shoulder. There's no sign he even hears me. Motherfucker.

I move to go after him, but the cool air conditioning blowing across my nipples quickly reminds me I'm naked. Knowing there isn't a second to waste, I pick up his discarded towel from the floor and wrap it around me, tucking the corner into the top as I make it past the door frame.



Cole's brown head disappears out of sight where he descends the stairs. Shit, he's fast. "Cole! Stop. Don't you fucking leave without us!" My scathing shouts fall on deaf ears, but I won't be swayed. If he won't listen to me, then I'll find someone else who will. "Somebody stop Cole." My men are here, not to mention my brother and his guys. One of them is bound to get in his way.

A door slams closed as I reach the halfway landing on the staircase, and I can only hope it's one of the guys, and not Cole himself, already having left. "What's going on?" Vander asks, popping his head out of the living room.

"What's the ruckus?" my brother yells from the kitchen.

It's like they don't fucking listen. "Someone needs to stop Cole!"

"He just grabbed a set of keys and darted out," Matteo says.

Jasper comes up behind me from the staircase. "What's the problem?" he rumbles.

We don't have time for this. Cole isn't in his right mind. Or maybe he is... but there was a recklessness in his gaze. There's not a single doubt in my mind that he's on a warpath, and anyone standing in his way will be blown to pieces. He needs someone who's thinking clearly by his side, because soon enough there'll be a trail of bodies in his wake. He'll need someone to make sure he doesn't get caught. Not to mention, I want to support him in finding his sister.

My exasperation gets to be too much at the whole situation, and I run my fingers through my hair, forgetting I'm only covered by a towel. I quickly drop my hands to hold it in place as it slips. "An alarm went off on his computer. I guess he had a search running for his sister, and it suddenly came up with footage of her. He ran from the room without telling me anything. We need to get to him before he does something stupid," I tell them. None of them move, and I feel the need to repeat myself. "We have to go after him before he disappears."

If I'm right and he's Ravenmaster, I doubt we'll find him until he wants us to. Images of him leaving behind evidence flash through my mind. He's emotional right now, and emotions lead to carelessness. I can't let him throw everything he taught me out the window. Rule number four and all.

"Any idea where he was going?" Jasper asks, his hand landing on my hip. The warmth of his body closes in against my back.

"I didn't get a good enough look at the location as it whirred across the screen. I was too busy trying to figure out what the fuck was happening in that club. Shit, I think it was something like LA. Doesn't matter. First place he'll go is the airport." I roll my eyes, annoyed with the newfound Ravenmaster identity. "Fucking asshole with a private jet."

"Shit," Vander growls. "Jasper and I will go after him. You get dressed and meet us at the airport. If anything changes, we'll call you. There are go bags for all of us in my room. Bring them with you." He grips me by the chin and smacks a

hard kiss on my lips before striding for the kitchen. “Enzo, I need a set of keys.”

Jasper spins me to face him. “How badly do you want him stopped?” he asks, a serious set to his jaw.

“Would you let me leave without you?” I question back with a raised brow.

A deep menacing growl erupts from him, and he takes a step closer, like the thought alone makes him want to shackle me to him. “Absolutely fucking not.”

“I’ll hold you both responsible if he steps foot on that plane without me,” I threaten. Ideas already forming of how I’ll make them pay.

Jasper’s eyes light up with an evil gleam. “So anything goes? Anything at all?”

Yep. That man knows what he wants to do, and something tells me he’s been keeping it in his back pocket for a while. I can tell by the way he’s asking he thinks it’s something that might piss me off.

At this point, I don’t care what it is, as long as I don’t lose Cole to his vendetta. My fingers twitch, and I wish I had the knife he gave me. Nothing makes a conversation sound more threatening than when you have a weapon flicking between your fingers. Although, on second thought, Jasper would find that hot. “Killing him is off the table.”

“Don’t worry, Little Bird. He won’t leave without you. I’ll make sure of it.” Jasper smacks my ass as he walks past,

following Vander into the garage to chase after Cole. The sting prickles against my cheek, reminding me of when he painted my ass red at the shooting range. Damn, I need him to fuck me like that again.

I shake off the thought and push away my worries about what he might do. There simply isn't time for it right now. My focus needs to be on getting dressed so Grayson and I can leave. There's some banging in the kitchen as I storm up the stairs, but I ignore it.

When I reach the top, I find Grayson walking out of Vander's room as I whip around the corner. He has five bags in his hands, most likely the same ones Vander mentioned. I didn't even know Grayson was close enough to overhear. Shows how much of a one track mind I'm dealing with right now. "I've got these. I'll meet you in the garage."

A weak smile is all I can muster for him. I'll give him a better thank you later. I grab the first things my hands touch, dragging on the jeans and a t-shirt as quickly as possible. I don't bother with a bra or underwear, as they'll only slow me down, and barely spare the time to slip on socks before slamming my feet into lace-up boots. Seems like a situation where serious shoes are in order. Never know when you might have to use your shit kickers. And there's no doubt Cole deserves to have his ass kicked.

My brother meets me at the bottom of the stairs, his phone in one hand, and a set of keys in the other. At the sound of my footsteps, he glances up from the phone and slides it into his

pocket. “I’ve contacted my men and given them the tracking information on the vehicle Cole borrowed. They have orders to detain him, but let me tell you now, if it ends up damaged, you’re paying me back.”

He waves his hand in a follow me motion and walks off to the garage. “You have trackers in your vehicles?”

Enzo throws me a scathing look over his shoulder. “Wouldn’t you, *Sorella*? I’m not about to risk a rival coming into town and fucking with my things, losing precious time when I could have tagged my shit.”

“Aren’t you worried about someone hacking into it and using it against you?” I ask as we enter the garage. Grayson catches my eye right away where he’s scrunched in the back of Enzo’s sports car. The bags must be shoved in the tiny trunk, which is a good thing, seeing as there’s no more room in the backseat. I slide into the front, and Grayson places a comforting hand on my shoulder, squeezing gently. The smell of leather surrounds me.

“Cole’s services have been for hire for a while. Everything electronic is protected from anyone hacking it, and there’s a failsafe in place to wipe everything clean if I need it,” Enzo says, resuming our conversation as he starts the car and throws it into reverse.

We speed down his drive, accelerating even faster when we hit the streets. Enzo doesn’t waste any time slowing for turns, which I appreciate. “Why am I only now finding out about this?” I grumble.

“To be fair, I didn’t know about it until he said something. He works in the dark, never sharing his name. Everything is completely anonymous.” Enzo stops talking when the tires scream as we take a turn a little too sharply. “Knowing his reputation makes me trust him even more. He’s made a name for himself. I’m happy to help you guys out in any way you need.”

I glance at my brother, taking in the sincerity written all over his features. “Thanks, Enzo. I really appreciate it.”

“You’re leaving, aren’t you?” he asks, sparing a quick peek at me before focusing on the road again. “For good,” he specifies. There’s a hint of sadness in his question that tugs on my chest.

“It seems that way. Don’t worry, little bro, I’ll come back and visit.” I pat him on the arm in a teasing way, knowing he’s concentrating on the road. “I’ll need to get the rest of our stuff, anyway.”

“I’ll hold you to it,” he says, chuckling. “You know *Padre* won’t be happy about this, right?”

A scoff bursts out of me. “Like I give two shits.”

Enzo winces. “Don’t worry, I’ll smooth it over with him.” I’m not worried about the man who abandoned me, not in the least. “Again,” he adds under his breath.

We make it to the airport in no time. Some of his guys are already here manning a gate where a security guard is suspiciously missing. They hold the barrier open, ready for

Enzo to drive in without having to stop. He navigates us toward the same hangar where they picked us up when we arrived in New York.

It draws closer and I keep my gaze set on Cole's private jet where it sits on the tarmac. The stairs are down, ready for someone to climb on. It's a clear sign Cole hasn't boarded yet. Because I know he wouldn't pause for a single second once he's inside. He'd pull them shut himself and demand the crew to take off immediately.

We're almost there when a car comes from the other side of the hangar. It's banged the fuck up explaining why we're getting here at the same time. I'm not sure if it was my guys or Enzo's men who crashed into him, but I'm thankful for whoever stalled him.

"Fuck!" Enzo growls. "You so owe me, *Sorella*."

"I'll make sure Cole sends you a new one," I say with a laugh lacking all humor. "Stop the car," I demand, watching as Cole sprints for the stairs of the plane. We're still too far away to make it in time to stop him from boarding. But that doesn't mean I can't stop him another way.

Enzo whips his head around to look at me, sending us dangerously close to spinning out with his focus on me instead of the road. "You sure?" he objects, regaining control of the car.

"Do it," I growl, a flair of annoyance sparking between us. I don't like being questioned, even by my brother.

He slams on the brakes, and the seatbelt holds me in place as we abruptly decelerate. The terrible sound of screeching tires fills my ears. I'm already drawing my gun as I fling the door open and step free. Years of marksmanship training have me lining up the sight based on muscle memory alone, and I pull the trigger, hitting my target dead on.



## Chapter 2



## Cole

**T**he plane grows closer as I make my mad dash to it, when suddenly, a bullet ricochets against the tarmac. Who the fuck would dare to shoot at me? They're a dead man. I whip around, reaching for the gun I shoved in my pants after leaving the car, searching for my target. I wasn't planning on leaving a trail of blood behind so early, but I'm not against it either.

My gaze zeros in on Raven, standing next to a car, her black tresses flowing behind her like a goddamn goddess come for her retribution. We come to a silent standoff, staring at each other. I can't kill my reason for breathing...

A split second after I flick my eyes from her, a burning sensation streaks through my thigh. I haven't even taken a step yet, but it makes me stumble. I throw my hands out, catching myself on the tarmac. I've already wasted too much time stopping, I can't pause now to find out what the damage is. I shove to my feet, ignoring the added prickles of annoyance now warming my palms. My gait has a limp to it, but I remain

focused on making it on the plane. Everything else can wait till I'm in the air.

No amount of pain will stop me right now. Not when I'm set on my mission to find Becca, my twin, my innocent little sister. She's in danger, has been for years now, and I gave up on her. Wrote her off as dead. Now look what's happened. I failed in every way to save her. That changes right the fuck now.

I might have lost my ability to process emotions, that part of myself having died long ago, but it's been slowly waking up, as if the universe is against me. I blame my Raven. The small speck of brightness in my dull, colorless world. She's the catalyst, the one who sparks these slight changes in me.

It's as if the world I've carefully constructed for myself is caving in around me. I can't live without Raven in my life, but I also can't live with myself, knowing my sister has been suffering because of my shortcomings. I have to fix it.

A wave of lightheadedness passes over me as I reach the stairs, making me stumble once more. The sharp tang of fresh blood reaches me as my core tightens, working to keep me upright as I grasp the handrails, using them to hurtle me upward.

As I stagger up to the last step, a heavy weight slams into me from behind, propelling my body into the entryway of my jet. I faintly make out a grunt of surprise from the pilot, but I don't pay it any mind, ignoring the throbbing in my leg and rolling over to shove the weight off.

Vander's angry scowl greets me before his fist pounds into my face. My head rocks to the side with the force, and I throw a punch into his kidney, followed closely by a knee to his nuts. He works to power through the force of my hits, but I'm already jacked with so much adrenaline, he has nothing on me. I quickly palm my gun, and pistol whip him, aiming for the side of his head.

It connects, and Vander grunts before passing out on top of me. "What the fuck are you waiting for? Get us the fuck into the air," I yell at the pilots. They're lucky they weren't standing around staring at us. That and the fact I don't have time to replace them. I might have a lot of skills, but flying isn't one of them.

Vander's body makes a thump when I shove him off. The movement causes his leg to hit mine, sending a throb of pain through the limb. It must be bad if it's able to affect me.

Glancing down, I find my leg slick with blood. With each second that passes, it becomes harder to push past the effects of the wound. The leg won't hold my weight, so I crawl to the door, shutting it for takeoff. Before it closes, I catch a glimpse of my Raven. Her black hair blows in the wind, icy gaze narrowed on me, watching as the jet rolls toward the runway. Her lips pinch together, anger whipping around her.

A gun hangs at her side, tightly gripped in her palm, finger still on the trigger. That bitch shot me... and I couldn't love her more. She shot me to keep me with her. Nothing says love louder than that.

I finally get the door closed, removing her from my field of vision. Doesn't matter though. The image of her, my fierce killer, standing there with fury in her eyes is seared into my mind. The memory will fuel my spunk bank for years to come. But first, I have to save my sister.

We round a corner and I know we'll pick up speed any second now. I've never been more thankful for bribing the air traffic controller to ensure I can take off the moment I need to. It sure is coming in handy now.

Vander's body blocks my way to the seats, which is just as well. I need to restrain him before he wakes up.

Black dots dance in my vision as I kneel, and I shake my head in a futile attempt to get rid of them. My movements seem sluggish, my fingers not wanting to do what I tell them, the zip-tie I reach for slipping through my hold.

It takes longer than it should for me to get the end through the hole and tighten it around his wrists behind his back. I'm right in time too because he rouses as my weight slumps to the side.

One glance at his hulking form and it's clear that I won't be able to move him. Not in the state I'm in now. Fuck. I need to take care of my leg. This isn't ideal at all.

"What the fuck did you do? You're a goddamn moron. I swear to fuck you're the stupidest genius I've ever met," Vander hisses, struggling with his bindings.

“Me?” I rasp, ready to strangle him with his prickish tone. “She shot me. I didn’t do a damn thing.”

“Wow. You’re certainly proving my point.” In all the time I’ve known the man, I’ve never seen him give me a dirtier look. Something about it says I’m worthless, not even worthy to lick the scum from the bottom of his shoe. “You left her.”

I can’t help but stare at him for a moment. And here he thought I was dumb. Raven has more than me to protect her. She’ll be fine while I’m gone. “I need to find my sister.”

“You don’t need to do it alone.” He moves to a sitting position and wipes the corner of his mouth with his shoulder, leaving behind a smear of blood.

I think about it for a moment, but it doesn’t change anything. “Fucking drop it before I make you.”

Vander seems to realize whatever he’s trying to get across isn’t working. He rolls his eyes. “You need to take care of that wound before you pass out from losing too much blood.”

With the mention of it, a warm, wet sensation registers. I glance at my leg where the initial burning sensation happened, and find a bullet wound in my upper thigh. It’s just shy of being a graze. Before I can lose more blood, I whip my belt off and fasten it above the hole to help stem the flow.

Once again, my leg gives out as I try to stand, not wanting to work in the least. Vander lets out another disgruntled sigh, then says, “If you release my hands, I’ll help you. Not that you deserve it, but I know it’s what Raven would want.”

My face twists with a sneer. I don't need any fucking help. Shoving all my strength into my arms, I push against the ground, only to fall flat on my face again. Did she lace her bullets with goddamn poison?

The mocking laugh spewing from Vander doesn't help my disposition. He turns and shoves his hands in my face. "Cut me loose." I do it, begrudgingly. I don't want his help. But it seems I don't have a choice. The moment he's free, he asks, "Where's the med kit?" I point at the cabinet it's in and he makes quick work of grabbing it, bringing it over to the couch where he dumps the contents.

After picking through to find what he wants, he returns to drag me to the couch. "Careful, asshole!" I shout as he makes sure to hit my head on every captain's chair we pass.

"I said I'd help. Not that I wouldn't make sure you feel every ounce of pain you deserve."

Jokes on him. Psychopaths don't experience pain the same way everyone else does. It's how I'm able to function with a bullet wound in my leg. If it wasn't for the blood loss...

He tosses me onto the couch and uses a knife to rip open my pants so he can fully see the wound. "It didn't go through. I'll need to dig it out." He doesn't. That's a myth. Most bullets can stay in the body, but I won't correct him. It's not like it hurts that bad, more of an annoyance. "You're damn lucky Raven is such a good marksman. That and every possible variable lined up perfectly for the bullet to miss all the major arteries in your leg."

The knife glints in the lighting as he picks it up again, dosing it with some kind of antiseptic from the med kit before digging the sharp point into my leg. There's a little too much joy on his face as he does it.



While I'm one step closer to my sister, time is of the essence. Too much has already been wasted. I squandered years believing she was dead. Now an urgency pulses through my veins, spurring me on, whispering in my ear that she'll die for real if I don't move fast enough.

Fury grips me with how long it took to bandage my wound. It stole precious minutes that could've been used to find Becca. Everything else takes a back seat as I dive head first into hunting for information. Who runs the club, the member list, and cell phones that pinged from the location. Not only today, but in the past year.

Everything I find gets saved to my hard drive, and I set programs to run in the background to compile even more details based on what I already found. I move on to performing a deep dive into the finances of every person on my list. With every click of my mouse, the suspect pool becomes bigger as the number of sick fucks grows. The innocents better hope to fuck they don't get in my way, because I don't give a fuck about them. There won't be any prisoners in this war. Only blood and death will satiate me now.



My concentration remains firmly fixed on my work. Code flows from my fingers as I hack into security cameras, digging through everything and anything I can.

The skid of tires meeting the landing strip is music to my ears, but it's muddled when Vander speaks up. "Do you really want to piss her off like this?" he asks again.

Same question, different words. It won't change my answer, but unlike all the times I ignored him, I finally voice them. "This isn't about Raven. It's a personal matter. I have to take care of it before I can focus on shaping her into the little killer she'll become."

Vander scoffs. "We've all been guiding her. It's not like it's a hardship. You know you love it, possibly more than the rest of us."

It's my turn to scoff. "Not all of us. Grayson is even more innocent than she was when this all started."

"But isn't it fun watching her corrupt him?" he responds, leaning against the couch like his arms aren't uncomfortably tied behind his back. A bruise is already blooming where I cocked him with my gun. I'm surprised by how well he's taking the whole situation. It actually pisses me off, if I'm being honest. Misery loves company. And he's choosing to take the high road. Putting Raven's desires above his baser instincts.

"I don't have time for this," I spit out, as the plane taxis to the hangar. As soon as we stop, I'm speeding to the club. I had arranged for a car to be waiting, and never travel without an

arsenal on hand. The weapons are stored behind panels in the bedroom, which I've already transferred into a duffle bag for easy transportation. It's everything I need to take out every mother fucker in my way.

“No offense, man, but you're not thinking clearly. You need to change your clothes. You're covered in blood, which is begging for evidence to get left behind.” His gaze trails over me, his expression showing how much he thinks I'm being an idiot right now. “What are the rules we gave Raven to make sure she doesn't get caught?” He sits forward, leaning toward me with his legs spread to stabilize himself with his hands tied. “You're doing this alone when you could have backup like she always does. Let me at least come and help you.”

Fuck. He's not completely wrong.

My jaw clenches, overwhelming anger filling me that he's the one pointing this out. I'm the one who is always calm, collected, and has his shit together. The mask I show the world has nothing on the man I am underneath.

He's right. But as stupid as I know it is, I don't want to admit it. This is my mistake. My sister. I'm the one who needs to find her and protect her. Accepting help would be equal to admitting defeat. And I've already taken a deeper blow than I thought was possible.

With a loud scoff, I turn from the insufferable man. I've only put up with him because of his connection with my Raven. Because of her infatuation with him. But I don't need to put up that show when she's not here.

# Chapter 3



## Cole

**M**y phone dings with yet another text from Raven. She keeps texting Ravenmaster, wanting an explanation for me leaving. I scroll through them all, not having opened them yet, knowing I needed to keep her at the back of my mind for now.

**Raven: Where the fuck do you think you're going?**

**Raven: Cole, you better answer me... or else.**

**Raven: I swear if you don't wait for me, I'll shoot you again.**

**Raven: We're a family. We do things together now. Not run off alone.**

**Raven: You wouldn't let me act this way. What happened to all the rules you gave me?**

**Raven: Are you really going to ignore me? Hypocrite much?**

**Raven: Cole. Answer me, goddamnit.**

**Ravenmaster: Little Bird, I don't think he's in the right frame of mind to answer right now.**

**Raven: I don't give a fuck about his frame of mind. He doesn't get to leave without giving me answers.**

The corner of my mouth twitches, threatening to lift into a smile and shift my mood by a minuscule amount. First, she shows her love by shooting me, and now she's compulsively texting me. It's quite possible Raven is as obsessed with me as I am with her. Not that it surprises me much. She's been consumed with Ravenmaster from the moment she got his initial text message. Now she thinks she knows the secret behind him. She doesn't though. Not fully.

The text where she claims we're a family is the one that almost breaks my resolve. Having lost mine is what made me into the man I am today. And she's right. Raven is my entire world, and as much as I don't want to admit it, her other men are the brothers I don't want. Doesn't make us any less of a family. Which is why I reluctantly brought Vander with me and didn't shove his unconscious ass out the door.

In front of us looms the sex club. It's nestled in a nondescript building on a popular downtown LA street. Traffic was a nightmare, something I should have expected. And yet, in my rush to get here, I still took a moment to pause and read Raven's texts. It says a lot about how much I care for her, even if I'm choosing to ignore them for now.

A soft pop signals the door opening when I pull on the handle, the weight of it smoothly swinging out as I glide from the car. Neon lights from the businesses along the road light up the night, creating a haze in the sky that doesn't reach me where I've parked behind the building. I know there's slim to no chance my sister is still here. But I still hold on to a shred of hope. The possibility is there, although the camera feed cut out on me when we were in flight, due to not having the bandwidth I needed to run my systems.

If she's not here, I'll tear the place apart until I get information that can lead me to where she is. I press a button on the key fob from my pocket, and the trunk silently opens. As I make my way to the back of the vehicle, I slide my hands into a pair of gloves, ensuring I won't leave my fingerprints behind. Something Vander reminded me of at least three times on the drive.

Reaching the back, a soft touch of my finger encourages the trunk to open to its full extent. Splayed out on the bottom are several weapons and holsters that I get to work strapping to my body.

Per Vander's nerve irritating observation, I changed my clothes before disembarking from the plane, something I'm thankful for now as I load myself down. The tactical pants have several pockets for me to fill with extra magazines and a few areas I can slide various knives. I wear a bulletproof vest and strap on a double holster over it before threading my arm through the strap of an AR-15, letting it rest against my back.

I palm my favorite handgun, a Rugged Obsidian 45, and affix a silencer to the barrel. This gun will do most of my work tonight, needing to keep my kills quiet to avoid alerting the patrons of my presence too early. I wish I could strike them full of fear with the knowledge I'm making my way through the building to them. Not knowing if they'll make it out or not. Spoiler, they wouldn't. But as much fun as that would be, it creates too many probabilities for me to get caught. Again, having Vander in my ear the entire car ride ensured I wouldn't forget.

The trunk slams shut and I stride for the back door. Before I make it more than a few feet, Vander's muffled yell reaches me through the glass of the window. I turn to find him glaring at me. "Open my door, asshole."

For a moment I consider leaving him here, stewing in the front seat of the car, waiting for me to finish. But having him around has helped the haze of anger clear some, and I'm thinking a little more rationally. Keeping him with me increases my chances of getting home to my Raven at the end of all this.

With an annoyed growl, I stomp toward his door, opening it so he can spill out of the car. Much to my chagrin, he lithely steps out. It's like his arms aren't even tied behind him. Does the fucker practice getting by without his arms in his spare time? He's really taking away my fun.

“Don't speak and don't get in my way,” I hiss over my shoulder, walking to the back door once more.

“How about you free my hands and give me a gun?” The simple question grinds against my nerves. I should have left him on the plane.

I ignore him, opting to open the door instead. He isn't here to help. I only let him convince me to bring him so he can watch and make sure I don't leave any evidence behind. He claimed Raven would cut off my balls if I was caught. She'd do it too.

As the door swings, I'm greeted by a bright light of a breakroom, the space bridging the back of the building and the interior club. Two guards hastily shoot up from their seats, and I quickly fire a shot into each of their foreheads and then lower the barrel to take out the whore kneeling in front of them. My reflexes are so quick, they don't get a sound out.

Vander huffs as the two guards fall, a soft thud sounding when they hit the ground. “What?” I question him. “Feeling something for your fallen brethren? Me killing guards hitting a little close to home?” I can't help but taunt him, hoping I can cause a little pain. My misery would love some company.



He doesn't answer me, ignoring the bait I set for him. That's fine. I'll find my fun somewhere else. I crack the door open that leads from the break room into the rest of the club. I find a hall with dim lighting and a sensual thrumming beat bouncing off the walls. The music hides some of the moans coming from the rooms on either side of the walkway, which will aid in covering the sounds I make as I kill everyone in the building.

The blueprints I found showed me several things that helped with my game plan. One was where the owner's office is, the other was the entrance to their literal dungeon, which is where my sister was being abused. That's where all the sick fuckers will be, the people who might help me find my sister if she isn't here.

Everyone else in the building will simply be collateral damage. They can't help, and I don't have time to sneak in and out. I step into the hall, keeping my eyes focused down the length as I approach the first door, making sure nobody pops into view who can raise an alarm. The knob turns and I push into the room, sweeping my gaze across the area.

A shudder instantly runs through me. The room is filthy. A trashcan overflows with condoms and wrappers. Dried cum runs along the outside and has pooled along the rim at the ground. There's no bedding, only a bare mattress covered in stains. I turn from the room, not wanting to see anything else. There wasn't anyone in there anyway.

One thing is for sure, this isn't a high end club like the ones Enzo runs. This is a place for the sickest scum of the earth to find their pleasure without a care for safety or consent. It almost seems more like an underground trafficking brothel that moonlights as a crack den than an actual sex club. But the proof is in their cyber footprint. It's a legit club, though I'm not sure how they stay open.

For a brief moment, I consider torching the place when I'm done, but quickly discard the idea. I want the man who has my sister to hear about what I did here today. To know how much carnage I left behind. It's a calling card. One I plan on leaving again and again until I find him.

I move from room to room, taking out anyone I see after making sure none of them are my sister or that fucker I saw her with. I'm almost to the end of the hallway when a woman stumbles out of the last door. She slowly turns her head in my direction. Her stringy hair hangs in front of her face, but I'm still able to see the glazed over emptiness in her eyes. The woman is clearly high; track marks line both arms.

It takes her too long to notice the gun in my hand as she stares at me. The moment her eyes go wide, I don't hesitate to pull the trigger. She falls to the ground in a crumpled heap and the force shoves her foot into the door she closed behind her. It swings open and an annoyed shout follows. "What the fuck, bitch. I said I was done with you." Whoever is in the room must not have actually been looking when he spoke, because I belatedly hear scrambling and a shout of surprise.

Shit. I dash for the doorway, hoping I get there before whoever is in the room can raise the alarm. The moment I glimpse inside, I catch a gun aimed at me. The man grunts and fires off a round, but I've already ducked to the side expecting him to pull the trigger.

The bang of a gunshot rings through the air as the bullet hits the wall across from the open doorway. The sound transcends the music pumping through the building, and I have no doubt it's alerted others to the threat I pose. I crouch and round the doorway, firing off two rounds in rapid succession.

The first goes through his wrist, making him drop the gun, and the second enters his neck. What can I say? I get vindictive when someone fucks with my plans. The shot to his throat doesn't kill him right away. His eyes go wide in shock as his good hand moves to the injury. Blood spills from the wound, but I don't have time to enjoy his death. There are voices coming from around the corner.

So much for keeping things silent. The real fun is about to start. Not one to wait for someone to come around the corner, I grasp another Glock in my empty hand. This one has a silencer already screwed onto it. As much fun as it would be, I can't go around shooting this place up for anyone on the street to hear. Although now there's a timer on when the authorities will show up. That is, if anyone in this hell hole would call them. More than likely whatever slime is running this place will send their henchmen.

“Did you turn on a cell blocker?” Vander asks from behind me.

Goddamnit. I should’ve thought of that. “No,” I snap, instantly regretting the oversight.

“Want to cut me free now?” he goads. “My help will speed things up.”

No, I don’t. And now I’m wishing I gagged him. Or better yet, hogtied him and left him in the trunk. His help isn’t needed nor wanted. This is *my* revenge. Nobody can take it from me.

I storm around the corner with my guns held up. Shot after shot leaves the chamber as the filth who comes here falls to the ground. Men and women come flowing out of rooms down another hallway. My movements become a blur, my focus narrowing in as I take out target after target, downing anyone who crosses my path on my way to the dungeon.

By the time I make it to the door I want, I finally snap out of the haze that came over me. A glance over my shoulder shows a path of bodies and blood spray. That and Vander standing behind me. His hands unbound and filled with discarded magazines. I shoot him a glare. If he knows what’s good for him, he’ll keep his mouth shut, or the next bullet I use will go through him.

Somehow he has a gun in his hand too, which I assume is loaded. I can’t decide if I’m angry he was placating me by staying restrained, or if I’m glad he talked me into bringing him. Either way, the fucker better not rub this in my face later.

If he breathes a word that he really was needed to help clean up after me...

Not wasting any more time, I push open the door to the staircase leading to the dungeon.

# Chapter 4



## Raven

**E**ven with all our connections—well, more my brother's and the guys than mine—it took way longer than I wanted to charter a jet and follow Cole's path. With each passing minute I'm stuck sitting here doing nothing, my anger increases. Texting him got me nowhere, the only response coming from Jasper.

With a sigh, I try to calm myself. I can feel my blood pressure increasing as I seethe over the turn of events. Not that Cole got a lead on his dead sister, but the audacity he has to leave me behind. To exclude me from the fun he's having. What could strengthen a relationship more than bonding over a manhunt and tearing down every mother fucker who gets in our way?

I close my eyes and lean my head back, concentrating on taking deep breaths. How will I find Cole? Faking my death has demolished most of the contacts I had. I can't keep relying on my brother. The instant connection of sibling affection will only take me so far before it feels like I'm taking advantage.

Grayson is in the same boat as me with faking his death, which means Jasper is my only hope of finding Cole. That or holding my breath for Vander being able to contact us. But the chances of that seem slim to none. Not if Cole doesn't want to be found.

An announcement comes from the cockpit. We're in the final descent, only a short time before we're on the ground, and I still don't have a good plan on how to track Cole. Agitation flows through me, intensifying even as I try to calm it. My finger taps repeatedly on my knee, until suddenly, a hand covers it.

The seat next to me depresses as my side heats with the warmth coming from whoever it is. His thumb runs over my knuckles in a soothing motion. I expect to hear Grayson's voice, but when he speaks, it's Jasper's rumbling tone. "I can't believe you stole my fun of getting to shoot him. I was seconds behind you on pulling the trigger."

He lifts my hand and brushes a kiss on the back of it. The sweet gesture has my eyes popping open to make sure it's really Jasper sitting there. A panty melting smirk pulls at his lips the moment my gaze lands on him. Jasper enjoys taking me out of my comfort zone far too much, which is what he's doing right now.

It's taken me a while to get used to Grayson being the one to bring out my humanity. His sweetness strangely grounds me. Although, I suppose Jasper has always seen through my masks



and forces me to accept exactly what I need in any given moment.

“You were going to shoot him?” I ask, narrowing my gaze as if the thought upsets me.

“Of course I was. What else did you think my clarification questions meant before we left to hunt him down?” He wraps his arm around me and presses me closer to his side, getting more comfortable. “I bet Cole fell more in love with you. Fucking psycho will be all over you once he pulls his head from his ass. Obsessed bastard.”

For some reason, his words distract me from my bad mood. Jasper once again pulls off the impossible. He sees through the layers I wrap myself in, or perhaps he snuck his way through them. Navigating past as if he watched me construct them and knew every weak point. Either way, Jasper is the one who finds my inner self and nurtures her. Even if I balk at it.

A scoff bursts free. “Cole, in love with me? Yeah. Okay.”

I can feel Jasper’s burning gaze on me. It heats the side of my face, and even though I can’t see the expression he wears, it becomes clear in his voice. “Are you kidding me right now? Do you really not realize how we all feel about you?”

“Obsession and love aren’t the same thing, Jasper,” I respond, turning to look at him.

“For us it is,” he growls, grasping my chin and holding me in place. His gaze holds mine, trapping me in an endless ice bath of his cold, blue eyes. He slowly leans in, brushing a soft

kiss on my lips. The sweetness of it sends a lightning bolt straight through me, shocking me with how explosive it is.

By now, anything he does shouldn't surprise me, but it does. Is it because I've mislabeled him? The man who claimed me from our first meeting...

"Did you know who I was the day we met?" He cocks his head to the side, searching my face as he thinks over his answer. Or perhaps he's trying to decide how much he wants to share.

After a moment, he answers me. "You know I was an employee of the company, so of course I knew who you were. But I'm assuming that's not exactly what you're asking." He rearranges us, pulling my legs onto his lap. "By the time we met at the shooting range, I had done extensive research on you. You weren't only someone who worked for the same company, but someone I was contracted through The Guild to take out."

His soft touch on my legs suddenly tenses as he waits for me to respond. Jasper, the man who claimed me as his own from the very moment we met, was sent to kill me. I'm not sure if I should distrust him for wanting to murder me, or trust him all the more because he didn't.

Even though he's waiting for some kind of reaction, I don't show any outward signs of what I'm thinking. It seems to put him on edge. "So why didn't you follow through on it? Why am I still alive?" Strangely, the thought thrills me, lighting

sparks of lust that pebble my nipples. I move to sit on his lap, wanting to get closer.

He eyes me warily, not sure what my intentions are, but nonetheless, he wraps an arm around me, and slides his other hand along my legs at his side. “The night you killed for the first time was the same night the hit went live. There’s a sort of pecking order as to who sees the dossier when it goes active.”

I run my nose along his throat, sending a shiver down his spine. He doesn’t let it distract him from his explanation, though. “I get to see them before anyone else, and luckily I was already in D.C.” His hand runs up my leg where it was still resting, to land on my upper thigh, then shifts inward. Instantly, his thumb moves back and forth, threatening to distract me. Working to turn me on even more than his words are. “I had a few hours before the party to start my research, a deep dive into everything that made up Remington Halston. And then once I was done, I stalked your every move. Followed you to the party, watched you on the balcony, saw you stumble away and get escorted into that scum’s car.”

He pauses to smile at me, his dimple popping into existence. When he doesn’t immediately continue, I speak up, “But that doesn’t explain why you didn’t do it.”

The hand not on my leg moves, his thumb swiping my collarbone before he grips the back of my neck. He leans in to graze my ear with his lips as he whispers in my ear, “If you

want to hear about all the dirty details of how I didn't kill you, you need to be patient.”

His warm breath brushes over my neck, making me shiver. Before he can continue, the jet lands, the announcement of the impending touchdown going unnoticed by me. The jerk of wheels meeting tarmac doesn't affect me with how firmly Jasper holds me in place. He draws back from my ear, and with one glance, we move at the same time to close the distance between our lips.

Jasper doesn't waste time with his previous softness. He dives right in, demanding my soul with every lash of his tongue. His fingers thread through my hair at the nape of my neck, gripping it in a punishing hold that causes needles of sharp pain to bloom. It adds to our need. The desperation to get closer.

The copper taste of blood mingles with our tongues after I bite his bottom lip, and he rips me away from him. “Naughty, naughty, Little Bird.” The rumble of his voice is like a vibrating caress that runs straight to my clit.

“Not to interrupt your fun, but the flight crew needs us to deboard. They've been chartered for another flight.” Grayson's voice pops the bubble that cuts us off from the rest of the world. Sound seems to filter in, chatter from the flight crew and shouting from the airport personnel outside. Damn party poopers.

It crosses my mind what a difference this flight was from using Cole's jet. His staff is much less hands on, something I

prefer.

“Right as I’m finally distracted too,” I whine playfully. “This isn’t over. I want to hear the rest of our romantic beginnings. Every little detail of it.”

Grayson lets out a quiet chuckle. “Only you could think a tale of how he stalked and plotted to murder you is a sweet story.” He holds out his hand, helping me stand from Jasper’s lap, who assists by grasping my hips and pushing me up. He immediately presses his chest to my back, keeping us in close contact as we walk to the exit.

Once more, the dread of facing an impossible task looms over me. I let Jasper distract me... I wasted precious moments that could have been spent trying to build a game plan.

How in the hell am I going to find Cole?



Jasper arranged for a car to be waiting for us, and he immediately climbs into the driver’s side while Grayson holds the passenger door open for me. “Where are we going?” I ask him as there’s a click of Grayson tucking himself in the backseat, and the car starts moving. It’s so odd seeing Jasper in the driver’s seat when it’s been Vander’s job for so fucking long.

“You’ll see,” Jasper says. His tone of voice doesn’t leave much room for me to press him again. Instead, I lay my head back, letting the exhaustion wash over me. The same pounding

question repeats over and over in my mind. How will we find Cole?

It's become so clear that he's not the nerdy computer genius with a sexy British accent like I thought he was. He's so much more. Cole is dangerous, cunning, and brutal. He's one of the faces behind the Ravenmaster name. He's the man who has been stalking me. Cole planted himself in my life so he could get close to me.

So many lies have spilled from his lips, and as angry as I am about him leaving me behind, I simply want answers right now. I want to know all the little things that sparked his obsession with me. Jasper telling me the story of how he found me sparked something inside me. The dark, twisted, demented part of me wants to hear it all.

And even more, I want my family to be complete again. Half of my men are fuck only knows where... and it's like part of me is missing. How did I get here? To where I care about someone other than myself. It's exhausting.

Getting comfortable, I lean my head against the glass, watching as everything passes us by. Before I know it, the lull of the car moving puts me to sleep, my fatigue winning out.

It feels as if I just closed my eyes a minute ago, but when Jasper's hand finds my leg and my eyes flutter open, the clock says it's been an hour. I must have needed the rest more than I realized. I search the area outside the car windows and find we're parked in front of a restaurant.

“Is this where Cole is?” I unbuckle my seatbelt, ready to bolt from the vehicle to track him down.

“No.” Jasper’s hand clamps onto my leg, keeping me in place.

I turn my gaze to him, scowling when I find a peaceful calm softening his features compared to the chaotic mess consuming my thoughts. “Then why are we here?” I huff in exasperation. “We need to find Cole before I lose my goddamn mind or he does something stupid like get caught.”

He leans toward me, pinning me in place with his gaze as surely as his hand holds me down. “No, Little Bird, what you need is to eat and take a breath. Vander is with Cole. We’ll find answers, but first, we’re eating a meal.”

Once again, his tone leaves no room for argument. And something about him wanting to take care of me speaks to an unknown part hidden inside me. Jasper and I haven’t had as much time together. The reassurance he’s still mine... I didn’t know it was missing.

I’m not a completely changed woman though, I’m still myself at my core. So a challenge passes between us as I stare into his eyes. His unwavering determination to put me above everything else going on, against my stubbornness. My hard-headed need to be right, to sacrifice anything so I can get to Cole faster.

It’s not surprising Jasper wins the battle, especially when he coos, “Little Bird. Be a good girl and do as I say.” He lovingly holds the side of my face, cradling it in the palm of his hand.

“Lean on me, and I’ll make sure everything turns out better than okay.” The passenger door pops open and he glances over my shoulder as Grayson rests a hand there. “Lean on *us*, Raven. You aren’t in this alone.”

He makes my resolve melt, but as the last shreds are dripping free, another argument comes to mind. “You’ve said that before. You told me you’d make sure he didn’t leave without me. What happened to that?” There’s a slight bite to my words.

Jasper glances down before meeting my gaze again, wincing. “I’m sorry I failed you. I thought I’d be able to stop him. But you can trust me on this. Let me prove it to you.”

“Okay,” I whisper, too confused by the emotions overwhelming me to say anything else.

Grayson presses a kiss to the side of my head, and the warmth of his lips helps me relax. “Come on, pit bull. Let’s get some food in you. Give you something else to sink your teeth into.” He offers his hand to help me climb from the car, which I accept willingly, if only because I enjoy his touch.

We step into the restaurant and, after a moment, are escorted to a quiet corner in the back, per Jasper’s request. The smell of fried food makes my stomach rumble and pinch in hunger. Salty french fries and greasy burgers. I can’t even remember the last time I ate. Maybe Jasper is right. I can’t find Cole if I don’t take care of myself. Running myself ragged until I pass out from exhaustion and starvation won’t help. It reminds me



of the time he forced me to accept an orgasm so I could think more clearly...

I slide into the circle booth, closely followed by Grayson, and am pleased when I meet Jasper on my other side. Sandwiched between the two of them, really any combination of my guys, is somewhere I could consider my happy place. Well, killing is what brings me the most happiness. But they come in at a close second.

As if rehearsed, their hands innocently land on my thighs at the same time. Their combined touch brings to mind all kinds of deliciously sinful ideas of how we can defile this restaurant. A game of *will the other patrons catch us* sounds like fun.

Do I really need food? Or could I live off the sustenance of fucking my men like a succubus? What a life that would be. Killing and sex. The only two things a girl truly needs to live a happy and fulfilled life.

“No,” Jasper growls harshly, placing a menu in front of me. “You need food. None of those naughty thoughts until you’ve eaten.” I swear it’s like he can read my mind sometimes.

A small huff blows past my lips, and I pout the bottom one out for show. “Fine.” I pick up the menu and study it for an option that sounds good. Several moments later, I’m distracted when a ding comes from Jasper’s phone. A frown tugs at his lips as he fishes it out of his pocket.

Jasper takes one glance at his phone and a grunt of disbelief escapes him. He shakes his head and glances over at me. “What is it?”

“It’s Vander,” he announces, turning the phone so I can see it.

“What?” Vander has been silent since he boarded the plane; his phone has been going straight to voicemail shortly after. “Why the hell didn’t he text me?” I ask, pulling my phone out to make sure I didn’t miss it.

Not a single new notification. “Do you really think Cole would allow any unknown numbers to text you? He has your phone locked down like none other.” I glare at Jasper. That would have been nice to know earlier. Instead of saying anything, I snatch the device from his hand. He doesn’t try to stop me, simply smiles and wraps his arm around my shoulders, leaning in so he can look at the same time as me.

**Unknown Number: Tell Raven that I’ve got Cole’s back. Nothing will happen to him, but I think it’s best for her to back off until he comes to his senses. He’s spinning out right now.**

I drop the phone on the table and push it away, trying to get some distance from such a disgusting thought. Back off? Fuck no. Cole doesn’t get to exploit a psychotic break. He left me behind, and I’m not allowing it to go on for a second more.

The phone mocks me, its screen staying lit. I want to grab it, to tell him to let me know where the fuck he is so I can shoot some sense into Cole. Clearly, the first shot didn’t do its job... Maybe this time I should stab him instead.

“Hey there, vicious,” Grayson sweetly calls to me. His finger hooks my chin and turns my head to face him. “I know

you want your way, but wouldn't you enjoy it more if he realized he fucked up and came crawling back? Wouldn't his punishment be that much better if he came asking for it?"

Jasper chuckles on my other side as I mull over the new scenario Grayson painted in my mind. I can't lie, it does sound nice. "So what are we supposed to do until he snaps out of it?"

# Chapter 5



## Raven

**W**e eat and leave the restaurant, and I still don't have an answer for what we'll do with our newfound time. Jasper remains tight lipped, and I'm too consumed with Cole's disappearance to come up with anything. If he doesn't give me something else to focus on soon, I'll return to my previous fixation.

"You are so damn impatient," Jasper says as I climb into the car and let out another huff of annoyance. He's not wrong. I hate waiting, but I still shoot him a glare. "Don't sass me. I'm not afraid of your brattiness. I'll stop by a sex store and buy a whip to remind you who's in charge here."

One corner of my lips raises at the same time as my brow. I've never been whipped before... That sounds like it could be fun. Jasper watches my reaction and scowls at what he finds. "It won't be fun, Little Bird," he threatens. "I'll get a cat o' nine and make sure I don't stop until you're bleeding. You don't want your pretty back to get ruined, do you?"

The horror has me sucking in a sharp breath. An image flashes across my mind of my tattoos being ruined, and it has

me reaching for my knife. “You wouldn’t dare,” I seethe. The back door slams shut as Grayson gets in, having missed the conversation completely, or I’m sure he’d be objecting alongside me.

“Wouldn’t dare what?” he asks uneasily, sensing the dangerously electrified air between Jasper and me.

“I would,” Jasper says, ignoring his question. “Do you really want to test me on it?” The hardness of his eyes tells me he’d do it, but I can also tell it would be reluctantly. He knows how much I covet my tattoos.

“Sorry,” I mumble, not wanting to pick a fight with him or risk my back. I’ve been all over the place emotionally since Cole left, and it’s showing itself in unusual ways. Hopefully, this is something I can learn to navigate quickly, or I’ll have to suck it up and ask Grayson how he does it. I’m used to cold detachment when it comes to everything in life. That’s no longer the case.

Jasper leans over and presses a kiss to my temple. The tenderness does something to my insides, something I’m not comfortable with. It seems to be his latest theme. Finding new and unique ways to challenge my comfort zone, like he’s mapping out all the ways he can do it.

“I didn’t want to talk about it in the restaurant where someone could overhear.” He holds up a single finger, telling me to wait while he pulls out his phone.

My phone chirps and I find a text from Ravenmaster.

**The eleventh rule of killing: Make sure no one can overhear you when making plans.**

After reading the message several times, I slowly peek over at Jasper. Cole has the piercings, but Jasper just sent me a new Ravenmaster rule. From the corner of my eye, I find him watching me. Waiting.

With measured movements, I click the button to lock the screen and lower it to my lap, folding my hands on top of it. Taking a deep breath in, and releasing it, I finally turn my head to look at Jasper. He's always promised to tell me the truth. Now's my chance to ask anything I want. To get the answers I've been waiting for.

“Did you send me the new rule?” Seems like an obvious question, but I've learned to take nothing at face value when it comes to Ravenmaster.

His dimple pops into view. Those true smiles from him coming more and more often. Maybe I'm not the only one who's been changing in this relationship. “I did,” he says softly. Something in his tone is clear that he's waiting for my next question.

“Did you send me *all* the rules?” As I wait for his answer, I force the chaotic mess of emotions swirling in my head into a box, then reach into my darkness, withdrawing my tried and true mask. With it, I find the cold detachment I've been missing. Calmness takes over, clearing my mind. For a second, I wonder if he's done this on purpose.

“I did not.” He shifts slightly to press his back to the door so he can face me head on. Settling in for the long haul.

I clear my throat while deciding what to ask next. “Who else gave me the rules?”

He leans forward as if to grab my hand but quickly changes his mind. “A few were from me, some were from Vander, but most of them were from Cole.” I momentarily question his willingness to answer so freely, but then I remember he’d know that Cole gave himself away since he has access to the text thread. However, I didn’t realize how much of a role Vander played in the Ravenmaster persona.

“How long have the three of you been working together to fool me?” I ball my hand into a fist before quickly releasing it. I can’t decide if I’m mad or happy that they worked together on this. If I wanted it to be one of them or all of them. If perhaps I wanted the challenge of discovering it was none of them. Some stranger I didn’t know this whole time. No. Not that one. Somehow, it makes everything between us seem so much more real. Especially with the way Jasper put such a claim on me from the very start.

“Since we came into your life,” he answers right away, leaving no time for me to jump to conclusions about whether he’s trying to decide to tell me the truth or not. Although, with Jasper, I never have to question such a thing. He values honesty too much.

Shit. This is a lot to unpack. Vander, Jasper, and Cole are all Ravenmaster. Working together as one to pull it off. No



wonder I couldn't pin a single one of them down as the mastermind behind my stalker. It was all of them.

"About time," Grayson murmurs from the backseat. I've been so immersed in Jasper answering my questions, I forgot he was here, but I'm glad I won't have to repeat any of this later.

I take a deep breath, clearing out the scattered thoughts threatening to overwhelm me. I needed a distraction from Cole, but this certainly isn't how I wanted to go about it. Who gave me which rules?

Safe to assume they all texted me, too. So who said what? Who gave me the gifts? I'm fairly certain it was Cole who tattooed me, but can I really assume that? So many more questions flood in. "I need time to sort my thoughts."

Jasper nods his head, almost as if he expected me to say that. "Would you like silence now or a completely different distraction?"

As I consider the two options, I seem to soften. I hadn't even realized how tense I'd gotten. My shoulders drop slightly from where they were climbing toward my ears, and I'm able to take a deeper breath. "Distraction."

This time when he moves toward me, he doesn't back off at the last second. His hand cups the side of my head. "We good?"

I'm shocked he even has to ask. If we weren't good, there'd be a knife sticking out of him, and he wouldn't be breathing.

I'd have to call Vander to help me clean up the body, but then again, he might be next if I was mad...

“Stupid question. Of course we are. Sure, I didn't realize how much you were all involved, but I can't be that surprised when the signs were there.” He barely waits for me to finish talking before he guides my face to his, kissing me softly. I swear this man is trying to consume my soul one sliver at a time.

He pulls away, a slight grin tugging at his lips. “Remember when we told you about The Guild?” Jasper pauses long enough to catch my raised brow and slight nod in answer before he continues. “Well, there's an active hit available in the area. It doesn't pay much, but it's been open long enough that the dossier is pretty thorough. I thought you might like to have some fun, and then we can use his place to relax while waiting for the dickhead to come back to reality.”

A smile grows on my face, quickly becoming much wider than his. “Are you asking me on a date?” I question, fluttering my lashes.

Both my men laugh, but Jasper grabs my hand and brings it to his lips, pressing a kiss to the back. “A couple that kills together stays together,” he coos.

“Throuple,” Grayson grumbles, not wanting to be left out.

“Yeah, yeah. Semantics,” Jasper replies, glancing at him. “You sure you're up for getting your hands dirty? Our girl might like you better as the innocent one.”

Grayson leans forward, moving between the front seats so he can reach me. His hand cups my cheek and his lips run over mine in a teasing touch. “Do you like me innocent, angel?” Each word teases my lips more, the fuckers are working together to slowly drive me mad with small touches and soft kisses, not giving in to satiate my desires they keep sparking to life. If they don’t watch out, I’ll jump them and have my way with them. All throughout our meal, they grazed my skin with subtle touches, lighting my body on fire.

When Grayson trails his fingers to my nipple, where he tweaks the pebbled bud, I can’t hold back the moan. “I kinda do,” I finally admit. Grayson is my humanity. I love corrupting him. But I don’t want to push him to the point of losing the brightness inside him that counteracts my darkness.

“Then I guess I’ll watch and take part in something more fun afterwards.” He winks at me, leaving no question as to what he’s referring to.

“Here you go, Little Bird,” Jasper says, gaining my attention once more, with his phone held out for me to take. “Go through this file. Study it front to back while I drive to his house.”

I do what he says, taking the device from him and diving into the information the file offers. It’s similar to the one Ravenmaster left me. The other one was printed out, though, tied up all pretty with a gun to use as the weapon. It had everything I needed to know about the man I killed in the

warehouse before Vander got shot. It's been a while since I got a present from him.

“Were you the one who left the gifts for me?” I ask Jasper, glancing away from the phone to see his reaction.

He looks over at me, the damn dimple flashing my way. “The weapons have always been me. I *am* the expert, after all.” For some reason his answer has me glowing, a shroud of happiness surrounding me.



The street our victim lives on is in a rich neighborhood, no surprise there. But the ease with which we were able to bypass the guarded gate is concerning. When Cole comes to his senses, we need him to wipe the footage of us ever being here.

The car slows as we draw closer to the house we're looking for. The estates are spread out, plenty of land between each one which affords us privacy as we stay here. Jasper parks on the street outside our victim's house. It's currently hidden from view by trees, making our approach even easier. As soon as we finish the hit, we'll move the car closer to it to make sure we don't draw any attention to us.

Our target is a man by the name of Richard Cumberland. He's been embezzling from his company, and his partner is the one who took out the hit. We don't have all the details on why, but I don't really care. I get to kill a man with my lover. That's the extent of my concerns. Grayson might bring out some humanity in me, but it does nothing for my morality.

The file I studied confirms his typical routine. If it's accurate, he should be home, and the housekeeper won't come for another five days. It's almost too perfect. What are the chances we get to pull off a job and get to stay in an amazing spot? Is this what my life will be like from now on?

I mean, sure, we could pay for a place to stay. Do things legit. But it lacks appeal compared to this. Not to mention, the file has pictures of his house. It's fucking gorgeous, and the view is phenomenal. Why not spoil ourselves with a package deal?

Jasper pops the trunk and grabs the duffle bag he put together with everything we need. "Ready, Little Bird?"

"Ready." He hands me a syringe filled with a drug to knock the man out. After I finished going through the file, Jasper went over his plan with me, grilling me on the details to make sure I knew exactly what to do when. I'm able to go into this with confidence, a startling difference from when I started killing. Back then my kills could be considered organized chaos. Now, I get to do it with the men I... care about.

We sneak up the driveway, keeping to the shadows, having waited for nightfall. The night air offers a warm breeze as the moon hangs overhead. The perfect backdrop for a little murder and mayhem.

Grayson waits in the car, not wanting to get in our way, at least not until we have the man subdued. Then he plans on coming in and watching me have my fun. He seems to get off on that more than the doing part. Reminds me of the times

Vander spied on me fucking. Especially the first time I was with Jasper. We really have some notable memories in our short past. Makes me anticipate our future even more.

When we get to the side door, Jasper takes out a set of lock picks. He has it open in no time at all and slips in ahead of me. We slink through the house, keeping quiet as we search for Richard.

If Cole was here, I'm sure he could've hacked his devices and given us an exact location. His absence creates an ache within me, an empty void mocking me. I'm getting a small taste for the kind of team we could be if all its members were together. This is supposed to be distracting me from him, not making me want to ditch this plan and resume my hunt.

Jasper raises his fist in a motion to stop, letting me know we finally found our target. He backs away from his spot so I can switch with him, allowing me to get a view of what we're working with. I quietly press toward the edge of the wall and peek around it. The kitchen is well lit, every light in the room turned on, and Richard is sitting at the counter watching TV.

His back is to us, allowing the perfect opportunity to sneak up on him. I hold up my thumb, and Jasper moves around me. We duck low as we travel across the open space, passing by furnishings that could only have been picked out by an interior decorator.

At the last second, my hot as sin assassin stands to his full height and wraps his arms around Richard. The sight of his powerful arms restraining the panicking idiot almost distracts

me. But when he turns the man around, I jump into action, the needle already uncapped.

With a step forward, I jab it into his neck and push the plunger, delivering the sedative that will knock him out. “This feels really anticlimactic,” I complain as the man slumps in Jasper’s hold.

He gently lowers the limp body to the ground. “Sometimes the job calls for us to kill the target in a specific way. It’s part of why his ticket hasn’t been taken care of yet. Few of us enjoy the boring ones.” He straightens his shirt, drawing my attention to his broad chest, and I wipe the corner of my lip, checking for drool. “But it’s good to know how to stage a suicide. Never know when it might suit a situation better. Aid your narrative.”

“I suppose that’s true,” I concede, watching as he slinks toward me with a coy smile, putting me on guard.

“Do you have a favorite weapon from what I’ve given you so far?” His arms wrap around me, and he grasps my ass, lifting me onto the paper strewn desk next to us. I fist his shirt and yank him toward me until he’s flush against my front.

“You want to talk about my darkness, Jasper?” I coo, running my nose along his jawline until my lips brush against his ear. “Want to tell me about the things you did as Ravenmaster?”

He shudders with the sensation of my lips whispering against him, and grips my hair in his fist, pulling back until my chin tilts up. “Yeah, I do, Little Bird,” he rumbles before

kissing me. It's dominant and all-consuming. So delicious it makes my toes curl.

Jasper controls every movement I make, tilting my head even more as he deepens the kiss, continuing his efforts to consume my soul. Wanting to take a piece of me he can keep with him forever. But he already stole it the first day we met. There's something about Jasper that made me feel owned from the very start. Something inside me knew without any evidence. I'm his and he's mine.

By the time we separate, I'm breathing heavily, and my panties are wet. I've spent the least amount of time with Jasper, but he has a way of making each and every moment with him count exponentially. "Naughty, Birdy," he growls, biting my bottom lip. "Letting me distract you. I want an answer to my question."

I teasingly roll my eyes and run my nails over his scalp. "Can you really blame me? My hot ass boyfriend turns out to be my stalker and an assassin on top of it. I'm horny as fuck. You've been leaving me needy and unsatisfied all day." I flick my tongue out, licking his lip sensually. "When's the last time you fucked me, Jasper? It's been so long I'm having trouble remembering. Did you have a fat cock or a pencil dick?"

All of a sudden, I'm face down on the desk, and his large hand smacks my ass. Once, twice, three more times, then two for each cheek. The fabric of my jeans mutes the impact. It's disappointing really, more of a tease than the stinging pain I want. Suddenly, his chest is against my back. "Such sass for a



pretty little mouth. You need a reminder of how big my dick is, baby? You missing me?"

With a slight struggle, I work my arms under me and push up enough to strain my head around to look at him. "Jasper," I whisper, dropping all the playfulness my tone held before. "I do miss you. Maybe it's because Cole is gone, and I'm feeling that loss on another level, but you've been distant lately."

His strong hands flip me so I'm facing him once more. Indecision crosses his features, telling me I haven't imagined his absence. Like he's not fully been with me since... I'm not even sure when. He says all the right things, turns up when I need him most. But this is the first time we've spent quality time together. At least that's how it seems.

"I've been a little distracted lately," he admits, wrapping his arms around me in a hug. "My attention has been split in two. I'm sorry, Little Bird. I have an organization to run that takes a lot of my time. If I knew I was going to meet the woman destined to be mine, I would have planned to take the time off."

At least I know I wasn't making things up. "Guess it's a good thing you have brother boyfriends to pick up the slack," I tease, but really, it's kinda true.

"Brat." He twists one of my nipples, and the slight pain sends pleasure straight to my clit. "But I'm thankful for them. You've put together quite the lethal team, Little Bird. I'm impressed. Now let's finish with our host before I end up fucking you on his desk and he wakes up."

My phone chirps with a text, and I take it out after Jasper helps me find my footing. Oops. We forgot to let Grayson know the coast is clear. I text him it's safe to move the car and come on in.

When I turn around, Jasper already has Richard thrown over his shoulder. "Grab the duffle, Raven. Time to earn your keep."

I scoff and smack his firm ass in retaliation. "How dare you!"

Jasper's laugh echoes through the empty entryway. The grand open space has a staircase on either side leading to the upper level. The perfect stage for a man desperate to end his life, too overridden with guilt for what he's done.

We climb the stairs and when we get to the top, I grab the two sets of gloves we have stashed in a side pocket. Handing the bigger pair to Jasper, I slide my hands into the smaller ones, open the duffle, and take out the rope. He gave me a firm lecture about not leaving behind DNA in the strands.

The muted sound of a door closing announces Grayson's arrival, and his shout comes shortly after. "Death's mistress, where are you?" The newest nickname makes me smile. What are the chances I can convince him to use that one permanently?

"Over here, dumpling," I call to him, working the noose open to allow more space to fit our target's head. Once it's around his neck, I tighten it so it's ready when he wakes up.

Jasper ties the other end to the banister. “Do you think it will hold his weight?”

“Yeah, it’ll do the trick.” Jasper lifts Richard once more, holding his body in front of the railing where I take the man’s hands and put them on the banister, pressing his fingers down to leave prints behind. Jasper’s muscles bulge as he holds the man’s dead weight. “Mind giving me a hand, Grayson?”

My other boyfriend is already halfway up the stairs and he rushes to get to the top, taking two at a time. I toss an extra set of gloves at him, which he quickly puts on before grabbing the other side of the man, stabilizing his weight between the two of them. They move his body so he’s positioned with his legs on the other side of the rail, his ass resting on it to support his bulk.

I reach into the duffle and grab the box holding another syringe, this one filled with a reversal agent to force the man to regain consciousness. It’s fast acting, and he’s already rousing before I remove the needle from his flesh.

“Wha–What’s going on?” he slurs, frantically glancing around. His arms windmill as he glances down.

Not wanting to give him time to gain defensive wounds, Jasper gently nudges him off the ledge, gravity yanking him toward the ground. When he reaches the end of the rope, his body does a little bounce before swinging to and fro. His hands reach for the noose, and a wheezing sound comes from him, almost like a whistle as his windpipe is constricted.

Watching him from this angle doesn't add much to the view. Apparently, Jasper agrees, because he smacks my ass. "Come on, Little Bird. The real show is happening down there." He leans in and kisses my neck before whispering in my ear, "I know you enjoy watching the life drain from their eyes."

Fuck. That man knows how to make my heart go pitter patter. He says the most romantic things.

He clasps my hand and leads me down the stairs, with Grayson following behind. Once we reach the bottom, I see exactly what he meant. Everything comes across differently from here, even though I'm watching the same thing. I get the full view of Richard's face, of the way his feet kick back and forth, and how his hands desperately claw at the rope around his neck. Remorse when you try to kill yourself is a hell of a thing. Which is what his body will say once the housekeeper finds him in five days.

As the minutes tick by, his panicked movements slow, oxygen deprivation making his fumbled attempts at escape even more clumsy. It's like an animated spoof film that's meant to make its viewers laugh. I cock my head to the side, watching all the changes take over him. "Nevermore," I say into the room, before I lose the chance. The ritualistic word burning my throat until I release it into the air.

Jasper guides me in front of him, where he wraps his arms around me and leans his chin on my shoulder. Our position is more attuned to watching a movie instead of a man coming to the end of his life. Grayson slips his hand into mine. He's

staring at me instead of the dying man. Lust shines from his eyes, a perverse reaction to witnessing me taking another life. The killing doesn't get him off like it does the rest of us. No, Grayson enjoys seeing my reactions to it...

I turn my gaze back to Richard, who can't breathe, only choked gurgles make it past his lips. After a time, they turn blue, his face drains of color, and his body stops twitching. The show only lasts a few minutes, but I enjoy every second.

Killing has become my greatest joy, but killing with my men... nothing compares.

# Chapter 6



## Cole

**T**he handle of the dagger leaves my palm, flying through the air so fast it looks like a silver streak. It embeds into the wall with a thwack, quivering in place. An irritated yell rips free from my throat and I turn around, flipping a chair. It skitters across the floor until it hits the wall with a resounding crash.

Yet another lead has turned into a dead end. Crumbled to dust in the palm of my hand as if I squeezed it too hard, wanted it a little too much. I run my hands through my hair, yanking at the strands, trying to decide what my next move should be. It's been three days, and I'm left with nothing. Not a single answer to where my sister is, who has her, or how they've kept her hidden. Only eliminations to the list I created of possible suspects.

What use has my years and years of dedication to hacking and killing brought me? I thought I was honing my skills, but clearly, I've been fooling myself if I can't gain any leads. My programs have failed me with facial recognition so far. I'm almost wondering if finding her in the first place was a fluke.

Did an old video suddenly resurface? Was it really her, or someone who looks eerily similar? Did it even happen at all? Perhaps I imagined it.

I've had countless spirals, dragging me into the depths of despair with the same unanswered questions. Darkness pushes in on me, threatening to swallow me whole and render me useless until I find my way out again.

Every time it's happened, Vander has been there to snap me out of it, but how many times can we go through this? How many times can I ask myself the same questions with nothing to show for it?

I've gone over everything so many times, scrutinized the evidence with a fine-tooth comb. The video my program found was live footage. It really was my sister. But why in the fuck has she been wiped clean from the face of the Earth for so many years, and why can't I find the man who's with her? It's almost as if someone as skilled as me, daresay, even more talented, is scrubbing the evidence before it can even surface.

"You know what you need right now?" Vander asks unhelpfully.

"Yes, I know exactly what I need," I shout at him. "I need to know where my sister is. I need to fucking save her before I lose my goddamn mind." Another wave of anger washes over me, and I turn to the wall at my back, slamming my fist through the drywall. I barely even register the pain of my knuckles ripping open.



Shaking my hand out, I stride toward Vander, taking a deep breath to calm myself. The smell of sex, blood, and the will to give up on life taints the air. It sets me more on edge. Why is it so hard to find any joy in what I'm doing here?

He leans against the door frame, picking his nails with a knife and a know-it-all grin on his face. The fucking asshole pisses me off. Where does he get off thinking he knows me better than I do?

“Actually, what I was going to say is that you need Raven.” He straightens from his relaxed position and puts his knife away while spreading his stance, prepared for my attack. And yet at the same time, he continues speaking in the hopes he can pierce through my stubbornness by the time I reach him. “She brings you clarity, which you need right now. Something about her tends to bring you peace. You're on the edge of your sanity. You can't make it through this without her.”

I don't pause my angry advancement, instead, I plow right into him, pushing him through the open doorway and out of my way so I can leave this shit hole. His mocking chuckle follows me like he knows what I've decided.

Finding my sister feels like a test, something I have to prove to myself before I'm able to deserve Raven in my life. But his words ring true. I need her more than I need my next breath. I never should've left her behind. I probably lost precious time with my poor mistake.

This isn't the first time he's tried to reason with me, but unlike all the others, he's finally reached through my thick

skull. The words soak into my thoughts like they're the answer I've been seeking all this time.

I've been a fool. A total and complete fool.

How could I have thought leaving Raven behind was an option? I gave her my soul, gave her my everything. There's no me without her. I've been working as half a man without even realizing it. No wonder I've come up empty at every turn.

Now that I've realized my mistake, I can't fix it fast enough. "Hurry the fuck up," I yell over my shoulder, encouraging Vander to keep up with me. Now that I have a new goal in sight, I can't promise I won't leave him behind. I have to get back to Raven to have any chance of finding my sister. I have to weather her anger and convince her to help me. It's the only way.

Bodies litter my path as I make my way to the car. Yet another building drenched in blood. Now that I'm thinking more clearly, I can't help but wish Raven was here to revel in the fun by my side. The way I left was completely selfish, but I've never claimed to be a good guy.

"In a rush?" Vander questions, amusement in his tone. "Nice to know I finally got through to you," he adds, shoving an elbow into my side as he blows past me. Seems I'm not the only one in a hurry to see our woman.

As we move through the building, Vander picks up various items. Guns I've discarded, a knife here and there, silencing someone who wasn't quite dead yet. I suddenly realize how valuable he was to have with me, how much he's been

cleaning up and making sure I don't leave behind evidence that could bite me in the ass later.

Not that they'd ever find my prints in the system, and good luck hunting me down. I'd manipulate the information as soon as it entered their systems. They'd be chasing their tails in circles trying to discover my location. It would probably be amusing as fuck to watch, but not something I'd be willing to toy with. The risk wouldn't be worth it.

By the time we make it to the car, I thoroughly hate myself. We have several hours on the road before I get to see Raven... Before the groveling can start. I can only hope she won't hold this against me. That she'll see past my stupidity, even if she does shoot me again for leaving in the first place. If I have any hope of making progress on finding my twin, I'll need to fix my mistakes.

"You're driving," I tell Vander, tossing him the keys. He immediately lifts his hand and smoothly catches them. At the same time, I pull out my phone and stare at the chat threads while opening the passenger door and climbing in. For a moment, I think about using the thread that will show up as **Cole** on her phone, but after a moment of debate, I choose the one she's been messaging me on. The one that will show up as **Ravenmaster**.

The ruse is well and truly over. She knows we all have access to it, she just doesn't know we've all messaged her under the same pseudonym. It's mostly been me, but the others chime in from time to time. We've all played a part in

grooming her, in shaping her into the best serial killer she can be. Our adorable little murderer.

Self-loathing beats me up more than she ever could as I see the texts she's added to the previously unanswered ones. Jasper hasn't tried again to dissuade her from messaging me. And each day I've been gone, she's added to the list, never giving up her pursuit of getting me to answer.

How in the hell has she bewitched me into realizing how wrong I was? Raven and I are cut from the same cloth. We don't experience emotions like the masses. Something inside us died long ago. It was murdered, and in its place, darkness rooted itself. Making a home and growing into a savage hungry monster that demands to be fed.

And yet... something has been slowly changing. She found a way to plant herself alongside my darkness. Found a way to sprout and grow, twining around the pitch black void and battling the odds to bloom without light. Somehow... without any explanation... she's an outlier to the rule. The only person who can invoke some sense of humanity in me.

I once told her there's a chance we can teach each other how to live again. She sparked hope inside me that day, and I think it's coming true. I can breathe next to her. My dead heart fucking beats when I'm near her. I look forward to doing everything with her. Thinking of my life ten, twenty, thirty years down the road, she's still beside me.

Goddamnit, I'm obsessed.

Maybe my sense of guilt isn't me losing my mind. There's no need to question my entire existence. As I think about it, it's not an expression of me feeling this way for everyone. I have zero shits to give for the massive amount of people I've killed the past several days. This is wholly unique to Raven.

Even the desperation to find my sister is an echo from the man I used to be. The man who disappeared when I found false proof she was dead. It's not a true reflection of the empty shell I've become.

Without thinking about it, my fist slams into the car door. A pulsing beat pounds in my knuckles, reminding me how ripped up they are. Suddenly, pain rips through me. My knuckles are now a faint annoyance in the background. Muscles throb throughout my body, ones I thought I'd kept up with conditioning, but clearly, I'm not in shape enough to withstand a three day killing spree.

Several cuts burn as if I poured antiseptic on them. But none of it compares to the gunshot wound in my thigh. I've run on adrenaline since it happened, and now it feels as if it's been drained from my body like someone pulled the plug keeping it pumping through my veins.

"Fuck! That hurts like a motherfucker." I grip my thigh on either side of the wound as if it will do something to squelch the pain. I know better than this, but my brain clearly hasn't been working on all cylinders lately.

Vander's deep chuckle fills the small space. "Finally catching up to you, huh? There's a bag in the backseat with

supplies for you to change the bandage.”

A grunt rumbles from my chest as I ignore him, focusing on my phone once more. The pain is an extension of her love, and I’ll enjoy every moment of it until I’m with her again.

**Ravenmaster: I’m on my way, Raven. I’m coming home.**

I left my bright spot behind, and now it’s time to get her back. My dark raven will light my way.

# Chapter 7



## Raven

**I**t may have taken some time for Grayson and Jasper to convince me to relax, but once I decided to give in, I committed to it. So when Cole's text comes through, I'm sitting beside the pool enjoying the L.A. sunshine. Palm leaves sway in the breeze, and a frozen margarita cools my hand, complete with an umbrella on top. Not to mention the view I have...

Jasper and Grayson are shirtless, enjoying the sun, their muscles on full display. One could say it's close to paradise. I'm simply not one of those people. My version of paradise is being surrounded by my four men, weapon in hand, covered in blood. That being said, I'm still enjoying the time to relax, doing nothing at all.

**Raven: I've decided to add a rule to the list. The twelfth rule of killing: Never leave your Raven behind.**

**Ravenmaster: Don't worry, Luv. That's a rule I can abide by from here on out.**



“What’s going on, sun drop?” Grayson asks, noticing my reaction to the text message.

There’s a click as I push the button on my phone and the screen goes dark. “Cole came to his senses. He’s coming home.”

“About damn time,” Jasper growls. He stands from the pool, water streaming over his muscles as he runs a hand over his head. “Guess we better get to work on cleaning our fingerprints from the house.”

We’ve been careful to only touch certain places without gloves, but there are still a few areas that will need to be wiped clean. Drains to be stripped of DNA left behind, floors to be swept, sheets to wash. “He sent the text a few hours ago. I didn’t realize I had a message.”

“Sounds like they could get here any minute now. Grayson, care to help me out?” He walks toward me and leans over the lounge chair I’m laying on. Water drips on me, shocking me with the temperature difference, but my objections are silenced when he bumps my hat, his lips pressing against mine. “Give him hell, Little Bird.”

The two of them walk away, leaving me here to wait for Cole. As much as I hate him for running out on us, I’ve really appreciated the time to get closer to Jasper. We needed it. I lean back and tug the brim of the floppy hat I’m wearing farther over my forehead from where Jasper knocked it out of place. Sunburn and I don’t get along, but a girl has to get her

vitamin D every now and again from somewhere other than dick.

I take another sip of my margarita, courtesy of Jasper. He's done everything he could over the past few days to ensure I relaxed, saying it's what I needed right now. The stubborn man wouldn't let me argue with him. I'm now convinced he gets off on taking care of me.

A crunch sounds from somewhere behind me, making me smile. I'm not sure which of my men it is, but I know it's one of them. I set my margarita down and pick up my phone from the table next to me. Subtly, I turn on my camera and flip it into selfie mode, then gradually tilt it until I can see behind me.

Vander slowly sneaks toward me, a knife in his hand glinting in the sunlight. I push the button to take a photo and relax once more, letting him have his fun. I don't have to wait long until the cold press of his knife kisses my neck. It rests there like a violent threat, but I know he won't cut me, not now, at least.

"I'm disappointed, *Reginetta*," he coos in my ear. "You should always be on guard. Have I taught you nothing?"

My smile grows, and I reach to take off the sunglasses I'm wearing to see him better. "You got made, Vander. I think you're losing your touch."

He scoffs. "Nice try, but I don't believe you."

I turn my head to catch a better view of him. His dark eyes trace over me, taking in my skimpy swimsuit as he inspects every inch. I can only imagine he's making sure I've remained unharmed in his absence. "It's true. I'm shocked you don't believe me."

Vander moves around my lounge, keeping the blade against my neck. He straddles me, resting his forearm above my head where I'm in a half sitting position. He has me pinned in place, no way to escape, nowhere to go. But this is how I like it.

"I missed you, *Reginetta*. Did you miss me?" His voice rolls over me. The sound is music to my ears after not having seen him in days. It suddenly occurs to me it's the longest we've been apart in five years.

"Maybe." I wrap my legs around his hips, drawing him closer.

"I kept your psychopath safe. Sorry I wasn't able to stop him from leaving." I grasp his shirt in my fists and tug him flush against me, wanting to taste his lips. It's been too long. My movement makes the blade bite into my neck, drawing blood before he lightens the pressure. His eyes drop to the injury and brighten with lust when he sees the red drop.

"Thanks for bringing him back to me. He is here, right?" Vander's focus remains on my neck, and yet he draws the knife away. The blade point scratches against my skin as it trails along my neck, over my clavicle, and between my breasts. It catches the sunlight and reflects it onto his face before his shadow covers it.

“He is,” Vander confirms, licking his lips. “But I think I’d like my reward now. For both keeping his stupidity in line and for catching you off guard.”

“Actually—“ My objection cuts off when his knife cuts through the string between my tits, keeping the bathing suit top in place. The fabric falls to the sides, exposing me to him against my will, as the knife continues to travel south.

A cheesy grin appears right before I smack an arm over the objects of his desire, making it disappear as quickly as it showed up. “*Reginetta*, no need to be rude.“ His eyes sharpen with a dominant need to control, making them darken even more.

“You don’t get rewarded for something that didn’t happen!” I hold up my phone, which slipped next to me, showing the picture I took on the screen. The smile splitting his face might be the biggest one I’ve ever seen on him. And if I’m not mistaken, there’s something akin to pride shining in his gaze.

The look catches me off guard, and I can’t help but suck in a sharp breath, staring at him in all his masculine beauty. He flips us so I’m on top before I can even expect it. The knife clatters as it falls, and my hat flies off, flopping to the ground, allowing my hair to fall around my face. Vander threads his fingers through it, holding it out of my way. “Seems we both deserve a reward, then.”

“Is that right?” My tits extend toward his face since my hands automatically reach to support my weight. They catch his eye briefly, but he focuses on my lips instead. We both

want the same thing, so I stop my teasing, opting to close the space between us.

The softness of his lips is inviting, and I fall into them like he's been gone for a month instead of three days. His hands leave my face and glide along my bare back until he cups my ass. The heat of the sun has nothing on us, and I'm quickly grinding against him while our tongues dance.

Suddenly, I'm lifted off Vander, floating through the air until I'm deposited on a lap on the next lounger. Cole's arms wrap around me, squeezing so tightly, air rushes from my lungs, and I find it impossible to take a breath in. He buries his face in my neck, taking his fill of my scent from the way he inhales.

"Cole," Vander growls, his anger clear in the single word. "We agreed since you were an idiot, I'd get to see her first."

"And you did," Cole snaps back, lifting his head to glare at Vander. "I never said how long I'd wait."

My back stiffens. The familiar smooth tone of my stalker filling my ears. Cole's British accent nowhere to be found. Vander notices my reaction first, and he lets out a resigned sigh. "I'll leave you two alone." He stands and cups my face, leaning over to give me a toe curling kiss, not caring at the fact I'm in Cole's lap. "Don't go easy on him. Lord knows he was a pain in my ass and deserves it."

Vander walks away, moving to enter the house with the others, leaving me alone with Cole. "Raven." The word is but a reverent whisper on his lips. He moves, placing me where he

was sitting and shifts so he's kneeling between my legs. I let him gather my hands and cradle them to his chest. "I'm a cold, unfeeling, emotionless man... It's who I am with everyone else, but not with you, never with you."

I'm being stubborn, not wanting to look at him, but his words demand my attention. A need to search for how sincere he is takes over me, it's something I can't ignore even if I wanted. His gaze remains fixed on me, but I don't know how much I can trust the sincerity I find there. Cole and I are far too similar. He's well acquainted with faking his emotions.

So is this the truth? Or all an act?

I'm not sure there's anything he can do to make me trust him. Either I do, or I don't... I have to decide. Yes, or no. *You have to pick, Raven.*

Cole's hand flashes out and grips my throat, commanding all my focus. He lifts me from the lounge and turns my body so my back is pressed against his front. His lips brush against my ear as he nuzzles against the side of my head. "Focus, Raven. Don't make me get Grayson so I can force him to work his magic."

My thoughts instantly go to when Grayson tied me up, forcing me to stay in the moment and concentrate only on him, instead of my spiraling thoughts. Kinda like what I'm doing right now. Cole's hand squeezes. It's a small reminder to pay attention to him, as if he knows the direction my mind went.

"What's going on in that pretty head of yours?" His other hand bands around my waist, holding me tight. I lean my head

back on his shoulder, giving in to the sensation of him propping me up, taking the burden of my thoughts onto himself. Because that's what it feels like. Like he's taking the weight of the world from me simply by the way he holds me.

"I don't know if I can trust you or not." My arms wrap around my middle, before shifting down to touch him where he instinctively tightens his grip.

"Why, Countess?" He moves us to the pool, stepping in slowly, the water cooling my sun-kissed skin the deeper he takes me.

I scoff. "What haven't you done? You left. Decided to say 'fuck you' to your family and ran off to kill without me. You hid the fact you were my stalker. Your accent is suddenly missing. You fucked me and didn't have piercings, now you suddenly do." I run out of examples, even though it feels like I have a million more I should be able to offer up right now.

His thumb rubs soothingly back and forth on the side of my throat. The comforting weight of his hand resting there gives me the sensation I can let everything go, the weightlessness of my body in the water adding to it. He releases my waist, encouraging me to float while keeping my head on his shoulder.

"And those things make you feel like you can't trust me?"

My fingers twitch, wanting to grasp a knife. How the fuck isn't he getting this? "You lied to me, Cole. About more things than I'll ever know." I put my arms out, using them to help me float on the surface.

The vibration of him chuckling shakes my head where it rests against his shoulder. “Now you know the truth, Raven. I have no more secrets I want to keep from you. Ask me anything, I’m an open book.”

“Even if you answer my questions, how can I trust what you’re telling me?”

“Why wouldn’t you be able to?” The man is insistent about wanting to get to the bottom of things, that’s for sure. Even though I don’t want to share my reasoning, I do it anyway, before I can grow weary of his pestering. I can already see he’s like a dog with a bone right now.

“Because you’re as good as me at faking emotions. How do I know you’re telling the truth? How do I know you mean it?”

Cole hums in understanding and kisses my cheek. “Was my confession not enough for you? I’m that man with everyone else. But you own my soul. I can’t deceive you. It would go against every fiber of my being. And we both know psychopaths only care about themselves. I’m a selfish man. But not when it comes to you. You’re the exception to every single fucking rule.”

His hand leaves my throat, and I instantly miss the calming effect it has on me. Maybe the fact I’m so comfortable putting my life in the palm of his hand, literally, means something...

He turns me in his hold until I’m facing him. Cole moves my arms to wrap around his shoulders, my nipples brushing against his soaked shirt, reminding me that Vander ruined my top. I hold on to him, finding his pleading gaze. The tender



touch of his fingertips glides along my side and down my legs, encouraging me to wrap them around his waist.

“What are you doing?” I whisper, as his hands raise to my face, holding me so damn tenderly it hurts. The air around us seems to still, telling me how serious things have turned.

“I want us to see each other for the rest of this conversation.” He licks his lips, our eyes locked together. “We don’t experience emotions like everyone else. But everything in me says what I feel for you is my personal version of love. I’m devoted to you. You’re my everything. My reason for existing. Without you, I’m nothing. You’re my obsession.”

His lips brush against mine in a hint of a kiss. “And I think you feel the same way. I fucked up. But we can work through my mistakes, because we can’t live without each other. We’re two halves of a whole. I’d be broken beyond repair without you.”

He pauses, as if thinking about what he said, and his brows furrow. The act showing me this isn’t something he scripted ahead of time. He gives a self-deprecating laugh. “Shit. I didn’t realize how true that is until now. I was a worthless man the three days I wasn’t by your side. The only thing I was good for was mindless killing. I didn’t even enjoy it as much as I normally do. I need you more than I ever realized. Please forgive me, and know I’ll never make that mistake again. I’ll never leave your side again.”

Cole is right, we are the same, which is how I know he’s speaking the truth. It’s hidden in the part of his soul I own.

“You even attempt to leave me again, and I’ll aim for your heart instead of your leg. Don’t test me.”

The smile he gives me makes my pussy flutter. *Down, girl, he still needs to be punished.*

“It was my first clue how much I mean to you. I can’t wait for it to scar. A reminder of how much you love me.” Our noses brush, the tension between us growing thicker.

“I never said that.”

“Yeah, you did. Your actions said it all. I love you too, Raven.” His hand holds the back of my head, anticipating me wanting to put some distance between us.

After a moment, the fight leaves my body. How can I lie to myself or him after everything he said? “I love you too.” And I do. In our own special fucked up way.

# Chapter 8



## Raven

**M**y resolve to not give in to anything physical with Cole is put to the test. Our moment of sharing something so deeply personal has things between us simmering more than it ever has before.

Thankfully, Vander saves me from myself. I have plans for torturing Cole. Is it fair to leave our confession unsealed with a kiss? Who the fuck cares. He left and I won't let him get away with one measly conversation like it magically fixes everything. He needs to feel a fraction of the torment I did.

Before our lips can meet, I'm hoisted from the water and into Vander's arms. Much like Cole did to him not long ago. "Fuck no! You don't get any of that until we say so." His statement is supported by Jasper and Grayson coming up on either side of him. The three of them crowding in on me.

Yep. I can count on them to help me with my plan.

Cole whips around, the water rushing out in a wave at the movement. His muscles bunch together, ready to jump into a fight, but his temper quickly dampens when he sees the men

holding me. I'm sure Cole can tell he won't win in an argument, but it doesn't stop him from glaring at them.

"Was it worth it?" Jasper asks Cole, his tone icy cold. I glance at Jasper, and it suddenly occurs to me... I'm not the only one Cole needs to grovel with. He'll need to seek forgiveness from more than me. I wasn't the only one affected by it, the rest of them were too.

Cole takes a deep breath, and as he releases it, I watch the anger leave him. He knows he doesn't have any room to resent my men for his actions. He moves to the edge of the pool and lifts his body out. It's not nearly as attractive as when Jasper did it earlier. I should have at least taken his shirt off so I could enjoy the view while we were in the water.

Grayson hands a towel to Vander, who immediately wraps it around me, covering my bare chest. The sensation of the material is slightly uncomfortable. Fuck. It didn't take long for me to get a sunburn. Vander will pay for this.

The towel in Grayson's other hand lands squarely in Cole's face. He gratefully uses it to dry himself off as much as he can without taking his clothes off.

"No, it wasn't," he finally answers.

"Want to try things again?" Jasper continues. "Properly this time?"

"I do. But I'd prefer to do it after a quick shower, and if you wouldn't mind, on the jet." Exhaustion seems to descend on Cole like everything is catching up to him all at once. I'm sure

he hasn't stopped for three days straight and that weighs on a person's mental state. Even someone as dead inside as Cole and I. He even goes so far as to favor the leg I didn't shoot.

"Sounds like you're assuming we'll say yes to helping you," Grayson says. It's clear the three of them are on the same page.

"You're right. I am. But I want to do this *properly*. Which I can't do when I'm wasting time." Some of that same sense of urgency he had when he left in the first place creeps up on him.

"You don't call all that in the pool a waste of your precious time?" Vander throws in, accusation dripping from every word. Probably still pissy that Cole cut off our greeting. I am too, for that matter.

Cole's gaze meets mine, a fierce resolve hidden in his piercing green depths. "Absolutely not."

At least the man has his priorities right. I better always come first. Even if it's to his sister being used as a sex slave. I've never claimed to be a good person either. Selfish to the core.

"We can go to the jet, but we aren't taking off until we're satisfied with your apology," Jasper says, speaking for the group. "The house is scrubbed and the cars are loaded. Let's go."

It seems so anticlimactic. I came here in such a frenzy to hunt Cole down. To force him into not leaving me, and then

things took such an unexpected turn. I ended up killing a man with Jasper and spending time beside the pool relaxing with margaritas.

But honestly, things turned out better than I could've expected. I needed the break from what my life has turned into. Cole coming to me instead was the right call. I'm not sure things would have ended so well if I had continued my hunt. I probably would've killed him. Which would have been a shame.

Grayson puts a pair of shoes on the ground for me, and I slip them on, glancing over my shoulder to find Jasper picking up my hat, sunglasses, and phone in one hand, and the margarita glass in the other.



Vander closes the passenger entry door, securing it for the flight. The attendant who was here on the last flight I took is conveniently missing. Which is a good thing because I would've ended up killing her. And the pilots have sequestered themselves in the cockpit with stern orders to remain there until Cole gives them further instructions.

Warm arms wrap around me from behind, and Vander presses a kiss to the crook of my neck. "I vote next time we kill him," he murmurs in my ear. "Three days was too long. Never again, never fucking again."

I watch as Cole enters the back bedroom, making his way to the bathroom to take a shower. Too bad he hasn't suffered

enough, or else I'd join him.

Jasper and Grayson sit in captain chairs next to the couch. The former holds a glass filled with amber liquid and takes a sip, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallows. "How bad was it?" he asks, flicking his gaze to Vander.

Hot air blows past my ear. "He was a mess. Barely able to think clearly enough to not end up dead. If I wasn't there, he would've been. I had to take more than a few men out who would've shot him." Vander's thumb swipes against my stomach underneath the shirt he took off for me to wear. "I'm glad he came to his senses when he did."

A grunt sounds from Jasper, and he throws back the rest of his drink. "He's always been a hair's breadth away from a psychotic break. His recent obsession is the only thing that's kept him somewhat grounded."

I can't help but smile. It's flattering knowing I'm responsible for keeping Cole from snapping. At least most of the time. I'm his Grayson. My gaze falls on the man my thoughts went to, and I find him watching me. As if he knows what I'm thinking, he smirks. The devilish curve of his lips makes me lick mine, wanting a taste of him. The wink he gives me seals the deal, and I take a step toward him, only to be stopped by Vander's tight hold. He's not willing to let me budge an inch.

Before I can say anything, Cole comes out of the back room, running a towel over his hair, having taken a speedy shower. I know he's itching to get back to his hunt to find his



sister. I'm surprised he took as long as he did talking to me when they showed. It shows how much he's willing to go the extra mile for me. A step in the right direction.

"Come on, let's get you clean," Vander says, tapping my hip.

"I don't think so." Jasper stands and cuts him off by stepping between us. "We all know what happens when you get into a bathroom with her."

He has a point. And considering we've been separated for three days... there are some things to catch up on. I throw a smirk over my shoulder, and the heated gleam I find in Vander's eyes says he had the same thoughts. Soon, my handsome guard. Soon.

"Hurry?" Cole asks as I pass him.

"I'll do my best," I reply, running my hand over his shoulder as I walk by. "We should've saved time showering together." I might want him on ice for now, but it doesn't mean I can't help his balls turn blue faster.

I strip the shirt Vander gave me, and toss it over my shoulder, then tug on the ties of my bikini bottoms so they fall free. The heat of four stares follows me until I shut the door, cutting them off.

When I come back out, I find Cole pushing a button on a panel from the armrest of a captain's chair. It's the one right next to the couch, which is where I move to sit next to Vander and Grayson.

As I find my seat, two screens flip down from where the overhead bins would be. They're perfectly situated in front of Cole, but we have a great view from here, too. My tech nerd adjusts his glasses, and says, "Give me a minute to open the files."

"What happened to your accent?" Grayson asks, narrowing his gaze at Cole. I'm surprised it took this long for someone to ask, but I'm thankful he did because I want to know, too.

Cole freezes and slowly raises his gaze to settle on me. After a moment, he finally responds. "I faked it."

"You faked your British accent?" Grayson sounds outraged. It's probably how I'd feel too if I had normal emotions.

"It was a douche move if you ask me," Jasper muses, pouring himself another drink.

Vander scoffs. "It's been driving me nuts." Then, under his breath, he adds, "The man is such a psychopath."

Cole doesn't spare a glance for any of them though, opting to keep me firmly in his sights. "Why?" I question.

A cocksure grin spreads across his face. "Because I knew it would get your attention right away. Don't even try to lie and say you weren't instantly attracted to my voice."

He's got me there. "I was also instantly attracted to your normal voice."

"Hmmm..." he coos. "But was it *my* voice, or because you knew it belonged to your stalker?"

Fucker. I don't like being boxed in, especially when it's something I don't really care about. Did he lie to me by using a fake accent? Sure. But he came clean with his reasoning the first time he was asked. I can't expect him to dump the truth about every lie all at once, in a single conversation. It's unrealistic.

"Didn't you want to apologize to the others so we can start searching for your sister?" I throw at him. If he doesn't want the claws, he shouldn't back me into a corner.

Instead of my words working as a backhanded slap, Cole grins. "Yeah, that's what I thought. But you're right, we have other priorities." He turns to the screens again, calm as a cucumber, typing away. Seems as if he found his serenity again. I guess he was right about needing me.

It only takes a few seconds before the screens fill with information. "You know we're not waiting for you to show us whatever you dug up, right?" Jasper interrupts Cole's concentration.

Cole glances over at Jasper, and after a second of studying him, he pushes the keyboard out of his way. He leans forward and rests his elbows on his knees, looking between the rest of us in turn.

"We all know I fucked up." He sighs, searching for the right words. "Listen, I smoothed things over with our girl."

"Nah, man. This isn't about Raven," Vander says quickly, cutting Cole off from saying anything else.

“This is about you forgetting we built a family here, and we don’t run off on family,” Jasper chimes in. “It wasn’t only her you needed to apologize to, asshole.”

I didn’t realize how close everyone has become, but he’s right. We’re a family, no matter how unconventional, and I wasn’t the only one who Cole left. He ignored all of us. Thought he could do it without our help. And perhaps he could with time, but not if he didn’t want to get caught. Or at the very least, have to go underground for a spell.

“Shit.” Cole pushes his glasses farther up his nose, before wiping a hand over his mouth. “So, you’re what? My brothers now?”

“Only if you’re lucky and play things right from now on,” Grayson answers. His hand lands on my thigh, and he runs a thumb back and forth. His touch has become so natural, I miss it when I haven’t felt it in a while. In fact, it makes me relax. Who would’ve thought?

“Sorry, I lost my mind for a second there. It won’t happen again,” Cole says. “But I would be grateful if you would all help me find my sister. I failed her. I gave up on her and moved on with my life.” His words seem a little out of character for him, but being a psychopath, he lacks the emotions to truly mean it. I believe he wants our help and chose the perfect, pretty words to get the outcome he wants.

Vander leans into me, his lips brushing against my ear as he whispers, “So we’re clear, he’s still getting punished, but then he’s forgiven, right?”

I bite my thumb, hiding my smile behind it. I had to tell them my plan to get their help to pull it off. It wouldn't be possible without them. "Absolutely."

Vander nods at Jasper, giving his acceptance of the apology. Grayson does the same, and Jasper rubs his hands together. "Okay, Brother. Where's our sister at?"

# Chapter 9



## Raven

Cole sifts through the information he unearthed about anyone and everyone who was ever in the building where his sister was caught on camera. In the three days he spent on a killing spree, he hunted the ones who were local in the area.

“You mean to tell me, you conveniently decided to come find me when you ran out of local leads?” I ask him.

He at least has the decency to wince. I appreciate the feigned act of emotions. “It wasn’t a conscious decision. Just so happened to work out that way.”

My hacker nerd is the type of man to plan things out to work perfectly for him. But I believe him because he’s also the type of man to admit the truth to me. At least on this. Past Ravenmaster secrets aside.

“So then, where are we going?” Vander asks. “Who’s our target?”

“That’s what I’m working on figuring out now. There are too many breadcrumbs leading me in all different directions.”

His fingers fly over the keyboard. “I’m trying to narrow it down, but...” He trails off, working on uncovering even more details of the men on his suspect list.

Something he said earlier has been haunting me, like there’s a hidden detail that’s important, but I can’t figure out what it is. I stare at the screens, studying them. The list of most likely suspects is broken down with details of why they seem like good candidates. And as I stare at them, it comes to me.

Cole is fucking amazing at what he does. How could his sister have dropped off the face of Earth without him knowing about it? All this time and she never once showed up in a picture? Has never been caught on video somewhere? No CCTV recording devices? I find that highly suspect.

As I scan the data, something sticks out like a sore thumb. One of the men has decidedly fewer details than all the others. “Cole.” I stand and move closer to the screens. “Why isn’t there much information on this man?” I point at the name I’m referring to, Brent Mangrum.

His eyebrows pinch together, and he tilts his head to the side, studying the name. “Because I haven’t been able to find much.” He returns to typing on his keyboard, and even more windows pop open. “You’re right though. There are holes in his profile. No one is this clean.”

“Is it possible his personal data was scrubbed from the internet? Maybe he has a hacker as good as you covering his tracks.”



“That makes a lot of sense,” Cole mumbles. “And now I know what to look for.”

Jasper takes advantage of my standing position and wraps his arms around me from behind, dragging me against his chest where I lay my head back and watch Cole work. He seems to be in his element again, and I wonder how he made it three days without his computer setup. Who knows how much more information he would have by now had he simply stuck to his computers in the first place. Not to mention having us to help him.

“Found something,” Cole says in an offhand way, like it’s more for himself than us. “Fuck, this guy is good. But I’ve caught on now.” He seems like a completely different man compared to the one I saw in the bedroom when he first found her, and then again from the man who came to me beside the pool.

“Cole,” I prompt, trying to get his attention after he doesn’t say anything. Way to keep us all on edge.

He glances from the screen to me, and his eyes go wide like he forgot we’re here. “Sorry,” he mumbles, running a hand through his hair. “You’re right, he does have someone covering his digital footprint, which means it’ll take me a while to dig everything up. I was able to find an address though. But knowing this type of asshole, he’ll have more than one residence. So who knows if he’ll actually be there or not.”

Jasper’s arms flex around me, and I feel his head nod, acknowledging the information. “Well, at least it’s a start. If

he's not there, we should be able to find a clue as to where to search next, in case you don't find anything else up online."

"Yeah," Cole concedes, but he doesn't sound convinced.

"So, where are we going?" Vander asks.

"Florida. Somewhere in the swamps. From what I've gathered, it's a compound of some sort. Doesn't seem like a residence, but it's the only address I've found." Cole cracks his knuckles and continues to type, settling in for the long haul. Or so he thinks.

"Don't you need to let the pilots know where we're going?" I remind him.

"Shit. Yeah. Thanks," he replies distractedly. Glancing around himself, he moves the keyboard and stands to make his way to the cockpit.

"Ready?" Jasper coos in my ear. My thighs clench together. In all the time I've been with my men, I've never fucked them all at once. That's about to change. I'm fixing to have them all, all of them except Cole. He gets to watch but doesn't get to have any of the fun.

Grayson stands and goes over to a bag he brought with him, preparing for his role in my master plan. Jasper releases me with a kiss on the back of my head and moves along with Vander to assume their positions.

It's obvious Cole doesn't expect anything, but it's unclear if he simply doesn't notice or if his mind is too preoccupied with

his current project. He steps away from the cockpit, and that's when Jasper and Vander pounce.

They descend on either side of him, grabbing his arms and knocking his feet out from underneath him. They lay him out on the floor, twisting his arms behind him and holding them in place for Grayson to tie up. He wraps the rope around his arms several times, similar to how he tied me. All the while, Cole struggles. He's simply no match for them.

“What the fuck are you doing, you assholes? Get off me!” he yells. The hold my men have on Cole is so strong, he isn't able to shake them. Each jerk of his body is fruitless.

Once Grayson has the rope secured, the other two lift him from the ground and place him on the couch. Before he has a chance to move, I straddle his lap. His anger cools slightly the moment his gaze lands on me. “You didn't think I'd let you get away with everything so easily, did you?” I ask sweetly.

He pushes a sigh through his lips; the air blowing out and brushing against mine. “I suppose not,” he admits. “But I hoped you might let it slide.”

“Never.” I run my fingertips across the side of his face, trailing over his jawbone and down his neck. Teasing him with my touch. I tsk, shifting my hips so I'm positioned right over his hardening cock. The reaction is flattering considering he's tied up, and his arms can't be comfortable, squished against the couch the way they are.

My hand drifts between us, grabbing his cock through his pants. I run my palm over his length, licking my lips as I feel

the balls of his piercings. “I’m not sure what to do with the information that my nerdy, sweet, coffee-loving hacker is actually a bona fide bad boy.”

“Pleasantly surprised, Countess?” he asks, an adorable smirk pulling at his lips. One I’m not sure will last for much longer. His gaze devours me, traveling over my features in a gentle caress I can practically feel.

It’s so odd not hearing his accent. I’ve grown used to the cadence of it, but his natural tone is equally as attractive. Suddenly, though, the use of that nickname makes me raise a questioning brow. “Why do you call me that? I thought it was just an odd British quirk.”

His eyes sparkle at the question, a hint of deviance flashing through them. “The first famous serial killer was a Countess. She killed hundreds.”

“So basically you’ve been calling me a serial killer all this time?” I ask him, shocked by the revelation.

“Pretty much,” he replies smugly.

I turn my attention to Jasper. “Little Bird?”

“A play off Raven,” he instantly answers, expecting the question. Knowing now that he hunted me from the very beginning, his nickname makes even more sense.

My eyes flash to Vander, and he answers me before I even ask. “You know mine is from when you were young.”

Cole thrusts into my hand as I run my thumb over his tip, the fabric between us dulling the sensation for him. It brings

my attention back to the moment. “I can’t wait to fuck you, to enjoy these piercings of yours, knowing it’s my dark stalker I’m riding. My Ravenmaster.”

An objecting scoff sounds off to my side, where Jasper is standing. “We’re all Ravenmaster, Little Bird.”

“And I was speaking to all of you.” I glance around, taking them in one at a time, a wide smile on my face at the thought of a gangbang. Of being filled in every hole. “It’ll have to wait for another day, though. Cole doesn’t get to play.”

With my announcement, Cole groans. “Raven, Luv, please don’t. It’s been too long since I’ve had you. You’re being cruel.”

“That sounds like a *you* problem, not a *me* problem.” I frown at him and shrug my shoulders in mock sympathy.

Grayson moves to stand behind me. His front heats my back, and his lips brush against my ear. Somehow, I can tell he’s staring at Cole as he speaks. “You seem a little overdressed, seductress. How about I help you fix that?”

His fingertips lightly graze across my skin, running down my arms until he can dip them under my shirt. Goosebumps erupt everywhere he touches, my body reacting to him. In one smooth motion, he lifts it over my head, exposing my lace bra. I’m not even sure why I got dressed, other than to give them the chance to unwrap me. And because I didn’t want to give my plans away to Cole.

“Gorgeous,” Grayson murmurs. His touch follows the lines of my bra, dipping into my cleavage and down my navel until he reaches the button of my pants. Cole’s eyes trace every movement, and he licks his lips like he wants to devour me.

I brace myself on either side of Cole’s head as Grayson helps me out of my jeans. My lips mere centimeters from his; my breath but a promise of a kiss never to come. A tortured groan spills from his parted lips. “Raven, you know you want to have me. Let’s not play these games.”

“Oh, but I do, Cole. I very much do. Now be a good boy and keep your mouth shut. Otherwise, I might have to ask Jasper to do something about it,” I taunt. As an afterthought, I add, “If you try to force things, I’ll have to extend your torture.”

His jaw clenches, anger flashing in his eyes. He doesn’t like this at all, but that’s kind of the point.

Grayson moves my hair over a shoulder, baring my neck to him. His lips trail soft kisses along the exposed skin before his tongue flicks out and licks my lobe. Shivers travel down my spine, and my nipples pebble, poking at the lace, wanting to get free.

As if he knows exactly what I need, which isn’t out of the realm of possibility with how much time he’s spent exploring my body, his hands reach around and cup my breasts. His thumbs instantly swipe across my aching buds before he works at pinching them between his fingers. He plucks, twists, and pinches the peaked tips, teasing them into a frenzy.

All the while, Cole's gaze remains steadfast on what he's doing. The weight of his stare isn't the only one I feel caressing my body. Vander and Jasper are enjoying the show as well, waiting for their turn to fuck me.

Wanting a glimpse of them, I turn my head, but before I can get a peek, Grayson captures my lips in a kiss. It's soft and sensual at first, before becoming hard and demanding. His hand slides up my chest until he's cupping my jaw, holding me in place, angling my head exactly where he wants it.

"You ready for me?" he asks, nipping at my bottom lip.

I'm breathless from our kiss, and beyond ready for him to sink into me. I've been ready since the pool, aching for one of my men to take care of me, and barely resisting taking a moment to do it myself. Being constantly surrounded by powerful, dangerous, immeasurably handsome men wreaks havoc on a woman's libido.

"Yes." A moan slips out with the word, like a betrayal from my body. It's giving away how much I need to be fucked right now. My coy games won't work with my men anymore, anyway. They know. There's no hiding my desire from them.

"You going to be my good girl? Follow my every command?" The huskiness of his voice creates a visceral reaction. My back arches as my panties flood. What is it about that phrase that immediately makes me want to do whatever he asks?

"Anything you say, Grayson." I'm so damn grateful that he's not the pathetic fool I first slept with. His dominant side is

everything I ever wanted and then some. It's the perfect accompaniment to my other men.

“Good,” he grumbles in my ear. One of his hands reaches back and a second later reappears in between Cole and me with a knife in his palm. I recognize it immediately as Vander's. “Take this and cut his shirt free,” Grayson orders.

I gladly take the knife from him, and being the sadistic bitch I am, I can't help but run the blade across Cole's cheek before dragging the tip down his neck to his collarbone. The threat of being cut seems to turn him on even more, but I won't draw blood. That's mine and Vander's thing. I think Cole simply enjoys the possibility of danger.

The blade cuts through his shirt like butter, the fabric splaying open revealing his chiseled chest and lickable abs. I use the sharp tip to split open his sleeves, allowing his shirt to come completely free of his body, and once I'm done, I pause to wait for my next order.

“Now brace yourself using his chest.” I drop the knife on the couch cushion next to us and follow Grayson's directions. I slide my hands along his torso, starting at his abs, enjoying every bump and ridge before bracing myself with Cole's pecs. “Hmm... this doesn't seem like enough. Maybe you should hold the knife to his neck, little devil, and pray you don't cut him as I slam into you.”

My cunt clenches. Ninety percent of the time, Grayson is the golden angel on my shoulder. But that other ten percent...



when his darkness peeks out for a little fun. Fuck, it's like a hit of pure ecstasy.

Palming the knife once more, I hold the sharp edge against Cole's neck as Grayson reaches between my legs. His fingers hook onto my panties, pulling them to the side, exposing me to the cool air. He kneels behind me, eye level with my pussy. "So fucking wet. You're dripping," he groans. "Stand up and arch your back. I want the others to see how wet you are for us."

I move to stand instead of straddling Cole, and arch like he asked, spreading my legs to make sure they get a good view of me. Two of Grayson's fingers slide through the pool of slick, gathering the wetness on his digits, and spreading me open even more. Appreciative groans sound from Jasper and Vander.

Knowing I'm on display for them, that their attention remains transfixed on me, turns me on even more. I suck in a sharp breath, my gaze locking on Cole's. He stares back, his eyes saying so much as he remains silent. There's lust there, but possession too. He owns a part of me, and with a simple look, he tells me as much. It's almost as if he's touching me the same as Grayson is.

Grayson stands and leans over my back, trailing his nose along my neck before nuzzling my cheek. His wet fingers trace across my lips, painting them with my essence. "Kiss him."

Something about my former fiancé commanding me to kiss my stalker with pussy juice on my lips is hot as fuck. It almost rivals Vander feeding me his cum. Almost...

Cole gives me his panty ruining smirk and closes the few inches between us before I can. He licks my lips like he can't wait to taste me, moaning with the first burst of my flavor. As we kiss, I can taste myself on him, his hunger more than evident in the way he nibbles at my lips. After a moment, Grayson mumbles, "That's enough," and he grasps my chin, turning my head so he can take his turn.

The taste of them both consumes me, a haze descending where all I want is to fuck and revel in the feel of them. I get lost in the kiss, wondering if he'll direct one of the others to take a turn. Passing me from one to the next. Why haven't we done this before?

When we break apart, the sound of Grayson's zipper being lowered is followed by the warm press of his dick against my entrance as he lines himself up. "Fuck me already, damn it." The teasing is supposed to be directed toward Cole, not me.

"Hold up," Vander suddenly intrudes, breaking through the bubble I find myself in. Son of a bitch. I hang my head low, letting it rest on Cole's shoulder, where he leans his head against mine in a sweet gesture I'm not used to.

Grayson's hand glides along my spine, rubbing my back. "What's up?" He gives Vander the go ahead to cut in, fully committing to sharing me with no objections.

“If she’s going to hold a knife to his neck, you need to give him the full experience. Isn’t that right, *Reginetta*?” Vander’s hand slides along my arm until he reaches the knife. Instead of taking it from my grasp, he wraps his hand around mine and guides it from Cole’s neck to my pussy.

Before the cold blade touches me, Vander twists it in my hold, making sure the blunt edge is facing up, then he guides it between my lips. The frigid metal kisses my clit, Vander guiding the movement so it’s a mere teasing brush back and forth.

The last time he did this, I had no idea who it was, and he forced me to hold my hands to the wall. This time, holding the hilt myself feels even more depraved. I never would’ve thought in my wildest fantasies that I would use a knife to get off. But here I am, not only enjoying it but relishing the reaction of my men.

Cole’s gaze burns through me, focusing on the blade as his cock jumps against the seam of his pants. I wish I had cut his pants off... I want to watch his girthy, pierced length weep with his need for me. To watch it unobstructed as it gives away which things turn him on.

“Fuck,” Grayson groans, fisting his cock and running a thumb in circles around the head. While reaching for my breast with his other hand, teasing my nipple with such a soft touch compared to all the hardness everywhere else on my body.

Jasper moves to the couch next to us and fists my hair in his hand, jerking my head to the side so he can kiss me. The movement runs through my entire body, forcing my hips to thrust forward. The hard metal bites into my clit, making my heart pound expecting the pain of being cut to pulse through the sensitive area.

I'm not able to breathe again for a couple of minutes, not until the adrenaline calms from thinking I might have cut myself. That and Jasper doesn't let up from our kiss, demanding my attention while my men touch me.

They work together, bringing me to an orgasm. Yes, even Cole since he leans forward, sinking his teeth into the crook of my exposed neck. The sharp pain of his bite sends me over the edge. Lightning bolts of pleasure shoot through my body, my limbs shaking from the force. Vander has to take over flicking the knife side to side, my arms no longer wanting to work.

Jasper helps to support my body as my muscles quiver. His touch, strong and sure, guides me into resting against Cole, but it only lasts a moment before he pushes me against Vander's bare chest. I missed when he took his shirt off, but I enjoy the warmth of his bare skin against mine.

Vander's arm bands around my ribcage, right under my breasts, and he holds the knife between Cole and me. The blade drips with my release, making the metal even shinier. "I want you all to note how fucking depraved our Raven is. She gets off on me fucking her with weapons." He shifts the handle so the blade is pointing up. "Such a little slut for us."

His focus shifts to Cole. “Lick the blade, asshole. Taste how much it turns her on.” Cole narrows a death glare at Vander, refusing to move. I’m not sure how he manages to keep his mouth shut. The defiance shining from his eyes makes Vander tack on a threat. “Do it, or I’ll cut you and paint Raven red with your blood while I fuck her.”

Cole’s teeth make a sharp noise as he grinds his jaw. His gaze flicks to me as I watch, waiting to find out what he’ll do. Either option oddly sounds appealing to me. Vander woke a love for blood in me, one we’ve only begun to explore. But watching Cole lick my juices from the knife sounds hot as fuck.

He huffs through his nose and rolls his eyes, shifting forward slightly to reach the knife. “You too, *Reginetta*,” Vander adds, his thumb swiping back and forth on the bottom of my breast.

Jasper’s hand cradles the back of my head, encouraging it to close the distance even though I don’t need it. It clues me into how much he’s enjoying watching the depravity unfolding in front of him. Or he knows how much I want this and simply has an obsessive need to be in charge of giving me what I desire in life. Actually, on second thought, it’s probably both.

My gaze remains fixed on Cole’s piercing green depths, mirroring his movements. Our mouths open at the same time, tongues flick out and swipe along the blade. My flavor mixed with metal bursts across my tastebuds, and yet we move together, trailing the length of the knife until the warmed metal

is gone and our tongues meet. We share my taste in a kiss, both of us hungry for more. I lose myself in the moment until I'm tugged away from him.

Suddenly, my jaw is in a vice grip. Harsh fingers dig into my skin, dragging my head to turn to the side. "Did I say you could kiss him?" Grayson asks, his eyes flashing with barely controlled anger. It has a shiver of desire flashing through me.

"Naughty, Little Bird," Jasper rasps in my ear. "I think I should punish her mouth for you."

"I think you should too," Grayson agrees with him. "Open your mouth. I want to hear you choke on his cock."

The sound of Jasper's clothes hit the ground before he moves to sit on the back of the couch, hunching his back over to avoid hitting his head on the top of the plane. His cock juts out, a bead of precum on the tip.

"I want you to stay positioned right here, gorgeous," Grayson instructs, holding my head a few inches from Cole.

"Don't forget this." Vander slaps the knife in my hold once more. "And be careful. It's sharp. You don't want to accidentally cut him." His tone is menacing, like he wouldn't actually mind if I did.

Jasper draws closer, his hand fisted around his cock, ready for my mouth. I practically drool, wanting to taste him.

A cold rubber object rubs against my cunt, and before I can question it, I'm distracted by Cole's angry outburst.

“Absolutely fucking not!” Cole seethes. “Get your dick away from my face. You’re crossing the line.”

Jasper laughs before tsking. “Raven warned you not to say anything.” It’s the only warning Cole gets before Vander shoves a ball gag into his mouth and buckles it in place behind his head. “Suck on our woman’s juices while we pleasure her and you wallow in the bad decisions that brought you here.”

Now the object pressing against me makes more sense...

Cole’s eyes flash with surprise before morphing into the promise of murder, but with the mention of this being his punishment, some of the heat diminishes. His gaze flicks to mine, and I know he’s already formulating plans for what he’ll do to me in the future. My mind goes to the times Ravenmaster used a toy on me, and I know intrinsically it was him.

Before I can think about it much more, Jasper’s fingers thread through my hair at the top of my head, gripping it so tightly, tiny pinpricks of pain prickle my scalp. My mouth pops open, knowing what he wants. His cock slides in, and he doesn’t wait to thrust, shoving his tip into my throat.

Vander’s hand guides mine into holding the knife against Cole’s throat, and Grayson lines up behind me. So many things are happening at once, it’s hard to concentrate on a single one.

Grayson doesn’t wait to shove in either, plunging balls deep in one thrust. It forces Jasper’s dick farther down my throat,

and the knife jumps in my palm. Fuck. I can't even look to see if I've cut Cole.

After a time, Jasper yanks my head back, his cock slipping from my mouth with a slurping sound. My gaze lands on his smiling face, his dimple peeking out. "Remember the first time we fucked?" I nod, and he continues, "Your guard is watching again."

His eyes flick to the side, drawing my attention to where he's directing. I find Vander leaning against one of the captain's chairs, his arms crossed over his bare chest and his thick cock straining against his pants. His gaze traces over me pointedly when he notices our attention on him. "What? I enjoy watching you being used like the whore you are."

"That's right, Remi. You're so good at taking us both at the same time," Grayson praises. His cock slamming into me, our skin making rhythmic slapping sounds.

Jasper takes the knife from my hand, and I'm finally able to check if I've nicked Cole. There's a small line of blood, but not too much. I suppose I couldn't have expected to not cut him at all with how much I've been jostled. Jasper tosses the knife to Vander, who catches it smoothly, but I don't see what he does with it.

My attention is drawn to Jasper once more as he wraps my hand around his cock. "Keep me on the edge, Little Bird. I want my load to spill in your cunt where it belongs." With his words, my pussy flutters around Grayson's cock. Clenching and unclenching, over and over.



“Your pussy is so tight. Fuck. I’ve never felt anything so perfect.” Grayson reaches around my hip to glide his fingers along my slit, playing with my clit before pinching it. I’m helpless to hold off the ecstasy he forces on me. My body shudders, and I wrap my arm around Cole’s neck, holding myself against him as I try my best to continue pumping my other hand along Jasper’s length.

Grayson’s hand trails along my spine, until he grips the back of my neck, holding me in place as he pounds into me even faster. His other hand moves from my clit to grip my hip in a bruising hold. Each thrust has his balls slapping against my oversensitive bundle of nerves. Aftershocks burst through me with each contact.

He bends over my back and captures my lips in a possessive kiss. We’re practically laying across Cole, and my cheek rests against his gag as we continue to deepen it. After a moment, Grayson moans into my mouth as he comes.

A few thrusts later, Grayson slides free and steps away. “My turn,” Vander rumbles, stalking toward me like he wants to consume me, body, soul, and darkness.

Jasper removes my hand from his cock and kisses my palm gently. “You’re mine after Vander,” he says with a wink.

Vander’s hands grip me, and before I know it, he’s lifting me from Cole. His muscular arms bulge around me, making me feel small in his grasp, even though I’m not. He turns me and deposits me on Cole’s lap once more, except now I’m

facing Vander. With a hand on my clavicle, he pushes me back until I'm lounging on my nerd.

“Drape your legs over his and spread yourself open like the slut you are.” Vander's hand moves to my throat as I open myself for him. The other two watch with hooded lids, even Grayson who spilled his load moments ago.

Reaching for his knife, Vander trails it between my cleavage. “I want you to choose a spot on your body, and I'll choose one. Those are the places where I'll cut you when we fuck.” His gaze flicks to Cole's face over my shoulder. “And he's going to tattoo you with a heart on each spot. That way we can contain the scars you'll get in those places, instead of me marking your entire body otherwise.”

The thought of having permanent marks from him cutting me has my spine stiffening. He closes the distance between us and moves his hand long enough to lick along the pulse point of my neck. “Cole already got to mark your back. Grayson's ring is still around your finger. This is my way of marking you as mine. Trust me, *Reginetta*.”

His eyes soften as he waits for my reply, a hint of vulnerability flashes across them. I take a deep breath, working to get used to the idea of voluntarily adding scars to my body. To say I enjoyed the last time he cut me is an understatement. The way he swiped the blood all over me... It was hot as fuck.

But I've done everything I can to diminish the one scar I already have. The only marks I've added are the tattoos, which

I didn't actually add myself, and represent my kills. It's not the same thing. Although, he's right. He deserves to have a way to mark me as his. "Okay," I whisper, hoping I don't regret my decision.

The most brilliant smile takes over Vander's face. His finger lightly traces a heart right under my clavicle. "This is my spot. Now you pick yours."

I run my tongue along my lips, wetting them as I think. "Here," I say, pointing to a spot on my left upper thigh, right next to my cunt. A shiver runs through me thinking of Vander licking a trail of blood from there.

"Hmm... I'm almost thinking you should choose a second spot. Where else?" he growls. The hand holding his knife shakes as if the thought alone has him losing control. "Perhaps somewhere I can reach while I'm fucking you from behind?"

His suggestion brings ideas to mind. Of course, it can't impede on the area where my ravens belong. My neck could work... but the small of my back sounds even better. Shit. Would that be too tramp stamp-y?

"My ass cheek," I offer, but it sounds more like a question. Cole shifts his shoulders underneath me as if he's trying to escape his bindings again.

A small laugh escapes Vander. "Seems your artist has an opinion about this. You have time to decide, my little slut."

Cole still works to free himself. I glance over my shoulder and palm his cheek. Anger lights his eyes. A warning to not

fuck with his masterpiece. I know he worships my back almost as much as he obsesses over me. “Don’t worry. You can help me pick a place that won’t interfere with my ravens.” My reassurance calms him, and he rests his head against mine.

“Three spots might be a smidge greedy,” Jasper rasps, his tone deep and gravely with his desire. “Especially considering I haven’t chosen a way to mark her as mine. You get two spots. You each pick one so it’s even, and we’re leaving it at that.”

Vander frowns at the commanding way Jasper makes the decision like it’s law, but surprisingly enough he doesn’t argue. Or perhaps he takes his anger out on me, because there’s a sudden burning sensation on my chest that draws my attention. Blood beads on the cut and a glance at Vander shows he’s staring at it. The throbbing cock poking my ass proves Cole enjoys the sight as well.

Vander swipes his thumb over it, gathering the glistening red droplets, and brings it to my nipple. The blood eases his motions as he teases circles over the hard peak. The redness spreads, staining my hardened peak darker, and his other thumb presses against the wound, encouraging more blood to spill.

Collecting it, he mirrors his movements on my other side. I moan at the sensation of him gliding over them, using my blood. It shouldn’t be hot. A normal person would probably hate this. But I find it sexy as fuck. He continues on, a smirk pulling at his lips as if he knows my thoughts.

In a swift movement, he licks the cut, and before I know it, he moves to devour me. The taste of copper covers his tongue as he kisses me deeply. We share a moan, one that I can't be certain who it comes from.

His fingers swipe over the cut again before using it to slick over my clit. I'm already so wet, the blood does nothing other than turn me on even more. "Fuck, you're drenched," Vander rasps. "I can't wait, damn it. I wanted to take my time with you, but I need you too much."

He deftly unbuttons his pants and quickly shoves them down his legs far enough to release his cock. The thickness of it makes his large hand seem smaller as he wraps it around his girth and jacks it a few times.

I reach for his shoulders, wanting to close the distance between us. Simply eyeing his gigantic dick has me feeling the phantom stretch I love so much, even though I just had Grayson who's fairly the same size. These men keep me in a needy state. Wanting them to fuck me constantly.

Vander's gaze flicks from his cock to my bloody nipples to the cut by my clavicle then back to his hand. Before I realize what he's about to do, he picks up the knife and swipes it across his palm. Blood instantly drips across my chest, red dots standing out from my skin. Vander growls at the sight. A savage desperation crosses his face, and a shudder of desire runs through him.

Apparently, my blood alone wasn't enough. He had to add his own to the mix. He fists his hand, encouraging his blood to

flow faster. The warmth of it splashes against my chest before his palm wraps around his cock, spreading even more of the slippery life force, using it like lube to glide up and down.

When his dick is covered in red, he releases it, reaching for my chest instead. His touch smears through the droplets, making me sticky with blood. Vander watches every movement he makes like he's committing them to memory. Something he does every time we've been together. His brows pinch together, and with a single finger, he traces the word mine.

With a nod of approval, his hand moves to grip my throat. My pussy flutters with his dominance, him claiming me as his, and the complete control he seeks. I freely give it to him, releasing my hold and gripping Cole's thighs instead.

To show my submission, I spread my legs as far as I can, opening myself for him to take as he pleases. A sound somewhere between a moan and a savage growl rumbles from deep in his chest. As if the rubber band wrapped around his control snaps, his free hand grips his cock, ensuring it meets its mark as he thrusts forward.

I suck in a deep breath at the sudden invasion. My men aren't taking things softly today. They're all about claiming me, although part of it might be due to wanting Cole to feel jealousy. Can't say they haven't committed to helping me with my punishment for him.

Absolute savages.

Vander's fingers ripple against my throat before he squeezes, cutting off my airflow. "Don't think I didn't notice your desperation for me to fuck you. Spreading your legs like a little whore... fuck, you're so perfect for us."

He leans forward, bracing himself on the couch behind Cole. I'm pinned between the two of them, the warmth from their bodies surrounding me in an almost perfect sandwich. We need to do this again when Cole can participate.

Darkness creeps in on the edge of my vision, and yet Vander doesn't lift his hold. Doesn't allow me to take a breath. Each thrust has me grinding against Cole's cock. His length is nestled between my ass cheeks, and I wish more than ever I'd removed his pants when I had the chance. I bet he does too since he might have gotten off from the friction. As it is, there's a possibility he's getting chafed from his pants.

Right as small sparks flash behind my eyes, a rush of endorphins floods me. If I could, a moan would've ripped from my throat, but Vander's hand keeps it locked in place. My nails bite through Cole's pants, digging for purchase as I tremble on top of him. Vander's cock drags against my walls in the most delicious way as I clamp down on him. He hits my nerves in such a way it has my release lasting longer, aftershocks fluttering through me.

The moment I almost pass out, his hold loosens, allowing a rush of air to flow into my lungs. It's icy after the burn of not being able to breathe for so long. Vander doesn't let me catch

my breath, instead opting to cut it off in a new way. His mouth descends on mine in a punishing, bruising kiss.

A bite to my lip has us sharing blood once more. The tang mixing between our dueling tongues, competing for who can consume the other first. A desperation to get even closer, to become one. I swallow his pleasure filled grunt, and as he grows closer to coming, his touch turns more worshipful for a beat. His hand shifts to cradle my neck, and our kiss is somehow deeper than before, losing the frantic pace, but more passionate.

It passes as quickly as it came, because soon enough, he grips my hair in his fist and uses it to pull me off Cole. My knees hit the ground, and I fling my hands out to catch my fall, only to have my head jerk back as his hold keeps me from meeting the floor.

His hand pumps his cock, tugging it over my chest. “Ready for your necklace, *Reginetta*?” Fire dances in his eyes as he peers down at me. My scalp prickles with pain as he yanks my head even harder, forcing me to jut out my chest. He releases his cock, and it bobs in front of me. “Finish me off, my little slut.”

I wrap my hold around his cock and use the slickness of his blood and my cream to stroke him. My other hand fondles his balls, manipulating him with my touch to careen off the edge. He must already be close, because his eyes are hooded and his body is tense. “Cum on me, Vander. Mark me as yours.”



“Yes,” he hisses through his teeth as rope after rope of his cum joins the blood on my breasts. His chest heaves, and I lean forward to clean his cock of the last drops of his release. I close my mouth around him, flicking my tongue out to tease his head. Salty tang explodes, a mixture of myself, Vander, and blood. It’s heady and makes me question why I enjoy it so damn much.

Vander releases my hair, allowing me to tilt my head and take him even further as I suck and lick him clean. I can’t get enough. “Fuck. Too sensitive, babe.” Vander steps away, taking his cock with him. I pout my lip out, an objection on the tip of my tongue, but it’s not Vander my gaze lands on, it’s Jasper.

His smile threatens to distract me. In fact, it does more than threaten. That gorgeous dimple pulls it off. He holds out a hand, and I take it, allowing him to help me stand. Jasper doesn’t wait, he immediately cradles my face with his hands and kisses me. A new flavor mixes in with all the rest, and I’m surprised he doesn’t step away in disgust.

Through the kiss, he keeps from pressing against my chest where Vander’s cum quickly cools, but once he breaks away, he lovingly gazes into my eyes. His thumb soothes my cheek, and he whispers in my ear. “So beautiful the way you take them all. You ready for the grand finale?”

“I’m always ready for you, Jasper.” He spins me around so I’m facing Cole and slaps my ass. Cole watches me, torment in

his eyes. His cock strains against his pants so much I'm afraid he might split the zipper.

“Good girl. Now go straddle Cole and make sure you rub your tits on him.” I stride to my computer genius and before I'm able to touch him, Jasper speaks up again. “Maybe you should give his mouth a break and kiss him. Let him work the ache out of his jaw. I have something else to keep him quiet in a few minutes.”

Wondering what Jasper could have planned for him, I straddle his lap and work the gag's buckle free from behind his head. The whole time, his eyes dart across my face. They're frantic, filled with desperation. I can practically watch the wheels turning in his head of whether he should say what's on his mind. It's odd being able to read him so clearly. The experience we've put him through has him so on edge, he's forgotten to guard himself.

The moment the ball is removed from his mouth, he works his jaw. I run kisses along his cheek, pressing myself against him. Vander's cum and the mixture of our blood have us sticking together, and he lets out a strangled groan. It's a mix of relief and despair.

I rub my fingers up his neck until they rest on the back of his head, his hair way too short to thread my fingers through. Using my thumbs, I help ease the pain the gag caused. Emotions cross his gaze, so fleeting I can't pick out what they are, but they draw me closer until I'm resting my forehead on

his. Our noses brush, and his exhale tickles my lips. We seem to have fallen into our own bubble once more.

“Don’t do it again, Cole. I won’t tolerate it, and I know they won’t either.” Each word has our lips grazing, but I don’t give in to the temptation. Not yet. “Family sticks together, no matter what. Through fear, psychotic breaks, and the darkest of temptations. We’re forever more. That’s not something you fuck with.”

“I won’t,” he rasps. “I promise. But for all that’s unholy, please end this torture. My cock feels like it’ll explode if I don’t get some relief. I need your cunt, Luv.” The nickname I’ve grown accustomed to sounds odd when he doesn’t use his British accent. I’m not sure I’ll grow used to him not using it. It’s almost as if he’s merged two people into one now. The computer hacker with one-third of my stalker.

“Sorry, *love*. I can’t do that. It’s a group decision. And what kind of punishment would it be if I didn’t follow through?” Before he can react, I kiss him to soothe the blow of my rejection. Not that he needs it, but it is effective in shutting him up.

Jasper’s strong hands drape my hair to one side, and his lips graze across my shoulder, leaving behind the barest of kisses. His touch remains soft, traveling over my back and along my upper thighs as he presses his chest against me.

Aside from the time with Ravenmaster and whoever fucked my mouth, this is the closest I’ve felt to having a threesome. My hips thrust, grinding against Cole as Jasper’s fingertips

draw closer to my center. Cole grunts into my mouth with the sensation and bucks up into me. I know with certainty if his hands were free, he'd be flipping me over and having his way with me.

Him not being able to do what he wants, to be tortured with the inability, to have the choice taken away, is exactly what I wanted. It's the only way he'd see exactly what he did to the rest of us.

"Shall we take things to the next level, Little Bird? Perhaps we should make Cole more comfortable while we're at it," Jasper asks, but the tone of his voice makes it sound more like a command.

He makes quick work of removing the rest of his clothing, barely giving me a chance to miss the heat of his body around me. Within a single moment, he's pressed against my back once more, hands teasing at my inner thighs, not touching where I want him. The softness of his fingertips is driving me crazy. You'd think after being with two of my men already I'd be satiated, but it's the complete opposite. I need more.

I continue kissing Cole through it all, enjoying his lips and tongue manipulating my mouth, but above all, the sharp nips of his teeth to my bruised lips. My hands continue from the back of his neck into the longer length of his hair at the top of his head. I thread my fingers through it, gripping him and holding him to me like he might pull away any second.

Anticipation builds as Jasper trails his touch from my hips to my knees. Each pass has him nudging closer to where I

want him most, but the moment he draws close to my lips, he stops. Instead of his fingers running through my slickness, he reaches for Cole's belt, swiftly pulling it through the buckle and then undoing the button. Cole bucks his hips, trying to fight off Jasper's hands from removing his pants.

Jasper calmly grabs Cole by the balls, squeezing them in a threatening manner. "I'm not sure you understand the position you're in right now," Jasper says to Cole, menace in his tone. "We all decide on when you get to fuck our girl again. I suggest you don't fight me."

# Chapter 10



## Cole

**A** confusing mix of emotions pulse through me. I'm not even sure I can identify them all. But it has me on edge. The complacent nothingness I've surrounded myself with for the past several years has grown comfortable, and yet Raven has turned me upside down. Right when I think I've figured out the new ways she's changed me, she throws something else into the mix, like this fucking perpetual torture of not being able to touch her.

I grind my jaw, trying to keep my mouth shut. Sure, I messed up, but this punishment is beyond the scope I imagined having to tolerate. The tease of having her on top of me while being pleased by the others has given me the worst case of blue balls I've ever experienced in my life. The pressure is intense, bordering the line of painful.

And now, to have Jasper grasping my balls has me teetering on the edge of pleasure and torment. The threat is clear, but I still don't want him touching me. My brain is so fucked up right now I'm almost inclined to lean toward the side of pleasure more than pain when it comes to his touch. A hand is

a hand, right? If I stare at Raven, could I trick myself into believing it's hers?

Nope, I couldn't. I have to put more thought than I'd like into making sure my hips don't buck trying to remove his hand. Not that it did anything when I tried before, with Raven on top of me.

Jasper is a fucking asshole. He's claimed her in a way none of the rest of us can. I'm not sure what it is, but from the moment he saw her, he understood her implicitly. Everything he's done since then has been for her, including sharing her with the rest of us.

Jasper knew right from the start she needed more than one man in her life. In fact, I wouldn't put it past him to have manipulated the rest of us into seeing the value of sharing. He's also the one most likely to get away with forcing her out of her comfort zone. They're an oddity to be studied, two controlling people who spurn their natural instincts when put together.

Doesn't mean I don't want to murder him for putting me in this position, for threatening me, or for grabbing my cock. He's owed a dick punch at the very least.

I don't respond to him, instead, I level him with a narrow stare. Apparently, it's enough of an answer for him since he releases my aching balls and resumes removing my pants. "Lift your hips, Little Bird," he instructs our woman.

While sitting on my lap, she's left a wet spot, but it's grown in size in the past few moments. The little bitch got turned on



even more with Jasper's hand on me. I should punish her for it, for this entire ordeal, but I won't. I deserve every moment of her wrath. It'll ensure she puts this behind us.

With a solid yank, Jasper removes my pants, allowing my cock to spring forward, seeking the warmth of her pussy. The object of his desire for longer than this has been going on. I may have lost my mind for three days, but that doesn't mean I haven't wanted to fuck her every second of it. Something about killing and mind-blowing orgasms just go hand in hand.

My cock slaps her dripping cunt, and her lips instantly split to allow my girth to nestle against her. It's like a welcoming hug for my dick. As much as I enjoy the direct contact with her pussy, it's almost worse than before. It has even more blood rushing to my dick, making it pulse and jump against her clit.

Raven sucks in a deep breath with the sensation, and a whimper escapes her pretty little mouth with her exhale. The longer they fuck her against me, the more she loses her battle to hold out. My dark Raven wants me as much as I want her. I only need to break her down until she gives in. I've learned my lesson. No punishment will help cement it further.

Jasper returns to his position behind her after throwing my pants to the side. His hands instantly land on her hips before gliding to her breasts. She pants as he plays with her nipples. His touch is different from the rest of ours. It's soft and playful, yet equally dominant at the same time.

Her lips are swollen from all the kissing and biting. It's a beautiful sight, and one I look forward to enjoying for the rest of my life. Her pinched grip on my hair tightens, pulling on the short strands to tilt my head back. The angle makes it so I can't watch my cock pressing against her clit, but I wasn't looking there anyway. I've been staring into her eyes, watching her hooded gaze telegraph every moment of pleasure.

A hard warmth brushes against my balls before grazing the bottom of my shaft and continuing along Raven's crack. Jasper's gentle rocking of his hips has her grinding against my cock. Each bump sends a bolt of pleasure to the base of my spine like an electrical shock. We're both fucking her without the penetration.

My hands tingle from being tied. I desperately want to touch her, to join and give her pleasure for real, instead of being an object, a toy if you will, for her to masturbate against. She better watch out the next time I'm able to get my hands on her.

Jasper's lips brush against her neck and she tilts her head back, closing her eyes to enjoy the sensation. His hands leave the peaked tips of her nipples and trail down her body until one hand rests on her hip, and the other moves between her thighs. The sounds of her enjoyment are something I live for. I think she rarely realizes she makes them, but they're the sweetest thing I've ever heard.

Each swipe of his fingers has the tips grazing against my cock. The unexpected touch adds little shocks of surprise,

making my pulse jump. I don't like it, and yet I do because Raven clearly enjoys it. Which is made evident when her head tilts down and she catches sight of it. A fresh flood of her desire coats my shaft, and her breath hitches.

Vander and Grayson watch from the captain's chairs close by, their hands gripping their cocks, slowly jacking themselves off. Grayson uses the tips of his fingers, a lighter teasing touch than the full fist Vander is using. I make a mental note to repay them at some point for sitting their bare asses on my leather seats.

They watch on, making me think we all have a small amount of voyeurism in our kink wheelhouse. There's something absolutely captivating about watching Raven come. Even when it doesn't involve any of us. Lord knows I've watched my recording of her fucking the dildo for Ravenmaster more times than I can count. Not to mention the times I've stuck a toy in her myself.

Raven collapses and trembles against my chest, bringing my attention back to her. Jasper continues playing with her clit, keeping his movements slow, building her up to her release gradually. His hand is trapped between her body and my cock. Each rub of her clit also has slight movements brushing against me.

I'd kill him for touching me so personally if this wasn't for my Raven. He's lucky he hasn't laid hands on me sexually, or he'd be dead before he could even think about reaching for

one of the weapons he loves so much. I'm too on edge for this bullshit.

Suddenly, her shudders become stronger, and she cries out her release into my neck before trying to silence it by biting me. If only I could wrap my arms around her, hold her tighter to me as she rides it out.

When she calms down, Jasper frees his hand. Her arms limply hold on to me. She's finally getting worn out, but not quite ready to call it yet. Her sweaty forehead rests in the crook of my neck, and while Jasper stands behind her, she presses a kiss to my neck.

How could I have ever left her the way I did? There's no other answer than true insanity took over. Thank god it wasn't permanent.

Jasper's hand pulls back and smacks her ass, making her moan. "On your knees, Little Bird." She lifts from my lap and cheekily waves her perfect globes at Jasper, begging for him to spank her again. I watched the feed live when he fucked her the first time, right after she came from the impact play.

Shit. Why did I have to think of that? It's only making my cock throb even harder. And I'm starting to strongly doubt I'll be relieving myself of this load anytime soon.

Her body jerks forward as he smacks her again, this time meeting with her pussy. The sound of her almost makes me come with nothing touching me at all. "Don't get sassy with me." He grabs her by the hair and yanks her head back until

his lips line up with her ear. “Unless you don’t want me to give you the best orgasm of your life.”

Goosebumps prickle her skin with his promise, and he grabs her hips, guiding them further back. I move to capture her lips once more, needing to keep contact with her if I’m going to keep my sanity through this. The moment he thrusts inside her, she silences her moan by biting my lip.

From the corner of my sight, I catch Jasper making a motion, and a split second later, I’m ripped from the seat, my legs yanked out, dragging me to the ground. My head rests on the edge of the couch bringing me face to cunt with Raven. Instantly my mouth fills, wanting to taste her sweetness.

Before I can take the initiative, Jasper’s sharp voice spews out another one of his commands. “Suck on her clit. Make our girl come.” He does something I can’t see to make her moan. “Arms on the back of the couch, Little Bird.”

Defiance rides me hard. I was fixing to do exactly what he said, but now that it no longer seems like my idea, I don’t want to. His threat pops into the forefront of my mind again, and I reconsider.

Meanwhile, Jasper’s thrusting in and out of her, his cock shining with her slickness. And like a moth to a flame, I can’t keep myself from giving in. I flick my tongue out to taste her, the need for it overriding my every thought. The swipe has me licking his shaft before meeting her clit. It’s unavoidable. “Fuck,” she moans, her hips bucking to follow my tongue as I pull it back to make another pass.

Her pelvis is shifted into my face as Jasper's hands land on either side of her hips, keeping her still. He presses his fingers into her, moving her until she's tilted at a different angle. And with her continued sounds of pleasure, I become more adamant with my efforts to get her off.

I trace my tongue in circles around her clit before writing my name against it, marking her as mine in a way the others will never know. It feels like a race of who can make her come faster, Jasper fucking her, or my tongue laving away.

Raven's hand reaches for my head, her grip punishing in my hair as she holds me against her cunt. As if I could even go anywhere. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," she screams. It's so loud I wouldn't be surprised if the pilots could hear it.

Suddenly, Jasper pulls out of her completely and a fraction of a second later, my face is drenched with her release. He plunges back in and repeats the action after a few thrusts. She squirts on me again, collapsing onto the couch as her limbs shake with the power of her orgasm. The only thing saving me from suffocating is the fact Jasper is holding her hips up.

He continues fucking her, continuously getting the same results. I'm drenched. I try to drink as much of the savory liquid as I can, but it's impossible to get it all. It rolls down my neck and drips across my chest.

I'm about at the end of my control for tolerating Jasper's balls hitting my chin when he finally comes, which is my cue to shimmy away before I end up with his cum on my face, too.

Raven's is welcome, but if his touches me, it'll earn him a stray bullet...

Digging my heels into the ground, I awkwardly drag myself off the couch and into the aisle of the plane. Vander and Grayson stand, both taking hold of one of my arms to help hoist me to my feet. I'm upright in time to watch Jasper pull out of Raven, his cum spilling onto the couch where my head was moments ago. Thank fuck I had the awareness to get out of dodge in time.

A single glance shows Raven collapsed on the seat, breathing hard. Her eyes glassy, completely blissed out with blown pupils. "Cole," she moans, calling for me.

"Untie me," I command whoever wants to listen. Doesn't matter which one of them it is, I simply need my hands free to go to her.

"Do it," Jasper says to Grayson. "Let him go to her."

Grayson moves to stand behind me, his fingers working to pull at the rope and untie me. "You did a real number on this. Made it tighter with all your struggling," he admonishes. I don't pay him any attention, though. No, that's firmly affixed on Raven.

The moment my arms are free, Grayson moves his hands over them to help with the blood flow, but I don't have the patience to stick around for the touchy bullshit. I shake them out, taking the two strides to the couch where I sit on the far side, the only part that's currently dry, making a mental note to have a cleaning crew come through here.

My arms barely want to work as I reach for my obsession, needing to hold her to me, even if I won't be relieving these blue balls anytime soon. Thankfully, she helps move herself onto my lap.

"Your leg is bloody," she murmurs, tucking her head into the crook of my neck. I glance down but can't see what she's talking about since she's sitting on my lap. The mention of it has throbbing pain pulsing from the bullet wound. One of the stitches must've popped at some point. Another reminder of her love, as if the sick and unusual torment she put me through wasn't testament enough.

"I'll never leave you again, Luv," I whisper into her hair. It sticks to my face since I didn't want to bother getting my arms to cooperate enough to wipe it dry. "I'm yours until the day I die. And even then, I'll remain yours through any afterlife there may be." Her only answer is a contented sigh, already passing out.



We land in Miami; the bump of the wheels meeting the ground jarring both of us awake. I finally fell asleep after a while of watching her as she used my pec as a pillow. The sound of her soft, even breaths lulled me to sleep when I didn't even mean for it to happen. I still had things to do.

"What is it?" she asks, bolting from my chest. I miss her touch immediately. I'm too damn addicted for my own good.



There isn't a more pure form of love than one born of obsession.

"We landed," Grayson answers, standing from the captain's chair he was in to give her a kiss. Her hair is mussed, sticking in all directions, and he tries to tame it with his fingers. Her eyes flutter closed and leans into his touch, soaking it up. If you had asked me before meeting her if I'd be okay with sharing, the answer would have been a resounding no. I would have thought I'd kill any man who laid a single finger on my woman.

But now... I find comfort in watching her with the others. We're all so broken that together we make up a single person. One soul to keep us all alive. Fitting really.

"I should shower," she finally says, pulling away from Grayson's touch. She turns her gaze back to me, a small smile lifting her lips when suddenly her gaze narrows on my leg like it threw a vulgar insult at her. "Your leg is still bloody."

"You're both rather bloody," Vander responds. His hand moves to his crotch to rearrange his hardening cock. Fuck, we don't need to start that again. Not that I don't want to experience us all having her at the same time, but now that we've landed, we have a fucker to hunt, torture, and kill.

Raven eyes his movement, licking her lips. Can the woman be any more perfect for us? I think not.

"We should shower," I say, cutting in before things can heat up again. "Then I need to check on the programs I set to run,

and since I got interrupted, we have no assets waiting for us. So we need to—“

“Actually,” Jasper says, cutting me off. “I set a few things up while you were getting your beauty sleep. A car is waiting at the hanger, and I’ve arranged an airboat for when we get to the Everglades. Are you sure he’s in the wetlands?”

Raven stands and stretches, her lithe body on full display. Nope, can’t get distracted. We have a mission to accomplish. Then I can fuck her until she passes out. A sharp ache stabs my balls, reminding me I haven’t come yet. I’ll need to take care of that so I can focus on my task. Shaking my head to clear the vision of Raven being fucked on top of me, I turn my attention to Jasper.

“Thanks, I appreciate it. Like I said before, it’s the only address I’ve found attached to his name. I highly doubt he’s there, but it’s all we have. It’s a lead at least.” I run a hand through my hair. It stirs the surrounding air, bringing the scent of dried blood and cum. I need a shower desperately.

An open palm appears before me, and I travel my gaze along the creamy skin until I land on her face. “Shower with me?”

My lips quirk into a slanted smirk. “Are you sure that’s the best idea? We know your track record with tandem showering on my jet.”

She rolls her eyes as if exasperated with me, but we both know she’s amused. “Fuck your bodyguard in the shower one time and nobody forgets about it.”

“How could we with the sounds you made?” Jasper comments, a faraway look in his eyes as if he’s been transported into the moment again. Fucker. At least he got to come a few hours ago. I’m still in pain; my dick is at risk of falling off.

I slide my hand into hers, grasping it tightly as she leads me to the back of my plane as if she’s the one who owns it and not me. She was born for this life. I watch as she walks in front of me, the sway of her ass threatening to hypnotize me. My cock jumps to life, right when I had finally gotten it to calm down.

Raven turns around when we get to the bedroom door, and catches sight of my situation. A malevolent glint enters her eyes as she smiles. “You still aren’t allowed to take care of that.”

Damn it. There go my plans for solving that issue. Although, I won’t give up the chance to shower with her. We climb into the minuscule shower, and I’m tempted by the thought of getting a new jet with a bigger stall. I’m sure we’ll find plenty of opportunities to ride off into the sunset, chasing marks and filling the bank account. A serial killer’s dream job.

I follow her into the bathroom with a slight limp, shutting the door behind us. She bends into the shower to turn the water on, and I have to avert my eyes, leaning my head back on the door. This was a bad idea. It’s like she’s purposefully trying to torture me. “Coming in?” Her smooth voice floats over to me like it can physically caress me, trailing its tantalizing touch across my body.

Steam is already spilling from the stall when I step in behind the temptress that is my soulmate. Raven doesn't waste any time running her soapy hands over my hard muscles, helping to clean off the mess she made. Her fingers graze the bandage on my leg—Vander had to fix a stitch after she fell asleep on me—and a shudder travels down my spine. It's like the simple touch is amplified where she marked me with her love.

I grit my teeth, trying to keep my mouth shut, but it's a futile effort. "Please, Luv. My balls are killing me. I can't take it any longer. I apologized, and your punishment was severe. Can we put it behind us?"

She tilts her head, studying me as if weighing if I'm worthy. After a moment, she breaks from the serious gaze and presses her body against me. "Poor thing," she coos. The sound slightly mocking.

A sigh passes my lips. I shouldn't have expected anything other than a game with her. It's no secret that I deserve it, and I know her tactics better than anyone else. I've lived the same life, after all. "Knock it off, Raven. It's only us in here. Your mask isn't needed with us. You know that."

Her gaze lowers for a moment before meeting my eyes again. "You're right," she admits, her hand sliding along my skin until it's resting against my heart. "I've spent so long training myself to always play the game, to always be on my toes and one step ahead. I forget I don't need to be that person with you guys anymore."

“That’s right.” I grip her chin in my hold. “And I’ll remind you as often as you need.” I tilt her head and bring my lips next to hers. “Now stop trying to play games with me. I know you don’t want to be the cruel mistress in this relationship. We’re a team, and you already had your fun.”

“Thank you,” she breathes out, the air brushing against my lips like a tease.

“Now grab my cock and help me with the problem you gave me before I’m forced to punish you for everything you put me through.” I squeeze her chin, keeping myself from spinning her around and smacking her ass. Watching Jasper spank her the first time they met has been imprinted in my brain from the moment I saw it. My hand heating with the phantom daydreams of me standing in his place.

A smile grows on her face, eyes sparkling with desire. I shouldn’t have teased her with something she’d actually like. I quirk my eyebrow at her, making it clear she shouldn’t test me. Thankfully, she decides not to push it. Her fingers trail along my chest and down my stomach. The soap on her hand helping her glide along my skin until she’s moving to my cock. Her grip tightens around it, squeezing firmly. Pleasure instantly shoots through me, and my balls clench with hope.

She pumps up and down, gliding her thumb over the tip with every pass. Her other hand moves to cradle my sack, her fingertips teasing over the thin skin, moving to my taint in a swipe before returning to my nuts again. Her soft breasts press against my chest, and I lean my forehead against hers, our eyes

locked together as she pumps my cock. She works at it with a constant pressure, yet her gaze does more to help me toward my finish than her hands.

Her words play through my mind again, the ones she spoke yesterday in the pool. She loves me, dare I say, as obsessed as I am. We're building something together that will last the rest of our lives. We've found a broken family, one that helps keep our fractured pieces together as we slowly mend into one once more.

“Mark me, Cole. Spray me with your cum, add it to the others before I wash myself clean.” Her words hit their mark, my balls responding to her command before I can even process them.

# Chapter 11



## Raven

**T**he SUV Jasper arranged for is big enough to hold all of us comfortably. Vander drives, something he insists on. I guess old habits die hard. Cole sits in the front with him, utilizing the extra space to continue working on hacking into whatever info he's seeking or gaining access to the security of the compound we're seeking. I'm not exactly sure. To be honest, I tuned him out when he said what he was doing, choosing to focus on my phone instead.

**Enzo: How's it going, Sorella? Did you catch up to Cole yet?**

**Raven: I did. Though he didn't make it easy. We're working on finding his sister now.**

**Enzo: Never underestimate the love a brother has for his sister.**

**Enzo: You still owe me a car.**



**Raven: I'll make sure to remind Cole. Tell him he owes you interest, too.**

**Enzo: I like the sound of that. Make sure you stay safe.**

A smile is plastered on my face as I glance up from my phone. I'm not sure how my brother does it. Looking out the window, I find we're approaching a worn down shack of a building, and Vander slows to a crawl. "Are you sure this is the place?" he asks, turning in his seat so he can set his gaze on Jasper. "It doesn't look like anyone is here."

He's not wrong. The door is wide open, hanging on one hinge. It might have been painted once upon a time, but now there's not a single flake left. There are rusting objects littered outside, all of which are indistinguishable from what they used to be. There's not even a car parked in the overgrown grass driveway. The only things that appear to be in working order are the two airboats waiting behind it.

"This is it," Jasper rumbles in reply. "We wanted a place where they won't ask any questions." He doesn't actually roll his eyes, but the action was clear in the tone of his voice. Jasper doesn't seem to appreciate being questioned on his choices.

Vander continues driving until he's next to the ramp leading to the airboats, and as soon as he stops, Jasper climbs from the car to handle getting the key we need. The rest of us work on

unpacking the car, grabbing duffle bags full of weapons, equipment, and the protective gear Cole had stashed on the plane.

Cole also packs his computer items into water safe containers. He rushes through putting the items into a hardshell box and curses when they don't fit the way he wants them to. He takes the box and shoves it farther into the car with a loud bang. Frustration evident with every movement he makes. When he catches me eyeing him, he gives me his cocksure smile, trying to act like everything is normal. Tilting my head to the side, I raise a brow, telling him without words that I don't buy his smile.

“What? I don't want them to get ruined if they get knocked from the boat,” he tells me, trying to blow off his emotional response.

“I'm sure you don't.” He turns toward me as I step into his space and run my hands along his chest. My touch seems to melt the mask he tried to hold in place. Perhaps it made him think of what he told me in the shower. “We'll find your sister, Cole. It might be today, or it could be next week. But we'll find her and kill the bastard who took her.”

His hands land on my waist before moving to cup my ass, drawing me tightly against him. I drape my arms around his shoulders, cupping the back of his neck. “Thank you again for helping me. I can't do this without you.”

I scoff. “Yeah, I know. Because you already tried and failed.”

This time when he gives me a weak smile, I believe it's his real one. "You're the most unexpected thing to have come into my life, the one thing that makes me feel like I'm living again."

He brushes a kiss across my lips, and when he pulls back, I lightly shove him in the shoulder. "Enough with the mushy stuff. Let's go find your sister."

Cole smirks and reaches into the car to grab the case with all his computer equipment, then follows me to the airboat where everyone else is waiting. "I call first kill," he says from behind me.

"Oh, good. You already got that when you started the war without us. That means I get dibs on the next ten."

He jogs to catch up, barking out a laugh. Each of his hurried steps makes the wood under his feet creak. The sound doesn't lend to my confidence in the structure holding our weight. "I don't think so, my bloodthirsty little serial killer," he purrs, reaching my side.

"I think it's my turn to get the next kill," Jasper shouts from the boat.

"No way. You got to teach her how to disguise a hit by making it look like a suicide without us. It's my turn for sure." Cole throws his arm around my shoulders, and I can't help my amusement. Grayson seems to share it, too. He smiles and shakes his head, not wanting to join in, but happy to watch the argument play out before him.

“Please. I only got to do that because you ran off without us. That’s your fault,” Jasper throws back.

Vander crosses his arms over his chest, muscles bulging with the movement. “I was on babysitting duty and wasn’t allowed to participate. I should get the next fifteen.”

“Actually,” Grayson cuts in, deciding to join our conversation anyway. “I should get the next one. I haven’t helped kill anyone since my dad.”

I bite my lip, searching Grayson to see if he really means it. He tucks his hands in his front pockets, and quirks his head to the side, squinting into the Florida sunlight. “Really?” I ask, not willing to trust he means it.

“Maybe, you’ll have to wait to find out.” He winks, and it might be the sexiest wink I’ve ever seen. “But I’m calling dibs on the next kill.”

“We can’t all call dibs,” Cole complains, but I pay him no mind. I’m already running for Grayson. He yanks his hands from his pockets just in time to catch me as I launch myself at him, wrapping my limbs tightly around his body.

Grayson’s hands land on my ass, squeezing right away as he moves in a circle. He shines his broad smile at me, eyes glittering with amusement as he stares into mine. “What did I do to get you to throw yourself at me? I need to know so I can do it more often.”

“Did you really mean it?” I thread my fingers through the hair on the top of his head, tilting it back so I can see him

better. “You want to join my fun, Grayson?”

“I think I’m more of a long range type of guy. Maybe a sharpshooter keeping my eye on you from afar in the future. I’m sure one of you can teach me.” I slam my lips to his, kissing the shit out of him, wanting him to know how much I love the idea of him killing with us.

He’s out of breath by the time I break the kiss. “We won’t be able to teach you that by the time we reach the compound.”

“Hmm,” he hums, a smirk twisting his lips. “Maybe not. But I like the idea of always protecting your back. It’s my turn to join the ranks of Ravenmaster.”

Warmth brews in my chest, an odd sensation that I’m not used to in the slightest. I never could’ve thought in my wildest dreams that the hard, seasoned killers I’ve surrounded myself with would be as accepting as they are of Grayson. But they have been. We’ve all slid into the normalcy of being a family as if this was our destined path all along.

“That’s right,” Jasper says, slamming a hand against Grayson’s back in the bro form of solidarity. “It’s about time you take your place with us.”

I can’t help but dart my gaze to each of my men, searching for their reactions to him brazenly admitting to them all being Ravenmaster. They continue loading our items onto the boat, not even acting surprised at him saying it. What a change from all the times they shied away from talking about who my stalker was.

“You make it sound like a brotherhood.” I don’t realize I voice my thought out loud until Cole responds to it.

He gets a faraway glint to his gaze before quirking his lips like he agrees with the statement. “I can get behind that. A brotherhood whose mission is to corrupt our Raven as much as possible while keeping her happy with orgasms and targets to kill.”

“So which of us gets to teach the innocent one how to shoot with a sniper rifle?” Jasper asks, his gaze on me since we’re probably the best gunmen in the bunch.

“It should be Jasper,” Vander says, stepping up beside us. He bites his lip as his heated gaze travels over me where I’m still plastered to Grayson. “That way, he can surprise her with his first kill. It’ll ruin her panties that much more.”

Grayson wiggles his eyebrows suggestively. “That is the goal, brothers.”

They chuckle in unison, and Grayson moves toward the boat, stepping into it without relinquishing his hold on me. We sway slightly as he gains his foothold, then moves us to one of the tall seats protruding from the base of the boat. This is a far cry from the yachts I’ve spent so much time on or any other boat I’ve seen. This seems wholly unique to swamplands. Instead of having a motor with a propeller that dips into the water, this boat has a huge fan positioned at the rear, like a giant ceiling fan tilted on its side.

“Are we sure this is a good idea?” Cole throws out, a teasing tone in his voice. “We’re setting ourselves up for

Grayson to be her eternal favorite.”

“You make it sound like you didn’t already realize that,” Vander says.

I open my mouth to object, but Jasper is already speaking up. “The only time Grayson isn’t her favorite is when one of us is inside her, or Ravenmaster has been tempting her.”

Grayson smirks and folds his hands behind his head, leaning back in his seat as I straddle him. The cocky bastard seems pleased with himself. “Am I your favorite, sizzle pop?”

“Not when you call me names like that!” I object, pushing against his chest to gain some space. He’s quick to return his hands to my hips, keeping me in place. He presses a kiss to the side of my neck before giving me a sharp nip. The action somehow works like magic to get me to melt in his hold. His arms wrap around my back, effectively trapping me, not giving me the chance to escape if I get it in my mind to try again.

“Mmm, he’s your favorite.” Jasper presses against my back, the heat of being between the two of them quickly becoming too much in the Florida heat. How do people survive living here? It’s Hell on earth. “He brings you your humanity so you can lend some to the rest of us. I suppose we could say he’s all of our favorites.”

“I don’t have favorites. I want to kill you all equally,” I growl, wanting out of the sauna I’ve found myself in.

“Yeah, but have you shot any of the others?” Cole asks. His chest puffs out with pride. “She loves me the most. She proved it when she shot me.”

Okay, that’s it. I’ve had enough of their male posturing for one day. “I thought we had places to be,” I remind them, trying once more to free myself of the two men around me. This time Grayson lets me go with a chuckle, knowing I’m right. “Let’s get this hunk of aluminum moving so I don’t die from melting.” I swat at a mosquito, killing it upon impact, leaving behind a smear of blood. I can’t get out of this shit hole soon enough.

Cole hands out headsets that will protect our ears from the loud fan, and we each find a seat. A moment later, Vander starts the boat, the blade whirring in the back, forcing a burst of air to propel us across the swampy waters filled with gators and who knows what else. It’s immediately evident why we need ear protection. I could scream at the top of my lungs and not hear myself.

The more I think about it, the more I realize what a brilliant placement this compound is. In the middle of gator land, he has a built-in security system. Not only will the large reptiles kill someone who encroaches on their territory trying to sneak up on the establishment, but they can feed them the bodies they want to dispose of. Maybe we should fill a moat with the beasts wherever we end up. Or perhaps a pig farm would be better.



I'm sitting in the back next to Vander. Of course he's operating the boat, no surprise there. Grayson sits in the seat in front of us. He's splayed out with his shirt off, soaking in the sun, trying to keep the playboy suntan I've admired so many times. Which leaves my two assassins at the front, weapons in hand, ready for any surprises that may pop up along the way.

With my gaze firmly on my men, I'm surprised when a text message comes through my phone. I'm a little shocked I could even feel the vibration of the notification with the loud fan shaking everything it's attached to.

**Ravenmaster: I get first kill.**

None of them have their phone out, so how were they able to send the message? Was it on some kind of timer that they set up before we left the dock, or is it something else?

**Raven: How did you send that?**

My message has the others, beside Vander, who focuses on driving, drawing out their phones to see who messaged them. Jasper shakes his head, Grayson shrugs, but Cole turns in his seat and shoots me a wink.

**Ravenmaster: Wouldn't you like to know?**

**Raven: Yes. I would.**

**Ravenmaster: Trade secrets.**

**Raven: Cut the shit, asshole.**

**Ravenmaster: Say I get first kill and I'll tell you.**

Watching the others, I can tell the three of them are only looking at the messages pop onto their screens. None of their fingers are moving to type the messages, so how the fuck is he doing it?

**Raven: Get fucked.**

**Ravenmaster: That would also be an acceptable payment option.**

**Raven: Or I could cut your dick off and mount it on a stick to use for pleasuring myself instead.**

**Ravenmaster: Hear that, guys? She wants to cut my dick off and save it forever. I really am her favorite.**

**Ravenmaster: I think you're only seeing what you want to see in that text. She didn't say anything close to that.**

**Ravenmaster: Dude, butt out. I'm texting as Ravenmaster right now.**

Jasper laughs, and I wish I could hear it. His dimple pops into view, and he mouths the word *moron*, clueing me in that he was the other one texting as Ravenmaster.

**Raven: The ways you perceive my affection...**

**Ravenmaster: You love it. Don't even lie.**

**Raven: Perhaps.**

**Raven: Now tell me how you do it.**

Cole turns in his seat, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. He quirks his finger at me to come to him, but he must be crazy if he thinks I'll attempt that right now with how fast we're moving. I shake my head and he shrugs his shoulders. Thankfully, I stuck to my guns because the boat zooms over a stretch of land; the bump caused by moving from water to hard ground jostles me to the point I almost drop my phone. I probably would've been thrown into the swamp had I not been sitting.

My gaze narrows on Cole, and I lift my phone to curse him for his suggestion since he wouldn't hear me if I tried shouting

it. But at the same time, Vander slows the boat. “Trying to make me alligator bait?” I yell at Cole when the sound cuts out.

“I have every faith in your ability to make it the three steps to me. I would have saved you. Plus, I thought you wanted an answer to your question.”

That’s it. Cole’s gonna get it. I take the aforementioned three steps to get to him, raising my hands to throttle him. But before I can make contact with his throat, he latches onto my hand and yanks me onto his lap. I tumble into his hold with a yelp, and his lips are on me before I can attempt to right myself.

It doesn’t take much for me to give in. I’m a fucking sucker for my men, and truth be told, I don’t really want to kill him or chop off his dick. Although, I get loads of amusement out of threatening it. His tongue snakes out and teases at my lips. As soon as I open them to let him in, he switches tactics and viciously bites my bottom lip. It instantly feels bruised and swells. “Fucking asshole.” I punch him in the shoulder, making him chuckle in enjoyment.

“Had to show you how much I love you back,” he growls in my ear. I roll my eyes with a huff and shove out of his hold, but he snatches me again, forcing me onto his lap once more.

“I’m thinking we shouldn’t have moved our relationship to the next level. I enjoyed the obsessiveness, but this clingy phase isn’t doing it for me.” He nuzzles into my neck before

licking the length of it. “Ew, Cole!” I wipe my neck, trying to dry it. Fucking psycho.

“You’re the best at the mushy talk,” he coos. It’s official. I’ve lost my mind being with him.

“Cole. Please tell me you’re joking.” A sigh forcefully leaves me, my exasperation with him becoming too much.

“Only a little.” He barks out a laugh, taking off his glasses. He places them on my face, poking me in the ear before settling the frames correctly. I blink, thinking there’s a smudge on the glass, but as I focus on the lens instead of looking through them, I see what they are. His glasses aren’t glasses at all. They’re a high-tech computer device.

“This is how you’ve been texting me?” I ask, taking the frames from my face and glaring at them. Holy shit. That tricky bastard.

# Chapter 12



## Raven

Vander clears his throat, dragging our attention to him. “We’re at the point where we need to switch to the oars if we don’t want them to hear us coming. Either that or we jump in the water and wade our way there.” He pointedly looks at me. “And I don’t think our girl likes the sound of that very much.”

“For multiple reasons. I’m too pretty to get chewed on and most importantly,” I lift my foot into the air, “these Louis won’t survive that muck.”

“You can take the girl out of the city,” Grayson starts, shaking his head with a smile.

I quickly move seats, knowing the plan is for the four of them to use long poles to move us through the water until we get closer to the compound. My diva tendencies aren’t the only reason we aren’t wading through the waters. It’s because they don’t want to risk their own ankles either, but I’m okay with taking a hit for the team. They aren’t fooling me, though. I know the truth.

We all keep our gazes directed outward, searching for any hint of patrolmen zooming by. It's not like we can hide the huge propeller blade affixed to the back of the boat. The rhythmic sound of their poles sloshing through the water and the annoying buzz of the bloodsucking demons fill the air as the sun beats down on us. One would think we'd wait until nightfall to make our approach, but where's the fun in that? Plus, it would be a nightmare attempting to keep Cole contained for that amount of time.

"There's a boat in the distance," Jasper announces. He quickly bends to pick up his gun from the bag at his feet and tucks it into his waistband. The silencer already attached in preparation. My gun is safely tucked away in my purse, which is hanging over my shoulder and across my body, easily accessible.

We knew this was a possibility, more than, actually. It was a high probability. Now our goal is to make it through this encounter before they alert their base of our presence, or it'll be an all out battle to get to Brent Mangrum. If he's even here.

By the time I'm able to see the men on the incoming boat clearly, it's easy to tell they have strict protocols in place. One team member has binoculars firmly trained on us, another is speaking into a radio, a third has an AK-47 pointed at us, and the last person is driving the airboat. Four men to the five of us. Should be easy enough, but we need to play it smart.

My men pause their efforts of using the poles to propel us along, and Jasper waves to the incoming men. He does an



excellent job of appearing like a man who's flagging down someone for help. Vander swipes his forearm across his forehead, and my innocent Grayson uses the pole to hold himself up like he's exhausted from the exertion.

Cole though... he picks up a bottle of water and guzzles half of it before taking off his glasses and pouring the rest of it over his head. The liquid slicks his hair back before dampening his shirt further, making it cling to his skin. He shakes his head, sending water droplets in my direction before his hand runs through his hair. Who needs a tall glass of water when they have him around?

As if he can hear my thoughts, he turns toward me, flashing his pearly white smile and stalking closer. His hands land on either side of my seat and he crowds closer until I'm forced to tilt my head back. He grazes his lips against mine, teasing me before flicking his tongue out. "They lowering their guard at all?"

His hand drops to my thigh, lifting it over his hip so he can get closer, and dips his head to my neck. It figures he'd be the one to choose an act that would also rile me up. I glance at the men approaching us, searching each of them for any hint of their intent. They all seem fully focused on their jobs, but they also don't appear to suspect us either.

They cut off the propeller and the noise slowly dies down. "We don't come across many people using poles to get around when they have an easier option behind them," the man with

the gun propped against his leg says. Suspicion firmly in his gaze.

“Damn thing cut out and we don’t have the tools to fix it,” Vander responds.

The man who was using the binoculars before nods his head like he understands the predicament. Cole straightens his posture, watching the men from over his shoulder, but pretending like he’s still mostly focused on flirting with me.

“Any idea what the problem is?” the man driving their boat asks.

Jasper rubs at his jaw. “Yeah, I think it’s the starter switch. It doesn’t seem to signal the motor. Serves us right for taking her out without packing a tool bag.”

The man who was radioing in earlier chuckles before lifting the device and pushing the button. “All clear.” As soon as he drops the radio, I’m already whipping out my gun and aiming, but one of the men tumbles into the water before I get my first shot off.

Son of a bitch.

“I told you I got first kill,” I growl, aiming my gun at Jasper after the last man crashes to the bottom of the boat, hitting his head on the side with a thwack.

Cole seizes my arm and forces it up so the gun points to the sky. “Raven!” He grasps his chest, right over his heart. “How dare you! I’m the only one who you get to show your love to by shooting. I have dibs on it.”

“Oh, sweet lord. You do not.” I rip my arm from his hold and glare at him. “Take your head out of your ass and screw it back on, Cole. What the hell is wrong with you lately?”

A possessive gleam lights his eyes. “You shot me, Luv,” he says, the British accent coming back for the nickname he’s given me. The familiarity of it works to soften my ire. “And you made me promise to tell you the truth. Which means I had to drop all acts that I don’t actually own you.”

“Excuse me?” I hiss. “Own me?”

“Yes. Because I do. You’re mine for the rest of eternity. I’ve even marked my name into your tattoos, proving you’re my property.” That’s it. I’m going to kill him.

Jasper must know what I’m thinking because he steps between the two of us and removes the gun from my hand. “I waited a whole five seconds before shooting. It’s not my fault you didn’t get the first kill. I thought your champion status would have made you a faster draw.”

Dead to me. The both of them.

I shove my way between them and move to stand with Grayson. He wraps his arm around me as Vander jumps onto our boat after retrieving the radio the security team was using. He snaps the plastic door back into place that houses the battery. It must have popped off when the man we killed dropped it.

“Ready to get on with the next stage of our attack plan?” Vander asks, turning up the volume on the device.

“I think we need to change the plan.” Vander raises his brow at my statement, and I take it as my cue to continue. “We should take both boats. Jasper and Cole on that one, and we can take this one.”

Vander quickly glances back and forth between me and the men who no longer exist, coming to a quick conclusion. If I know them at all, they’re wearing twin smirks, amusement written all over their features, clueing Vander in on the fact they did something shitty to deserve my ire. Did we bring any bombs?

A chest presses against my back, and I sink into the touch, thinking it’s Grayson. But the moment his voice comes from too far away, I realize my mistake. “That actually isn’t the worst idea. Hit them at two points at once.”

My head whips around to find it’s Jasper who holds me. “Sorry for taking your fun. I have a competitive streak I can’t contain at times. You’re not the only one who hates to lose.” My shoulders lift as I huff out a sigh. “Loser gets consolation oral,” he grunts in my ear.

This time, I shove my elbow into his sternum. All those lessons with Vander pay off as Jasper wheezes and doubles over. “When you say it like that, it doesn’t help your case.” I turn around and direct my glare at him, placing my hands on my hips.

“So is that a no to me licking your sweet pussy?” Jasper asks, the dimple peeking out.

Hands land on my hips, and I instantly know it's Cole. I really wish they'd stop sneaking up on me. "What if we both feast on you at the same time?" he huskily murmurs, pressing kisses down my sweaty neck, then licking the salt from my skin. The thought of them teaming up has me caving. Can't blame a girl for choosing her pleasure over being angry over petty squabbles.

"My legs better be shaking so hard by the time you're finished that I can't walk," I warn them.

Jasper presses against me, pinning me against Cole as he devours my mouth. "Good choice, Little Bird." He gives me a panty-soaking wink and steps away, allowing me to breathe since it's already hard enough to catch my breath in this humidity.

"We have people to kill first," Cole says, slapping me on the ass. "But we aren't splitting up. We work as a team on this one. I don't think any of us want to lose eyes on you when the man we are hunting notoriously buys women who disappear shortly after."

I scoff. "Please. I'd love to see him try to capture me."

"You'd give them one hell of a fight, *Reginetta*. But let's not test things." Vander kisses my temple as he moves past me. He picks up his pole and resumes his position to continue pushing us toward our destination. The others do the same and before long, we're within view of the compound.

The moment we beach the airboat, the men strap themselves with rifles. Cole levels each of us with a serious gaze. It's his

sister we're after, so he takes point on giving us instructions. "All jokes aside about who gets to kill first, we need to remember the name of the game is to maim. We need to get answers at the very least, and if our target is here, we don't want to kill him before he's appropriately tortured."

We move close to the ground next to the water's edge, taking advantage of the reeds growing along the embankment. I make sure I'm in the middle of our group, hoping that if an alligator thinks we look like a snack, it'll pick one of the others instead of me.

As we slink along, I keep my head on a swivel, not wanting any surprises sneaking up on us. I'm surprised at the lack of goons located around the property. Either Brent is a moron, which, let's face it, he is, or he's overconfident in his men finding anyone in the swamps before they reach his compound. Or the elusive third option of this being a trap.

If something is too easy, the odds are something isn't right. "Where are all the henchmen?" I whisper into the night.

"I was wondering the same thing," Jasper roughly replies. "Keep a lookout. See anything that moves, shoot first, ask questions later. We can always find a clue another way."

"As if I wasn't doing that already," I hiss at his back, a little offended he felt the need to pass along the command.

He stops moving, making me halt abruptly so I don't slam into his back. He turns around, a scowl marring his features, and steps into my space, his face hovering right above mine. "We run this like a well oiled team, and every team has a

leader. As much as I know you want that to be you, it's not. You need to get used to that, Little Bird. I'm the leader of this team." His eyes flash with an emotion akin to anger. "Now follow my orders like a good girl, so I can reward you later."

My hackles bristle with his tone, but I can't find any fault with what he said. He's right. I want to be the leader no matter what we're doing, but I can also recognize I'm not the right person for the job. In fact, all of them, aside from Grayson, have way more experience than I could ever imagine in leading a strike team.

A single nod has him turning around and moving forward, returning to the task of approaching the compound. The building is standing on stilts, allowing for the water levels of the surrounding swamp to fluctuate while leaving the structure unaffected. Stairs lead to the main level, where an elevated walkway wraps around the building. From there, any patrols can see the surrounding swamps, but I still find it strange I haven't seen a single man on post.

The moment we reach the stairs, the sound of several other airboats approaching whirrs in different directions. They must have surveillance monitoring the building. Either they knew we were coming ahead of time, or we triggered something to have them come rushing in immediately.

It wouldn't surprise me if Brent assumed someone would come for him based on Cole's mass murders in sex clubs, starting with the one he was recently at. He practically sent a death threat that couldn't be ignored. At least that's how I

would take it. And I'd prepare for every eventuality of the person coming after me, no matter how careful I was of covering my tracks.

"Fuck," Jasper curses, glancing around, trying to form a plan. "Get under the stairs. It's the best cover available here." I briefly wonder why he didn't say we should make our way to the main level of the building. But with one glance, I realize it's mostly made of wood. Anyone inside would have no issue shooting through the wall and killing us when we think one side is covered.

We move as one, backtracking and circling around the stairs as the noise grows louder. I'm assuming we can count on each airboat holding the same number as the other one we encountered. By the sound of things, there are at least three incoming teams, which adds up to twelve assailants.

"Grayson, I want you at the center of the stairs watching our backs, making sure nobody sneaks up on us. Raven and Vander, you two will shore up next to the stairs. Use them for cover as needed. Cole and I will crouch next to you." Jasper drops the duffle he was carrying and rips it open, displaying the extra supplies we have. "If you don't mind manning the supplies, Grayson. Let's zip up."

With his reminder, we all slide our arms into the jackets we had tied around our waists. They're bulletproof made of lightweight, prototype materials. Sure, it would have been smart to have them on from the very start. But the heat is already incredibly stifling. Adding armor to it was out of the



question when it wasn't needed yet. Maybe I should have Cole spoof an email directing the team at Halston Solutions to design armor that'll wick the sweat and keep you cool.

The airboats come into view, well, the huge fans propelling them forward do. I still don't have sight of how many people they might carry, but at least we know what directions they're coming from. The terrain leaves no room for surprises.

As the reeds move, parting for the first boat, the occupants are revealed. Eight in the first one. They file off the boat, their motions giving way to the training they've had. They're foes, but at a greater disadvantage than we were at. At least we have the staircase to hide behind. They're out in the open.

"Is the plan still maim and capture?" Vander asks.

Jasper grunts. "Only if they seem like they're in charge. But I doubt anyone who knows the information we want will come from one of those boats." Excellent. Death shots it is. I raise my rifle to my shoulder, lining my sights as I aim for the closest man. "Little Bird gets first shot," he adds after a moment, but it's all the encouragement I need. My finger presses on the trigger and the man goes down.

The first shot gives away our location. Now it's a game of taking out the men before they can level their AK-47s on us. The others shoot as well; the men unloading from the boats dropping as quickly as they step free. Before we get the last man, two other teams arrive, their guns already in position to fire.

I keep my breaths steady, methodically moving through the targets. This is so different from all the hours I've gone through shooting targets, but as each man drops, an eerie calmness comes over me. A hyper-aware focus where so many pinpoints of data files through my brain. The glint of a rifle moving to someone's shoulder. Motion to the left. No, he's dropped to the ground before I can aim for him, onto the next. The reeds shuffle to the right, revealing a man wading through the water trying to sneak up on us.

Two more boats arrive, and yet we pick them off easily. What at first seemed like we would be impossibly out in the open, turns out to be the complete opposite. The stairs give us more coverage than I thought they would, and in reality, the men spilling into the opening are the ones making themselves easy pickings.

Sure they've come close to hitting us, bullets whistle by and wood chips fly in the air as they hit the stairs. But so far they haven't measured up to us. Again, it feels too easy. But maybe it's my hyper fixation, making everything seem that way. The high of killing is pulsing through my veins, overshadowing everything else. This is my first time killing consecutively. It's quite thrilling being challenged this way.

Every so often, we ask Grayson to hand us a new clip, and he does, shoving it into our hand like he was already expecting it. It's during one of the moments where I'm asking him to hand me one when I see the man step into view. He's holding a rocket launcher. The fresh clip meets my hand, and I slam it

into place. At the same time, the man brings the launcher to his shoulder, lining up his shot.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

The clip clicks into place and my hand moves to the bolt on instinct, loading a bullet into the chamber. I don't waste any time and fire at the man while yelling at everyone to move. The shot hits true, right in his heart, and as his body falls, I know I was too late. The staircase we're hiding behind explodes in a shower of wood chips, and I'm blown back. My body slams to the ground.

# Chapter 13



## Raven

**A**ir rushes from my lungs, and it takes a moment before I'm able to breathe again. A ringing sounds in my ears accompanied by loud pops, which only serves to make the pounding in my head worse. I blink as I stare at the sky, dust billowing in the breeze overhead, and a burnt scent tickling my nose. The grass prickles against my palms where I fist the dirt.

As I push myself from the ground, the world around me spins. I use the back of my hand to brush my hair off my forehead, trying to make sense of things. It takes a moment for my thoughts to snap into place, and when they do, panic rushes through me. I search around me, my vision barely able to focus enough to recognize I'm surrounded by shards of wood.

Did my men hear my warning to move? Did they get out of the way in time? Or are they somewhere sprawled on the ground?

After a moment, I realize the loud pops aren't ringing out anymore. Were they gunshots? They had to have come from

my men since they've stopped and I haven't been hit. Or maybe I have and the pain hasn't registered yet.

Rotating my body to the side, I push up on my hands and knees as the world spins around me. The blast must have given me a concussion. It's the only explanation for the condition my head is in.

Pain rockets down my arm, but I pay it no mind, needing to find my men. A shadow appears beside me, and after blinking several times, I realize it's Vander. He holds his gun in position to fire off more rounds if needed, but from the lack of movement on his trigger finger, I know he isn't actively shooting. It confirms one of my theories, at least. Hopefully, the ringing in my ears will cease soon, bringing my hearing back with it.

Vander's gaze quickly travels over me, cataloging my injuries. Each microsecond has his scowl growing deeper until he rips his eyes from me, returning them to our surroundings. His lips move, but whatever he says comes through muffled and distorted. It's like trying to listen through a fishbowl.

"I can't hear you," I tell him, but the way he winces speaks to me shouting it.

My attention wanders, searching for the others. The quick way I turn my head has another round of dizziness consuming me, and I have to lean on Vander's side to keep from falling over. He gives me a worried glance before watching for more threats. His concern for me is written all over his features, and I know he's at war with himself, split between wanting to give

his undivided attention to my injuries, and making sure I don't incur any more.

Without thinking about it, my hand moves to his shoulder, using it to steady myself. And maybe a small fraction to comfort him in his panic. I can't imagine the amount of fear coursing through him right now after thinking I was in the bombing not long ago.

He seems to sink into the touch, his chest expanding against my arm more than it had on his last breath. I have the insane urge to wrap my arms around him, to assure him I'm okay, but before I can act on the thought, I get distracted by the sight of Cole and Jasper. Both of them are in similar positions to Vander, their backs pressed against each other to make sure they're protected.

And underneath them is Grayson. Red expands outward from a rip in his pants, and he isn't moving. He must've been thrown in the other direction as me when the rocket impacted the stairs. He didn't stand a chance of getting out of the way in time, not where he was positioned.

Jasper holds two fingers against his pulse point, and the longer he takes trying to feel the flow of Grayson's heart pumping, the harder my own beats in my chest. I hold my breath, wishing I could force my heart to calm its erratic behavior. The moment my gaze meets with Jasper's, it's as if the world drops from existence around me.

Why won't he tell me already?

Moisture prickles at my eyes, a burning sensation that isn't completely unwelcome. It's as if I know the exact moment Jasper finally detects the pulse thrumming through Grayson. Relief fills his gaze, and he gives me a single nod before returning his attention to our surroundings.

Knowing Grayson isn't out of trouble yet, the blood flowing from his leg is evidence enough; I move to stand on shaky legs. They give out before I can put much of my body weight on them, and I catch myself with my hands before I eat dirt.

Not wasting a second, I immediately crawl across the space between us. Something I know Grayson would appreciate with heated eyes in any other situation. As it is now, he's unconscious. Which could be a good thing, depending on how bad his injury is.

My hands shake as I reach for him, suddenly doubting Jasper was right. Did I fall into a trap of feeling relief when I should be consumed with fear? I'm suddenly desperate to feel his heartbeat for myself. I press my fingertips to his neck, to the spot I've memorized with my lips where his racing pulse tickles against them as I kiss him.

It only takes a split second for me to recognize the faint thud and I momentarily black out. When I come to, my lips are pressed against Grayson's in a searing kiss, born of desperation to wake him. It's an asinine idea, and I don't have a hint of where it could have come from. Yet it somehow works. Like my will was forced through our lips directly to his soul.



His eyelids flutter open, and he grunts against my invasion, but the moment I attempt to pull away, his hand snaps into place at the back of my head, holding me in place. Grayson watches me, clarity returning to his eyes as the seconds tick by until he realizes the pain he's in. I got so distracted by the need to wake him, I didn't take a moment to catalog his injuries.

This time when I back off, he lets me go, moving his hand to my arm where he squeezes the life out of it, as if riding a wave of pain coursing through his body. I instantly zero in on his leg, finding a shard of wood sticking from his flesh. Thankfully, it's in the meat of his leg and not where a major artery is.

"I need the med kit," I say to whoever's listening. My words sound muffled still, so it wouldn't surprise me if I said it too loudly, but I catch Cole jumping to his feet. A few seconds later he's at my side, ripping open the other duffle we had with us. How it's still intact is beyond me.

Grayson fists the grass at his sides in an attempt to keep the signs of his pain directed inward, but I'm not fooled. Neither is Cole, who rummages through our med kit until he extracts a vial and syringe. He measures out a dosage of morphine and injects it into Grayson's leg. The effect is almost immediate. His muscles relax from their rigid hold. Without direction, Cole moves into threading a needle, knowing we'll need to close the wound.

My deadly hacker locks gazes with me. "I've got the wound on his leg, you check if there are others."

I scan Grayson's form, taking in every speck of blood, every scratch and smudge, finding no other injuries that need tending. Which is kind of unbelievable that he wasn't hurt more than the single chunk of wood. I reach for his hand, squeezing it tightly as I brush a lock of hair from his forehead.

His gaze remains fixed on me, tracing my lines as if he, too, is searching me for injuries. "You okay?" he asks, voice thicker than normal.

"That's my line." I frown at him, not liking that he got to ask first. But in truth, it's because I wasn't going to ask at all. It's clear he isn't okay. A two-inch chunk of stairs sticks out of his thigh.

"I think we got them all," Jasper says, coming to our sides. Vander presses against my back a moment later. "At least this wave of them. Who knows if there's more."

"I can hack into a satellite and get images of the surrounding area," Cole offers, gaining glares from all of us.

"Why the fuck didn't you do that in the first place?" Vander growls.

"Because I didn't think of it until now." Cole's tone is bland, like his focus is entirely devoted to Grayson's wound and he can't be bothered with adding any emotions into it. I get that reaction. "As perfect as I am, there are lapses in my coding from time to time." *Well, that's a hacker phrase if I've ever heard one.*

It seems the rest of my men also let that one bounce right off them, choosing not to acknowledge it. “Finish wrapping the wound, we still have the building to clear,” Jasper growls out instead, resuming his role as “commander” of our team.

Grayson seems to be drastically better with the morphine pumping through his system. Color returns to his skin and his eyes aren't as pinched. “You didn't answer me,” Grayson hisses as he winces from the pain. Apparently, I was too quick to judge.

“I think we'd all like to know the answer, Little Bird.” A softness takes over Jasper's tone, his concern more than evident in the way he watches me.

Vander wraps an arm around my waist, losing his battle of trying to act unaffected. He turns my body so I'm facing him, and he cups my cheek, thumb drawing a comforting touch over the area. “You hit your head,” he comments, a rough gravel taking over his normally smooth tone. “Are you dizzy? Seeing double?”

Knowing what he's truly asking, I answer him, “I have a concussion. My ears are ringing pretty bad, but my hearing is coming back.”

He nods his head, acknowledging what I told him, but holds me out at arm's distance to check me over once more. “Anywhere else hurt?”

“Does my pride count?” I know they'll say I shouldn't blame myself for Grayson being injured with the rocket launcher, but I can't help but wonder if I wasn't paying enough

attention. Could I have seen the man any sooner? Was I taking too long to line up my shots? Did I fuck up somewhere? I never would have forgiven myself if he wasn't okay.

Vander softly runs his hand over my head, checking for where I hit it. He hits a particularly tender area and I suck in a sharp breath with the shooting pain it sends through my head, white sparks flashing behind my eyes. Anger passes through his gaze like a dark storm cloud, and I can't help but wonder if he's blaming himself for me getting hurt.

I run my touch along his arm until I'm holding his wrist where his hold is cupping my head. With a soft squeeze, his attention locks on my gaze. "I'm fine, Vander. Nothing that won't heal with time." He doesn't seem reassured, so I continue, "We can't always come out of a battle unscathed. No matter how badass we think we are, there's always room for growth."

"You should listen to your own words," Grayson pipes up from behind me. As much as I don't want to believe him, I know he's right. There's really no point in blaming yourself for what ifs or could have beens. The past is the past. We have to move forward from here.

"We still have a building to clear," I tell them, changing the subject so we can move on.

Vander's eyes narrow, probably not liking the sound of us diving back into danger, but we can't let exploding stairs get in our way. Either Brent is inside, or there's someone who knows where we can find him. At least I hope so. There's still a

chance we're wrong and have been working off false assumptions.

Vander doesn't show any signs of letting go anytime soon, so I turn in his hold to face the others, making sure they're still on board. I can't help the wince pulling at my features when my gaze lands on a bandaged Grayson. He's leaning against Jasper, keeping pressure off his injured leg. Blood darkens his black pants where his wound is, the ripped fabric exposing the white gauze wrapped around his thigh. There's a little pink showing through, but it looks like the bleeding has stopped.

"Don't worry about me, Remi," he reassures, probably reading the thoughts crossing over my face. I've truly learned to drop my guard around my men, forgetting to keep my mask in place around them. Something I know they prefer, but sometimes I don't like them knowing what I'm thinking. It's disarming.

With a sigh, I shake off Vander's hold and move to where the staircase used to be. Bits of wood dangle from the edge of the decking, and it's sagging where it's lost support. I'm not even sure it can hold our weight anymore, or if it will come crashing down the moment it's faced with any amount of weight.

Only one way to find out.

# Chapter 14



## Cole

**R**aven faces the decking, her head barely meeting where the supporting wood beams are exposed. There's a determined set to her features and I can't stand the thought of her getting hurt further by being the first one up there.

With a few quick strides, I shove Vander out of the way where he's crowding into her space, and lay my palm on her arm, stopping her from trying to drag herself onto the decking. "Let me go first."

Her eyes flash with objection, the steely blue growing hard and cold. But after a moment, she sighs and backs off. Good choice, Raven. I'm not one to be messed with today. Not after I watched her body get thrown across the lawn. I never would have run from our spot if I didn't think she would get clear as well. There isn't a scenario in existence where I'd save myself over her.

Pushing in front of her, I use my arms to pull myself onto the decking. The jagged wood scrapes against my clothing as I drag myself up, threatening to rip holes as it latches on. The precarious flooring sways, a groaning sound coming from

where it scrapes against itself. I don't have any faith in it being able to hold much more weight. Thankfully, our girl is a wispy thing, always taking pride in her body, working out most days when she was at home. Can't say she's done much of that since we've been on the run, though.

I hold out my hand for her to take, and Vander grasps her hips, helping to lift her. The wood creaks even more, making it sound like it might give away any second now. As soon as she has her footing, I move us to the side of the building, not wanting to be seen from the windows.

My focus returns to the task at hand. Finding my sister.

From the looks of this building, it doesn't seem like a place the asshole keeping her captive would take her. I'm not holding my breath that she's here, although I hope to find some kind of information leading to her whereabouts.

Gripping Raven's hand even tighter, I lead her along the side of the building. She gazes out to the marshlands surrounding us, trying to spy if any more combatants are sneaking up on us. The humanity Grayson sparks inside her is on full blast with his injury. Her self-blame is working overtime, an emotion the two of us normally wouldn't experience. The only exception being a threat to someone we've claimed as ours.

A squeeze of her hand has her attention flying to me, a question in her eyes as they find mine. "You ready to torture any motherfuckers we find in here?" I ask her, distracting her from the worry gnawing at her. It's more than evident she fears



something happening to one of us after the explosion almost took Grayson out. I've seen that endearing look on her face only once before when Vander was shot. As much as I enjoy it, I vow she won't wear it when it comes to me.

Although... as I think it over, perhaps she already has. And it happened when I was too distracted searching for my sister, lost in myself. There's too much going on right now to search through all the footage automatically accumulating of her on my servers to find out, though.

A smile grows on her face, a twinkle of malice sparkling in her gaze. "I'll let you call dibs on drawing first pain. That way, I have the chance to deal the final blow." She raises her eyebrow as if to challenge me, daring me to take away her fun of watching someone die by her hand today.

My cock grows hard at the joy she has for taking a life. For watching the last embers of a soul leaving its body. Longing to rip her clothes off and fuck her right now rushes through me. It's so potent, I have to reach a hand down and adjust myself, bringing the throbbing length against my stomach so it doesn't pinch painfully in my pants.

The thought of watching her from up close this time rivals my own desire to take life. For some reason, it's infinitely more thrilling taking in the many levels of euphoria it brings her, than doing it myself. "Only if I get to force an orgasm from you for every life you take."

Her eyes light with my ultimatum, pupils dilating before becoming hooded with lust. Good, I've evened the tables.

Now we can enter the building both semi distracted with the same thoughts pushing us to reach our goal a little faster. “No takebacks,” she hums.

I use my grip on her hand to yank her closer. The forward momentum of her body has her crashing into me, where I drop my hold and wrap my arm around her waist, drawing her front against mine. A breathy sigh slips past her pillowy lips, drawing my gaze to them. My actions were meant to close the distance between us so I could kiss her, but now I can't help but draw it out. My nose runs along her jawline before I teasingly brush my lips across hers.

She whines against my tongue as I dart it out to tempt her. Raven's hands move to my chest, her free hand fisting my shirt, and the barrel of her gun presses against my neck as she lazily rests her hand on my collarbone. “Kiss me, you fool.” The threat is obvious, and yet it only excites me more, making my desire to tease her intensify.

The bullet wound on my leg flares to life, reminding me how deeply her love goes for me. It drives me wild, and I fist her hair, pulling her head back so she's better angled to receive my burning kiss.

We're cut off too quickly by a throat clearing, the others having made their way onto the unstable decking. Grayson among them, something I know Raven would have insisted on since she won't trust his safety if he's out of her sight.

With a sigh, I release my obsession. She pouts, but the promise of the orgasms I'll give her for each kill still has the

desire alive and burning in her gaze. She nudges me forward; the eagerness affecting me.

Rounding the building, I peer into the window, finding an empty living room. I thought for sure I'd find an open warehouse filled with whatever product he's running. But on second thought, I should have anticipated living quarters. With how many people we already killed, and being in the middle of swampland. They have to sleep somewhere.

The structure, while grand, doesn't offer much in the way of luxury. My research wasn't able to find any images, but with one glance, I know without a shred of doubt my sister won't be here. We really are working off the thinnest possibility that one of the men here can give us an answer on where Brent is currently residing. That or a backdoor into the servers the man has masked by a skilled hacker.

I'll crack them eventually, but having access to a device directly tied to them will help decrease the time frame exponentially. Reaching into a tactical pocket of my pants, I remove an extendable baton. Snapping it to its full extent, I slam it into the glass, breaking it on impact. The fractured shards tinkle to the ground, and I move against the wall, giving Raven an unobstructed view of the room to take out any threats.

Her arms sweep in an arc, ready to pull the trigger the moment she finds a threat, but after a moment she shakes her head, indicating she doesn't see anyone. Using the rod, I break

the rest of the glass clinging to the frame, clearing it out of our way so we can climb into the new entry point.

Raven moves to enter first, but Vander's hand lands on her shoulder, holding her back. "Don't even think about it, *Reginetta*." His voice is a sharp growl, one I can't help but appreciate since it holds every protective shred of violence in his body, ready to snap into play the moment her life is threatened.

Replacing the baton with my gun, I swiftly dive through the open space, tucking my head and rolling in a tumble across the floor until I'm kneeling with my gun held at the ready. My gaze quickly takes in the room, cataloging every detail. A TV screen displays video footage of the surrounding marsh from each direction of the building in tiny squares. I'm not surprised.

There's a card game abandoned on the coffee table, a cup laying on its side next to it with the contents spilled, dripping onto the floor. Clearly, they left it in a hurry. But I'm left wondering, is the responsible party still in the building, or did they board the airboats outside and already met their end?

Raven spills through the window next. We'll need to work on her stealth. Her assassin skills are akin to a fawn learning to stand for the first time. I love molding her into the perfect little killer.

Vander leaps in next, his large build barely making it through the frame, but he silently lands on his feet. A slight frown tugs at his lips, the same thoughts probably playing

through his mind. We've all lent a hand in teaching her how to get away with her heart's desires. It's become the hobby that's bonded us.

The last two of our group wait outside. Grayson won't be able to make it through easily with his injuries, and we need to clear the building before they walk through one of the doors.

With a gesture of his fingers, Vander tells me he's ready for me to move forward. It's amazing how quickly we've fallen into a smooth operation of working together. All of it stemmed from keeping Raven safe when the assassination hit was still active on her.

With quick, decisive steps, I move to the doorway on the left side of the room, and he makes his way to the one on the right. Raven instinctively flanks me, staying close. We'll each clear a side of the building until we have every threat neutralized and the others can come inside while we extract the answers we need.

Moving along a hallway, the next room I come across is a storeroom. It's filled with shelves, packed to the rim with packages of cocaine. I'm willing to bet we'll find another room for cutting the drugs from their pure form and packaging it into smaller amounts before sending it out for distribution. Or perhaps it's a cook room instead, and cutting will be done at the next stop in the operation. Either way, we need to be careful not to be exposed to the shit. The chemicals involved with making drugs are no joke.

Before we even make it to the next room, the sound of scuffling reaches me. I hold my arm out, moving Raven against the wall until she's flush with it. Wanting to make sure she's protected if the person in the room comes out. This way, I'll be in the direct line of fire before they can reach her.

“Son of a bitch. Report, damn it.” The sound of radio static comes from the room, followed by breaking plastic. Someone doesn't know how to keep his cool in a gunfight.

Not wanting to give him time to panic even more and come out of the enclosed space, I whip around the corner. He sees me right away and scrambles to grab his gun in a panic. His fingertips graze the weapon, flinging it to the side and out of reach as it falls off the edge of a desk. It hits the ground, and goes off, shooting a bullet into the door jamb right next to where Raven is standing.

Two long strides have me standing next to the man, with the muzzle of my gun pressed against his temple. He freezes the moment it touches him, his body going stiff momentarily. His eyes flash to the gun on the floor, then his body twitches toward it.

Intense rage rushes through me. The mother fucking moron didn't have his safety on. His incompetence almost ended with my obsession getting shot. She'd be devastated to have another scar. It's hard enough for her to wrap her head around Vander giving her scars with his knife play.

“Don't even think of it,” I growl in his ear as Raven reaches out to remove the temptation from the idiot. As if I won't have

ample time to pull the trigger before his hand lands on the weapon.

I shift my position so my gun isn't pressed against him, and focus on his facial expressions to detect any signs of a lie. "How many are still inside?"

His lips press together, and for a moment, I'm sure he won't respond. But my temptress works her magic. Her finger trails along the side of his face, making him turn his head to gaze at the source of the soft touch. I'll have to skin his cheek later. He doesn't get to keep any part of him that she touches. That's for us alone.

"Won't you tell me how many are inside?" she coos, blinking her eyes like she's an innocent doe. Her bottom lip pouts as if every second he waits to answer is upsetting her more. Raven's beauty is something to behold, and I can't blame the man for falling into the trap of her blue depths. A mere glance from her could bring any man to his knees. A skill I know she possesses, but one she's never used on us.

With his head turned toward her now, I can't catch his expression, but I can imagine it well enough with the hesitance in his tone. "It's, uh," the sound of him licking his lips breaks up his answer, "just me. I sent the enforcers outside to—" he cuts off abruptly, realizing he was about to tell her he sent them out to kill her.

Raven tsks. The sound is full of disappointment with his actions and our victim swallows loudly. He's putty in her

hands, a shiver of fear running through him. I'm sure he can see the violence she's capable of dancing in her eyes.

"Other half is clear," Vander announces, the sound of his voice barely preceding his appearance in the doorway. The man has a skill for remaining completely silent when he wants. He's lucky he said something before coming around the corner. He scopes the room, and after noticing we're busy, he jerks his head to the side and says, "I'll check the remaining rooms on this side."

His departure is stalled when Raven calls out his name. "Vander! Look at my new toy. Cole said I could experiment on him. Do anything my little heart can think of." She singsongs it, and it doesn't take us long to realize she's trying to rile the man. "I've been wanting to test that new acupuncture kit I got. I need to discover what reactions I can draw out of the body by stabbing hundreds of needles into it at strategic places. Shall I start with your face? Or perhaps the groin area?."

"I can't wait to watch, Reginetta. Think you'll want to collect his blood so we can roll in it as we fuck?" The man in question blanches and Raven cackles, thoroughly enjoying that Vander smoothly joined in on her fun. With one simple exchange, she broke the man's resolve.

Vander moves on while Raven and I continue to deal with our only captive. If he doesn't have any information for us, at least we can take some of our frustrations out on him. I crack my knuckles at the thought, quickly aiming my gun at him again. "There's a set of zip ties in my pocket. Mind doing the



honors?” I wink at my woman as her gaze lands on me, anticipation in her blue depths.

I keep a watch on the man for any sign of movement from the corner of my eyes, but my focus is on the beauty in front of me. She takes a step toward me, mischief playing in the quirk of her lips. Instead of asking me which pocket they're in, she runs her hands on the outside of my thighs, touching the cargo pockets there, one of which holds the cuffs. I know she has to feel them through the fabric, but she doesn't reach inside for them right away.

She prowls around me, her footsteps slow as she moves to stand behind me, hands trailing over my body as she goes. “Hmm...” she teasingly hums, both hands moving along my sides, reaching for my abs and sliding down until she dips into my front pockets. “I can't seem to find them.”

Her hands reach deep into my pockets, pushing aside the extra clips I have in them to reach for my cock. One hand plays with my balls, while the other fists my shaft the best she can with the restraints preventing full mobility. She fondles my dick, making it come back to life in mere seconds, it having never gone all the way down after kissing her.

The moment a hiss leaves my lips unbidden, she releases her hold, removing her hands from my pockets with a smug smirk from getting what she wanted. The little vixen is asking to get fucked against the wall right here and now.

With deft fingers, she lifts out one of the plastic cuffs and moves to stand behind the shaking man. Her eyes rove over

him like she's already coming up with ideas of how she wants to play. "Oh, one more thing, Luv." Her gaze reverts to me, giving me her complete attention. "Try not to touch him directly. It makes my skin crawl knowing you've made contact with someone undeserving."

My words hit their mark, a shiver running through her as she makes the connection to exactly what I mean. This isn't the first time I've had to skin a man who's felt the joy of meeting her touch.

# Chapter 15



## Raven

Cole's words travel through me, finding a home right in my cunt, causing a gush of wetness. I love how obsessed he is with everything that has to do with me. Including a need to control who I touch when it doesn't involve one of my men. I already know he plans on skinning the side of the man's face where I touched him.

The more I think about it, the more I get turned on. I can't wait to kill him to get the orgasm Cole promised. Visions play out in my mind of him bending me over the body, fucking me as I scream out his name. The longer I get lost in the thought, the more my convictions cement. I need to make it a reality.

Shaking my head clear of how good the piercings will feel gliding in and out, I focus on handcuffing the man. "Hands behind your back," I command him, making sure my voice carries the threat of what his disappointment will earn him. It's a tool I've used on many conquests in the past. One I haven't even *thought* about tapping into since Grayson tricked me with his lack of skills.

The man eyes me warily, slowly moving his hands until they meet behind his back, and as Cole requested, I'm careful about not touching him. I slip the loops of the cuffs over his hands and tighten the zips until they hold him firmly in place. The action seems to suddenly catch up to him, snapping him into the realization that we have him in our clutches and the likelihood of him getting out alive is slim to none.

He thrashes, yanking his hands apart with a grunt, trying to get them free. When that doesn't work, he backs away from us, wanting to put as much space between us as he can. He keeps walking backward until his spine hits the wall with a thud. *As if he'd be able to get away.* The jolt of his body hitting the paneling has him freezing in place, and a feigned serenity falls over him.

"Why did you come here?" he asks. There's a thread of panic underlying the calmly spoken words. "How did you find out where the stash was?" His assumptions of why we came couldn't be farther from the truth. Perhaps Brent wasn't expecting us as much as we previously assumed.

Cole and I lock gazes and with one look, I know we agree to wait to ask him any of our questions. Our silence for now will act as a catalyst, pushing his mind to spiral into all the possibilities, all the horrible scenarios. And the more he continues to assume the wrong thing, the easier it'll be to catch him off guard when we try to extract the information we really want.

Vander returns, and this time he's followed by my other two men. "We already killed everyone else. The building is clear."

"What's the plan? We staying here, or taking him somewhere else? How long do you want with him?" Jasper asks next, stepping farther into the room and crossing his arms over his broad chest. His gaze takes in the man, who now has his lips tightly pressed together.

"Give me a moment. I think I know a place close enough we can bring him," Cole says. He fishes his phone out of his pocket and begins typing on it. "He's the only man who made it out alive. Who knows how long it will take to get the information out of him."

Vander moves to the window and uses his gun to move the blinds out of his way. "Reinforcements could come any minute. I'd prefer we get moving sooner rather than later." Glancing back at Cole, he adds, "Tell us what you want packed. Jasper and I can get working on that while Grayson keeps watch."

Cole grunts in acknowledgment but finishes what he's doing on his phone before glancing up to respond. "I've secured a location that's perfect for us. We can take the airboat directly there." He slides his phone back into his pocket and reaches for a jacket hanging on the back of the desk chair. "I need every computer device you can find packed up. They're coming with us."

Vander moves to help Grayson limp from the room, leading him to a safe area to watch for any incoming threats. Jasper

grabs a laptop from the desk in the room and follows them out, beginning the search through the rest of the building.

A malicious grin spreads on Cole's face as he turns toward me, where I stand next to our next victim. I have my gun trained on him in case he gets any ideas, but my focus remains on my nerd turned into an all around badass psycho. He brings a finger to his lip and taps it a few times in a show of thinking something through. After a pause, he holds up the finger as a sign for me to pause where I am, and he moves back to the desk where Jasper found the laptop.

The sound of objects shuffling is my only hint of what Cole is up to, but it's not a good one. His body blocks my view, and he's been showing more and more of a different side of himself than I'm used to. After a moment, he turns around, holding up a black permanent marker. "Ah ha!"

My brow lifts in a silent question. One he ignores as he closes the distance between us and turns the man around. There's an angry set to our captive's face. It's clear he's determined to deny us anything we may want from him, even before he knows what it is. Even his questions were self-serving, wanting to know where he may have fucked up before we kill him. What he doesn't know, though, is my men are well versed in the arts of extracting information, and they have a fondness for passing their knowledge on to me. This won't be something they give up on or rush through.

Cole remains focused on whatever he's doing. His gaze narrows on the man's face and he makes a show of uncapping

the permanent marker. His hand slowly brings the pen toward him and our captive eyes it warily the closer it gets. When Cole is only a few inches away, the man jerks his head back, his foot stepping in the same direction simultaneously. He clearly forgot he's already pressed against the wall, with nowhere to go, and cracks his head against the hard surface.

With no other options, his arms also try to jerk in front of him to stop Cole's approach, but the handcuffs keep him from moving them. There's no way for him to prevent the incoming marker from drawing on the side of his cheek. The same area I ran my finger along is quickly circled, and my psycho boyfriend seems to find immense joy in the simple task. "I don't want to forget."

"Forget what?" the man can't help but ask, his eyes wide as he watches Cole carefully.

A twinkle enters Cole's eyes as if he tricked the man into asking the question. "I'm so glad you asked," he drawls, stepping in front of me and pinning me in place with his glare. "I didn't want to forget the place where my sweet obsession failed to remember herself and decided to touch you. I'll be getting it back soon enough."

"Get it back?" the man scoffs. The tone of his voice makes it clear he thinks he's dealing with an idiot. Little does he know, Cole is one of the most brilliant men I've ever met. I suppose it helps that I know exactly what he means by the statement.



In a quick motion, Cole has the jacket he grabbed wrapped around the man's head. It's so fast, I didn't even catch how he did it, but it's solidly preventing him from seeing anything. The arms get tied behind his head, making it an effective replacement for a sack. Grabbing onto his arm, Cole jerks him out of the room and through the building until we're once again on the precarious decking.

The creaking that comes along with each footstep has me convinced that any second we could plummet the single story of space below us to the ground. I'm not worried about the fall, but more concerned that someone else will become impaled with a shard of wood. We've had enough of that for one day.

A curse paired with stumbling footsteps has my attention whipping from where I'm watching where I walk, to the area in front of me. Cole shoves the man in front of him, herding him along as he wildly tries to keep his footing. My psycho doesn't let up, preventing him from gaining solid ground. He does it the whole way until we reach the area where the stairs are blown off and the railing is hanging by a single nail.

Another solid thrust has the man stumbling forward and tipping over the edge. Okay. Maybe it's acceptable for him to get stabbed with a shard. Cole tilts his head back and lets loose a laugh. The sound fills me with an odd sense of warmth. His hand darts out, and before it even meets the support below him, his feet go over the side. With a push of his arm when it lands, he gracefully catapults himself to the ground.

Fucking hell, he's a gorgeous sight.

I rush as quickly as I dare to the edge to find Cole standing next to the man, hands on his hips as he stares at the crumpled lump on the ground. A sneer tugs at his lips before it's wiped completely clean as his gaze turns to me, a smile replacing it. He holds his arms out to help me down like I weigh nothing at all.

Our fronts graze as he lowers me to the ground, but instead of letting him return me to my feet, I wrap my legs around his waist. When I started killing, I never could've foreseen how much it turns me on to have a partner, much less four. But now that we're here, I couldn't imagine a life where I didn't indulge in my darkest desires with the men I've claimed as mine. It's true what they say. The couple that plays together stays together.

Perhaps it should be the couple that slays together...

His hands land on my ass, and his nose nuzzles into my neck. Taking in a deep breath, his entire body seems to relax on the exhale. My hands instinctively run through his hair, the short strands tickling my palms until I reach the longer ones on the top of his head where I fist a handful.

Using the grip I have on him, I tilt his head and watch as amusement dances across his gaze. He comes willingly when I tug him to me, sliding my tongue over his lips and into his mouth, devouring him, not able to wait a second more. Cole groans, but my kiss smothers the sound.

All too quickly, we separate. I'm not even out of breath, and yet my lips tingle for more of his tantalizing affection. "We need to save this for later, Luv. Because once I start, I won't want to stop, and we simply don't have the time for it at the moment."

He's right, I know he is, yet I don't like how the tables have turned so quickly from me denying him, to him doing it to me. I narrow my gaze, a cutting remark on the tip of my tongue, but I'm caught off guard when he presses a light kiss to the tip of my nose and sets me on my feet once more.

When I don't move right away, he smirks, hands landing on my hips, where he squeezes painfully, turning me around with a slap to my ass. "Get our weapons bag and meet me at the boat before you distract me anymore." The tone of his voice adds more to his words, though. He's done with letting me be in charge. My stalker has had enough of being tested, taking full control over being Ravenmaster once more.

All three of them seem to don the mantle at different times. It's easy to see now that I know. A much gentler shove than the one he used on our captive sends me on my way. The urge to fight against his wishes makes my footsteps slow and hesitant, but the voices of my other three men reach me. It won't be long before they, too, will be ready to leave, and it's not like there isn't a threat of us being under attack again.

Throwing a scathing glare over my shoulder, I make my way to the duffle bag not far away. The other is draped over Vander's shoulder. The bag is surrounded by chunks of wood,

and a few of the weapons it used to hold are strewn around it, having been thrown from the bag in the blast. I make quick work of putting them away before hauling the laden duffle onto my shoulder and making my way toward the boat we left sitting on the edge of the property.

My men are already there, working on loading the pilfered tech, weapons, and captive over the side. Overall, I think we can say this was a successful strike. We got what we came for, at least partially. Now it's time for the fun part. The part where I get to torture and kill a man with my stalkers.

# Chapter 16



## Raven

**T**he location Cole secured for us is little more than a glorified barn. It's one large empty room. No bathroom. No conveniences. It's a whole lot of nothing.

Perhaps I'm exaggerating, but not by much. The room came with a metal chair and a couple of sturdy wooden benches to display our tools. The only additions have been the things we've brought along with us, and whatever Vander and Grayson come back with. They took the airboat out a few hours ago.

We've been here for a day, and the only source of entertainment has been torturing our captive. My men have reveled in taking turns teaching me several methods of extracting information. We've barely given the hostage a break. Putting his body to the test, pushing it to the farthest limits. We only took a slight intermission to make sure we don't overextend him too soon.

A groan sounds from across the room, our captive stirring in his passed out state. I watch him, waiting to see if he'll come to or if it's a sound made involuntarily. Cole was the last one

to lay his hands on him. He's been working him hard, having his fun as he burns through his frustrations. The captive's head lulls against his chest and after a moment of silence, I carry on with my train of thought.

One of the first things Cole did when we got here was methodically lay out the instruments we brought along. It was so precise, I couldn't help but remember the kill room Ravenmaster let me use in DC. Now as I'm thinking about it again, I'm not sure why I didn't ask who the room belongs to. "You remember the playroom where I killed Grayson's dad?" I ask Cole.

He glances up from sharpening his filet knife, a gleam in his eyes as he recalls the coffin, nails, and hammer. The knife barely makes a sound when he gently puts it back on the table, giving me his undivided attention. I'm surprised my question distracts him enough to discard it. He's been fixated on the damn thing since he skinned the cheek off our captive. He meticulously cleaned it free of all the blood and moved on to making sure it's sharp enough to split a hair.

"How could I forget? You were breathtakingly beautiful in that room." His eyes rove over me, remembering everything I did there.

"Who did it belong to?" I sit, leaning back with my hands behind me to brace myself on the wooden table I claimed for myself. A woman needs a good vantage point when watching her man torture someone for information.

Cole's bright smile lights the room and he pushes his glasses farther up his nose. I can't believe they're actually advanced technology and not something he needs to see. He certainly embraced the nerd persona. I'm still impressed he fooled me with the same tactics I've used my whole life when interacting with others. I should've been able to see the signs.

"We all have a favorite kill room, several actually. But that one belongs to me," he proudly tells me. He pushes off the workbench he's leaning on and makes his way toward me. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought it was yours after seeing the way you set up the tools," I say, nodding to the other bench. "But I wasn't certain. Seems like you were Ravenmaster more often than the others."

He hums noncommittally. "It might seem like that. But it really was a group effort. They were as vital at watching you and keeping tabs on everything you did as I was, but don't forget, you had assassins gunning for you for a while there. We all had our jobs in protecting you." His hands land on my thighs and he pushes them apart to settle himself between them. "I simply had more exposure being the eyes in the sky."

I sit up and place my hands on his shoulders, tugging him firmly against me. "So who left the Polaroids?"

Cole's eyebrows raise in teasing amusement. "I must admit, I'm envious I didn't think of it myself." A distant look enters his eyes as if he's trying to come up with an idea to rival the images left on my bed. After a moment, he continues, "That was Jasper. He's used to taking pictures of his victims while



surveilling their habits. It was easy enough for him to make them look like Polaroids.”

A small smile tugs at the corners of my lips as I think about the threat he left about Grayson marking me. But then I remember it coincided with my tattoos. “What about the threat of marking me?”

“That one was both of us. Told you I was envious of his idea. Couldn’t stand not being a part of it.”

“And the head?” I ask, leaning closer. So close, our lips are almost touching.

“Jasper and I did that together, too. You know I don’t like anyone touching you. He’s as possessive as me.”

Before I can trap him in my kiss, the door bangs open, revealing the man we’re talking about. “Little Bird,” he calls sweetly.

Even though I have Cole in my grasp, my body aches to hold Jasper, too. It’s been too long since they fucked me on the plane. Well, everyone but Cole. We should really fix that sooner rather than later.

He saunters into the warehouse, taking his time getting to us. “Look at what I brought you. A new weapon to try out.” His dimple draws my gaze, making my pussy clench. Why does something so simple have to be so damn attractive? He holds the bulky object up for me to see, a knowing glint in his eyes of why I’m distracted.

A large car battery attached to a plastic handle dangles from his hold. My eyebrow raises the longer I stare at it. “Do you want me to hit him over the head with it?” I ask, unsure of how he expects me to use it. Vander might’ve been grueling in the gym, but it’s been a little while since we’ve done any muscle building, and it won’t be the easiest thing to swing through the air.

Jasper and Cole chuckle at the same time, the sound making my nipples pebble. It doesn’t pass Cole’s notice, his gaze darting right to them, but he doesn’t say anything, instead, he turns and leans his back against me so he can face Jasper. “Great idea, Brother. She does need to broaden her training in torture techniques.”

“Exactly why I brought it,” Jasper grunts, setting the battery next to the metal chair where the man, whose name we never asked, remains passed out.

The only thing I’m able to gather from their conversation is that I won’t be using it to club our captive over the head. I drape my arms around Cole’s shoulders as I watch Jasper attach cables to the battery, leading them to the chair. Ah. Now I get it.

Guessing my thoughts correctly, Jasper chuckles. “My little bird is so innocent at times. It’s adorable when our darkness outpaces yours.” My cheeks heat at being called out.

Cole’s hands glide against my thighs, and he tilts his head back to press a kiss against my neck in an attempt to soothe my ruffled feathers. It doesn’t work, at least not how he meant

it to. My body has been primed for hours now, wanting to fuck him after watching his torture session. Now having two of my men in the room... it's game over for them.

I turn my head to capture his lips with mine, my hands gliding over his chest until I reach the bottom of his shirt, where I slip my hands underneath. His abs ripple under my touch, my fingers exploring each and every dip, moving up and bringing the shirt with me.

“What are you up to, Little Bird?” Jasper asks in my ear. I didn't even realize he crossed the room, although I hoped he would. His hand moves to the back of my neck, squeezing until I break the kiss with Cole, and he's able to redirect my head so he can capture my lips for himself.

The moan I release into his mouth is muffled as his tongue dips in to tangle with mine. I lean into him, wanting to deepen the kiss as much as he does. At the same time, I lift Cole's shirt over his head and hear his glasses meet the wooden table next to me. With his shirt gone, he turns in my hold once more, teasing his touch along the tank top I'm wearing while his lips whisper along my neck. The two of them at the same time light my nerve endings on fire, pleasure rippling through my body until I'm panting with the need to be fucked.

Jasper separates from me, but it's only so Cole can return the favor and remove my shirt. The moment it's gone, the hot Florida air kisses my skin as the threat of sweat already prickles against the back of my neck. Without missing a beat,

Cole moves to the clasp of my jean shorts, making quick work of ridding me of those, too.

Not to be the only one without clothes, my hands grip the bottom of Jasper's shirt, but he's already reaching behind him, grabbing a fistful of the fabric and drawing it over his head. Muscles and tattoos... the man is a delicious snack. One I'm about to feast upon.

Cole returns to kissing my neck, his hands working to unclasp my bra and palming my tits once they're free. His thumbs glide across my nipples, teasing them to peaks. But all the while, my gaze is focused on Jasper.

Knowing I'm watching, his hand glides across his toned abs, drawing my eyes where he wants my attention firmly fixed. Without unsnapping the button, he dips his hand into his pants, reaching in to palm his erection, wrapping his fist around it, and pumping a few times.

"Jasper," I croak, my mouth suddenly devoid of moisture. He smirks, cocking his head to the side as I lick my lips, my attention following the movement in his pants. After a moment of driving me crazy with the need to see him fully, he finally withdraws his hand and opens his pants, bringing the long, hard cock into view. The sight alone fixes my dry mouth, and I have to shake out my hand, trying to rid it of the ache from wanting to wrap it around his thickness.

He drops his pants to his ankles, stepping free of them and advancing toward me, with his arms held out. "Come here, Little Bird." Cole barely has enough time to step away before

Jasper lifts me from the table and holds me against him. My legs instinctively circle his waist, and my arms drape around his neck. When I have him firmly in my hold, his hands trail along my back, pressing me closer until my breasts squish against his chest.

We breathe the same hot air, every exhale tickling against my lips, and yet we simply stare into each other's eyes. His touch continues to brush against my skin, trailing along my spine, leaving behind goosebumps despite the heat.

Cole, unable to stand watching someone else touching his artwork, steps behind me. His hands gather the hair that spills over my tattoos, and lift it off me, exposing the area where he marked me. He slaps Jasper's arm out of his way, then grazes his lips across each one before he adds a flicking lick, tracing the outline. "I need to update your collection," he breathes against my skin.

The thought of knowing he's the one behind the tattoo gun, of being awake and fully knowing who's behind me when he's adding to his artwork... It has a moan escaping my throat unbidden. Cole smirks against my spine. "I knew you'd love being marked by me."

He's not wrong. I do love my tattoos, for so many reasons. The reverent way he treats them isn't the least of them either. As if sensing my moan, Jasper presses his lips against mine. It's a soft kiss, so typical of Jasper's style, yet his hands reach my thong, ripping it from my body. The sharp sting in contrast with his soft lips.

# Chapter 17



## Cole

**T**he sweetest moan tumbles from her lips as Jasper rips her panties from her body. The fabric bites into her in a punishing sting as he softly kisses her. We're lucky she enjoys variety when it comes to fucking, each of us having our own style. I'd never be able to pull off being soft and gentle like Jasper does with her. I think he mostly does it to drive her wild, although he's one of the most controlling men I've ever met.

“Put my cock in you, Little Bird,” Jasper commands. The order has my dick jumping in response, wanting to be inside her too. My hands drop to my pants, opening them slowly as I watch them together. Fuck. I need to be inside her. My cock pulses as I grip it, the ache in my balls quickly making the decision for me to remove my pants completely.

Raven is so lost in Jasper, she doesn't even notice I'm getting undressed. She has a one track mind, eager to ride him, which is evident by how quickly she does as he says. It's not surprising to me how sexually submissive she is anymore. It's one of the few times we can get her to do as we say without

any pushback. Her hand snakes between them, and she grips his length firmly, lining it up with her opening.

Raven uses her arm wrapped around his shoulders to rock her body, trying to spear herself on his cock. Jasper has a firm grip on her, his muscles showing no signs of strain as he keeps her in place, refusing to penetrate her, even though he ordered it. A frustrated growl rumbles in her throat, but before she can verbalize her objections, Jasper cuts in. “I changed my mind. I want you to rub me against your clit, get me nice and slick before you ride me.”

She sucks in a sharp breath, loving what he’s ordering her to do, and when she rubs his cock against her slit, she lets out a whimper. Fuck, I love the sounds she makes.

Running my hands along her back once more, knowing how much she enjoys the attention I give her tattoos, I thread my fingers through the hair at the base of her head. I’m slow about scraping my nails against her scalp as I close my fist, then tug until I’m drawing her back by the strands. With Jasper being so soft, I can’t help but add the edge of pain to our fun today.

“You going to take both of us, Luv?” I whisper in her ear once I’ve tilted her head back so far it would be on my shoulder if it wasn’t for my hand being in the way.

“Fuck,” she groans. “Yes, please!”

Jasper and I meet gazes over her shoulder, and an understanding passes between us. Any dick touching that’s about to happen is for her satisfaction only, and we’ll promptly ignore any pleasure that results from it. As much as I love her



ass, I need her pussy too much right now to worry about sharing the space with Jasper, and he understands the sentiment.

Raven leans her back against my pecs, using me to gain leverage as she slides her slick pussy along Jasper's shaft. With her chest exposed, I slip my hands along her ribs until I hold the weight of her breasts in my palm. I can't seem to get enough of them today, but she doesn't appear to mind. My thumbs draw circles around her pebbled peaks, and when her breaths become ragged, I pinch them between my fingers.

She turns her head into my neck in an attempt to muffle her whimpers. "So responsive," Jasper murmurs, his hands on her hips, guiding her into a rocking motion against his cock. He bends his head to take one of her nipples in his mouth. Apparently, jealous of me playing with them. I remove my fingers from her nipple, opting to hold her tit, offering it up to him.

A smirk plays at his lips as he makes eye contact with me, flicking his tongue out to stimulate the hard bud. An uncomfortable feeling twists in my stomach. This is too intimate, but at the same time, it's also absolute and complete perfection. Life couldn't be better than it is right now. Both of us working together to bring satisfaction to our woman.

My hard cock pokes against Raven's ass, the tip leaving behind precum. He takes her nipple between his teeth, tugging on it, making her hips buck.

That's it, I've had enough. Reaching underneath Raven's ass, I wrap my hand around Jasper's cock, brushing my fingertips over my girl where she grips him too. It's only fair after he touched mine when I was tied up. His gaze flashes from watching her exquisite expression to me. I raise my brow, daring him to make a fuss. He shrugs it off, turning his focus to her other nipple, licking my fingertips where I still have the tip pinched in my hold.

"Time to stretch you out, gorgeous," I growl against her neck before nipping her earlobe. I move Jasper's cock along her slit, her juices dripping down his shaft with how turned on she is. With his tip notched at her opening, he rotates his hips sinking into her. But at the same time, it also has his length running through my fist.

A moan escapes him, and I choose to attribute it to him sinking inside our woman. Releasing him so she can sink all the way to the base, I move my fingers to her clit, stimulating the bundle of nerves while Jasper thrusts slowly in her. I want her to have time to get used to his size before I add my fingers.

Her hands grip his shoulders, nails digging into his skin. I won't be surprised if she ends up drawing blood. Something Vander will punish her for later. He's possessive as fuck about being the only one to draw blood when pleasuring her. I can't wait to mark her body with the tattoos he requested. It might not be my kink to cut her up and spread blood over her body, but that doesn't mean I don't get turned on all the same.

Suddenly, her body shudders against me, bringing my thoughts back to the present. “That’s it, Little Bird. Come on my cock like a good girl,” Jasper purrs between peppering her chest with kisses.

The moment her body relaxes against me, I take my cue. “Ready for me to stretch you, Raven?” I move my slick fingers from her clit, trailing them through her folds before reaching around and swiping them over her ass.

Unable to say anything, she nods her head, trying to catch her breath from holding it during her orgasm. My fingertips glide over her tight muscles before sliding back to the area where Jasper impales her. Splitting my fingers apart, I trace where he enters her, and then work a finger inside with him.

Raven stiffens against me, not expecting me to stretch her pussy, assuming I meant her ass. She mewls, and the sound has my cock jerking once more. I want to rush through getting her ready to take me too, but I know I can’t. Not if I don’t want to hurt her. And as sadistic as I can be in killing, I don’t want to hurt my Raven. Only to bring her pleasure.

Jasper remains still while I work my finger in, sliding it side to side to encourage her to open enough for me to add a second. We take our time working her up, distracting her from the intensity of her cunt stretching by pleasuring her nipples and clit. Trailing soft touches on her skin and gentle kisses against sensitive areas like her wrist and neck.

“You’re such a good girl for us, baby,” Jasper whispers against her panting lips. “Are you prepared to take both of us?”

Ready for our dicks to pump into you at the same time? Split you open and make you quiver on our cocks until you pass out.”

Her cunt ripples against my fingers alongside his cock. His words cause her to have a mini orgasm, and her cum drips down my palm. Oh, she’s ready alright.

Knowing it’s time, Jasper holds her by the ass with one hand and pushes the other between our bodies to press against her back. Her weight shifts until it’s on his chest, and she lazily kisses along his neck, sucking on his pulse point. He nuzzles his head against hers, enjoying her affection.

I remove my fingers, using her cum to glide my hand over my throbbing length, my thumb pressing against the piercings. It’s more than enough to coat every inch, not that I need it with how much precum I have dripping from me.

“I have to get in there first. My ladder won’t feel the best with how tight the fit will be.”

Jasper nods his head and Raven moans her disappointment at finding herself empty. It doesn’t last more than a few seconds, though. I can’t hold back from feeling her warmth wrap around me, to ease the throbbing pain of being hard for so long. It’s like I can feel my heartbeat in my tip.

The moment my cock meets her opening, I can’t hold myself back, I’m incapable of being slow. It’s lucky I spent so much time preparing her to take both of us. Her entire body shifts in Jasper’s hold, him not expecting me to plunge balls deep into her in such a swift movement.

He glares at me over her head, but I only shrug. I couldn't help it. What did he expect of me? He got to enjoy her warmth hugging his cock while I did all the hard work of getting her ready for us.

"Fuck, that feels so good," she mumbles into Jasper's chest. "Have I told you how much I love your piercings?"

My brow raises as I give a pointed look to Jasper as if to say *see, she likes how rough I am*. He rolls his eyes and I laugh, partially at his exasperation with me, and the other half at Raven's comment. "You haven't," I tell her, leaning forward to kiss one of the birds on her back. "You didn't know it was me with the piercings."

"Ah, that's right," she coos, turning her head toward me. "You tricked me somehow when we fucked."

"Am I seriously the only one who makes love to her around here?" Jasper grumbles. We both ignore him. I pinch her chin to turn her head even more while slowly thrusting into her. He wants soft? I can do soft. But only because it helps her oversensitive cunt feel every bar as it slides in and out.

Her red, swollen lips catch my eye, and I can't help but make them even more bruised. My little killer tastes so damn good. If she wasn't already mine, I'd never be able to let her go. Her eyes are hooded when I break off the kiss. "I wouldn't say tricked. It wasn't my fault you were too exhausted to look behind you."

Heat enters her gaze with my brazen comment, but I enjoy when she has a little fire in her. I can't have her getting too

worked up though, so I wrap my hand around her neck, applying light pressure. “Don’t pretend like you didn’t love every moment of it. And the thought of me tricking you has your cunt dripping. I should know.”

She clenches, proving me right. “How did you do it?” she moans, giving up her act of anger and getting off on the idea instead.

Not one to be left out, Jasper grips the base of his cock, notching himself alongside my dick, using me to guide himself inside her. Raven’s nails dig into his skin, drawing blood, but he doesn’t bat an eye. “So fucking wet,” he rumbles, arms bulging as he tightens his hold on her hips. I know she’ll have bruises in the shape of his fingers for days to come. “She loves hearing how we used her.”

I’m surprised I got Jasper to go along with my plan. But with as much as I seem to be the front runner for Ravenmaster, we’ve all coveted the role, enjoying how much she obsessed over us and what we did to her.

Raven’s incredibly sensitive to everything we do to her. Jasper has only worked the head in, and she’s already coming from the sensation paired with the thoughts running through her mind. I help her along, giving her the details of how it happened while her cunt clenches, pulsing lightly as Jasper slides in bit by bit.

“I took you on that date, remember?” I ask, pressing a kiss to her damp neck as her head tips back and her eyes flutter closed. “It was also the day I slipped the toy in you. Every

time you got close, I turned it off, edging you for hours. Your cheeks were so rosy from frustration. Such a sight.” A sigh escapes me, remembering her so clearly. “Then when we got home, I made you come so many times you were too exhausted to move. When I flipped you onto your stomach, your hair covered your eyes, so you couldn’t see who was behind you. You simply assumed it was me.”

“But it wasn’t,” Jasper cuts in, wanting to be the one who tells her the truth. “It was me.”

The confession has Raven coming again. This time Jasper’s cock is fully pressed against mine, grinding against the piercings he helped me keep concealed from her. We wait until she finishes, and begin alternating our thrusts. “Oh my god,” she squeals, her arms flailing for a moment before she hooks one around my neck and I see she does the same to Jasper. We sandwich her in, pressed so tightly together, we don’t need to use our arms to hold her up. “Fuck, fuck, fuck. This is so intense.”

Jasper grunts in agreement. “I can see why you enjoy his ladder,” he comments, meeting my gaze. I smirk into Raven’s shoulder, thrusting harder on my return. Her channel is so damn tight it’s getting hard for me to hold off, but I try my damndest. We get a steady rhythm going. It’s so smooth it feels like it came naturally to us.

It doesn’t take long for Raven to come again, her body convulsing in our hold, strangling us so tightly it’s all I can do to sheath myself in her until we’re both splitting her open

again. Unable to hold back, I spill my seed. Jasper's cock pulsing alongside mine.

We all pant, trying to catch our breath as the lusty haze seems to evaporate. I have no idea when it settled over us, but it held us in a death grip until now, so consuming we didn't even notice the two men entering the warehouse.



# Chapter 18



## Raven

**M**y body feels like it's vibrating. Or perhaps it's numb. Either way, pleasure pulses through my veins like I pumped myself full of drugs. In a way, I suppose I did. Got me that good, grade-A dicking...

Another tremor of aftershocks has me clenching down on the two deflating cocks inside me. Although they aren't going soft as quickly as normal. As completely wrecked as I am, I could certainly muster the strength to go again.

Before I can suggest another round, Cole's spine stiffens. I turn my head to look at him, but as I do, I find the reason why. Grayson and Vander are standing right next to the doorway, leaning against the wall as if they've been there for a while.

It's not hard to guess that Cole didn't notice them coming in from his reaction, and I can't help but smirk at the thought of him becoming so lost in me. I continue with my plans, twisting my neck until I can tempt him with a kiss. He gives me the peck I'm seeking, although he keeps his gaze pinned on the two men.

“When did you get here?” he asks them, pulling out of me. It seems as if every rung of his ladder catches on the way out, sending a ripple of pleasure through me, and making the sensation of him leaving more noticeable.

Jasper’s hold tightens as Cole steps away, and I cuddle into him, enjoying the warmth of his arms even though the air is sweltering around us. He brushes a brief kiss to my forehead, his cock twitching inside me as the simple act has my cunt hugging him.

“Right around the time you both slid into her. I’m glad we didn’t miss the show,” Vander tells him.

Cole grunts, and I have to wonder whether Jasper saw them or not. I don’t have the chance to question it though, since Grayson approaches, holding his arms out for me.

“Come here, sexy. I need to hold you.” I almost feel guilty for wanting to deny him, but I know it means Jasper will have to slip free, and he’s twitching back to life. Grayson fixes me in place with a stern expression. “Remington. I gave you an order.”

A shiver runs through me. He didn’t say it like an order, but when he uses that voice on me, I don’t have the will to ignore him. He takes me in his arms and turns to pin me against the work table. My feet touch the ground, but most of my weight is held up by his arm around my back.

His hand presses against my chest, over my heart, before moving toward my neck. His touch is soft, yet strong, giving me a sense of comfort as his fingers and thumb slide along

either side, but they don't stop there. He continues until he's gripping my chin, tilting my head the exact way he wants it.

The silkiness of his lips brush against mine in a teasing pass before he peppers them with kisses, then flicks his tongue before leaving gentle nips. His clothes are rough against my skin, my nipples dragging across the fabric as he draws me even closer. When I can't stand it a moment longer, his tongue sweeps into my mouth, tangling with mine, demanding my submission while taking everything he wants without a care of whether I want it or not.

Grayson's actions light a fire in me that can only be doused in one way.

We don't get the chance, though. The captive ruins everything with a loud groan. It makes me want to skip all the fun parts and kill him right away so I can get back to enjoying Grayson's commanding side.

He sighs, adding space between us and easing me onto my feet. "You're mine later."

A flutter of excitement flows through me, something only Grayson could inspire. How this man makes me experience things I never would've otherwise is beyond me.

Jasper moves to stand next to us, one hand shifting to my lower back, while the other holds my clothes. "Time to learn the art of electrical torture, Little Bird," he growls in my ear, handing me the items. It's a little difficult to get excited about torture when it comes at the expense of orgasms, but I do my

best to gather some enthusiasm. At least the smile I give him is genuine as he turns to walk away laughing.

I'm exhausted, and yet a strange sense of energy thrums through me. I think being stretched past capacity by two dicks in my cunt is tantalizing. Definitely on my list of things I'd do again.

Grayson reaches out to take my clothes from me. He holds open my shorts to help me step into them. "Panties," I demand.

He lets out a snicker. "Do you really want these ripped up things?" His hand dips into his pocket, tugging them free. "Plus, I like the idea of you not wearing them. Thinking about your cunt rubbing against your shorts is turning me on." He uses the same hand holding my underwear to adjust himself over his pants.

Blowing out a huff, I roll my eyes and reach to snap the stringed item away from him. He's too quick, slipping them into his pocket once more. The man is lucky I find him so attractive.

"What were you guys up to?" I ask him, snapping my shorts from his grip instead.

"Dropped off the airboat and came back with the SUV since this area is only on the edge of swampville." His fingertips graze across my lower stomach, the touch making my muscles jump underneath. He isn't even phased by the scar there, as if he can't see the glaring line. "We also brought back some

more supplies in case we have to stay the night again. This place doesn't offer much in the way of amenities, does it?"

A grunt pushes its way past my lips. That's an understatement. "How's your leg? Any heat around the wound?"

His hands rest on my hips after tugging my shirt all the way down. "It's doing well, although the stitches look a bit gnarly. Pretty sure it'll scar."

"It won't be as pretty as the scar my bullet wound will leave behind," Cole coos, overhearing us. "She marked me with her love."

Today must be the day for perpetual eye rolls because I find myself doing it again. Cole can't stop bragging about me shooting him. I swear he sees it as a badge of pride. "It's not a competition."

My exasperation doesn't phase him in the least. "Only because I've already won. There's no topping what you did." Sweet lord, the man is insane.

"Don't you have some computers to drag information out of?" I ask as a way of distracting him from the dick measuring contest he's the only one participating in.

Cole stretches, his arms raised over his head, lifting his shirt and drawing my eyes to the sliver of muscles on display. I need a cold shower... For multiple reasons.

"I do, actually. That last torture session wiped me out, but your cum coating my cock seemed to work better than

caffeine.” Seems I’m not the only one who it had that effect on. “You’re perfection, Raven. My life means nothing without you.” He presses a kiss against my lips and strides across the room to the other side, where his computers are set up.

“He’s right, you know,” Grayson murmurs, snaking his arms around me. “We’re all lucky to have you.” He squeezes me in a hug, but the emotions behind it press in on my heart even stronger. Damn it, I care too damn much for my men.

“You should get some rest. Let your leg have time to heal.” I smooth my hand over his cheek, the stubble scratching at my palm. It’s so odd seeing my men with facial hair when they mostly keep it shaved clean.

His smile presses against me. “Love you too, babe.” Bastard, reading what he wants from my words.

Jasper tugs at my arm before I’m able to give any other response, which is probably for the best. I’m not sure what I would’ve said. “Little Bird. Do you want to have fun with me?”

“Of course I do. That’s a dumb question.” My body meets his, and another wave of lust rushes through me. To be faced with two opposing options, both equally desirable. Torture and depravity versus orgasms and pleasure. Can’t a girl get them all at once? Have her cake and eat it too?

“Behave,” he growls, leaning forward and nipping my bottom lip between his teeth. Pain radiates from the spot as a delicious curl of desire follows it. “You can have more of me later. It’s time for you to learn a thing or two.”

He grabs my hand and leads me to where our captive is lulling his head back and forth, doing his best to remain conscious. He doesn't seem to be doing all that well. Cole has been having tons of fun over the past 24 hours, moving between spending chunks of time on his computers and switching to the fleshy pile of fun.

Cole has been so singularly focused, every thought consumed with not only our captive but the end goal of finding Brent, that any normal girl could become jealous. That's not me though. It doesn't hurt that he also involved me as he was doing it. Our own version of a sick, fucked up date night. Although, those seem to be my signature at this point. Killing Grayson's dad as a date night. Skinning and general mental games with Cole. Getting fucked by a gun with Vander. And now what seems to be electrical torture with Jasper.

We pause in front of the man tied to the chair. His glassy eyes are open but remain unfocused. Dried blood stains his cheek, neck, chest, and clothes. It's splattered everywhere, and on his knee is the complete, thin sheet of skin Cole removed from where I touched him. While the man dropped out of consciousness a few times during the meticulous time spent on removing his skin, it wasn't until he spread it out in view that the man completely passed out.

Reaching into his pocket, Jasper extracts a knife. With a flick of his hand, the blade snaps into place, glinting against the low light in the room. "Do you want the pleasure, or should I?"



“Don’t you want me to have the full experience? I thought your teaching would be all hands on, not asking me what I’d want.” I can’t help but rile him as I snatch the knife from his hold. He remains silent while handing it over easily, not wanting me to accidentally cut myself. Assuming he means for me to remove the clothing from our victim, and knowing he’d correct me if I’m wrong, I get to work slicing through the fabric along key areas. The man doesn’t even react to what I’m doing. He may be awake, but he certainly isn’t fully comprehending anything.

Once I have his clothing sliced open, Jasper helps me to yank it out from under him until he’s completely naked. It’ll certainly be amusing to see his reaction when he’s fully lucid again, assuming that even happens. He very well might be past the point. The plan had originally been to force him to answer our questions about where Brent is, but it’s turning into full on torture for our personal amusement.

With the clothing out of the way, Jasper bends and picks up two objects, both connected by an electrical cord that’s hooked up to the car battery he brought in. From where I was across the room, I assumed he was attaching it to the chair, but apparently, I was wrong. One of the objects is a long rod, and the other is what appears to be a control box.

“Which role would you like? Do you want to do the shocking, or control the voltage? You know what, I’m not sure why I’m asking. Take the rod.” He says it in a mocking tone, apparently not brushing off my comment like I thought he did. It’s all done in a teasing way, though. He hands me the item,

making sure I don't touch myself with the end that shocks, even though he has the voltage set to off.

He walks me through the mechanics of how the system works, specifying what voltage level becomes dangerous for the victim.

“Got it. What about this?” I ask, holding up the rod.

“You use the pointy end to shock him.”

“Remind me why I have you around to teach me again?”

Jasper smirks, finding my reaction amusing. He nudges the dial on the voltage to a low setting and drops the box, moving to stand behind me. One of his hands snakes around my waist, settling on my lower stomach. The other wraps around my hand holding onto the rod.

“When torturing someone with electrical shock, you want to go for the most sensitive places,” he tells me. “Mouth, face, armpits, genitals, pecs, and nipples.” His hand guides the rod to correspond with each location, zapping a low voltage shock in demonstration.

With the first one delivered to his mouth, the captive jolts in his seat, the shock ripping him from the half lucid state he was in. And each subsequent shock has the violence of his shaking body intensifying. Fear coats his eyes, distorting his vision. After shocking one of his nipples, Jasper releases his hold on me, and the rod drops to my side. I'm careful to make sure I don't zap myself in the process while watching him pick up a bucket of water.

He turns to ensure I'm watching him, and upon noticing my gaze, he continues with his teaching. "You'll want to make sure you douse your subject in liquid. It works to reduce electrical resistance of the skin and has the added benefit of increasing the effect of the shocks."

"Two birds," I murmur.

"That it is." He dumps the water over the man's head. It runs over his face, turning pink as it streams along his body until making its way to the floor below him, soaking his feet in a puddle.

I'm fixing to use the rod on the man again, to explore what reaction I get with each bump in intensity, when a shout of excitement from the other side of the room draws my attention. Cole jumps to his feet, clapping his hands together once as he strides across the expanse to swoop me into his arms. Jasper barely snatches the rod from my hands in time.

"What's going on?" I ask with a wheeze as he squishes me in a hug.

Cole's brilliant smile flashes before he painfully grips either side of my head and slams his lips to mine. It's bruising and possessive, especially when the area hasn't had much time since he last kissed me this way. I don't mind though. In fact, I enjoy the added pain to my pleasure. His hand dips to my neck, where he squeezes and uses the advantage to push me away, acting as if I was the one who attacked him with my wanton advances.

“I got into their systems. They don’t even know they’ve been infiltrated, and I found the information we need. My systems are capturing everything they can now, in case they realize I’ve hacked in. I know where they are.”

He uses the hand around my neck to pull me toward him forcefully once again. This time only pressing a fast kiss to my lips before walking away. Over his shoulder, he says, “Let’s hurry and wrap this up. We need to get there before they disappear on us.”

When he reaches his computers, he jumps into packing the unneeded equipment, wanting us to get out of here as quickly as possible. In the few seconds I stand here watching him, he glances at his screen several times, tracking the progress of the downloading information.

No doubt about it, he’ll be rushing us back to the jet the moment it’s finished.

Glancing at the rod in Jasper’s hand, disappointment fills me. “So much for having some fun,” I pout. This time when my lip pokes out, it’s not an entirely fake show of emotion.

“We can still have fun. It just has to be compacted in a few minutes.” He steps closer, holding the rod out for me to take. “This won’t be the last time we kill this way either. We’ll have a full extended torture session at some point to make up for it.”

He kisses the side of my head, but I don’t find much comfort in the action or his words. “Yeah, so Cole can interrupt us again? No thanks.”

Jasper barks out a laugh, making me narrow my gaze on him and contemplate zapping him with the rod instead of our captive. “You can’t stand it when things don’t go exactly your way. Good thing we’re all too obsessed to let it affect our opinion of you.” That helps my decision. I shift the rod in his direction and he jumps back with another bout of laughter. Fucking asshole. He’s not supposed to enjoy this. I’m surrounded by idiots.

As if to confirm my thoughts, Cole turns his attention to us. “Hey! Stop doing our thing with the others. It’s not cool.”

I pinch the bridge of my nose and take a deep breath, having to keep myself from wanting to kill them. Sometimes love doesn’t conquer all.

“Fine. You can have five minutes,” he shouts, knowing he’s pushed my buttons too many times recently.

“Oh, so generous,” I snap, shoving the rod into the armpit of the man tied to the chair. His body jumps with the unexpected zap, and I tune out his screams. I do it again to his neck, another to his inner thigh, and then his cheek. All in quick succession. Each one has him jolting in the seat, and it seems the intensity of each increases as well. A glance at Jasper confirms he has the control in his hand.

For some reason, it makes me more irritated, and I shove the prod into the man’s dick over and over. His mouth drops open, releasing keening screams that fill the warehouse. The electrical shocks lock his muscles in place, his hands fisted against the arms of the chair and his toes curled.

Jasper grabs a second bucket of water, getting him wet again, then he moves to stand behind me. His heated hands landing on my hips. As much as I enjoy his touch, I equally want to shake it off. God forsaken weather. This place fucking sucks. My clothes stick to me, and I'm constantly sweating. All the more reason for me to shove the device against my victim's skin, shocking him relentlessly.

Vander joins us, taking the position at the box while Jasper lifts my hair off my back. He blows on my neck, the movement of air helping to relieve some of the incessant, suffocating heat. After a moment, he gives me open mouthed kisses along the curve where my neck meets my shoulder. My sensitive skin prickles with goosebumps. It's either from his attention or the way the screams have turned to a high-pitched, ear-splitting ring.

I didn't know a human could make such a symphony with his expression of agonizing pain. Perhaps someday I should record all the sounds I get from my victims, then remix them into a soundtrack. I could play it when I get mad and can't kill anyone. Maybe it can act as my calming playlist.

To accompany Jasper's movements, I use the device on the man in the same place he focuses on me. On the neck where he's kissing. On my breast where he cups me. The nipple when he pinches and plucks the pebbled tip. Trailing the current along his stomach.

It becomes harder to concentrate on what I'm doing when Jasper's hand dips into my pants. His fingers swipe along my

slit, gathering the cum dripping out of me before returning to my clit. He draws circles around the bundle of nerves and pleasure shoots throughout my body, much like the electrical volts traveling through our captive.

“You better not come on my fingers until the same moment he dies,” Jasper warns me, his tone a husky vibrato.

The hidden threat of what will come if I don't follow his instructions has my cunt clenching on nothing. Such a drastic difference from not long ago when I had both his and Cole's cock stuffing me beyond measure.

Vander lets out a muffled chuckle, overhearing him, and the asshole can't help but join in my silent torture. He turns the dial down, making my shocks less effective, then he stands to my side, lifts my shirt, and exposes my nipple from my bra, sucking on it. The softness of his tongue drawing circles around it has me sucking in a sharp breath. It goes unheard as I pin the prod against the man's shriveled dick and he screams bloody murder. Which won't be quite inaccurate when things are all said and done.

I move the prod to his sack. Electrifying first one nut and then the other, alternating back and forth between them.

My legs shake, the building orgasm from their efforts threatening to demand its grand entrance. Suddenly, I regret not having asked where the most effective place to zap him is when I want to deal the killing blow, so to speak.

It's almost game over when Vander pinches my other nipple. The effort of trying to hold back my orgasm has my

entire body shaking, including the arm holding out the rod. My aim has become shit, the tip landing on areas that aren't considered as sensitive.

“Please, Vander. Turn up the voltage.” I can hate myself for resorting to begging later. After I enjoy the fruits of my labor.

The pounding of my heartbeat rushing through my veins drowns out the screams of a dying man. I'm only able to concentrate on one thing, and one thing only. Do. Not. Come.

Not until the man in front of me dies. And with the way things are going, it'll take a lifetime. Maybe two.

Vander's sadistic side rears its head. He chuckles. The vibrations it causes add a whole other layer of sensations tantalizing my nipple.

My head tilts back as the pleasure becomes more than I can suppress, but I quickly snap it forward when my view of the soon-to-be-dead-man cuts off. I can't miss watching his death for the sake of holding off an orgasm. It would be a tragic waste.

With no other options left, I bite into my cheek, using it as a distraction to hold myself from crossing the edge. Blood fills my mouth, and I risk missing his death to glance down at Vander. Lining my mouth up, I spit the blood out, making sure it lands on my tit right above the area where he's latched on.

The mixture of blood and spit lands almost dead on, quickly dripping to where I wanted it to hit. It touches his top lip, drawing his attention. And the moment he realizes what it is,



he stares into my eyes. Warmth radiates from his gaze and it feels like I've given him a gift he's been craving. He growls his pleasure, releasing my nipple with a pop and sticking out his tongue to swipe the liquid into his mouth.

“Get ready to come, *Reginetta*,” he says, turning the dial on the control all the way to max.

Seeing what he did, Jasper doubles down on his efforts to make me come before my victim dies. His fingers slick over my clit at a hurried pace. But it's too late. Vander gave me enough of a distraction to hold off from coming long enough to finish my mission.

Using my free hand, I cup his cheek, expressing my gratitude before redirecting my attention to the man in front of us. Lining up the prod with his taint, I press it into his skin while focusing on his eyes—the window to the soul. “Nevermore,” I gasp out.

It's almost instantaneous from the moment it touches him. The electricity powers through his form, and his eyes become vacant. The high I experience when watching a soul depart from earth fills my veins as if I injected myself with the most potent of drugs. My body sags, knowing I've held off long enough, allowing my euphoria to find grander heights. The orgasm crashes into me head on.

It's a rush, powering through me, my muscles convulsing almost as much as the man getting electrocuted, and once it passes, my limbs are left with the prickly sensation of numbness.

“You’re so beautiful when you come, Little Bird. I could watch you all day long. Such a good girl for holding off for me,” Jasper whispers in my ear.

Vander grunts his agreement, still lapping at the blood on my breast. Somehow, it ended up smeared in a larger area than when I spit it out. I have a sneaking suspicion he was spreading it around instead of licking it before. The joy sparkling in his eyes makes my heart clench.

Glancing up, I find Cole standing behind the victim—who is teetering to the side in the chair. His hands are perched on his hips, and a scowl distorts his handsome features. “It’s been longer than five minutes.”

# Chapter 19



## Raven

Once again, I find myself on Cole's jet. I'm almost wondering if we've permanently moved into the cramped space, destined to buy our clothes as we need them. To sleep in shifts and eat shitty meals. We've spent so much time here, it feels as if the walls are closing in; the space becoming smaller...

"After we find Becca, we need to stay in one place for a while. I'm sick of being in cramped places." I huff out an indignant sigh. Perhaps we could go back to New York. I can spend time with my brother and kill for the mafia.

"I thought you liked being close to us," Vander teases. "Once upon a time, you didn't go anywhere without me."

"That doesn't count, asshole," Grayson says, tossing a throw pillow at Vander's head. "You were her bodyguard. You were paid to follow her around. We could even say you were practically an escort."

"No need to get rude about it," Vander responds, then leans into me, and whispers, "He's still bitter about how well I

cockblocked him. Either that or the fact we won't let him live down saying baby batter."

"What happened to me being the favorite?" Grayson grumbles.

"I think it's the baby batter thing. For sure," Cole comments. He strides toward us along the aisle carrying a hard shell case with him.

Vander chucks the pillow back at Grayson. He catches it with a laugh that quickly turns into a wince. "Fuck, that hurts."

"Your leg? Have you changed the bandage recently?" I ask him, worry pulsing through me. For some reason, I keep waiting for something bad to happen. And the worst part is, there's nothing to back up the feeling either. It's not coming from my gut. There's no evidence to make me think anything is other than fine. Perhaps it's guilt, or a delayed response that I should've had before that rocket launcher went off.

Either way, it's made me more concerned about Grayson than I probably would be about any of the others. Grayson smiles at my concern. "Yes, mother. It's fine. Us common folk aren't as numb to pain as you are. Speaking of, how's your head doing?"

"I am not mothering you. I'm concerned," I scoff. The idea of me being motherly is downright laughable. "And I'm fine. Like you said, I don't experience pain the same way. Haven't even felt a thing."

"You have been hovering lately," Jasper can't help but add.

“Fine, you want me to act indifferent, I will.” I cross my arms, annoyed they’re pointing out my concern for Grayson. They’re assholes. All of them.

“That’s not what we’re saying.” Vander places his hand on my thigh. The warmth of it sinks through the jeans I’ve changed into. I can’t be more thankful to have left that mosquito infested swampland.

Grayson stands with a wince and makes his way to my other side. “I enjoy it, Remi. You know I adore it when you show your love in roundabout ways.” I narrow my gaze on him, unsure if he actually means it or if it’s a passive aggressive dig. Reading my actions correctly, he clarifies, “I mean it. Don’t let them dictate how you express yourself.”

I brush off what he says. It reeks too much of emotions, which isn’t my thing. And he did say I should stay true to myself. Instead, I change the subject. “If your leg hurts so much, you should take some painkillers.”

“Painkillers are for pussies,” Cole offhandedly remarks, opening the case he brought with him.

“No, they aren’t.” Jasper shoots him a scathing glare. “Not all of us are like the two of you. Psychopaths experience pain differently.”

Cole glances up from what he’s doing, a beaming smile gracing his lips. “Thank you so much for noticing.”

“Something to take the edge off would be nice. It’s been throbbing like crazy,” Grayson admits. “I haven’t had anything

since the morphine when it happened.”

“Damn, dude, you should have said something.” Vander shakes his head and stands. “I’ll get you painkillers.”

While he gets the pills, I hand Grayson my water bottle so he has something to swallow the pills with. He wraps his arm around my shoulders and drags me against his side, using his hand to guide my head to his chest. He presses a kiss to the back of it and runs his fingers through my hair.

“I’m fine, sweetness. You don’t need to worry about me. You did nothing wrong, and have to stop blaming yourself.” Vander comes back and hands him the pills. He holds a hand out for them, and I move to get out of his way, but he presses his free hand against my head to keep me in place while he takes the pills.

With a deep breath, I force my body to relax, enjoying the feel of his chest moving with each breath underneath my cheek.

“Little Bird,” Jasper calls reverently. I glance in his direction, finding him staring at us. “It would be nice if you cuddled us that way, too.”

The tone of his voice causes a throb in my chest. I’m not sure why I’d have such a reaction. “You have to force it on her. She doesn’t like to admit she enjoys it,” Grayson unhelpfully offers.

“She acts that way when I make love to her too,” Jasper commiserates with him. I’m not sure I like the idea of them

bonding over forcing me to enjoy their affections.

“Maybe I should let you shoot them, too. Sounds like they need a permanent reminder of your love,” Cole coos, running a finger over the spot where I shot him. He seems to have an afterthought and leans toward me to steal a kiss. His tongue teases at the seam, before forgoing any feigned attempt at asking for entrance, and simply takes what he wants. At the same time, Grayson lightly draws circles with his fingertips on the back of my neck. Their combined touch sends shivers through my body.

I’m breathless by the time Cole pulls away. “So damn sexy when you get turned on by one of us,” Grayson murmurs in my ear before nuzzling into my neck, a certain laziness to his movements.

“Have the painkillers kicked in?” He hums against my skin, the vibration tickling me. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Cole places a tattoo gun on the side table next to the couch, followed by several other instruments he takes out of the case resting on his lap. He smirks while I watch him. “You ready for me to add to your birds?”

“Now?” I don’t know why I asked that. Could I sound any dumber? Although, maybe it’s not that dumb, considering he drugged me every other time. Sure, I woke in the middle of a session that one time, but it was his plan all along. The longer I think about it, the more my gaze narrows on him, questioning if he’s planning on drugging me again.



His brows wiggle suggestively, and he barks out a laugh. “You’re wondering if I’m planning on dosing you again, aren’t you? Don’t worry, Luv. That’s not the plan.” He stands and steps in front of me, bending at the waist until he’s forcing me to tilt my head back until I’m looking up at him. “The plan is to enjoy marking you while you’re fully conscious from start to finish. It’s about time too. I’ve been looking forward to this day.”

The distance between us closes as he dips his lips to mine, savoring the taste of me before separating again. His thumb swipes along my jawline, in a gentle caress. A fluttering appears in my stomach as I stare into his passion-filled eyes. It’s not lust, but a love for the artwork he’s crafted on my back. An obsession with permanently marking my body. “Let’s do it.”

He steps away, giving me some much needed room to breathe. There’s excitement radiating through his movements as he organizes his tools. Finding the man who has his sister seems to have set his mind at ease. Freeing him to set his mind on other things.

“I need access to your back,” he says while attaching the needle to his gun. His eyes rove over the surrounding area. “Perhaps you should straddle one of them so you’re positioned at a better angle for me and you can be comfortable.”

Jasper watches me carefully. Something about it is predatory. “He needs access to your back, Little Bird,” he

rasps, standing and holding his hands out for me to take. “Let me help you with that.”

I stand, and he instantly lifts my shirt over my head and tosses it to the side. Something seems to have come over him lately. Like he can’t get enough of me. His fingers trail along my sides as he reaches around me to unsnap my bra. I shudder as he barely touches my skin when he slides the straps off.

“This is a good plan,” Grayson says, slightly slurring his words. “Jasper needs your cuddles as much as I do.”

Jasper’s face confirms it to be true, and with a shrug of his shoulder, he brushes it off like he wasn’t exposed for wanting to see a softer side of me. His hands dip to the button on my pants, opening them before I can voice any objections while I’m rendered too surprised to react. How can Grayson read him so much better than I can?

“What are you doing?” I ask, finally finding my voice.

Jasper dips his head and runs his nose along the crest of my cheek in an oddly intimate way. His breath feathers against me as he says, “Oh, sweet Little Bird.” His hands grip either side of my pants. “I want more than simple cuddles. I want to introduce you to an entirely different version of cuddling that you might not be resistant to.” A sparkle gleams in his eyes as he holds my gaze and drags my pants to my ankles, lifting each foot as he removes my shoes along with each pant leg.

“Cuddle crack. Crack cuddles... Please tell me you have a way to make her addicted to cuddles.” I turn wide eyes to Grayson.

“How strong were the painkillers you gave him?”

“Oops?” Vander guiltily says. “I forgot to tell him to only take one of them now. The other was for when the pain comes back.”

“Don’t get distracted, Remi, my love. I want to learn how to get more cuddles from you.” He watches me with hooded eyes.

A finger hooks around my chin, dragging my gaze back to Jasper. “You heard him, Little Bird. Eyes on me.”

His pants drop next and I raise a brow. “Seriously, what are you doing?”

Jasper flashes his cunt soaking, dimpled smile, and takes a seat on the couch, patting his thighs in a sign he wants me to sit there. “Have you heard of cock warming?”

“Excuse me?” I ask, stuttering to a stop. Warm hands press against my back, urging me to finish closing the distance between Jasper and I.

Jasper’s hands reach out to my thighs, guiding me onto his lap, and whoever is pushing me onto him, shifts their touch to move my hair over one shoulder, exposing my back. The way the fingers trail over my tattoos, I know it’s Cole.

“You’re going to slide that rigid cock of his into your tight little pussy,” Cole rasps. His erection bumps into my ass. “And the longer his length sits inside you, the harder it’ll become for you to remain still. Your walls will flutter around him,

weeping for the friction you need to come. But you can't move because I'll be marking you with my ink."

His words paint a vivid image in my mind, making my nipples pebble and my cunt clench. Holy fuck. That's hot.

"Do you think you can stay still through the entire session, Little Bird? Should we see if one of us manages to make the other come before he's finished?" Jasper trails his touch over me, goosebumps erupting in its path.

"Total cuddles on crack if you ask me. Can I sign up for those once my leg is healed?" Grayson asks. He pokes at his leg. "Actually, I'm feeling pretty good right now. I don't have that throbbing, feel your heartbeat sensation when I touch it. Can I go first?" Why does he seem so adorable when he's high?

"You get to watch, Grayson. Don't get greedy with someone else's idea," Jasper tells him. His tone isn't unkind, but it's not overly placating either. He grips the base of his cock and raises a brow. He doesn't need to use words to tell me to get the fuck on and do what he says. They threw out a challenge, and I'm not one to turn it down.

Scooting closer to his torso, I hover over his cock, rocking back and forth as my lips kiss his tip. "Get on my cock and sit still," he growls at me, leaving no room for arguments. Excitement pulses through me, and my body sinks onto his length as if moving of its own volition.

The sensation of him splitting me open, and gliding against my walls has me immediately rotating my hips, and reversing

the movement, but I don't budge. Both Jasper and Cole have their hands on me, preventing me from moving.

“Did you miss the part where you can't move? How am I supposed to draw realistic ravens on you if you don't take the steps to ensure I have the best working conditions?” Cole's tone is admonishing and filled with disappointment.

“Come here, Little Bird,” Jasper coos, drawing me against his body. His hand moves to the back of my head, turning me into his neck so my cheek rests against his shoulder. The other hand rests on my hip, his thumb tracing circles in a soothing motion. He kisses the top of my head, murmuring, “Good girl,” into my hair.

Several moments later, I feel Cole's gloves press against my shoulder, preparing to get to work. He spreads wet liquid over my back, the scent of antiseptic soap filling the air, then a razor runs over the area he plans to mark today.

“Feeling good, buddy?” Vander asks Grayson. I tune them out as they continue to converse, instead focusing on the sensation of Jasper's cock stretching me.

Desire pools in my core. It could all be in my head, but I can almost feel it dripping out of me. His cock has to be soaked with my juices. The glide would be exquisite right now, and I want nothing more than the sweet pleasure that comes with moving along his length. It's torture remaining still.

I'm in such a Zen state, I don't even flinch when Cole brings the needle against my skin, working on adding more

ravens to my back. Creating the perfect memento for my kills. The needle prickles against my back in an enjoyable sensation, and I sigh, melting further into Jasper.

“You were so sexy, soaking my fingers with your cum as you killed that man.” As if to emphasize how much he truly means it, his cock twitches inside me.

A light whimper spills from my lips, and I squeeze my muscles around him, making him moan. Fuck, that feels good. I do it again. Then several more times. Enjoying the way I get the tiniest movement of his cock each time I bear down on him.

“As much as it pissed me off that you guys took more than the five minutes I gave you, I must admit, it was hot as fuck.” Cole wipes the area he’s working on with a paper towel. “Though, I’m surprised you aren’t mentioning the time when she squirted. Nothing was hotter than watching her cunt spray her release.”

Resounding sounds of agreement ring out around me, the others making it known how much they enjoyed it too. It’s nice to see Cole reminiscing about his punishment in a positive light. I was worried he might hold it against us, determined to retaliate and have to come out on top.

“Can’t we talk about something else?” I ask, my mind already fully consumed with the sensations in my cunt. The need to move, to have him thrust into me, or at the very least grind. Having them talk about times that they fucked me so

good I was left weak in the knees is a rude tease when I'm being prevented from it now.

"I rather enjoy discussing your pussy and how responsive it is when we make you come."

"Agreed," Cole pipes in, dipping his gun into the ink. We go on like this for a while. Me cock warming Jasper, clenching against him to work myself toward an orgasm I'm never quite able to grab ahold of, and Cole adding to his masterpiece. It seems to last forever, my sense of time distorted with the haze of pleasure swallowing me completely.

We settle into a rhythm of his cock pulsing, tapping against my sensitive nerves, and me squeezing him. Warmth builds and I become hyper focused on every sensation the experience offers. It's almost like I can feel my clit crying with desperation to be touched.

I'm jarred from the warm cocoon I'm wrapped in when strong hands lift me into the air, ripping me off the cock I've grown to feel as if I've melded with, and set me on the couch. The cold leather shocking my body. I shiver and my skin tugs where tape holds Saran wrap over the newest additions, protecting it from contaminants infecting it.

"Time for the hearts I've requested. Still want yours on your inner thigh?" Vander asks, kneeling in front of me. I nod my head, blinking my eyes, trying to clear the haze clinging to me. "Here?" He traces the shape on my leg where I pointed when he mentioned it originally.

“There,” I manage to croak. My throat has become dry. All the moisture probably found its way to my cunt. Or perhaps my eyes, where they prick with the frustration of finding myself empty. The strange desire to weep holds me hostage.

He glances over his shoulder and traces another heart over my collarbone. “And the other one goes here.”

“Got it,” Cole says, licking his lips. I mimic the motion, wetting my lips. It draws a smirk to Cole’s face, but his eyes remain focused on what he’s doing.

I’m not able to keep my attention on him for long, as Vander’s warm hands find their way between my knees, spreading my legs wide. He kneels between them, preventing me from closing them, and his fingers work to tease along my inner thighs. “Remember the rules, *Reginetta*. No moving, no matter how many orgasms I give you.” An evil smile tugs at the corners of his lips and the expression is matched in his eyes. I’m in for a world of trouble. First, I was practically denied the option, even though it felt like I was always on the cusp of reaching it. Now it feels like I’m so worked up, it’ll be forced from my body. I’m in no position to even attempt to hold myself back.

Jasper threads his fingers through mine, and Grayson does the same on the other side. One glance at him shows he’s still under the effects of the drug, his eyes droopy and unfocused.

Vander’s fingers trail through my slit, and I suck in a sharp breath, watching him carefully. I almost wonder if he teased me with talk of giving me endless orgasms, only to edge me to



insanity. It seems like something he would do, and I hold my breath, waiting to find out.

As if he was simply waiting for Cole to start, he doesn't dip his head until the needle meets my skin once more. This time on my collarbone where he showed Cole he wanted his heart. The moment the delightful prickles dig into me, Vander sucks on my clit.

It's like an explosion goes off, cascading pleasure pulsing through my body. The long stretch of time spent building up my desire has now turned into a slippery slope. Muscles clench throughout my body, an orgasm threatening to rip me apart as I attempt to hold myself still. I grip their hands tighter, using them to anchor me, but I'm not sure it'll be enough.

The threat may not seem as great with him not working on my ravens. But it's still something that will permanently remain on my body.

Vander slips two fingers inside me. They glide in with no resistance, which isn't surprising in the least. He curls them so he's pressing against my G-spot, and I swear stars burst in my vision. "Cole," I warn, milliseconds before the orgasm hits me like a freight train. He lifts the needle and I thread my fingers through Vander's hair, grinding my cunt against his face.

I tilt my head back, my eyes fluttering closed as I ride out the euphoric waves. My body convulses, shaking uncontrollably. It's so intense, my toes curl. All the while, Vander continues rubbing his touch against my walls and

sucking my clit, his tongue flicking back and forth like he's the devil possessed.

When my body collapses, my muscles giving out from being clenched for so long, Cole returns to tattooing me. He acts as if nothing happened. Simply wiping his paper towel across my skin to clear the view of his work. And of course, Vander doesn't stop at the one. He eats me like a man starved. Like he's found the fountain of youth and he has to drink every drop or risk not gaining the benefits.

Everything becomes even more intense when Cole moves to my thigh. Vander doubles down on his efforts, despite having Cole's tattoo gun so close to his face. It also frees up my chest, and Grayson doesn't wait to take advantage. His warm mouth surrounds my nipple, biting down on it while Jasper pinches the other. Pain shoots through me, aiding Vander.

This time, the orgasm isn't as encompassing. It doesn't grip my body in its clutches, holding it hostage. Instead, it's like a rolling flutter that seems to last an eternity. Each of my men touching me at the same time, working together to lengthen it, to draw it out as long as possible.

Fucking hell. I'm one lucky lady.

# Chapter 20



## Raven

Cole's fingertips trail across my skin as he checks his work. "I didn't give you all the ravens you're due. We didn't have enough time for me to get them all added." I turn to catch sight of my back in the reflection in the bathroom mirror, but his hands land on my hips. His lips press a cool kiss to my neck. "Don't think so, Luv. No peeking until I get the rest added."

"Excuse me?" I snap, indignation rushing through me. How dare he try to keep it from me. It's my body. He has no control over what I do.

"An artist doesn't reveal his work until it's finished. I'd prefer it if you waited." He turns me in his hold, wrapping an arm around me and using the other to grasp my chin. "Be a good girl for me and do this?"

Fuck being his good girl. This is exactly like the time Ravenmaster took the watch from me. It's happening all over again. I didn't take it well then, and I'm not now either. My tattoos are my trophies, the one thing I have representing my kills. The little mementos I get to keep for myself, an aid in

reminiscing each and every time I take a life. He doesn't get to restrict them from me.

"Please," he murmurs against my lips. "It means a lot if you'd wait." For some reason, I get an inkling he's trying to manipulate me. And fuck if it isn't working. The anger pulsing through me drops to a simmer, and when he peppers kisses along my lips, it lowers even more.

"Fine," I mumble, the word distorted from his continued assault of soft kisses.

"What do you think of the hearts?" he asks, running a finger along my collarbone, avoiding the area where the fresh tattoo is covered.

I'm not sure why Vander chose such a girly shape, although I suppose it's better than a circle or a square. But Cole added his twist to it. It's done in dark red ink and there are beads of blood dripping from it. It takes something that's not my style and transforms it into something completely and genuinely me.

"You worked your magic with them. I've learned to trust your talents, although I must admit, I wasn't the most confident when it came to the hearts. But you outdid yourself."

Confidence shines from his eyes, and he gets that natural cockiness about his stature. "Get used to a lifetime of surprises, Luv. Because you'll never be free of me."

"I sure hope not." I push past him. A light chuckle falls from his lips. "Shall we go save your sister?"

He cracks his knuckles before responding. “Fuck, yeah. Let’s rescue a damsel.”

“Are you sure she’ll be there? What if you’re wrong?”

He scowls, not liking my questions in the least. “I’m not sure. All I know is she was with him when I saw the original footage. If she’s not there, we’ll have to cross that bridge when we get there.” I rub my hand on his back, hoping it helps to soothe his nerves. The last thing I need is for him to have a psychotic break again.



## Cole

Her words pound through my head, echoing over and over, mocking me. She's right, there is no guarantee my sister is there and I'm not sure what I'll do if she's not. I'm only able to function by taking one step at a time. One decision leading into the next until I reach that finish line. Normally, I'm the type to think ten steps in advance, but somehow I've been rendered useless. And the dumbest part of all is I can't ask for help. I can't give up my control. I can't tolerate having someone else help make the decisions. This is all on me.

And I'll be damned if I'm not considered the hero in the end.

My sister always looked at me like I hung the moon amongst the stars. It's one of the things I missed most when she first disappeared. I was her big brother, even if only separated by a few minutes. It haunted me. I was her forever hero, and yet I let her disappear right from under my nose. I wasn't able to protect her the way I promised I would.

That's about to change. *I'm coming for you, Becca. Hold on for a while longer, little sister.*

"Where are we anyway?" Raven asks me as we disembark from the plane. "I didn't think to ask before. You all did a good job of distracting me."

The reminder has me smirking a shit-eating grin. Life with her has never been short of entertaining. "Denver," I utter,

giving no other details. She nods, accepting the one word response. That's one thing I appreciate about Raven. I can go from over the top explanations and giving her every little detail, to suddenly switching to one word answers. And she simply accepts it without question. My thoughts are too chaotic right now to handle somebody demanding more from me.

I've arranged for everything to be waiting when we land, so it's not a surprise to see the SUV idling on the tarmac. We load the gear that I had stashed on the jet into the back and head to our destination: a mansion two hours away that overlooks the mountains.

Vander automatically climbs into the driver's seat, and I use my glasses to send the coordinates into the GPS system on the dash. I zone out as we eat up the miles. My thoughts turn to the mission at hand. I know we should do reconnaissance. To stalk Brent to make sure we know every hidden detail of his home and habits. To know the schedule and patterns of any guard detail or other staff members. We should go into this overly prepared with plans in place for anything and everything that can go wrong. And backup plans as well.

But we're not. All because I'm an impatient, selfish prick.

If anything goes wrong, it'll be all my fault. And yet, I can't bring myself to do the smart thing. It's actually unbelievable the others are following my lead on this. Although, I suppose that's what family does. They blindly support each other's bad



decisions and no matter what, they're there to catch you if you fall.

I take out my computer, wanting to go through the information I have on Brent. The files stored on his internal servers that I finally hacked into. Perhaps there are blueprints of his mansion that I overlooked or security plans. Maybe I can find video feeds to give us a better idea of what we're walking into. Anything to help us streamline the process. To ensure I keep Raven safe.

We're about to jump feet first into the icy depths of darkness when it comes to rushing into Brent's house. And with how well his tracks were covered, there's a strong possibility we haven't discovered who he really is. I can only hope I'm not dooming us all with my poor decisions.

# Chapter 21



## Raven

The rough surface of the wall scratches at the bulletproof jacket I'm wearing. This is the second time I find myself wearing tactical gear lately, and I'm once again realizing how spoiled I was with the access I had at Halston Solutions.

I really need to take a moment to make sure we use the back door channels he built into the servers, and ship myself the gear I want, along with anything else that catches my fancy. No need to waste such an advantageous source. But now isn't the time to be thinking about that.

Cole and I press against the wall on the outside of Brent's mansion, waiting for Jasper and Vander to get into position. Grayson is sitting inside the SUV with Cole's computer, watching the live footage. Cole ensured the feeds were looped so they wouldn't see us coming.

Excitement thrums through me as the cool mountain air blows across my face, lifting the loose strands of hair that didn't make it into my braid. Jasper told me that today's weapon of choice will be whatever is closest to me on my right-hand side. He set a challenge for me, daring me to be

resourceful and make it work no matter what it is. Along with it came another Ravenmaster rule.

**The thirteenth rule of killing: Don't forget to spice things up from time to time.**

He said it with a wink that sent chills down my spine and continued all the way to my toes. Even thinking about it now has goosebumps raising the small hairs on my arms. Jasper is so damn sexy sometimes. Okay, fine. All the time.

Cole glances behind him to look at me. His gaze travels over me from top to bottom for the fifth time. He seems overly paranoid that I'm fully prepared. "Make sure you stay behind me. If we have any surprises, I want to take the brunt of it."

"What if they come up behind me?" I ask.

A threatening growl rips out of him, and he pins me in place with a scathing glare. "Then I'll push you out of the way and cut him open so I can strangle him with his own intestines."

Oh... I haven't tried that method yet.

I lick my lips and clear the thought from my mind. "You do know it would be faster if I twitched my finger and shot whoever it is, right?"

"Nobody's laying a finger on you when I'm around." Cole doesn't bother to keep his voice lowered, and I can't help but wince, wondering if we'll be found before our plan is set in motion. Thankfully, he doesn't notice. I'd hate to see his

reaction if he did. He's already on the edge of another break. Being this close to finding his sister doesn't bode well for the most rational state of mind. Not when he's blamed himself all this time.

"Thank you, handsome," I tell him instead of pointing out the flaws in his thinking. He won't listen to anything I say anyway. Better to keep him in a placated state.

"We're in position and have the gas hooked up. Ready to release on your command." Vander's voice filters through the com device sitting snugly in my ear.

"Mask on, Luv."

Once again, I find myself wishing I already gathered supplies from Halston Solutions. At least I know what kind of rigorous testing our products went through. This brand of gas mask is reputable, and I'm sure it'll be safe. But I'd prefer to use something I have firsthand knowledge about.

When my face is covered, Cole double checks it's sitting correctly against me. His care touches something deep in my chest. It's a glimpse into the version of him I knew a few days ago. Back when his possessiveness was at a manageable level and he had a British accent. Back when I had Ravenmaster stalking me from afar. I can't wait to have him back to normal. He's been acting so strange.

"Dispense the gas," Cole responds, sliding his own mask into place. We've been operating by the seat of our pants lately. Never having things fully thought out—which actually takes me back to my beginning days of killing—but he pulled

a fairly decent plan together. One he didn't even tell us about till we were almost here.

Seems I won't be able to fully exercise him from his secret keeping. At least this kind is acceptable.

"Copy," Jasper responds.

"How do the cameras look?" Cole asks Grayson. "Anyone patrolling that we should take out before entering?"

"Unless there's a blind spot where they're hiding, everything is clear. You're good to go."

"Excellent. Let's kill some bastards," Cole says, giving the command to enter.

He turns to the front door and kicks it in. It gives way too easily for an entry point on such an expensive home. Something I'll ensure doesn't happen at the home we eventually settle into.

"Didn't think to try the knob?" My voice is distorted from the mask, but he hears me anyway.

"Where's the fun in that?" A manic laugh reaches me as he strides inside. We both hold our guns in front of us, prepared to shoot anyone that somehow isn't affected by the gas. We don't make it very far before we find someone sprawled on the ground, taken out without us having to break a sweat. The gas works to safely knock anyone out who breathes it in, but won't have long-lasting side effects. In a couple of hours, they'll wake up. That is if the plan wasn't to kill anyone we found on the spot.

Cole fires a bullet into their head as he steps over the body without a second glance. We work to clear each room we pass, dispatching anyone we find, a precaution we're too smart to pass up. Only assholes get cocky and think they can get away with blindly trusting their equipment. It's a mistake that practically begs to get you killed.

I'm not about that dying life, only the killing life.

Before we shoot any of the assholes we come across, we carefully make sure it's not Brent. That bastard deserves a lifetime of torture for what he's done to Cole's sister; we don't want to accidentally give him a pass on his one-way ticket to a pure agony filled end. No passing go for Brent.

Not to mention, we need to find Cole's sister first.

After slowly making our way from one room to the next, we find Brent in the kitchen. Dark brown liquid and broken shards from the coffee cup litter the tiles around his passed out form. I'm surprised a ruthless man who deals in skin would get his own coffee. He seems like the type who'd have someone else do every little thing for him, simply because he can.

Cole holsters his gun and bends to pick Brent up, taking him to one of the nook chairs off to the side of the room. "We found Brent. Any sign of Becca?" I ask into the com device.

I lean against the counter and watch as Cole zip-ties Brent's hands behind his back. "Nothing yet. We'll keep you posted," Jasper responds. His tone is factual, lacking all the affection he normally has when speaking to me. It's easy to tell how much he's concentrating on his task.

“The gas should be neutralized in three minutes,” Grayson adds, and I briefly wonder how he’s enjoying the role of command center in the SUV.

While we wait for it to be safe to take off the masks, I prepare a dose of the reversal agent. No sense in needlessly waiting around for the drug to work through his system when we can wake him immediately. I stride over to where Cole is simply staring at Brent. His fists are balled at his sides and his eyes seem empty. Something about him appears absolutely frozen in place.

Worry washes through me. I knew this would be a delicate situation, but never in my wildest dreams did I think Cole would get lost in his own mind. At least that’s what I think is happening. I can’t be sure.

“Cole?” I place my hand on his arm, trying to draw his attention. He doesn’t move. No flinching, not even a blink of his eyes. He’s transfixed by the man. Staring at him while trapped in his thoughts. “Cole.” I try again, to no avail.

I’m not sure what to do. Should I carry on with the plan? Or wait until he’s able to respond? Should I reach out to the others and interrupt their search for Becca? Fuck.

“All clear on the gas,” Grayson announces.

“Copy,” Jasper replies.

“Thank fuck,” I grumble into the com. This mask is getting to be suffocating. It’s hard to draw in a breath through all the filters, and the visor is clouding over with moisture. The



quality doesn't hold up against the ones I could get my hands on.

The moment the mask is clear, I take a deep breath. My face feels damp and cool compared to seconds ago, and I wipe it with the corner of my shirt.

Cole still hasn't moved, the mask firmly in place like he didn't hear us. I carefully step next to him and reach for the mask. When he shows no signs of realizing I'm here, I take it off him. His hand flashes out and grips my wrist, so hard I almost drop his mask.

His hold is punishing, biting into my skin. It's so tight, my bones feel as if they are grinding against each other. "I need you to do it, Raven. I trust you." His voice comes out monotone, and another stab of fear pulses through me.

"Are you sure?" I can't help but question his decision. He's clearly not in his right frame of mind.

"Please," he croaks, not looking at me. There's a quiver to the word, and it makes me want to wrap him in a hug. To comfort him like I've never wanted to comfort someone before. Damn Grayson for making me soft. I shake off the foreign desire and steel my nerves.

I'm already standing close enough to Brent to stab him with the needle. Within a few seconds of me pushing the plunger down, he comes to. His lids flutter open before he gasps, taking in a deep breath like he was starving for oxygen.

For the first time since he secured the man, Cole moves. He grabs one of the nearby chairs and turns it around, straddling it and crossing his arms over the back. His gaze remains fixed on Brent, unblinking.

Brent doesn't seem to fully wake for a moment, his face groggy as his eyes roam over the room until he fixes me with his stare. As if reality dawns on him, understanding washes over his eyes. "Did I break one of his unspoken rules?"

The question makes it clear he thinks I'm here for some other reason. Perhaps if I play my cards right, I'll get some answers if I go along with it...

Instead of responding, I watch him with a coldness transfixed to my features. I don't blink, similar to how Cole is watching him. Blinking is something I've trained myself to do to blend in with others. It doesn't come as naturally to me. It's a side effect of always watching my surroundings with a predatory gaze. Now I use it to my advantage.

With each passing second that I don't respond, Brent twitches and squirms more and more, until finally, he breaks the silence. "Listen, if the Tulip Broker listed his rules, I swear I wouldn't have broken any of them. He said the only thing that was off limits was killing the merchandise. Which I didn't do. They were alive when I dropped them off."

"Are you *sure* that was the only rule?" I stress the word sure like I already know the answer to my question.

After a moment, he adds, "Killing, and I wasn't allowed to wound to the point of scarring them. But that was only

because I didn't pay extra for it. I really don't know what I could've done to have him send The Guild after me."

I don't know who the Tulip Broker is, but The Guild I recognize. That's the assassin network the guys have told me about. Now, why would he think this flower person would send someone to kill him? Aside from breaking some rule that he doesn't even know what it could be.

Cocking my head to the side, I give him a dispassionate glare before rolling my eyes and focusing on my nails, picking at them as if I couldn't be any more bored. "Perhaps you should go over every little detail you can remember out loud with me, and maybe then you'll realize what it was."

"The house is clear," Jasper says in my ear. "There's a sex dungeon in the basement. And I use that term loosely. There're instruments for torture with dried blood on them."

Cole doesn't react, but there seems to be a storm of emotions emanating from him. If Brent is being honest, he wasn't allowed to use them on Becca since he didn't pay for it... But it seems that's where his dark pleasures reside. Maybe he fucked up and marked her, making his fears of a hit being taken out on him founded. I can't give myself away by asking Jasper if he knows anything regarding The Guild, so I wait to see if Brent gives us anything else.

"Listen, I picked up that little whore at the designated location. Input the code on the cage I was given and had my fun with her." He seems to relax the more he talks, and something in me snaps. I fucking hate when they don't show

me fear. These hard ass, above being tortured, cunts are zero fun. “If anything happened to that used up slut, that’s on her. She was broken inside when I got her. I specified wanting someone with a little fire left in them.”

He sneers and levels me with a glare. “I actually think I should be compensated for being offered damaged goods. Her snatch was so loose it was like shoving a hotdog down a hallway.”

Cole’s spine stiffens, but he doesn’t show any other outward signs of hearing what Brent said. It’s not even my sister, but I want to do the vilest things I can think of to this man for talking about her that way. I saw what she looked like in that video, and how he treated her.

“You haven’t finished recounting everything like I asked, Brent. Let’s take it from the top once more,” I order, moving to sit on the table next to him.

“I picked her—“

“Brent.” I tsk with annoyance, making sure the sound is as taunting as possible. “I told you to start from the beginning. Surely you had to pay first and even before that had to be introduced to the Tulip Broker.”

A stillness overcomes his face, and I worry I said something wrong. Could I have given it away that I’m not who he thinks I am? Well, at least not here for the reason he thinks. I’m an assassin for The Guild now, thanks to my men.

“I don’t know what kind of game you’re playing here, but I’ve been ordering playthings from the Broker for a while now and—“

“Tulip Broker,” I say, cutting him off. Digging into the side pocket of my pants, I draw out a knife and snap it open with a loud snick.

“What?”

“Tulip Broker. Give his name the respect it deserves. You’re already in the deep end.” I trail the point of the knife across his cheek, knowing it’s more threatening than my finger, not to mention my touching him will certainly push Cole over the edge.

He gulps, and continues on, “Tulip Broker. My deepest apologies. I’ve worked with him enough to know I didn’t fuck up that long ago. So can we skip the games? I wasn’t followed when I went to the pickup location. I didn’t do anything that would permanently scar her. I didn’t share any information about where I got her, and I sure as fuck left her in the cage alive, bolting it shut as instructed.”

“Tell me, Brent. How did you contact the Tulip Broker?”

“Why are you asking me all these questions?” he snaps, apparently getting frustrated with the situation. “Is this some kind of test or—“ His gaze narrows on me, then flicks to Cole. “The Tulip Broker didn’t send you, did he?”

Before I can come up with a response, a muffled crack sounds from him and he’s suddenly wheezing.

“What the fuck?” I jump from the table and grip his jaw as his eyes roll back. “Cole, what was that?”

“Son of a bitch. No,” he shouts, hands fisting in his hair and pulling. It’s the only response I get out of him, but from the reaction, it seems my fears are probably correct.

Brent’s body convulses and I grab the first thing I find to my right. A display of small potted cacti decorates the middle of the table. I reach for the one that seems to have the most needles sticking from it, wanting to give the most amount of pain possible before whatever he did to activate his death does its job.

With the plant fisted in one hand, I tilt his head back. He doesn’t put up a fight, going with my manipulation easily enough. Yanking his jaw open is a little harder, only because of his seizing muscles, but once it’s hanging wide, I shove the tip of the plant inside, murmuring, “Nevermore.” I make him deep throat that bitch, and hope with every dark shred of my soul, he feels the needles scraping him to shreds, choking him as the poison frothing at the corners of his mouth takes his life.

Or maybe the cactus takes it first. That’s the explanation I’m going with at least.

I killed a man with a cactus.

# Chapter 22



## Raven

**T**he upside down plant protruding from his mouth mocks me. If I thought I'd have enough time, I would have used it to sodomize him. What could be more humiliating than having a cactus shoved up your asshole and it ripping your bowels open? That would've been a kill to brag about.

Not this, though. Sure, it's amusing to watch his body convulse as his face turns multiple shades of red as he suffocates. Of course, I enjoy watching him die, but at the same time, it leaves a grainy taste of dissatisfaction in my mouth. This isn't how it was supposed to go. He didn't even remotely get the amount of torture he deserved.

We could've made it last for years. To draw it out for as long as Becca was used against her will. To inflict every little shred of pain she's felt over the years back on him. But the fun of exacting justice was stolen not only from me but from Cole. He should've been forced to live out every ounce of pain we could have wrung from Brent's body.

Instead, he took the easy way out... like a goddamn pussy.



What kind of fucked up spy movie shit was this? Some sort of hidden kill switch in a molar to take his life? Not only that, he didn't use it until he realized we were trying to extract information from him. Was it a precaution of his own design, or something the Tulip Broker forced on his clients? And why even use it?

We'll never know now.

His gaze becomes blank, finally dying. But I don't get any of the high I normally do. There isn't a single hint of satisfaction. I'm not even sure I can claim this as one of my kills. Fucking hell. Now it feels like I need to carry around a cactus so I can use it the next time I kill someone. This doesn't count. I need a fucking redo.

Suddenly, the table flips over and Cole screams in a fit of rage. I stumble out of the way as he picks up the chair he was sitting on and slams it against the island counter. Wood fragments fly through the air and I turn my head to avoid getting hit in the face. I run my fingers through my hair, dislodging the bits.

His arm swipes the counter behind him, catching everything in its path and depositing it on the floor. Knives fly from the block that housed them on impact and skitter across the floor. Next, he pulls out the drawers, dumping them and tossing them across the room. Nothing is safe in his path of destruction.

This time I'm the one who's frozen in place. I can't do anything but watch Cole have a complete and total mental

meltdown. The man who's been nothing but calm control until this week. The mirror to my dead emotions. He's the person who's always understood the numbness of what life is for me. And can relate to how significant each instance of experiencing something outside of the constant baseline is.

Maybe Grayson's humanity is affecting him, too. I'm not sure what's caused the irregularity, but watching him break right now... I don't know what to do, aside from letting him work through it. Watch and wait. That's all I can do.

Jasper and Vander arrive partway through Cole's breakdown. The moment they hit the doorway, they stumble to a stop with wide eyes, watching him carefully. They wait similar to me, standing there silently. They don't cross the line into the room as if afraid of breaking some kind of invisible bubble, but there's a question in their eyes. Last they knew, we found Brent. Now he's dead and Cole is losing his shit.

As abruptly as it started, he stops. Standing in one spot with his head down and fists balled at his sides. His legs are spread and it all amounts to some kind of villain pose. Deep breaths saw in and out, his chest heaving as he actively works to calm himself.

"I'm so sorry," I rasp out. "I did my best, Cole. There was no way for me to know he would do that." The edge of the wooden table bites into my palms as I grip it.

His head slowly tilts up, the white of his eyes showing before his gaze locks on me. His gorgeous features twist in anger. Hate, death, and pain radiate from him, and it's all

pointed in my direction. His motions are exaggeratedly slow as he walks toward me. His fists open and close as if he's trying to pump the anger out of them, but it doesn't seem to work.

The moment he's close enough, his hand snaps out and wraps around my throat, squeezing painfully. "What did you say?" he hisses. Jasper and Vander rush toward us, but Cole holds his free hand up to stop them. For some reason, beyond my comprehension, they actually stop in their tracks. I lick my lips, but the words die on the tip of my tongue. Cole doesn't seem to like that one bit. "I. Asked. You. A. Question."

"I did my best, Cole." The words are hard to squeeze past the grip he has on my neck. They sound rough and wheezy. His torment grates against my nerves, threatening to rip me open. This is almost as bad as when I realized how much pain Grayson was in over his father. At least then I knew my comfort was welcomed. With the way Cole is staring at me, I can't imagine him wanting my touch. "I'm fucking sorry," I add with a croak.

"Why the fuck are you apologizing? You did exactly what I asked you to do. What I couldn't do for myself." His hand squeezes even tighter, cutting off my airway as he draws me closer. Our lips brush against each other in the softest of caresses, and if my breath wasn't already cut off, it would catch in my throat. "You were there for me exactly when I needed you. I can't thank you enough."

His lips crash into mine, slanting his head before his tongue dives in. Desperation threatens to drown us. He's transferred his anger from destruction to savage passion. He pushes his way between my legs, grabbing them in a bruising hold to wrap around his waist as he picks me up. My arms instinctively move behind his neck as I press myself against him.

My hands fumble with the straps of his holsters as he strides from the room. I barely have them undone when my back slams against the wall and his hands are working at tearing my protective gear off, along with everything else I'm wearing. His hips hold me in place until he needs to remove my pants. He practically drops me to the ground as his hands find the button and he rips them down my legs forcefully.

Both of us frantically reach for his pants and they only get lowered far enough to expose his cock before he's picking me up once more. The moment his smooth skin comes in contact with mine, it's like I can breathe again. But I'm still not close enough with him.

"I need your cock, Cole. I need you to fuck me until I can't walk right, and your cum is dripping from me." My words spur him on, his motions becoming more erratic as he grasps his cock and lines it up with my entrance. He doesn't pause, in too much of a rush to sink balls deep, he shoves inside. The intrusion creates the perfect amount of pleasure and pain. "More, Cole. I need more."

“I’ve got you, Luv. You’ll always have me.” He thrusts hard, using my shoulders as handles to help him slam me onto his cock. My arms cling to his back, holding him to me tightly, and our kisses have become vicious. Full of teeth and snarling bites.

We move together like a well-oiled machine, working together to reach a quick release. We’re perfectly in sync, and somehow that makes it feel like we’re closer than ever. I’m his calm, and he’s my perfect storm.

Each thrust has me closer to an orgasm, and when he slams me against the wall again, it gives him the leverage to pound into me that much harder. His nails rake over my skin before his hands grab my tits. He brutally pinches my nipples and when he bites my neck, I shatter around his cock. My entire body clenching him to me tighter.

His bite releases with a moan as he shoves into me one more time. His cock pulsing with each rope of cum he expels, Cole comes painting my walls with his release like I asked. He presses his forehead against my shoulder, both of us panting as we barely took any time to breathe while we chased the release.

“It’s not your fault, Raven. You got us some good information that we can use to find Becca.” He peppers a trail of kisses up my neck. “I can’t thank you enough for being here for me.”

“Always, Cole. We’re family.”

# Chapter 23



## Cole

**W**e were so fucking close. I could have sworn this was the end of my search, that I would finally have my sister back. That her suffering would be over, and perhaps I'd find myself once more. Find the man who died when I gave up and convinced myself she wasn't alive anymore.

That's the thing about death, though. Once something dies, it's gone forever. But perhaps the man I used to be wasn't killed. The change was slow, like my emotions were dissolved bit by bit until they no longer existed. I thought I was a permanently changed man, but with Raven...

She's become my dark angel. Killing some of the parasites that have been eating away at me. It's the only explanation I can think of for why my obsession has transformed into something else that I can't even find the words to describe to myself. Raven fills an emptiness inside me, and I've never felt more like a black hole than I do right now.

Her arms and legs squeeze me tighter to her, and her cunt clenches on my cock, trying to keep it inside her even as it softens. The hard peaks of her nipples scrape across my chest

as I lean back, wanting to get a good look at her. I can't believe she blamed herself for what happened. An incredible amount of anger coursed through me when she apologized.

I never felt like a lucky man until the day I found her.

She smiles as I tuck a strand of hair behind her ear. "Jasper got into my head," I admit. She seems caught off guard and tilts her head, raising an eyebrow. My throat suddenly gets tight, like it's trying to prevent the words from coming out. What if this fucks up our relationship?

As if sensing my inner turmoil, she presses her hand to my cheek and closes the distance between us again, giving me a gentle kiss against my lips. It's so sweet and tender, I'm not even sure it really happened. "Tell me, Cole." Her voice works like magic, opening my throat to allow the words to pass, simply because she commanded it. But it doesn't do anything for the fear holding my heart hostage.

"I want to fuck you nice and slow. To experience what it's like to feel the world drop out from around us and to be the only two people in the universe. If only for a short time. I crave you, Luv. I'm not sure it'll ever be satiated." My heart beats so fast, I can hear it pulsing through my veins. It whooshes like surround sound, filling my ears to the point it's the only thing I can hear. I'm not sure I'd be able to catch her response if she uttered a word.

Thankfully, before she can say anything, her cunt flutters around my cock as the tip is about to slip free. The response instantly sends blood rushing into my length, making me



harden again. “Call me crazy, but that doesn’t sound like the worst thing ever. But only this once.” She traces a finger over my cheek, watching me carefully.

Her answer makes me smile. The way she wants to put limitations on it. “We’ll see about that, Luv.”

Holding her against me, I walk us down the hall, searching for a bedroom. With every step, my cock grows harder, anticipation driving me forward. Last time I had a break, I went on a killing spree. This time, I’m letting myself become consumed by the woman I’m obsessed with, channeling every bit of my frustrations into her. It’s probably why I want to try things Jasper style.

It doesn’t take long for me to find the guest room I saw when we were clearing the house. The mattress sinks when I kneel on it, and I crawl until we’re in the middle and our feet won’t hang off the end. When I glance down at Raven’s face, I find her studying me.

There’s such a lost expression plastered across her features as she studies me. Her hand reaches to graze her fingertips against the lines of my face.

“I’m here, Cole. We’ll find her, I promise. Together.” Her words seem to shoot an arrow of calm directly into the bundle of chaos I’m trying to bury deep inside.

With a turn of my head, I kiss her palm. “I know. But first, I need to get lost in you for a little longer.” I reach for the pants still clinging to my thighs and push them down, refusing to

pull out of her for one second. She helps, using her feet as I toe off my shoes, kicking the pants to the floor.

Our lips meet in a sweet kiss, starting off slowly with closed mouth pecks, but after a moment, I tease the seam of her mouth with my tongue. It hasn't been more than a few minutes since I've tasted her, but I'm desperate to give myself to her. My hands cradle her neck, and I use my thumbs to tilt her head back, deepening the kiss. It remains slow, tantalizing, and something inside me releases.

A deep sigh is pulled from me, feathering against her lips as her fingers run over my scalp. Her touch is light, barely there, yet it sparks every single nerve ending in its path. I slowly thrust into her and run my hand from her neck, along her body until I hold her thigh, making her wrap her legs around me tighter. "You're my everything, Raven. The reason I breathe."

She shifts her hips and I know my tip is sliding across her nerves at a new angle, with the way her eyes close and the delightful moan spilling from her lips. My thrusts are the complete opposite of what they were in the hallway. They're long and unhurried, my focus on drawing out the pleasure, building her to an epic release.

Part of me wants to hold her as closely as possible, to wrap myself in a blanket of her skin. But that's not the side I give into. I draw my body away from hers, grabbing onto her legs and crossing them in front of me. My thrusts hit her a little deeper and her hands grip my forearms, where they brace me

against the bed on either side of her. I'll have moon shaped scabs from this, but it's absolutely worth it.

"Fuck, Cole," she pants. With every stroke, her pussy clenches tighter, and by the bite of her nails digging into me, I know she's about to come. I change my pace slightly, snapping my last two inches into her at the end of my stroke, letting our hips smack together.

"Come for me, Luv." I watch her as her eyes roll back, her lids fluttering as bliss crosses her features. Her cunt clenches, milking my cock as her walls pulse around me. She's the definition of beauty. "Good girl," I whisper. A happy smile curves her lips.

I gather her legs and guide them to our side, palming her now exposed ass as her body turns. "What are you doing?" she asks, peering at me from half-lidded eyes.

"I want to admire my work while I fuck you from behind. Stick that ass up for me, gorgeous." Her movements force my cock to slip from its home, and a savage growl rips out of me. I can't have this.

My hands land on her body, shoving her into place so I can sheathe myself in her once again. We let out matching moans of relief when her cunt clenches down on me. I press my forehead between her shoulder blades, soaking in the feel of her. I'll never get enough, not even close.

When I embrace the calmness she gives me, I run my lips over her ravens. My gift to her. I've poured my soul into them, giving her a part of me, and as soon as I'm finished fucking

her Jasper style, I'll tell her as much. My fingers trail over her back before smoothing my palm over her silky skin. I can't get enough. It's a trend when it comes to her.

I sit back on my haunches, bringing her with me. Her spine presses against my front, and her arms move to hold me against her. We settle into a rocking motion, our bodies melding together. My hands rove over her, touching every part of her until I settle on palming her breasts.

The weight of them rests in my hands as I curl my fingers to squeeze. "More, Cole. I need more," she begs. The sound rings through my ears, encouraging me to break my resolve to make love to her, as Jasper says. But perhaps our love comes in a distinct form. She did shoot me, after all.

"You need more, my little killer?" I taunt in her ear, pinching both nipples. "Is this what you need? Or would you rather I do this to your clit instead? Perhaps I need to choke you until you're about to pass out."

Her pussy gushes, the wetness soaking my balls as the images I painted for her causes a visceral reaction. It's not the squirting Jasper gets from her, but it's still sexy as fuck to know I turn her on that much. Her breathing quickens as I inch my hand closer to her throat, her pussy bearing down on my cock as I steadily slide in and out.

"That's it, Raven," I say as my hand closes around her neck. "Are you ready to pass out on one of your stalker's cocks? You going to cum on Ravenmaster's cock like a good girl?"

“Cole,” she whimpers, but it’s the only word she’s able to get out, my hand already squeezing her airway closed. Her head rests against my shoulder, and she turns it to press a kiss against my neck. Fuck, she’s too damn sweet. It makes my cock pulse inside her. If she keeps this up, I’ll be coming long before I’m ready. Her hand moves to rest over mine, holding me in place. She’s so damn depraved, I love it.

When she’s about to black out, I release my hold, allowing her to suck in the much needed oxygen. Then I do it again. Over and over, drawing her closer to euphoria. I alternate pinching her nipples with my free hand and enjoy the way her body is slightly shaking against mine. I’m forcing this orgasm from her, and it’s never been so delicious.

Raven’s body feels small and weak against me, frail as I bring her to the brink of passing out. It brings out the protectiveness in me, even though I’m the one putting her in this position. “I’ve got you. Ravenmaster has you, baby. Come on my cock. Soak my piercings in your cum.” Her walls slam down on me, gripping and releasing over and over, forcing me to follow her off the edge. “Just like that. Such a good girl.”

We collapse to our sides, somehow staying connected as we pant and catch our breath. Her more so than me. Her head finds my arm, nuzzling into my bicep, but I want to hold her closer. “Keep my cum in you, Luv,” I tell her as I pull out and draw her head to lay on my chest.

Her hair sticks to the sweat on her back, but I drag it to the side, exposing her art. Maybe I should make a rule that she has

to wear her hair up. That way, I always have easier access to my masterpiece anytime I want to look at it. She rests her palm on my chest, splaying her fingers in a possessive hold. At least I know I'm hers as much as she's mine.

“Sketching was my escape before Becca disappeared. She used to tell me I could make it big, open a tattoo shop, and run my own business.” I trace her birds for the millionth time, forcing myself to keep my walls down. “I only learned how to tattoo because of her encouragement, and when she disappeared, I told myself I couldn't delve into my place of escape until she was found. I haven't picked up a pencil or tattoo gun since that day. Not until I marked you. It was my punishment.”

She lifts her head, watching me for a moment before leaning in to kiss me. “Thank you,” she breathes against my lips. I don't need to explain it more. She understands. And that means more than I expected it to.

Before either of us can say something else, a knock comes from the open doorway. “We've got our tracks covered. I'd love to give you more time, but we need to leave.” Vander's gaze hungrily traces over Raven.

“We're coming,” I tell him, kissing my woman on the forehead, then standing to drag on my clothes. Vander steps into the room, holding her clothes and my shirt that were abandoned in the hallway.

He helps her into her clothes, caressing her and pressing soft kisses to her new heart tattoos. “I can't wait to cut you here,”

he rasps, and a shiver runs through her.

“Ready, Luv?” I ask her, reaching a hand out for her to take. I really can’t be far from her right now. She’s the only thing holding me together. “I need my laptop, and we have to fill in the others.”

She doesn’t hesitate, grasping onto me and threading her fingers with mine. “Let’s go find Becca.”

# Chapter 24





## Jasper

**T**he moment I saw Cole advance on my woman with anger flashing in his eyes, I wanted to rip him to shreds. But when he held up his hand for us to stop, I saw something on his face. I knew he wouldn't hurt her, and thankfully, I was right. Of course, I remained close, not willing to risk being wrong.

I watched them connect like they never have before. Both of them dropped their walls and let the other in. You could practically see the healing energy around them in the air, like some kind of paranormal phenomenon. Or perhaps it's because I know them both so well. They needed that.

It helps that I was in Cole's head. He made love to her. Fucked her slow and gentle. I never thought he'd be capable of such a thing. Although, he found a way to include his depravity. I'm okay with that though, it still counts as making love with her. It doesn't have to look the same for all of us.

The two of them had a monumental moment. We could all see and feel the change that came over them, the spark binding them closer. It's why we've allowed them to cuddle in silence

while we drive the two hours back to the jet. But as we grow closer, we still don't know what happened. What the man said to them, or how he died.

Apparently, I'm not the only one who's tired of waiting. "*Reginetta*," Vander calls, peering at her through the rearview mirror. When she lifts her head from Cole's shoulder, he continues, "Can you tell us what happened?"

She slowly nods and, after gathering her thoughts, she jumps into recounting everything that happened. The moment she mentions the Tulip Broker, my spine stiffens and my breath freezes in my chest. My mind races, but I wait to say anything until she's finished with her story.

"I'm sorry I missed that. I bet you were sexy as fuck shoving that cactus down his throat." Vander winks at her, and her cheeks get a little rosy.

"I don't know about that," she coyly responds, but she's not fooling any of us.

"I can attest that you were." Cole lifts the laptop and adjusts himself, then puts his hand back on her leg. He hasn't been able to stop touching her. At least he's replaced his destructive behavior with her. I'd hate to see the fallout if he ran off again. She'd kill him without a second thought. It would change her forever. She needs Cole. He completes something in her. Fills a void no one else can fill.

We glide to a stop outside Cole's jet and climb from the vehicle. I stretch my back out and prepare myself for what's

coming. The Tulip Broker is no joke. He's not someone I want to cross paths with. Although, it's not because he's dangerous.

"You okay?" my girl asks, cutting off my thoughts as she loops her arm around mine. The concern she's developing for us warms me. I fell in love with her before I even met her. She was cold and unfeeling. I didn't have any hopes of her changing, but I couldn't be happier with the growth in her humanity. It's been good for all of us.

"I'm better now with you beside me." Her sharp gaze traces over me, and I can tell she doesn't believe me. It's the truth, though. Life is always better with her by my side. "Let's get on board so we can figure out where we're going."

Once we're all on, we gather in the middle of the plane where the couch is. It's the area where we're best able to see each other. Cole opens his mouth to say something, but I hold up a hand and stop him before he can. "Sorry to cut you off, but I need her to hear it from me." He lifts his hand and tilts his head in a sign for me to continue.

"Tell me what?" my girl hisses, her arms crossing in anger as she pins me in place with her glare.

I lean forward, elbows on my knees, facing this head on. "We conveniently didn't give you all the details about The Guild when we explained it before."

"Okay..." Her eyes narrow even more. "What details did you decide to filter out?"

“I don’t exactly work for The Guild,” I tell her. The look on her face tells me I better not pause there. “I *am* The Guild.”

“Excuse me?”

“I started The Guild. I filter through every hit, get to take my pick of the fun ones, and palm off the jobs I don’t want,” I admit.

“You palmed off my hit?” Her tone is indignant.

Clearing my throat, I work hard to keep the smile off my face. I should’ve known that’s what she would care about in what I said. The unspoken part that involved her. “The client paid extra to ensure the contract was open to all the hitmen in the organization. It wasn’t personal, Little Bird. If it makes you feel better, I started killing my employees the moment I laid eyes on you.”

She rolls her eyes. “You didn’t Google me to find a picture?”

“Give him a break, *Reginetta*. He broke his own rules to keep you safe. You’ve always been number one in his life,” Vander tells her, and I appreciate him having my back.

She chooses to ignore the topic altogether, deciding to move the conversation forward instead. “I suppose that’s why you’ve been so busy.”

“Exactly right. It’s a lot of work running a secret society for assassins. There’ve been a lot of questions about all the players who dropped from the board, not to mention my absence.”

“So why are you telling me this now? Why did you hide it?” She seems to relax her posture slightly, the initial anger draining.

“Because the Tulip Broker was a client, and I gave Cole backdoor access into our systems. That’s how he’s figuring out where they are,” I explain.

“I searched the bastard extensively when I first learned of his existence. There wasn’t a crumb of evidence he had my sister,” Cole growls, shoving his finger onto the trackpad of his laptop. “Seeing the work of Brent’s hacker, which I’m guessing actually belongs to TB, it doesn’t surprise me they covered their tracks. I didn’t know as much back then as I know now, though.”

“How’s it coming?” Vander asks him.

“Not very well, if I’m being honest.” Cole sighs, the sound laden with self depreciation, and he leans closer to the screen as if the proximity will help him get there. “I’m starting to think it might be best if we go back to Cali. Check the area where she was last seen as I continue trying to get into their system. I don’t see them moving her very far.” He slams the top of his laptop closed and jumps from the seat, making his way to the cockpit. I can tell how angry he is with how much trouble he’s having hacking into the Tulip Broker’s information. The moment he gives the pilot his instructions, we set into motion. Big money gets you off the runway whenever you want.

When Cole comes back, he snatches his laptop into his hold once more and bends over to press a kiss to her cheek. “I have more work to do.” He opens the lid, diving back in, but keeps his leg pinned against hers. I wonder how long his obsession will last with having to touch her constantly.

I move seats from the captain’s chair to the spot next to her on the couch. “You mind?” I ask Grayson, who’s already sitting there.

“Yeah, man.” He stands and pats me on the arm as he switches seats, sitting right in time for the jet to pick up speed and we take off into the air. The jet quickly climbs to cruising altitude.

“You really shoved that cactus deep in Brent’s mouth. Quite a resourceful use, Little Bird,” I tell her, leaning into her side. She preens from the praise, but the joy in her eyes is quickly clouded with anger.

“I don’t think it counts,” she growls. The sound is so cute coming from her. My fierce woman. I’m glad it doesn’t seem to be directed at me. It’s really hit or miss when she could decide to hold a grudge. “He could have died from the drugs instead of the plant. I need to get another, carry it around, and use it again.”

“Did you enjoy that little game?” I typically covet picking out her weapons myself. But there’s something to be said about how inventive you can get in the moment.

She turns her head toward me, biting her lip. “I did,” she whispers, like we’re talking about something naughty.

I slide my hand in a soothing motion along her leg, building myself up to confess something else to her. She'll think it's a secret. Something else I've kept from her. But in all honesty, I simply didn't think about it until now. I never realized I was keeping more facts from her—the Ravenmaster secrets aside—those don't count against the promise I made myself. I'm not sure why that's exempt when this isn't... Perhaps it's because I know she needed us in that way. She needed our guidance to not get caught when her darkness took over, and there was no way she'd listen to anyone in her life about it.

“Little Bird,” I start off. “I need to tell you something.” My words gain Cole's attention. They all know my aversion to secrets. I brace myself for him to overhear me.

Suddenly, the jet shudders, hitting a rough patch of turbulence. “Fuck,” Little Bird curses. Her hand lands on my leg, holding on to me as it gets worse and we rattle in our seats. It's not like there are seat belts where we are. A quick glance out the window shows we aren't at cruising altitude yet, it's only been a few minutes since takeoff.

“What the fuck? This isn't normal turbulence,” Cole claims, his gaze darting around the plane. He stumbles from his seat, using the captain's chairs to make his way to the cockpit to get answers. I wrap my arm around my woman, holding her close to keep her from pitching into the aisle.

A sizzling pop comes from the window where the wing is, and black smoke billows past as the juddering worsens.

“*Reginetta*,” Vander shouts, reaching for her at the same time a crack splits through one of the windows, bursting open and sucking all the pressurized air out. Breathing becomes hard, and masks drop from the ceiling. The air turns frigid, as I reach for the masks, helping my girl put hers on first. The shaking becomes worse, and I tighten my hold on my Little Bird. She needs to be protected above all else.

The nose of the plane dips at an angle, and the sudden jerking sends me pitching to the side. My skull cracks against something hard, and I instinctively bring her head to my chest, protecting her with my arms as my vision grows dark.





Continue Raven's story in Entwined

## Note From Leah

Hey there, book babes. Whew, what an ending! The line forms here for all the yelling your heart desires over that cliffy. All participants will be seen in order of your arrival... I promise I'll channel it all into my muse. The good news is that the next book will conclude Raven's adventures, which means no cliffy. Sad for me, though. I'll miss these characters.

I've loved the why choose genre from the moment I stumbled upon it. I'm not the type who likes to pick a favorite anything. But I'm coming dangerously close to saying Cole is one of my favorite male characters. I didn't want this book to end, and I'm still agonizing if I gave Cole the story he deserves.

Jasper's story is next in Entwined. There are more secrets to discover. Are you ready for it?

Thank you so much for reading Lethal. I hope you love it as much as me, and if so, I'd be forever grateful if you left a review. They truly helps authors like me get my books in front of other readers who might love it too.

This book wouldn't be possible without my alpha reader Becca, or my beta readers Shayna, Sara, Lisa, Carol, Kyla, and Ren. Becca keeps me going on a daily basis with all the yummy pictures in my inbox that feed the muse. And my Ravenmaster Squad babes have polished this baby up until it shined. Thank you all so much for all your help!

Demi, my cowrife, my twin, my bestie. This author gig is so much more fun having you by my side. I'm so thankful for you. I can't wait to do this all over again starting tomorrow as we finish KaC.

Lysanne, the best PA a girl could ask for. Thank you so much for helping me get Lethal out to the world. You took all my vague requests and made it happen so I could stay in the cave. You're the absolute best.

And to all the others who help make this possible, that I might have missed... I love you all. Thank you for all your support.

<3 Leah

# Books by Leah Steele

## **Precarious Shifters (Completed Series)**

Nefarious Betrayal

Erased Certainty

Destiny Found

## **Dear Darkness**

Fractured

Reconcile

Raven

Lethal

Entwined

## **Cowrites with Demi Warrick**

Knot a Clue

## About Leah Steele

Leah Steele grew up with sunshine and beaches, but now lives in the midwest. She's an awkward introvert who's better left alone until she's had her morning cup of coffee. If you can't find her behind her laptop or a kindle, there's a good chance she's on a hiking trail taking scenic photos, or traveling around America.

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You never know when a special POV could appear.