



We all

FALL

down

TARA LEE

WE ALL FALL DOWN

HARLING HILL DUET

BOOK 1

TARA LEE

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We All Fall Down, Harling Hill duet, book 1

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My father warned me about them, the boys of Harling Hill or The Sinners as they'd come to be known. I wasn't sure how they got their name sake or what it was exactly they did, but people not only feared them but revered them as well.

Their reputation preceded them, and they screamed power. They may have done some good, but you never wanted to get on the bad side of The Sinners.

SPOTIFY PLAYLIST

Feel It- Michele Monrone
Earned It- The Weekend
Consequences- Camilia Cabello
Only Girl(in the world)- Rihanna
You Don't Own Me- Saygrace feat G-Eazy
Sabotage- Bebe Rexha
Bad Blood- Taylor Swift
Devil Side- Foxes
Without Me- Halsey
She Looks So Perfect- 5 Seconds Of Summer
Issues- Julia Michaels
On My Way- Sheppard
Sit Still, Look Pretty- Daya
Taste Of You- Rezz & Cameron
Up In Flames- B3N & Bella Thorne
Ruin My Life- Zara Larsson
Toxic- Britney Spears
Little Did I Know- Julia Michaels
The Story Never Ends- Lauv
Silhouette- Aquilo

Slow Motion- Charlotte Lawrence

Lover- Taylor Swift

Bad Guy- We Three

You Broke Me First- Tate McRae

Better Not Together- Anne-marie

Touch- Little Mix

Attention- Charlie Puth

Skin- Sabrina Carpenter

Glowing In The Dark- The Girl and The Dreamcatcher

Low Low- Jay Waetford

Daddy Issues- Demi Lovato

Dangerously- Charlie Puth

Figure You Out- Voila

Addicted- Jon Vinyl

Jokes On You- Charlotte Lawrence

Freak Out- Gianni Canetti

Dirty Thoughts- Chloe Adams

Push Me- Michele Morrone

This playlist can be found on [Spotify](#).



Netflix plays in the background, some show I'm not even paying attention to anymore.

It's nearly ten P.M. and my father still hasn't walked through the door.

Being the mayor of our small town is a full-time job. Harling Hill is a quiet town in the middle of nowhere, and like you guessed there's not a lot to do. Being the daughter of the town mayor has its perks, but also its downfalls. My father doesn't allow me to slip just because of my last name. He's known for his seriousness and admirable personality.

Also doesn't help that his best friend is my dean at Harling Hill Academy. Dean Carter is as strict and stern as they come. Not a pushover by far, never once showing me favoritism because of who he is to me.

He'd been like an uncle to me my entire life after my mother walked away when I was five, and he stepped up to help my father raise me. I didn't know any other way. Compared to some in Harling Hill, my life is perfect, but it's far from it. Just because of my last name people assume I have it all. Between these walls I feel trapped, broken, and lonely. My father's work has always been his number one priority and staring at

my bedroom walls can only take me so far. I'm forbidden to go to parties or hang out with boys, so basically any social life is deemed unworthy. My father controls every aspect of my life and just turning eighteen I wish he'd trust me enough to afford me to be a normal teenager.

Switching the TV off, I know I won't sleep even if I go to bed right now. Thunder cracks loudly, making me jump. It used to terrify me. There isn't much I remember about my mother except the night she left, it was a night similar to this one. Instead of being afraid of what the memory used to remind me of, I embrace it because somehow it makes me feel closer to her.

Grabbing my boots and hoodie, I say screw it and decide to go for a walk. Not my brightest idea but it beats sitting here staring at the walls. I know I have time, my father's meetings tend to run late. Another crash of thunder sounds above me as I exit the front door bringing the first drop of rain as it does. I make a run for it, even though the rain pouring down soaks through my hoodie in an instant.

I've walked maybe three miles before I think I should turn around. Being caught in the rain probably isn't a smart idea, and I should definitely head home.

A raised voice can be heard just as another crash of thunder sounds above me.

Huh?

Go home, Nova, don't go searching for trouble.

Again, someone yells, their voice sounding angrier the closer I get.

"You were supposed to s—" the thunder crashes loudly making me jump, in the process drowning out the rest of their words.

Voices rise again, but this time it's more than one.

Just turn around.

Ignoring that gut feeling that tells me this is a very bad idea, I take the last few steps toward the raised voices.

Squatting down out of sight, I peek between the bushes trying to see what's happening. The darkness blocks my view until the moonlight offers up just enough light giving me a quick glimpse of the figures standing there before it disappears again.

"You fucker, I told you," someone yells. The thunder covers their voice slightly so I can't distinguish who it belongs to. A feeling rolls around in my stomach causing a weird sensation, one I should probably listen to. Instead, I inch closer, spotting several figures standing together when another flash of lighting lights up the night sky, one slightly further away from the others. I can't make out their faces, but I already know I've stumbled upon something I wasn't supposed to. *This isn't going to end well.*

Swallowing, I hear a clicking noise then a loud popping sound echoes through the night, and then a thud follows with one of the figures dropping to the ground.

My breath hitches. Covering my mouth, I feel so stupid when all the heads turn toward me. I try to keep still, crouching down as much as possible.

Stupid, so stupid.

Lifting my head slightly, I see one of the men looking around.

I can't help the tear that slides down my cheek when I hear his words.

"Find it and extinguish it," he barks.

My heart rate moves at a rapid pace.

Run. Nova. Just run.

Twigs snap in the distance, but already I can tell they're moving at a fast pace. How many of them I'm not sure.

Lifting my head slightly one final time to see if I can make a break for it, I gasp when one of them looks right out at me. His piercing eyes burn through my soul. *It's one of them.*

I can't escape them.

They'll catch me and they'll ...

Just as I twist, trying to run for my life, my hoodie gets caught in the raspberry bush. Panic sets in when they start to move for me. One after the other, they come toward me. They're coming for me.

RUN my head screams at me.

With one last sharp tug, I free myself and run just before the four of them lift themselves over the fence.

They're coming at me fast.

I don't stop.

I don't look back.

I run.

My chest is heavy as I take huge steps running toward my fence line. *Just get home.*

Hearing their footsteps get closer, I just keep running. I can hear their loud panting as they gain on me.

They're fast.

I see my fence line, and just before I reach it a wall knocks me to the ground—hard. My vision blurs slightly as the impact has my head connecting against the ground.

Letting out a groan, I try to get my footing. I stumble slightly as I try to stand. Everything hurts, and I realize I'm defenseless. With the wind knocked out of me I can't breathe for a moment. A hand curls its fingers in my hair dragging me away from the fence before he flips me over and straddles me. I struggle with him trying to defend myself as fingers wrap around both of my wrists holding them above my head.

Lifting my knee, I ram it into his back, letting out a heavy grunt before he twists my hair between his fingers, then with a sharp yank he tugs me upward toward his chest.

"You want to die, princess?" he growls. Forcing my head back to look at him, I stare into the eyes of Kingston West, the leader of The Harling Hill boys.

"Stop fighting," he barks.

His breath hits my ear.

“Never,” I scream. Bucking my hips, I twist my body trying to force him off me.

These boys are deadly, dangerous, and nobody ever crosses them. They’re executioners, they play twisted games, and nobody ever gets out of them. They’re known to end lives without a second glance, The Sinners as I’ve heard several people refer to them as. I’ve never wanted to know what exactly they do, why they’re called The Sinners, but I guess I may just find out.

“Are you looking for trouble, princess?” Ignoring him, I refuse to satisfy him.

“Answer me?” he grinds out.

“Fuck you.” I spit in his face, trying my best to free my wrists from his grasp. I grunt loudly as I wiggle and buck my hips with little success, instead, forcing him further up my body. Exhausting myself while he barely looks out of breath, he moves back down, so he’s centered with me. Lifting his hand, he wipes my saliva from his cheek then a deep, guttural chuckle leaves his body. He’s seething, ready to unleash pain and I’m his next victim. His eyes burn with intensity as his gaze leers down my body where the pressure of his erection pushes into me.

My pussy throbs, pulsing as he grinds into me.

“Need to sample a real man, princess?” he drawls.

No. I glare at him.

He pushes into me again, his erection grinding into me. I whimper as a rush of breath escapes me. *Oh, God, they’re going to kill me. Or worse.*

“No, please,” I beg, keeping my eyes scrunched tight. Tears fall uncontrollably as I feel a sharp object touch my throat.

Oh, God.

Closing my eyes even tighter, I swallow deeply as I feel the blade push into my skin.

The cold metal digs into my flesh, ready to do his bidding with a single wrong move.

“What did you see, huh, Nova?” he asks, freeing my hands, yanking my head back again, and exposing my throat. A chill goes through me, and I open my eyes. Kingston’s expression changes to something dark, and my scalp burns making me cry out when his grip on my hair tightens. He doesn’t care that he’s hurting me, probably won’t care to watch me bleed.

“End it,” another voice says from behind me. I know it’s one of the others. Where one goes they all go.

They’re going to kill me, and I can’t even scream for help.

His weight shifts over me and I feel him harden more. *He’s getting off on my fear.*

Bile threatens to spill when he pushes himself into me. He rubs aggressively over me, his cock pushing between my thighs. The pressure has the opposite effect on me than I would like.

I hate him— them.

He licks the side of my face, breathing me in, groaning heavily as he does, then his teeth sink into my neck hard, making me scream in pain as he marks me.

“Stop, please,” I cry, trying to slap him, hurt him, just stop him.

His teeth bite into my flesh again, growling against my skin.

“Why not have some fun first.” He chuckles darkly. His fingers wrapping around my throat.

Oh, God.

“Asshole,” I murmur. My voice is strained from the pressure of his fingers. If he’s going to kill me I may as well tell him how I feel. An amused grin tips at the corners of his mouth.

Yanking my hair back, he forces a deathly scream from me.

“What was that, princess? Maybe use your outside voice, huh.”

“Let’s go,” a different voice says this time. I can’t tell if that’s Cassius or Sebastian.

“Screw you,” I snap, trying to wiggle free again with no success as his weight becomes anchored to me.

“Oh, princess, I’ll be happy to take what you’re so willing to give.” He grunts, leaning down and inhaling my hair.

“Get off me,” I scream.

“I have you figured out, sweetheart, it’s only a matter of time,” he grunts.

“Fuck you, you asshole,” I cry.

“Oh, baby, I’m going to enjoy this.” He growls, reaching his hand between us and forcing it into my bottoms.

“King, leave it.” This time it’s Cassius’s voice behind us.

My gaze catches his behind Kingston’s shoulder, my pleading look saying a silent thank you. His tongue darts out, wetting his lips, his gaze lingering on me before he turns his head, our connection broken.

“Are you going to talk, princess?” Kingston says above me. I shake my head as fast as my body will let me.

“No, no I promise, please don’t hurt me,” I cry.

I just want him to get off me, I’ll do anything he wants.

The feel of his fingers clamping around my throat, cutting off my oxygen, forces my eyes to water as he squeezes one last time.

He chuckles low and dark pushing into me again, his hardness rubbing against me.

“I’ll be watching you. If you even think of speaking about what you saw, I’ll come and have my fun, and trust me ...” he growls. It’s a warning, one I intend to listen to, “... I’ll enjoy every minute.” His tongue darts out, licking the side of my face again as he shoves my cheek to the ground. *He’s such a pig.*

“I own you, princess. I will ruin you,” he says.

No, I want to scream.

My voice fails me as Kingston pushes into me one last time, groaning when the feel of his cock pushes against my center.

What have I got myself involved in?

“Keep your head down, pup. We don’t want to hurt you,” Cassius tells me.

I almost scoff because of the lies.

I don’t move, my body frozen in fear as his weight lifts from my body and I hear the grass move under their shoes as they leave.

I’m not sure how long I’ve been lying here, numb and motionless.

Thunder crashes before I move again.

My legs give out each time I try to stand. After the fourth attempt I’m able to get to my feet, and I rush toward my house as fast as I can, cradling my arms around myself.

I’m still shaking uncontrollably by the time I make it inside. I lock each bolt with more effort than usual then run up the stairs to my room. I don’t stop until I’m in my bathroom, the door slams and locks behind me. Only then do I allow myself to let go.

I burst into tears. With my hands covering my face, I slide down the door, gasping for breath as my butt hits the floor, I try to pull myself together. But each time I hear his voice and feel the knife at my throat, I can’t stop my body from shaking.

It takes me a solid twenty minutes, I think before I pull myself up with the help of the vanity before I stand on my feet again.

Surveying my face, my eyes are swollen and red from crying. Mascara runs down my cheeks making me look like I’ve been to war. My neck has a small cut just under my ear on the left side where he held the knife. And my hair is filled with grass and leaves. My hoodie is torn from getting caught in the raspberry bush. And the reality of what happened finally sinks in when I see the mark left by his teeth on my skin. My throat

is covered in a rash most likely from the abrupt way he moved his jaw over my neck.

Once again, I slide to the floor, my legs giving out. I hate that I feel so weak, that I let myself be so vulnerable, and that I made myself an easy target.

My hand covers the mark, tears spill down my cheeks and the silence is deafening as I lie on my bathroom floor. Fear has me grasping myself as I lay here. What if he keeps his promises? What if he comes back for me?



“Fuck,” I bark as we walk back toward the boss.

Cassius grabs my arm making us both stop. His expression is enough for me to understand. His nostrils flare looking back at where we left Nova lying in the grass.

We shouldn't have left her alone.

“Did you have to mark her?” Cass growls. Referring to the indent of my teeth I left behind on Nova's neck.

“I did what was needed,” I explain.

“For her, or for you?” he questions me.

A little of both, but he doesn't need to know that. Her skin was right there for the taking, and I'm a man of simple things, the feel of my teeth sinking into her soft flesh, marking her, was erotic as fuck.

The bonus was I think it got my point across.

I did what was necessary for us for our survival just like we always had, but she wasn't part of the plan and wasn't supposed to be there.

"This is what we wanted, right?" Bass questions.

"Yeah," I huff. Fuck, everything had gone wrong.

"Why was she there?" Jordy questions.

Fuck knows.

"Fuck," Bass complains, shoving his fingers through his hair and mumbling to himself.

She wasn't supposed to be there. She was always locked away in her room. Why the fuck had she been there?

We knew Nova. She wasn't a girl who took casual strolls in the fucking dark.

She'd become a witness, one we now had to deal with.

I'm teetering on the edge of rage and guilt for getting her involved.

Could we let her go?

No, we can't go back on our word. We are The Sinners, and our word is law.

Nova knew the score, she'd come to accept us even if she didn't want to.

"What about the boss?" Jordy questions.

"We keep our mouths shut. The boss doesn't need to know who the person was that saw our little mishap tonight," I tell my brothers. They all nod in response as we continue our way back.

It wouldn't end well. Fuck, why did it have to be her?

Sweet little Nova-Lee.

Our boss had a lot of people in his pocket, including the police chief. I wouldn't be surprised if the entire fucking town was in debt to him, somehow. We may have pull in this town because of who we are, but our boss was everything rolled into one. No one went against him, his final word was law.

I adjust myself slightly before my brothers notice my erection tenting my trousers. I knew she'd felt me, felt what she'd done to me. The moment I'd laid on top of her, her sweet pussy pushed against my cock, and I was done for. The thought of bending Nova over something and fucking her senseless, the very vision of my cock sliding in and out ... fuck it's alluring knowing I could have just taken whatever I want from her and she wouldn't be able to stop me.

People in this town talked, and word around town was that Nova is pure, untouched. Waiting for someone like me, like my brothers to sink our teeth into her.

It's a thrill knowing now we'll have to intertwine her in our lives, just so we can keep an eye on her and ensure she keeps her nose out of our business.

Keep her mouth shut.

We've come too far for this all to blow up. We now owned Nova Cohen and breaking her was going to be so much fucking fun.

After all, our reputation precedes us, and everybody else fears us just by association with Santonio.

Cassius, Sebastian, and Jordan are my brothers. We're not blood but brothers nonetheless, our families were fucked up so we created our own through a bond. It was up to me as the oldest to keep us alive, to keep us together.

Cassius is only a few months younger than me, but I'd taken on the role of our leader.

Just like it had always been.

"We stick to the plan. We need more to end them, and giving him this information will only fuck up everything we've worked so fucking hard for," I tell them.

My brothers all nod agreeing with me.

We may be ruthless, but even I wasn't ready to end sweet little Nova.

They knew the score, we needed to focus, nothing could get in our way.

Not even her.

We were so close, I could feel it.

Santonio's waiting just where we left him, his ruthless smile sits happily in place.

The man is pure fucking evil, pretty sure he was born in hell. Dean Carter of Harling Hill Academy and Police Commissioner Jackson stand beside him, smiles gleaming with pride. They're as messed up as he is.

Each in his pocket, each here for the same power he provides.

"Did you clean it up," he snarls. Looking between his men, then back to us, the glare is obvious. His men look back to where we came from, their stoic expressions giving nothing away, but I know they're intrigued about what we left behind.

You won't find her, assholes.

I nod. "Done, they won't speak again." He didn't need to know we didn't actually end Nova, as the mayor's daughter she'd only bring more complications than we needed, and we need more time. This was a total fucking shitstorm, but we'd fix this, we had to. Not only would we pay, but she would too.

"You boys remember why you belong to me, yes?" he snarls. Cass inhales sharply beside me, his anger visible.

"You got a problem, boy?" Santonio barks at him.

Dean Carter smirks, moving forward ready to show Cass just who's in charge, and chuckling as Cass stands tall ready to open his mouth. Pushing him back with my arm, I force him to look at me, my frown telling him to stand down.

He sniffs, stepping back before he murmurs, "No, no sir, no problem."

Santonio chuffs, lifting his head at Cass. "That's what I thought," he snaps.

The dean moves back, blowing Cass a kiss, a reminder he could have gutted him if Santonio had given the go-ahead.

"Clean this shit up." He nods toward the body currently lying between us.

Lighting a cigarette, his gaze filters around us all.

“You boys ever think of double-crossing me and it won’t end well,” he warns. We all nod.

“Let’s go, I’m fucking craving some pussy,” Santonio barks.

Without a second glance back, they get in his expensive SUV and drive off leaving us to clean up his mess.

“Fucker.” Cass grunts as their car drives away, leaving nothing but taillights behind.

“Easy,” I tell him.

Clenching his teeth, Cass stares back at where we left Nova. The worry in his eyes is clear, we shouldn’t have left her.

People feared us for what we did. We cleaned up messes and made them disappear. We were what the mothers in Harling Hill warned their daughters about, but people feared us and that was enough for me.

“She’ll be fine,” I tell him to ease his worry.

“You don’t know that. You shouldn’t have ...” He growls.

“She’ll be fine, Cass, but we have a job to do,” I bark at him.

He rolls his eyes while Bass and Jordy stare between us.

“Come on, spit it out, both of you?” I question them.

Clearing his throat, Bass looks up to the sky before muttering, “You know me, I’m all for a little roughness.” He wiggles his eyebrows because yeah, we’ve all seen what Sebastian likes.

“But Nova isn’t like the girls we usually bed. I mean, we’ve all heard the rumors.”

“Fuck, if it’s true imagine being the first.” Jordy groans.

“There is something seriously wrong with you two.” Cass snorts, shaking his head.

“We just appreciate women for what they can give us.” Bass laughs.

“What, a hole for your dick?” I snap.

“No, you fucking caveman, an escape to bury ourselves so deep inside them they make us forget our own names.” Bass growls.

He high-fives Jordy, and both start moving toward the truck.

“I’m really worried about those two.” Cass snorts. Both of us watch them as they laugh about something we can’t hear. “They’re eighteen and always fucking horny. I wouldn’t worry too much,” I tell him.

“You make us sound ancient when you say it like that.” Cass chuckles.

“Help me?” I ask Cass. Reluctantly, he helps me and together we drag the body to our truck, our old beat-up, rusted red wreck. It’s seen better days. But we love it.

Once the body is loaded, we head toward the front of the truck.

“I can’t wait for this fucker to meet his maker,” Bass says as he opens his door.

“Me too,” I agree as I slide into the driver’s side. Cassius climbs in beside me while Jordan and Sebastian climb in the back.

“Do you think she’ll talk?” Bass finally says what we’re all thinking.

“If she knows what’s good for her, she won’t,” I mumble.

I can’t have what we’ve worked so hard for derail now. We’re so fucking close.

Cassius sighs. He hates violence. Out of all of us he’s the most easy-going. But he’s here because we are. Because we have each other’s backs.

“I know you hate this, but we need to do what we promised her, we’re keeping an eye on her,” I say.

He raises his eyebrows. Yeah, she’d hate that, little miss prim and proper Nova Cohen tangling in between the likes of us.

It’s almost laughable.

We dispose of the body quickly. Even if it turns up, he was a low life who would have been dead from an overdose soon even if he didn't get his head blown off. The joys of being under Santonio.

I pull the truck into the driveway of the house we share together. We'd pulled together last year, buying it from the old man who used to live here. He'd been dying to get rid of it, selling it dirt cheap. The land was enough to one day build a bigger home, and it didn't hurt to have a massive shed out back we used for our garage. Cassius is the biggest car enthusiast out of all of us, give him a broken-down bomb and he'll transform it. The only car we swore to never change on the outside was our truck. It meant something to us and changing it wasn't an option.

"Home, sweet home." Jordy claps my shoulder over the seat, exiting the truck, followed by Sebastian. They both laugh and shove each other as they make their way up the stairs. Cassius's hand lifts to the door.

"Wait." I stop him, my hand grazing his arm.

"You good?" I ask him.

He nods. "Fine, just want this shit to be done."

Yeah, me too. I knew with Nova involved now, things would be more difficult. In fact, it'd be complicated as fuck, but we still had a job to do. The door creaks as he opens it. Slamming it shut behind him, he walks toward the open door following behind the others. Opening my own door, I follow behind him, catching up to him before sighing. I know just how he feels, but not yet. We'll get our revenge. We just have to bide our time.

"What if he finds out?" Cass asks, running his fingers through his hair, voicing his concern about Santonio.

"Then we deal with it."

We can't lose this battle, no we've already lost too much.



After last night, every little sound makes me jump. I keep waiting for the boys to jump out and drag me into a field somewhere. I knew they'd be watching me, knew telling anyone about what I witnessed, even my father, wouldn't end well. Today is the first day of the new semester and junior year.

Being on the radar of the boys of Harling Hill was not how I wanted to start the new year.

They all stand leaning against the wall outside as I make my way up the path and across to the building, eyes following my every movement. If I didn't feel intimidated before I sure do now. Their heavy gazes burn through me, watching me like the kings they are.

My brows squeeze together, pushing myself to ignore their stares and regardless of how on edge I feel, I try my best to

stand tall, even as small as I feel right now under their brutal stares.

My stomach twists in knots making it feel like a swarm of bugs is crawling around trying to break free. I keep my head down grumbling to myself.

“Assholes.”

Completely in my own mind, it doesn't register that I've hit a wall until I fly backward. But it's not a wall, it's a man because a hand flies out, grabbing my wrist and pulling me hard against them. The air is knocked from me. They crash me into their hardness. Their smell hits me first. Motor Oil and a spicy woody tone that penetrates my nose.

Steadying myself, I slowly lift my eyes, coming face to face with Cassius Alston. Where did he come from? His blond hair is a disheveled mess on top of his head, while those sparkling blue eyes look at me like I'm his next meal. His grin turns devilish and damn it my body responds in a way I hate. He towers over me making me feel so damn small.

He grabs my wrists, holding them captive between us, keeping me rooted to the spot. My breathing accelerates rapidly when my wrists drop, and suddenly, he spins me, his chest to my back. His hand grips hold of my wrists once again binding them between our bodies.

No one pays any attention as they pass us, no one ever interferes when the Harling Hill boys are involved. I'd heard the stories, the things they could do with just their bare hands. They're untouchable, kings among peasants.

His breath hits my neck, breathing me in.

“Are you scared, pup?” he growls.

I should tell him no, tell him to fuck off. But I don't.

I stay quiet, I don't move, my fear rendering me motionless.

A soft whimper escapes me when Cassius lifts his other hand to graze my cheek with the tip of his finger. I close my eyes to keep myself from whimpering again. But the instant his finger touches my collarbone his deathly fingers wrap around my

throat from behind enough to frighten me. Squeezing just the right amount, he can feel every movement my throat makes. He would show me no mercy. I struggle to get air into my lungs, every gasp is a battle. I need air, but with Cassius so close it's impossible.

I focus on the way his shirt stretches across his bicep as he does, his tattoos covering the inside of his arm, glaring at me as I try to focus on my breathing, forcing myself to not pass out.

"Remember our deal," he says almost softly this time. I nod.

"Good girl," he says. All of a sudden, the pressure on my wrists is gone, and his fingers release my throat. Slowly turning, I find I'm alone, and Cassius is nowhere to be seen.

Was that a warning?

A reminder they're watching me?

Roughly wiping a tear from my cheek, I continue my way to class. People pay me no attention as I climb the stairs toward the main hall.

Now isn't the time to freak out. I need to breathe.

"Nova," I hear my friend Miller's voice but don't stop.

Taking a deep breath, a strangled gasp escapes me catching the attention of a few students. Hurriedly walking toward the restroom, I enter and head straight for a stall, crashing the door loudly and locking myself in.

Just breathe.

It's just a scare tactic. They just want you frightened. They won't really hurt you. It's okay.

Except I don't really believe my own thoughts because when it comes to the Harling Hill boys no one really knows what they are capable of.

Giving myself a few moments to break, I pull myself together then slowly open the door, only to come face to face with none other than Jordan Benson and Sebastian Hale. *Crap.*

"You can't be in here," I say.

Passing them to wash my hands in the sink, I eye them both in the mirror. Both smirk at me, Jordan chuckling softly.

“Baby girl, we can be anywhere we like,” he says.

Sebastian steps up behind me, his chest pushing against me, caging me between him and the sink. The feel of his hard chest against my back forces my eyes closed at the memory of last night and the feel of Kingston. His thumb trails over my collarbone making me shake.

My eyes spring open lifting to his dark eyes as they watch me through the mirror. My breath hitches when he continues up, his fingers slowly caressing my throat. His hair as dark as his eyes, brushes against my face. I close my eyes, feeling the way my heart hammers in my chest as Sebastian pushes on my pulse, his thumb adding just the right amount of danger. I whimper, unable to hold it back as his breath on my face quickens. The broadness of his shoulders pins my body to him, even with his shirt on I can feel his hardness everywhere. A soft gasp escapes me, making them chuckle.

“I think she loves that, Bass,” Jordan says, coming to my side, turning me just enough so my body faces him slightly. He pushes his thigh between my legs. The pressure is sudden and makes me gasp again. Jordan smirks, making his hazel eyes pop with mischief. He and Sebastian are basic clones of each other. Minus the tattoos, Jordan, who is well-defined, isn't as broad as Sebastian, but that's not to say he isn't as intimidating as the others.

Sebastian grinds into me making sure I feel how hard he is. A tear falls down my cheek, Jordan catches it with his fingers. His finger works its way down, brushing it against the hem of my dress.

“You want to play, baby? Because we sure do? Don't we, Bass?” Jordan says.

Sebastian groans, his nose moves along the back of my neck, and then his lips land in its place.

“I can smell your fear, Nova,” Sebastian growls, making me whimper.

“Please,” I whisper.

“Please what, mamas?” Sebastian whispers in my ear. Any coherent reply gets caught in my throat.

Humiliation burns through me when Jordan pushes his thigh against me again. The contact sends pleasure through me I’ve never felt before. It feels so good.

Sebastian groans against my throat, his hand gripping my hip roughly, his hardness pushing against my ass just as Jordan’s hands move upward to cup my breasts. He tugs roughly, almost ripping the buttons on my dress as his hands grope and caress. Jordan pushes his hardness into me. I don’t miss the deep, guttural growl escaping him when he connects with my heat. Jordan’s thumb grazes across my bottom lip, he watches as the plumpness pops under his touch. I close my eyes when they both push into me at the same time.

I bite back a gasp. I want to tell them this is wrong, that they should stop, that I’m not theirs to do with as they please, but my body revolts. Why am I enjoying this?

“Please,” I plead with them.

“You want this, don’t you, mamas?” Sebastian replies.

A rumble of laughter strips me from my haze when Jordan forces me to look in the mirror at myself.

My neck is covered in red marks. Sebastian gave me hickeys?

“A little reminder, mamas, that you’re ours.” Sebastian’s cold eyes glare daggers at me.” And we can do whatever we want, whenever we want.” I swallow because along with the teeth marks, I now have three very abrasive red marks that cover my neck. *Gah, I hate them.*

They move away leaving me a wanton mess.

Jordan’s jaw is rigid when he finally tells me, “Remember, baby girl, we’re watching.” With that, they both walk out leaving me alone to break down again.



They'd been watching me, and I hated every second of it. They did it like it was an obligation, even though I knew they'd never let me go easily.

That wasn't who The Sinners were, no, their reputation was enough to make anyone back down, but I wasn't going to let them think they owned me. Harling Hill was my home, and I'd be damned if they were going to run me from the only place I'd ever known.

I'd stumbled upon something I wasn't supposed to see and in doing so, set in motion their need to shadow me. Why did they let me live? Surely if it was anybody else they wouldn't have blinked twice. So why spare me only to shadow me? It doesn't make sense. Opening my locker, something falls hitting my shoe as I reach to put my books away. Bending to pick it up, I find a piece of folded paper.

I look around to see if I can find who may have left it, but there's no one.

Opening the paper, it simply says.

You look beautiful today

Unease settles in my stomach at the creepy note, I stow the paper away in my backpack to deal with later.

I stop in my tracks when I spot Sebastian and Cassius leaning against the wall eyeing me, their mouths twisting into devious smiles.

What is their game?

Of course they left this to mess with me. Rolling my eyes, frustration bubbles under my skin. I'm determined to get away before they decide to speak to me.

Quickening my steps, I all but run toward the parking lot, desperate to get to the safety of my car. My body falters when my eyes land on him, waiting by my car—Kingston West. Every hair on my body stands on end while his dark eyes assess me. The tight line of his lip is the only thing set apart from his expressionless face.

My hands curl into fists, stopping them from trembling at the intensity of the memory, almost breaking me. Kingston's eyes sweep over me as I slowly approach him.

"Princess," he drawls like he hadn't marked me only a few days ago.

"Leave me alone," I snap. Kingston chuckles.

"You know, princess, if you were anyone else I'd make you get on your knees for that smart mouth."

"Go ahead."

"I'll make your life a living hell, princess. Bring it."

His disarming, sexy demeanor is charming and dangerous, oh so dangerous. Because even after what he did to me, what he threatened, it's easy to fall into. To let him lure me.

His tongue darts out wetting his lip and his gaze falls to my neck the second I stop inches in front of him.

“I like my mark on you, princess. I’ll gladly give you more, just so you know who you belong to,” he leans down, whispering in my ear.

“I don’t belong to you, any of you,” I correct him.

“Mmh we’ll see, princess,” he murmurs before lifting his hand, his gaze falling to my neck.

“I see one of my brothers also got to you. Tell me, princess, did you enjoy his lips on you?” He hisses.

My body shivers as his breath rushes over my skin.

He steps forward and places his fingers under my chin, forcing my gaze to his. His grin, anything but friendly, spreads across his face as he watches me. Letting his gaze fall down my body, Kingston’s breath fans over my skin as he drawls.

“If you even think about breathing a single word, you won’t like what will happen, princess.” His tone is full of warning.

“I know,” I say.

“Good girl, I knew I could trust you.” His finger bops my nose before he goes to turn. “I’ll be watching, princess. Remember, always watching.” And with his final words, he shrugs past me leaving me standing beside my car, completely torn on what to do. Because no matter what, I know the moment I breathe a word of this, they’ll finish what they were meant to. I just wasn’t sure I wanted any part of whatever they’d gotten mixed up in, but I know no matter what, I am in now and they’ll make sure I know my place.

Even if it means they take me down with them.



“She was practically panting for us,” Bass says, grinning from ear to ear.

Pinching my brow, I ignore my horny ass brothers who seem to only think with their dicks.

“We have a goal, stick to it,” I warn them.

“Fuck, you telling me we can’t have some fun?” Jordy pouts.

“Come on just a little. She fucking wanted us, if her wetness on Jordy’s thigh after was any indication.” Bass smirks, and he and Jordy high-five.

I wasn’t going to tell them no because I’d had my fun too. I enjoyed watching my little princess squirm.

“Who was panting?” Cass asks, coming in from outside, his shirt covered in oil from the car he’s been working on.

“Noveee,” Bass says, moving his tongue over his lips as if he’s picturing what she tastes like.

Cass shakes his head. “You two fuckers,” he says, pointing between Bass and Jordy, “are the horniest motherfuckers I’ve ever met. What makes you think you had Nova panting?” he questions. Grabbing four beers from the fridge, he hands us each one.

Popping the bottle the glass meets his lips just as Jordy says, “The wet patch she left on my jeans was epic enough to prove it.” He chuckles, making Cass choke on his drink.

“You okay?” I ask.

“Wait, when did you do this?” he asks them, ignoring my question, staring between Jordy and Bass.

“Today before class,” Bass tells him. “Why?”

He runs his hand down his face.

“Because I already confronted her,” he says, groaning. I know him, he thinks we’ve fucked this thing up entirely.

“We need her to be scared,” Jordy says, shrugging, not understanding Cass’s sudden panic.

“Yes, but if we petrify her what’s stopping her from turning us in?” He glares at them.

“He’s right, but we need her scared. It means she’ll keep what she saw to herself,” I say. My mind is ticking away thinking of the possibility we could achieve with her.

“What if we can get her to trust us, make her ours?” Sebastian says.

Jordy laughs like he finds his whole idea barbaric.

“You’re joking, right? There is no fucking way Nova Cohen will trust us enough to help us or even be ours.” Jordy chuckles, finding Bass’s idea hilarious.

“I mean, it’s kinda perfect,” Cass says, sipping his beer then looking over at Bass.

“It’s fucking brilliant actually.”

Bass smiles knowing he's onto something.

"But in saying that, Nova is proving to already be difficult, making her ours willingly isn't going to be easy," Cass says.

Her smart mouth comes to mind, the girl definitely has a backbone.

Cass's words hold truth, turning Nova would be a challenge, but I always love a good challenge, and what better way to have fun than with the mayor's daughter? Everyone knows she is untouchable. Like some unspoken rule, no one goes near her. I'd even bet her pussy is untouched, unclaimed, and if anyone was going to claim Nova Cohen it'd be us. My brothers and I deserve to have her. After all, she is fucking perfect.

Of course because as much as our boss didn't know it was Nova that night, he knows who she is. I mean, it's not hard the whole fucking town knows who Nova Cohen is. Being the mayor's daughter gives her that disadvantage.

"You know we need to get close to her, don't you?" Cass says, sipping his beer.

"I volunteer," Jordy says, throwing his hand up.

"No," I say, eyeing my brothers.

"We'll all have a play. I'll enjoy making the little princess squirm," I say.

"Fuck yes, hell yeah," Jordy and Bass both shout at the same time.

"You want her?" I raise an eyebrow at Cass.

He shrugs.

"Always wondered what she tastes like," he says, licking his lips.

"Oh, me too." Bass wiggles his eyebrows as if finding this entire conversation amusing.

"I think it's time we call in a favor." Cass's slow smile spreads across his face.

“Until she’s ours, issue a warning that if any fucker goes near her they’ll answer to me,” I hiss.

My brothers nod. Those fucking frat boys will keep their hands and eyes to themselves. If I catch anyone within breathing distance of Nova I won’t even blink ending them.

“You think she’ll go for this?” Bass asks, taking a huge sip of his beer.

Didn’t matter to me. Nova would answer to us and us alone. She’ll soon learn that being a princess locked away in a tower doesn’t keep the monsters at bay, they always find their way in.

“Does it matter? We always get what we want regardless. The princess knows this so she’ll obey,” I say.

“Fuck, thinking of using that sweet little fucking mouth has got me all excited.” Jordy groans.

“Best fucking idea ever,” Cassius declares.

“It’s pretty fucking brilliant. Gain her trust, use her to get what we want, then fuck her over,” I say.

“Just like that?” Bass says, folding his arms across his chest.

“Yeah, just like that,” I say.

“But we can have fun with her, right?” Bass asks, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah, why not,” I tell him. Who was I to deny my brothers the luxury of trying something as fine as Nova Cohen?

The sly smile on Cass’s face tells me everything I need to know, my brother has a plan, and in time, we are going to take down the one man who has wronged us, even if it means sweet little Nova-Lee gets burned in the process.



TONIGHT IS the start of our plan. The Batch boys always throw the biggest parties just as semester starts, and girls throw themselves at us as we walk through the doors.

Jasper nods, slipping me an envelope. I tap his cheek in thanks as I pass him. The fucker knows he's lucky to be alive. Needs to learn to keep his dick in his pants.

"Hi, King," one girl moans my name like my dick is already inside her, her teeth biting down on her lip is a dead giveaway. Shoving her tits together gives me a nice view, one I used to enjoy. I could take her right here if I wanted and she'd let me. But girls like her bore me. They are up for anything, will do anything and everything I ask of them while the noises they make are as fake as their tits.

I wink at her, passing her with my brothers following me.

She pouts when we all pass her, guess it wasn't just my dick she wanted.

"Fuck we passed up on that?" Bass says.

Yeah, we had, and I knew she would have had all four of us too. Taking a beer from the middle of the bucket, I pass us each one while we survey the room around us. The crowd parts, making room for us.

Jordy chuckles, his eyes flicking back to a group of girls watching us.

He flirts from across the room, making the girls blush.

Typical Jordy, I swear the fucker's dick can spot a needy chick within a ten-mile radius.

We have no clue if Nova will even attend tonight, typically she'd refrain from any sort of parties, her father being notorious for his rules, but being her junior year of college, we hope the temptation is there. So we'd come on the off chance she'd be here.

"We have a job to do," I tell them sternly enough so they know not to fuck around.

"Yes, Dad," Bass jokes, making him and Jordy chuckle. I roll my eyes. As the oldest, the dad jokes don't bother me, my

brothers are my responsibility. I would die for them. It's been this way for as long as I can remember, we've had each other's backs since we were kids.

Jordy and Bass are both juniors, Cass and I are seniors, so I let their jokes and cocky attitudes pass. I know they've both been through a shitty fucking start to life, we all have. It's why we bonded. But I'd always watched out for them, and I wasn't about to let them stop having fun just because our lives had changed due to something we did as kids. Because of the situation it put us in, but I promised them one day we'd get out and our time was coming. We just needed a little more time, needed a little help, and the one person who could help us just so happened to cross our path.

I wasn't about to let this opportunity pass us by. Nova was perfect for it and nothing was going to stop us from using her.

Cass nods toward the crowd.

She's here.

We both smile and I tip my head toward her.

Cass gulps down the last of his beer, leaving us behind as he makes the first move. He grabs two more and then heads in the direction Nova just came through. As much as we all wanted to make the first move, Cass is a charmer and Nova being a chick at the end of the day, will eat that shit up, even she isn't immune to his charms.

It's showtime.



“I can’t believe I let you drag me here tonight,” I complain to Vicky and Miller.

“Oh, come on, everyone is here, and you wanted to stay at home and pretend that you secretly don’t want to be here,” Vicky says, throwing her arm through mine. “Right?” She stares pointedly at Miller.

“Fuck, I don’t know, I’m not exactly up for this shit either, it sucks,” he complains. Miller was always the voice of reason. Many times he’d talked Vicky out of doing something she’d regret.

I sigh, shaking my head at my best friends.

We’d been through thick and thin. Miller always seemed to be pulled into whatever Vicky suggested solely to protect me and make sure I wasn’t doing it alone. I’d snuck out tonight, knowing my father is at a meeting and would be furious if he

knew I'd disobeyed his order. I was done being that girl. I wanted to break some rules, have fun, and maybe enjoy myself just a little.

Vicky stops in the middle of the room, her eyes just about bugging out of their sockets.

"Dear Lord," she mutters, fanning herself.

Miller rolls his eyes clearly over whatever has her fascinated.

"Are you okay?" I ask her, looking at what has caught her attention.

I groan when I see Cassius walking with purpose. People part letting him through with ease. His eyes never leave mine as he makes his way toward us.

"We need to go," I say, tugging on her arm.

"Uh no, he's heading this way," she says, smiling, her teeth catching her lip just as Cassius stops right in front of me, flashing one of his signature charming smiles.

Miller steps in front of me, protecting me just like he always does.

"Hey, pup," he says, looking behind Miller to smile over at me.

"Got you a drink, you looked thirsty," he says, handing me a beer, his gaze drifting over my body stopping at my cleavage. Damn Vicky for persuading me to wear this dress.

"Dear, Lord," Vicky mumbles. "Pup," she squeaks. I can hear her mind going a mile a minute intrigued at the nickname Cassius has given me.

A huff of breath escapes me when he reaches for me around Miller, nudging him out of the way, his main focus on me, his fingers land on my right hip, and suddenly I'm too close to him. My hand reaches out to stop myself from crashing into him, but it's too late. My fingers land on his hard pecs, and I almost stop the whimper from escaping as they do, but Cass doesn't miss it, especially if the smirk currently plastered over his face has anything to say about it, then his hand is cupping my ass over my dress. *Dear Lord.*

His fingers move, grabbing a handful of me.

Heat races through me when he lowers his head, his lips brushing the shell of my ear.

“Baby, you look downright edible in this dress.” He moans.

His fingers slip between my legs, his tips brushing the edge of my center.

Shoving him as hard as I can, I snap, “Fuck you.” Shaking from Cassius’s grip, I storm back through the crowd to get away.

I don’t care what he wants or that he thought he had some right to me, I’m leaving. Fuck these guys and their macho bullshit. I’m done.

Just as I make it down the stairs, strong fingers grip my wrist tugging me, making me fall back into his body.

“I wasn’t done talking, pup. You should know better than to run from me,” he whispers close to my ear. My stupid body shivers slightly, betraying me. His breath coats my skin in a deadly wave of his pheromones that seem to crawl under my skin.

He growls against me, sensing my inner turmoil, his hardness pushing into me from behind.

“This dress, fuck, pup.” He hisses, his fingers dancing over my skin, coating me in goosebumps.

“Don’t touch me,” I growl.

Reaching up, he goes to wrap his fingers around my throat but stops himself, dropping his hand back before dragging me across the yard and through the dorms. Cassius doesn’t stop until we’re at a truck, their truck, the one I’ve seen them driving around.

I’d put myself on their radar, and now, whatever they have planned I’m beginning to think I’ll be right smack in the middle.

I couldn’t just stay home, could I?

Cassius smirks, his gaze flickering between me and the building in the direction of the party.

He forces me back, towering over me, leaning downward his lips ghost my collarbone, and every part of me stills when his fingers trail a pattern across my thigh.

“Fuck, pup, you smell so fucking good.” He groans before a noise behind us makes him cock his head toward it.

Of course we were about to have company.

“We’ll finish this later,” he says, winking at me.

Three figures walk through the darkness and toward the truck. The lights above give off enough of a glow that they almost seem like guardians of the night.

“Hey, mamas,” Sebastian says, winking at me.

“Look, I’m not going to talk so whatever this is, I don’t want any part of it,” I bite back.

I try to push past them, but Cassius’s fingers grip my arm tightly, shoving me back between them and caging me in.

Just let me go, please.

Kingston’s tongue darts out wetting his lips. His eyes narrow at me, he’s cold, ruthless, and the hardest to read out of all of them.

Cassius is standing to the side of me, flicking a lighter.

“Being the mayor’s daughter doesn’t make you untouchable, princess,” Kingston barks.

“Please, I didn’t do anything.” I try to bargain with them, sharing a look they all smirk before their focus is directed at me again.

Panic fills my lungs because I’m starting to think bringing me out here is just the start.

“What do you want?” I plead with them.

“You. On your knees, for a start,” King says.

Jordan chuckles just as Sebastian wiggles his eyebrows suggestively at me.

“No,” I hiss.

“Oh, she’s feisty, I love that,” Jordy says, cocking an eyebrow, his fingers lifting to touch the fabric of my dress. Lifting it slightly, I bat his hand away.

“Don’t touch me,” I snap.

He chuckles, moving slightly closer, towering over me and forcing me to look up at him.

“You make it sound like you have a choice, princess.” Kingston laughs.

“I promise I didn’t see anything. I won’t mention anything to anyone, even my father.” I sniff.

Cassius sighs heavily.

“We know you won’t talk, pup.” Narrowing my eyes at him, I wonder then why do this?

I shake my head. “I won’t, please I just want to go,” I whisper. I try to move past him, but he catches my arm, squeezing my wrist tightly.

“Ow, you’re hurting me, you asshole. Keep your grubby hands off me.” Balling my fist up, I smack it hard against his chest. He chuckles, catching my other wrist.

“While your tantrums are cute, pup, I’d be careful, I won’t have a problem punishing you.” Cassius growls.

I don’t back down, staring up at him, holding my gaze prisoner, Cassius’s eyes glint with wicked intent.

His face darkens, turning into me, his fingers trail across my collarbone, his thumb brushing over the marks left behind by his brothers.

His fingers trace over them as if he’s imagining what his own mark would look like on my flesh.

“Here’s the thing, we need you to do something for us.”

“W-what?” I ask.

“We need something from you, that only you can get us,” Kingston tells me, inching closer. Reaching up, he takes a

strand of my hair between his fingers. All four of them move slightly closer to me, caging me between them. Kingston drops his hand, the corner of his mouth tipping up when I aim my glare at him.

I fall silent waiting on bated breath for them to talk.

“You see, mamas, your father knows a lot of people, and with that comes a lot of knowledge and a lot of fucking secrets,” Sebastian says, lifting his fingers to wrap a strand of my hair around them, just like his brother did.

A rush of anxiety hits me making me ramble, “What do you mean?”

“Let’s just say we need certain information that only your father would have,” Kingston tells me.

“O-okay, so I get you information from my father’s office?” I murmur.

“I wish it was that simple, princess, but you see it’s much more than that, Nova, get in,” Kingston says, nodding toward the truck.

“W-hat, w-why?” I shake my head as Sebastian grabs my arm, yanking me toward his chest.

“Because he said, mamas.” The door creaks loudly as he opens it and ushers me into the back. I go to make a run through the other door, but Jordy meets me there with a wicked smile on his face.

“Oh, baby, did you think it’d be that easy?” He chuckles, shoving me back in between him and Sebastian. Jordy winks when my shoulder pushes into his. Their thighs touch against mine as Kingston and Cassius take their seats up front. The rumble of the engine kicks in when Kingston starts the truck and then slowly he moves.

I slap at Jordan’s hand as his fingers trail up my leg.

His chuckle echoes around us. Kingston meets my gaze in the mirror lifting his lip in a smirk as I scowl at him.

What have I got myself into?

What do they think my father has that will help them?

I study them as we drive. Sebastian's thigh presses against mine and I don't miss how he does it again making sure he pushes my thighs together as Jordy does the same on my other side.

They both grin when I push myself up trying to stop the friction.

I shuffle angrily making sure my elbows dig into their sides just to annoy them.

Jordan grunts, resting his hand on my hip to stop my movement.

"Mamas," Sebastian hisses in warning.

"I'm not your damn puppet," I bark.

"Oh, mamas." Sebastian smiles.

"You are so much more than that," he says.

Pulling up outside a house that's definitely seen better days. Instantly I know it's theirs.

Jordan slides out dragging me with him. His fingers hurt me, digging into my flesh.

"Ouch," I cry out, forcing a glare Jordan's way.

He doesn't let go, too afraid I'd make a run for it no doubt. "Don't look so scared, mamas." Sebastian comes to my other side gripping the back of my neck, his fingers reaching around my throat.

"I'm going to enjoy watching you bend to our will, baby girl," Jordy whispers darkly on my other side.

They both manhandle me, walking me toward the door.

This is their territory. Why did they bring me here?

My breathing becomes labored as we enter their home.

"Sit," Sebastian tells me as he pushes me onto the couch.

"Be a good girl, and do as you're told, Nova," Cassius tells me, taking a seat beside me. His muscular thigh pushes against

mine, and I have to bite my lips to stop myself from making any noise. Damn my body for reacting.

I swallow, the lump getting caught in my throat.

Power and authority ooze from each of them as they stare me down. My heart pounds in my chest while I wait.

“Now, Nova, tell us everything you know about what you think you saw,” Kingston asks me, sitting on the coffee table his thighs stretching on the outside of my legs.

They all stare at me waiting.

I'm so fucking doomed.



Watching the way this girl's throat bobbed with every swallow was making me achingly fucking hard. Her tremors were something else, fuck I was so fucking hard.

That mouth of hers was going to get her in trouble, but I wouldn't complain. We'd find ways to put her mouth to good use. She was happy to test us, push us, and I wasn't going to stop her because it's only a matter of time before King gets sick of her bullshit and acts on it. Guy was a loose fucking cannon. You'd think being the oldest at twenty he'd be calm, but nope, the motherfucker was a disaster waiting to happen.

His parents' deaths might have something to do with the way he is, but King never talked about them, not anymore, that ship was long gone. Maybe having Nova to focus on would do him some good. God only knows King needed a good distraction.

The way her tongue darts across her lips gives me a thrill. Nova's fingers toy with the end of her dress, the movement

isn't missed by me or my brothers. She nibbles on her lip, her eyes moving around between us. She's skittish which is understandable, my brothers and I can be, well we can be intimidating.

I don't miss Cass's gaze falling to her thigh that's bare thanks to her fidgeting. My gaze catches his and we both smirk. Yeah, she was a fucking sight, all right.

"Talk, princess," King tells her, leaning forward just enough to keep a safe distance between him and Nova.

She closes her eyes, taking a deep breath. Her body shakes slightly, fear is evident as she finally focuses her gaze on my brother.

"I didn't see any faces. I didn't know it was you until you ..."
She stops.

"Keep going," Jordy tells her, leaning his arms over the couch. Her gaze flutters around the room. Nova has nowhere to run, besides, we'd catch her before she even had time to move fast enough. I almost want her to run, to try to escape us. Fuck, I'd love to chase her. My jaw twitches in excitement.

Her chest rises and falls rapidly, I'd say she's remembering our threats.

"Come on, princess, spit it out," Kingston growls.

"I only heard the shot and the body fall, I don't know who it was, I was too scared after ..." Nova's voice quivers. Keeping her eyes downcast, she fidgets.

"So you've followed our command and haven't spoken a word?" King asks her.

She shakes her head rapidly.

"N-no."

"Nova." King's voice makes her jump.

"I promise I don't know anything, not really." She whimpers and a soft sob escapes her. Cass raises his eyebrows nodding his head at me.

"Mamas," I question.

“What? Are you going to hold me hostage? Keep me as a prisoner?” she questions.

“Oh, baby, as perfect as that sounds, I don’t think you could handle all four of us.” Jordy chuckles.

He’s right, she’s never handled one guy let alone four, and guys like us.

“I think we need some collateral.” King cranes his neck, Jerking his hand toward Nova.

“What?” Nova protests. Cass helps her stand, forcing her in front of King. King takes his time walking around Nova, his gaze filters over her as he does. Her body shivers under his scrutiny. His soft chuckle fills the room before he tells her.

“Take off your dress.” He stops in front of her looking down at her.

“W-what?” she bursts out.

She shakes her head muttering, “N-no.”

King lifts his hand, trailing his fingers softly across her chin. Gripping it forcefully he drawls, “It wasn’t a question, princess.”

Jordy chuckles because like him I was completely on board with getting Nova naked. I mean, the girl is a sex dream waiting to happen.

King pounces forward his fingers gripping around her throat pulling her inches from his face. The snarl in place is a warning.

“I said. Take off your fucking dress. Don’t make me ask you again, Nova,” he barks.

She falls back onto the couch when he lets go, bracing herself with her arms, eyes wide, staring between Kingston and me.

Slowly her fingers reach for the top of her dress toying with the straps, and then they effortlessly fall down her shoulders. An audible breath escapes me and Jordy.

“Fuck,” he breathes behind me. Yeah, fuck indeed.

Apprehension is in her eyes, although she doesn't stop, shifting herself to a standing position. The dress falls in a heap at her feet, her pussy right in Kingston's eye line. Lucky fucker.

Cassius groans softly, but his focus is directly behind her.

Her pale blue matching panties and bra make her skin glow. Kingston deliberately shifts his fingers touching the inside of her thigh.

A soft gasp escapes her, and none of us miss the goosebumps that line her skin.

Kingston's fingers trail across her hip bone, toying with the edge of her panties. She shivers, clenching her thighs together.

"Tell me, princess, is this pussy untouched?" he asks as his fingers stop over her.

"Princess," he asks again, lifting his gaze to her.

"Y-yes," she whimpers as King's thumb pushes against her pussy.

He growls. She's a virgin? Fuck. I lick my lips as the sudden urge to claim her is a driving force.

"I'm going to enjoy claiming you, princess," King murmurs.

He's making it known she's ours and no one is to touch what's ours.

"On your knees, princess," he demands, his voice husky as she stares at his feet, Kingston blows out a heavy breath. Nodding to the floor beneath her.

"Please," she begs.

"Now," he demands.

She sinks slowly down, her knees hitting the floor with a soft thud.

His chuckles are manic as he unzips his jeans, taking his cock out.

"Open wide," he tells her.

His hand wraps around her hair tugging her closer, making her lips touch the tip of his cock.

Making a noise of approval as Nova slides his cock between her lips, she obeys wrapping her lips around him. We all watch as he slides down her throat.

“Fuck, princess, that’s a girl, suck me,” he growls. Thrusting his hips forward. She gags as he hits the back of her throat. He chuckles gripping her hair tighter, shoving himself down again. I can’t help but watch as his cock slides back and forth filling her mouth.

Kingston lets out a long low groan, the sound of slurping echoes around the room, sending my own cock dripping.

Fuck, why is it so hot watching Nova suck my brother off?

Kingston’s harsh pants sound and then he grunts, jerking in Nova’s mouth without warning, cursing as he fills her mouth.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he groans. She looks up at him, wide eyes as he empties himself into her mouth. Unsureness fills her eyes as he slides his cock out.

“Swallow it, princess,” he commands her again. Like the good little girl she is, she swallows every drop. Pulling a face as she does.

“Such a good girl, princess.” He smiles.

It’s not until Kingston smirks that I notice his phone, he’s been recording her this whole time. Exploiting her while she is vulnerable,

typical fucking Kingston.

My cock hardens and I know I’m not the only one, Nova is a sight. Fucking hell watching her the way she took my brother so fucking well, I want fucking next.

“You can get dressed now,” Kingston says, chucking her dress at her. She catches it, holding it to her chest. Her gaze stays downcast, the corner of her eyes becoming glassy.

Holding up his phone, he waves it in the air.

“That way if you say shit, we’ll have this to share with the entire town, make them question what sweet little Nova Cohen is really into.” He smirks.

He walks away, leaving her alone with Cassius, Jordy, and me.

Her face pales, and I don’t miss the unshed tears pooling in her eyes.

“Mamas, if you don’t want me ripping those fucking panties with my teeth, you need to get dressed because I’m ready to fucking devour you,” I tell her, swallowing deeply, trying to control my eager as fuck cock. I adjust myself through my jeans trying to relieve the pressure.

Hurriedly, she throws her dress on almost tripping in the process, but Cassius’s hands on her hips prevent her from falling.

“Don’t worry about Kingston, pup, he’s a moody son of a bitch,” Cassius tells her, nodding to the door.

She mumbles something like, “I wouldn’t say moody.”

“I’ll take you home.” Placing his hand on her lower back I almost want to fight him for that role, but we all agreed he’d be the one to get close to her, make her trust us, all while we fuck with her.

As soon as they exit, I bolt for my room all while Jordy yells behind me,

“Ah, please don’t tell me you’re not going to jerk it?”

Fuck yes, I am. I’ll never get the image of Nova standing there like that out of my head.

I know she’s a pawn in our game, but Kingston never said anything about not being able to use her to get off.



Cassius helps me into the truck. Reaching across me, he buckles me in. The kind gesture almost feels akin to something sweet. Without saying a word, I watch as he walks to the driver's side and slides in beside me. My heart is pounding after what occurred inside. I was not only mortified with myself, but humiliated that Kingston now has a video of me sucking him off. It was probably the worst blowjob he's ever had, but with little notice I wasn't exactly prepared for my first time giving a blowjob to be in front of three other people.

So humiliating.

I want the ground to eat me up. Rolling his shirt sleeves up as if buying himself some more time, Cassius looks over at me before turning the key.

"Things will go more smoothly, pup, if you just obey."

Air whooshes from my lungs when the car rolls forward, the need to be away from all that testosterone greater than anything I've ever felt.

Cassius drives the few blocks toward my house. Seeing my father's car in the driveway as he pulls up, for once I wish it wasn't.

Staring at my father's parked car, I'm unmoving and fully aware of the way Cassius eyes me. Letting out a sigh, I unclasp my belt and let it slide beside me. Gazing over at Cassius, I open my door ready to leave.

"Pup, wait," he says. Placing his hand on my arm, he stops me before he leans across the steering wheel, his biceps stretching as his shirt pulls across his torso. I watch as he swallows, his Adam's apple glides across his throat. Cassius clears his throat, pulling me from my distraction.

Opening my mouth to say something, I then close it again too afraid of the words that will spill out.

"That was him claiming you," he says.

"Why?" I ask him.

"You belong to us, Nova, don't forget that."

"I don't want to," I mutter.

"That's the way it is, pup, and you need to play along because if you think you've pissed King off, baby, you haven't seen nothing yet."

I work hard to keep my emotions in check before I find the courage to ask, "Is he ever not that intense?"

Cassius lets out an amused chuckle.

"Nope," he says, popping the P.

Tilting his head to the side, he reaches toward me placing his hand on my thigh, and my body tenses under his touch. Raising his eyebrow before he frowns, he then nods toward the house beckoning me to go. Why they'd taken it upon themselves to claim me I wasn't sure. I almost ask him about

the note but then think better of it. The point is moot, he won't confess to which one of them it was.

Without another word, I close the door behind me and walk the few steps toward the front door. It's late, well after midnight so I know my father, he'll be waiting for me.

Closing the door as gently behind me as I can, I slip my shoes off carrying them under my arm, but his voice stops me as soon as I pass the dining area.

"It's late, Nova." He glares over at me as I pass the entrance.

"Where have you been? You know the rules," he says angrily.

"Vicky wanted me to go—" I begin to say, but he holds his hand up, silencing me.

"Do you think I make these rules as a joke, Nova?" he snaps.

I shake my head.

"No, sir, I don't," I whisper.

"I do this for a reason, Nova. Because of who I am, you can be used against me."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm disappointed, Nova. After your mother, I've tried my best to raise you with enough values and grace as best I could, but now I'm seeing everything we've worked so hard for fall through the cracks."

He is right, lately everything has felt different, including me.

"I don't want to take away your freedom, Nova, but you are giving me no choice," he says. "I am who I am, Nova, and with that comes difficulties, expectations, one's I have to live up to and abide by."

Nodding my response, my father sighs, his phone ringing ends our conversation.

He nods toward the stairs telling me without words.

I'm dismissed.

I hear a gruff "Did you get it?" before I walk away.

As soon as I'm alone in my room, I have a moment to think. Sinking onto my bed, my thoughts run rampant.

The boys were a nice distraction, but even I knew whatever this was couldn't last forever. They made it clear they needed me, but could I use them for my own needs?

Clearly, I have an advantage with The Sinners because as messed up as tonight was, I didn't miss the very obvious bulges they all had.

Did watching what Kingston made me do turn them on? Was it something they'd done before? Shared girls I mean. I wouldn't put it past them. It's not like they'd ever share me, I'm just a game to them. A means to an end.

I knew it was a power move, Kingston forcing me to suck his cock, but oddly enough, the dampness in my undies told me exactly what my body thought of the situation.

Did I really enjoy the way Kingston manhandled and commanded me? That his brothers watching me pleasure him turned me on even more?

But I knew whatever they needed from me was important. Seeing what happened in the fields was only the beginning, there was so much more to this story.

I just wish I knew where to begin.



“OH, my god, what happened to you last night?” Vicky practically squeals, dropping her arm through mine.

“Nothing.” I try to sway the subject by asking, “So what happened to you?”

“Uh-huh, missy, you don't get off that easily.” She stops to stand in front of me.

“You left with Cassius, Cassius Alston, and then like five minutes later the rest of them followed. So, what happened?”

I knew I couldn't tell her, not without having to explain why they showed the sudden interest in me to begin with.

I sigh, ready to give her a candid version of what I could.

“Hey, mamas.” Sebastian's voice startles us both as he throws his arm over my shoulder pulling me into him. The smell of his body wash floods my senses, and for some unknown reason, it makes me want to lick him.

He plants a kiss on the side of my head. As if reading my mind, he then whispers, “We had a deal, Nova.” Then he smiles at Vicky saying, “I'm going to borrow Nova for just a moment.” Grabbing my fingers between his, he walks us toward the library, dragging me behind him without a care in the world.

Sebastian corners me between a shelf and his body. I'm not complaining. He has a nice body, the way his muscles flex when he pushes his arm above my head, the way his veins stick out giving him arm porn. Yeah, he is nice to look at.

He makes sure we catch the attention of everyone around us, the way his body pushes into mine, his lips sit mere inches from mine, and he looks down at me like he is ready to devour me.

Sebastian is publicly claiming me, this right here with him is telling everyone and anyone who would take notice that I am his, no I am theirs. The Sinners.

“You being a good girl, mamas?” he asks, lifting his finger to caress it across my collarbone.

“You manhandle all the girls like that or just me?” I demand.

Sebastian chuckles, toying with the ends of my hair. “Just you, mamas.”

He is completely infuriating.

My lip catches between my teeth, and Sebastian watches as it pops back out. Then he dips his head to mine, kissing me and taking me completely by surprise.

Warning signs are firing all around me, but I pay no attention to any of them. I melt into the kiss, but before I can fully appreciate it for what it is, he pulls away, leaving me panting softly and in desperate need of a cold shower. Boy, can he kiss.

He grips my jaw tightly, his thumb brushing over my bottom lip. Letting it go, he gently taps the side of my cheek although I know it's a warning.

“Everything you do is our business, Nova.”

He leaves me standing in the middle of the library, disheveled by his kiss and a complete and utter mess because I think I may be in trouble.



The thrill of the chase, it never gets old, and certainly not right now while I watch Nova walk between classes. I've never felt rage like I did last night after Kingston got to feel Nova's lips on his cock while the rest of my brothers and I just watched. I wanted to beat his ass, and I've never wanted to, not over a girl anyway.

What the fuck is different about Nova that makes me want to lay claim to her? She isn't mine.

I lean on the brick wall watching Nova and her friend talk between them. My gaze sweeps between them before landing firmly on Nova.

Nova spots me over her friend's shoulder, and even from my spot I don't miss the eye roll she does for my presence. I cock an eyebrow at her. Completely in awe of her because, at this very moment, she is making a stand and it is fucking adorable.

Most girls beg to fuck my brothers and me, but Nova, she couldn't care less. I want to say it's because of that night, the night she stumbled upon what we were a part of, but then again, that's how she's always been. She's not the type of girl to throw herself at guys let alone care what they think of her, we just haven't given a fuck before.

They start to move with purpose, so slowly I follow behind them, keeping some distance. After all, I'm Nova's new shadow, and I just need to keep her in line. Remind her why she now belongs to us.

"Hey, Cass," a girl purrs, stopping me as she runs her fingernails up drifting them over my pecs. I raise an eyebrow of interest. We've fucked before, I forget her name, but I remember how wild in bed she was. She'd taken both Jordy and me at the same time, that had been the first time we'd shared a girl. When I think of Nova, the image of her taking me and my brothers all at once makes me groan.

I realize my mistake when the girl starts to slide her hand lower. I stop her just before she reaches my cock.

"You can leave," I tell her, shoving her hand off me. She glares at me but moves away, almost tripping over her own feet.

"Fuck," I mutter. I've lost sight of Nova.

My gaze idly scans the crowd of students loitering in the yard. Where the fuck could she have gone?

Entering the building in search of her, I know Kingston will have my balls for losing her, especially knowing my focus was blown because of pussy. No, I'll find her even if I miss class. Fuck it.

After a moment of searching for her, I'd been close to calling it and admitting defeat, but standing right there talking to some dipshit with a skateboard tucked under his arm is my girl. I see red.

My steps take me to her in minutes. Stepping between her and the dipshit, I put a wall between them glaring down at him, to back the fuck off.

A cocky grin crosses his face, and the fucker looks around me at Nova, nodding at her.

“I think your guard dog is back. See ya later, Nova.” He chuckles.

Before he walks away, I grip his arm and warn him, “Keep your distance from Nova. Tell the others this is your only warning.” His eyes dip down before he nods running from me, not even looking back.

Turning to face her, I point my glare at her.

“What are you?” she snorts, unaware of the warning I just gave. Pushing past me, she lets out a frustrated growl, and I step in place beside her as she walks down the hall. “Look, you think I want this?” I bark at her. I step in front of her forcing her to knock into me, her body pressing into mine.

Fuck she felt good. Why did she feel so good?

She snorts then huffs out a laugh, holding her chin high and glaring at me. “I think you do. In fact, I think you and your brothers get off on chasing me or whatever it is you call this.” She waves her hand around us.

“You drive me insane, you know that.” I hiss. “I don’t want to follow you around, Nova. Fuck, I just want fucking ans—” I stop myself before I say shit I can’t take back.

“Then don’t, leave me alone.” She sighs.

I grab her arm when she tries to get past me, forcing her to look up at me. Nova barely makes it to my chest. I position myself behind her, bringing her flat against me, my lips meet her ear and her body shivers as I bend down and whisper, “You’re ours, pup. All fucking ours.”

Spinning her around to face me, my hands grip her face and then my lips crash down on hers. My hand slowly moves downward, my fingers spread wide over Nova’s hip resting it there before sliding down further gripping her ass in my hand. Lifting her slightly in my arm, her tits brush against my chest as I hold her against me.

She kisses me back, with just as much as I give. Our moans mingle together sounding like something straight from a porno, knowing the people around us are getting a good show. This girl infuriates me to the point of driving me crazy, but this, fuck my lips on hers feels right. Coming to her senses she pulls away, sliding down my body and forcing me to let her go. She gasps, with her fingers touching her lips she escapes quickly.



“HEARD Nova got away from you today?” Jordy taunts me.

“Fuck off,” I tell him, cracking my neck to ease the tension building. Heading to the garage, nothing calms me more than working on cars.

The feel of putting them back together, piece by piece, is a rush like no other.

The 1968 Chevrolet Impala I’d been working on for a while now seems to be slowly making a recovery. I’d saved up and bought it at a used car sale six months ago. It needed a bit of work, but all around it was in good condition.

My attention is drawn away when King’s voice comes across the garage.

“She’s looking good.” I don’t answer him, just keep twisting this damn bolt that won’t go in.

My anger has always been an issue, but with King, he never let me be alone. No, he’d rather push all your buttons until you finally snap, and then he’d just smile because he’d always seemed to get you to spill your guts.

“You’re pissed,” he states the obvious. I just roll my eyes. Why I was, I didn’t know, maybe because Nova isn’t mine.

“Right, it’s about her right, Nova?” he says, sitting his beer on the bench to the side before coming over to join me at the car.

Resting his hands on the open hood, he leans into the car, watching me.

“Cass, come on she’s just—”

I throw the wrench making it soar across the garage before hitting the shelf with a bang. The kiss today fucked with my head. Clenching my hands on top of my head to calm myself, I take deep breaths. She felt so fucking right, and we were using her to fulfill our own fucking needs.

King looks at me, his questioning gaze pointed right at me.

“Cass.” His hand rests on my shoulder, forcing me to lock eyes with him.

“Talk to me,” he tells me.

“You had her first, okay.” I sigh, wiping my hands on the old towel I’d hung over the hood.

He scoffs.

“The fuck I did. All she did was suck my cock. Look, I was proving a point, my head got caught up in the moment. And I knew I couldn’t back out not once it began. She needed to know we were serious if she ran her mouth.”

“Did you have to fucking humiliate her like that? Fuck, King.”

“Look, I’ll admit things escalated quickly, but she needs to know we’re in charge, Cass. We can’t have her fucking with our heads.” Raising his eyebrows at me, my thoughts are clearly written over my damn face. “Yeah, I know, we’ve worked too damn hard.” He grips my neck pulling me close, and his forehead touches mine.

“I can’t lose you guys, I won’t,” he tells me.

“You won’t,” I reply.

“He’s going to pay, I promise, we just need more time,” King says.

“Nova is ours, and we do whatever it takes to keep this shit under wraps.”

“I know.” I sigh.

“He won’t stop until we end him.”

I nod because he’s right, our main focus is taking him down. We’d been forced to work for him since we were kids. We’d required his special skills and back then to a bunch of kids who’d have done anything to have a better life, we took what he was offering. They were desperate times, except it came with insurance, our lives, and it bound us to him. He threatened to kill us and make the others watch so to escape uncertain death we pledged to him.

“I just wish we could”

“We can’t tell her,” King says.

“We have to,” I voice.

“No, we stick to the fucking plan,” King snaps.

“No, she deserves to know, King,” I reply.

“Fuck, Cass, you don’t think I know that. This will destroy her but what good will come of her knowing the fucking truth?”

Fuck. He’s right. If Nova ever found out the truth it would destroy her.

Nova may have witnessed a murder, but she’d been the key all along. She could gain access to her father’s files, the one man in this town that had dirt on everyone. Was it a coincidence that Nova was there that night at exactly that time or was it fate throwing us a fucking bone?

King is right, we need Nova. But for other reasons I want her, and I’m going to get her every possible way I can.



Sebastian and Cassius corner me in the library, each devouring me with their gaze. So much for avoiding them. Making a run for it, Sebastian grabs me around my waist, hurling me off the ground and forcing me into his chest.

He chuckles against my ear when I try to kick him. “Ooh,” he utters, biting my earlobe and forcing me to stifle a scream.

“Feisty, I love it.” He hisses, making Cassius chuckle.

Sebastian holds me while Cassius cages me between them, his huge body trapping me against Sebastian’s chest. With all my might, I force my knee upward, aiming for his dick. Cassius grabs my leg, tsking at me while he holds it between us.

“Pup, that wasn’t very nice, now was it?”

“Screw you, asshole.” I huff.

“Tell me, mamas.” Sebastian’s lips brush against mine. “Does he get jealous knowing we get to touch you?”

“W-what?”

“You heard him, pup. Your friend, he wants you so fucking bad, but you’re ours, aren’t you?” His fingers cradle my cheek.

Is he talking about Miller? No way, he’s my friend, nothing more.

“Right, so wants you, mamas,” Sebastian repeats. His fingers travel downward reaching the edge of my dress and lifting it up.

I whimper when his fingers connect with my center.

“That’s it, Bass, make our girl feel good,” Cassius murmurs. As he leans forward, his tongue wets a trail against my neck, sucking the pulse between his lips before he looks down at me, smirking. Sebastian’s fingers pull my underwear to the side, and his fingers meet the wetness they’ve created.

“Fuck,” Sebastian drags out. He pushes the tips of his fingers inside me. Clenching my thighs together, I whimper softly as he pushes in further.

The pressure is intense, yet the feel of his fingers entering me has me whimpering.

“She’s so wet for us,” Sebastian tells Cassius.

Groaning, Cassius stares down at me, his hand controlling my jaw as his thumb presses down on my bottom lip.

A whoosh of air escapes me as Cassius pushes every hard inch into me.

“We’re going to own you in every way, pup, and you’re going to enjoy it,” Cassius tells me, grinning when I practically growl as Sebastian removes his fingers.

“I won’t,” I spit, freeing my arm once Sebastian loosens his hold on me.

“You’re a liar, mamas,” Sebastian says.

“Am not. I’ll never let you touch me again, none of you,” I fire back.

“It’s okay, pup, we’re all liars, some of us are just better at hiding our secrets.” He winks.

“You’re assholes,” I bark.

Cassius stares down at me. “True, yes but—”

“Nova?” Miller’s voice breaks through the bubble the boys have put me in.

He eyes the boys suspiciously while I fix my dress.

Blush creeps over my cheeks as all their eyes fixate on me.

“Remember what we said, pup,” Cassius says then he walks away with Sebastian following behind, but not before he turns around winking at me brightly.

“What was that about, Nova?” Miller asks concern tracing over his voice.

“Nothing,” I say. My legs feel like lead as I pack up my belongings.

“Oh, come on, Nova. You were between them and I’m pretty sure I saw Hale’s hand come from your underwear. Did you let him touch you in the middle of the library?” He scoffs, the disgust evident in his voice.

“It’s nothing,” I mutter.

“Oh please, Nova, don’t tell me you’re becoming one of *those* girls.”

Glaring at the person I thought was my best friend, I bark, “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Desperate for any bit of attention those guys throw at you. You realize they’re dangerous, right? Have you not heard the rumors, Nova? Heard the stories?” He hisses.

“Yes, in fact I have, Miller. But that doesn’t give you the right to judge me. I thought you were my friend but clearly, I was wrong.” I storm away from him, tears threatening to fall because Miller has never spoken to me like that, and all of a sudden, I feel like his words were not only meant to hurt me but to push his own agenda. Miller doesn’t understand, they

became my shadows and now I have to learn to live with it even if I hate every second.

“Nova.” Dean Carter stops me before I exit the building.

Sighing, I know there is no way to escape him.

“Hi,” I say, lifting my hand in a wave.

“Staying out of trouble?” he asks, giving me a soft smile.

“Yes, sir, of course.”

I sometimes really hate that he’s close to my father, the man may be like family, but he’s constantly checking in on me like it’s his sole purpose for being here.

“Staying away from boys, I hope. They’re nothing but trouble,” he says, raising his eyebrows in question.

I nod slowly because I can’t exactly tell him about my newly acquired shadows.

“Okay go on then, get home, your father will be waiting.” Patting my shoulder, he walks away leaving me to wonder how long I can keep The Sinners a secret because in this small town, everything eventually comes to light, even if The Sinners are behind it.



“NOVA,” my father’s voice carries through the house as I close the door behind me.

Taking a deep breath, I prepare myself.

Finding him at the dining room table with papers scattered around him, he smiles brightly, standing to place a kiss on my cheek.

“I feel like I haven’t seen you in days?” he says.

It’s because you live at your office. I want to say it out loud.

“I’ve been busy,” I lie instead.

“Of course, your course load must be keeping you busy?”

Yeah, my course load, I want to roll my eyes.

“I have to go out of town this weekend. I expect you to behave and obey my rules, Nova,” he tells me.

“Yes, of course, Daddy.” I smile, kissing his cheek before I grab a juice from the fridge and head up to my room.

I don’t need to look at my phone to know it’s late, well after midnight if I had to guess. Pacing my room, I stop to look out the window.

Despite the pit in my stomach, and the growing frustration at my shadows constantly being there, I feel slightly more at ease seeing their truck parked outside my house. My father is gone often, but I’d never really gotten accustomed to being alone. But now, knowing someone was there made me feel—safe.

I’d never tell them that because, well let’s face it, their egos are big enough.

I stare out the window at the red truck that’s been there for the best part of the night. I know they leave eventually, but for the better part, they watch me.

Which one is it?

Jordan?

Cassius?

Sebastian?

I knew it wouldn’t be Kingston; he’d rather stick needles in his eyes than watch me all night. As painful as that experience sounds, I know he’d still prefer it to watching over me.

Kingston West is an enigma for sure. I think I’m slowly working out the others but him I can’t get a read on.

My thoughts run rampant with that night. What’s been happening in this town? Does my father know? Are The Sinners involved so deep they can’t get out, or is it they don’t want to?

With heavy eyes, I take one last look at the truck, knowing no matter what these boys are planning, it's something I'm now involved in. The question is, will I be able to save them or will it end in disaster?



I swear this history class is designed to send me to sleep. For the past half an hour I've been staring out the window, my gaze flitting anyway but at the board at the front of the classroom. Mr. Bernard drones on about the differences between the twentieth and the twenty-first-century wars.

My phone vibrates in my lap, slowly my eyes drift down, hiding it under the desk. Gasping loudly, I drop my phone causing a loud thud when I see what's attached. "Miss Cohen, care to explain?" I scramble for my phone just as Mr. Bernard asks.

Every set of eyes is on me as I quickly pack up my notes and book, rushing from the classroom with Mr. Bernard calling after me as I do. I don't look back, I just get out of there as fast as I can.

Tears cascade down my face, making it hard to see where I'm going, and I bump into a wall of muscle.

“Nova?” Grant, Dean Carter’s assistant states.

I sniff tears falling down my cheeks.

“What’s wrong? Did someone hurt you?” I stay silent, too stunned to speak.

Wrapping his arm around me, he tucks me under his arm and walks me toward the main office area.

Sitting me down in his chair behind his desk, he leaves me for a moment and then comes back with a bottle of water.

My sobs are louder, and I can’t catch my breath. Grant leans down so he’s at eye level with me. Taking my chin between his fingers, he tips it up, forcing me to look into his eyes.

“Nova, I need you to tell me what’s happened.” No. That’s the last thing I want to do.

I shake my head, closing my eyes briefly to collect myself.

“Okay, let me give you a ride. You should go home and rest. I don’t want you driving in these conditions.” I nod slowly wanting to get out of here as fast as I can.

Grant helps me to his car, and then we drive silently toward my house. I’ll worry about getting my car back tomorrow.

Pulling into my driveway, I feel Grant look over at me. Sweeping my hair from my face he sighs. “I’m here for you if you need to talk, just know that,” he mutters softly.

“Thank you,” I whisper, pulling away from him, unbuckling my seatbelt, and letting myself out.

Before I get two steps from his car, his door opens, and he calls, “It’ll all die down soon, Nova, just pay it no attention.” Upon hearing his words, I turn toward him, trying to figure out what he means.

He backs up waving at me before he drives away, leaving me.

Stumbling inside, I make sure to lock the door and double-check it to be sure.

With heavy feet, I make my way to my room. Closing my door behind me and sliding down it, only then do I let out a shaky

breath, reach my trembling hand to my face, and let out a scream into the silent house.

Pulling my phone from my pocket, I open the message I'd been sent.

They'd sent a photo of me sleeping. They'd been in my room while I'd slept. This was their way of letting me know how close they'd been. How they could get to me without me even being aware. I couldn't live like this. Was this them? Or the person who'd been leaving me notes? All I knew was I intended to figure out just what was going on.



CASUALLY WALKING THROUGH THE HALLS, I'm on high alert after finding a note tucked in my door when I headed out to my car this morning. It'd been left at some point after my father left this morning. After thinking this was the work of The Sinners, nothing prepared me for the words that stared back at me.

It was even worse than the photo.

I see you've caught their attention.

But guess what? You're mine, Nova, and they can't fucking have you.

I will take what's rightfully mine, and no one will stop me.

Not even them.

Whoever this was, knew more than anyone was supposed to. But what did they mean by rightfully mine? Were they planning on claiming me? Or worse.

Is this a threat?

Even with my new shadows, they'd managed to slip this past them.

“Hey, what’s up with you?” Vicky asks as she crashes against the locker next to mine.

“Huh?” I answer her, and she laughs.

“Wow, those boys are messing with your head.”

I smile softly. Just agreeing is easier than trying to explain. I think someone else has taken an interest in me, and somehow, I think this one is more deadly than all four guys combined.

“I can’t believe you get to have them,” Vicky says.

“What? I don’t get anything, Vicky. I don’t want them to be interested in me, they’re dangerous,” I mutter mostly to myself, but she hears me.

“Dangerously hot,” she replies.

“You are seriously a worry.”

She shrugs. “I know.”

We laugh until we reach class.

“Nova,” Dean Carter says, ushering me toward him.

“I’ll catch you later,” I tell Vicky. She nods, heading into class while I make my way toward the dean.

“I hope our little chat the other day stuck, Nova?” he says, eyeing the students around us.

“Yes, of course, no boys,” I utter.

He chuckles softly.

“Oh, to be young again.” He shakes his head.

“I know your father treats you like a kid, but even I know he can’t keep you locked away forever, Nova. It’s only a matter of time before you find your way in this world, much to his dismay of course.” He frowns, then nods his head toward the classroom.

“Go on, your future awaits, Nova. Just promise me you’ll stay clear of those boys.”

I nod because, unfortunately, it isn’t a promise I can keep. These boys he was so desperate to keep me away from had

become a permanent fixture in my life, and now I was determined to find out what they needed from my father. And why?

But first, I had to figure out who left the note on my doorstep and why.

Something grabbed me, no not something, someone forcing me into an empty room across the hall.

“Hey, let go of me,” I screech, trying to break free of their hold.

“Shut it, princess,” he snaps.

Kingston.

“You looked pretty cozy back there. Care to share why the dean was laughing with you?” he asks, his grip on my arm tightening.

“Get off me, you asshole,” I growl. Shoving Kingston, he doesn’t budge. Instead, he forces himself closer almost enough to become a part of me.

“Kingston, stop. You’re hurting me.” I try to shove him again.

I can’t do this anymore, not any of it. My hand lifts and then I slap him hard, the impact stinging my hand, but I don’t quit. I keep trying to free myself from his hold.

He growls before forcing his fingers to grip my chin.

Staring down at me he smirks.

“You think you have control? That’s cute, princess.” His cheek reddens under my slap, but he pays it no mind like it didn’t even register I’d slapped him.

“You think you own me. You don’t,” I snap, shoving him again.

He chuckles, forcing his forehead against mine and pushing me back against the desk, caging me in. His hard body presses into me.

“Getting rid of you would be so fucking easy, princess.” King’s eyes swallow me whole, the darkness of his iris pulling

me in. I wasn't sure what I'd done to feel his brutal wrath.

"Then why don't you?" I challenge him, baiting him because we both know he won't.

"You're fucking cute, you know that?" he growls, clenching his jaw.

"I'm not playing your games, Kingston. I've kept my mouth shut so just leave me alone." My tone is harsh.

I draw in a deep breath when he inches closer, his nostrils flare slightly, and panic starts to win over me.

"Mr. West, Miss Cohen, what seems to be the problem here?" Dean Carter says, eyeing us both suspiciously. *Crap*. He'd just warned me off them, and here Kingston is in my personal space.

Kingston refuses to look at him while I just give him a soft smile.

"Miscommunication, sir, that's all," I murmur softly.

"Get to class, both of you," he says, keeping his eyes trained on Kingston before walking away. Thankfully, he doesn't hear the rest of our conversation.

"I won't fall for what's between your legs like my brother's, Nova," he whispers, grinning wildly.

"Doesn't matter. I've already had your cock in my mouth." I grin back at him.

Narrowing my eyes at him, I try my best to keep my cool.

Pushing against me, Kingston's fingers grip my neck before I have a chance to stop him.

"Such a little fucking whore, Nova. If I was you, I'd be careful of my next words. I have evidence of that cock in your mouth, remember?" Glaring at him, I keep my mouth closed. The side of Kingston's lip lifts. He knows he's won.

A shiver runs down my spine, but not out of fear. No, deep down I know Kingston's words are just threats.

His words scare me because I know what they truly did to me.

Kingston's fingers move down my body gripping my hip roughly and forcing my hips into his. The hardness under his trousers pushes into me forcing my nipples to harden. His gaze flicks between us, most likely seeing what his touch is doing to me.

"Just like I thought, princess." He shoves himself away, leaving me alone in the dark room while the door slams behind him.

Softly panting, I try to catch my breath. I know my body reacting to the way Kingston treats me isn't normal, I shouldn't want his roughness or horrible words, but I can't help how it makes me feel.

But I know I need to focus on what truly matters. Finding the truth to everything.

And I need to start with my father. What are the connections between him and The Sinners?



I sit across from her window, watching. Just like last night, I was here again tonight, I didn't sleep. Nightmares plagued me when I did, so I chose to get the bare minimum, just enough to survive. She's been home alone since she left school. But now she has us she's never fully alone. She'd been weird at school. I wasn't sure what was going on with her, but apart from us whatever it was made her jumpy as hell. After I heard she had left class yesterday and hadn't returned, I drove to her place to see Grant, Dean Carter's assistant drop her off. She'd gone inside, and I'd sat there for an hour watching before I left. Why he'd dropped her off, I didn't understand.

Maybe she trusted him?

The likelihood we weren't the only ones interested in Nova was stretching it a bit far. Of course she'd have interests. It's simply because of who she is that they stay away. If people knew what dear old dad was really capable of, the smart

option would be to stay clear. Mayor Cohen was cunning, vindictive, and despicable when he needed to be, especially when it involved his daughter. Even the likes of us wouldn't be able to stop his wrath if we ever did anything to hurt his sweet little Nova.

The man had connections and allies, people were loyal to him, and no one wanted to be on his bad side.

But his job is important, and it takes up a lot of his time which means Nova is always alone.

No, not if I can help it. I knew the chances of us staying in the background wouldn't last much longer. After all, this was a small fucking town and secrets didn't stay secret for very fucking long. Sooner or later, the mayor would find out that my brothers and I had shown interest in his daughter. He'd just never know the real reason why.

Secrets destroyed you, they became a burden, one I knew all too fucking much. My parents were the talk of this town for months after it happened. And I was just this broken boy no one could figure out. The pain had become too much, and I'd blamed myself.

Of course, my parents didn't give a fuck about me, so the feeling was mutual when the police officer found me that night and informed me what had happened. I think the shock of knowing they could no longer hurt her took over my grief. Besides, I'd already grieved for the only member of my family I'd done my best to keep safe, but it wasn't enough. I was just a kid myself, but it didn't help the guilt I felt every single day since I'd lost her until I learned how to silence the guilt. My phone vibrates, and without looking at the caller ID, I know who it is. Ignoring the call, I let it ring out until it stops. For once my phone goes silent after one call.

I'd found my family. I didn't need them anymore, even though it hurt like a bitch months after. Even now I still have my bad days, the anniversary is coming up, and I know I won't be able to function that day. Because even I'm not that heartless. The thought they'd hurt her and me without a care in the world hurt more than anything. The nightmares never made sense,

but they haunted me in my dreams and the only time I didn't see them was when I was awake.

Staying awake seemed like a simpler option. I knew how to deal with my demons now, and sometimes I wish I'd taken care of my parents because she never got justice.

Bass was in a similar position to me. His anger turned him bitter, and even though his parents were alive somewhere and had tried in the past to reach out to him, Bass didn't care. He'd disowned them years ago. After what they did, I don't blame him.

But knowing Nova's father stayed away nights on end, leaving her alone and fucking vulnerable, ate at me. I wanted to pummel his face for being so damn reckless with her.

She was valuable, so fucking valuable.

The thought of her being alone, being an easy target for some reason doesn't sit well with me. The pit in my stomach grows with every hour her father leaves her alone.

She's up there clueless to what lies beneath her. I'd been here for hours, and she had no fucking clue, that said a lot about her trust in people.

The girl was likely to give me an ulcer with the amount of time I'd spent chewing on my damn cheek.

The need to protect her fought with the need to own her. I knew the reason why, I wasn't an idiot.

I was on two sides each hungry for one thing.

Her.

Nova has no clue about the war she's stepped into, but I wouldn't let them hurt her. No, I'd do whatever it took to make sure she'd be safe, even from us.

She has us now and whether she likes it or not, I'll keep watch over her. Nova will never be alone again.

Headlights flash behind me. My gaze lifts to see her father's car pulling up behind me and him slowly exiting the car as he walks toward the house. He looks back toward the truck,

eyeing it cautiously. His expression hard, I cut a glance toward her window one last time before I start the engine knowing he recognized the truck. I need to get out of here before he decides to make it personal.

By the time I get back to the house, King is downing his third beer and eyeing me as I walk through the door. It's a little after one A.M. but they're all still up.

Bass smirks at me as I sing out, "Honey, I'm home."

Cass snorts, throwing a pillow at my head. I catch it before it falls to the floor.

"Care to share where you've been all night?" King asks, looking smug as fuck.

"Watching our girl." Bass's eyes shoot up.

"And you didn't invite me, fucker," Bass retorts.

Taking a beer from the fridge, I join King on the sofa just as Bass jumps over the top landing between us. I shove him in the side as he lands on me.

"Fucker." I shove him again as he chuckles.

"Her old man's home," I say as all sets of eyes turn toward me.

"What?" King snaps.

"Fuck," Bass groans.

"I don't think we have anything to worry about," I tell him. King stands shaking his head, worry clearly seeping through him.

"Do you think he made you?" Cass asks.

"Not me, but the truck." Yeah, he definitely knew whose truck it was. I mean, everyone in town knows our truck.

"Fuck, we're fucking screwed if he made us?" Kingston bellows, forcing his angry glare toward me.

He was right, if the mayor knew we were snooping around he'd have us locked up faster than we could say. 'Nova.'

"You just had to be there didn't you." He grunts.

“You told us to keep an eye on her. What the fuck do you think I was doing there?” I growl.

“You were thinking with your dick, Jordy. Like fucking always.”

“You know what, fuck you, King. I’m not the one who forced my cock down her throat and filmed it.” I shove him aside. King grips my arm stopping me before I can get past him.

“The last thing we need is her father breathing down our fucking necks, Jordy.”

“You think I don’t know that? Fuck, King, she’s been there, alone. Okay. I wanted to make sure.”

“Just be more careful, Jordy, fuck.”

King storms through the house, the back door slamming behind him.

“He’s right, we need to be more careful,” Cass says, following after King.

I sigh, hating fighting with King.

But how was I supposed to not watch her? King knew how protective I could be and where it stems from.

I knew the repercussions, didn’t mean I had to like it.

“I didn’t mean ...” I say out loud, rubbing my temple and groaning.

Bass slaps my shoulder, lifting a beer to my hand.

“You know how King gets. It’s fucked up, but we need her, and pissing her father off isn’t how we get her.”

“You’re right.” I sip the beer, hating that Bass is right, but I let the thought of Nova plague my mind one last time before I go in search of King.



It'd been a full week of The Sinners being my personal shadows and Miller's snide comments about my new friends. Okay, they weren't technically my friends. Between Miller and them constantly having a pissing contest it was becoming clear neither was going to back down. Since our kiss last week, I've been trying to avoid Cassius and Sebastian. Thankfully, they've kept their distance, but I knew soon enough my luck would run out. Since that night, after I'd witnessed the shooting, everything has been a whirlwind, and each day I think they'll let up, one of them pops up. It's become a running joke with Vicky and me which brother I'd get that day. Sometimes we were right, and other times we'd be dead wrong. Like today, I thought I'd get Sebastian as my shadow, but instead, Kingston steps from the actual shadows.

I groan my annoyance at his presence. I'd almost forgotten the way Kingston kissed me.

“Keep groaning like that, princess, and I’ll put that mouth to good use,” he says, wetting his lips.

“Don’t you guys have better things to do than follow me around?” I sigh, heading toward the bathroom. Kingston follows behind me. I spin around fast, my hand slapping on his chest.

“Woah, what are you doing?” I ask.

“In case you forgot, Nova, I’m your—”

“Shadow, got it,” I snap. Rolling my eyes and then crossing my arms over my chest, I glare at Kingston.

“You are not following me into the girls’ bathroom.” I stand my ground, not backing down for even a second. King towers over my five-foot-two frame. His hair hangs slightly over his face, his eyes peeking through the strands. His gaze runs over me, eyeing me with a mixture of hatred and lust.

“You have five minutes,” he hisses through clenched teeth.

I roll my eyes, push him away, and then take a moment to collect myself as I enter the bathroom.

I hate this, hate them, but most of all I like the attention, just a little bit. Why? They are arrogant assholes.

I can’t escape any of them. After relieving my bladder, I wash my hands, and then walk out to see Kingston leaning against the wall waiting for me. His slow smirk at seeing me makes me want to punch him in his face.

“Let’s go, Nova.” He nods, and we walk toward English class.

Kingston’s right behind me as I take a seat, taking the spot next to me.

I give him the side eye, he’s such a frustrating man. Why is he in my class? The more interesting fact is that the professor just accepts it without saying a word. Wow, they really do have power.

“Why are you here?” I mutter.

“Don’t strain those pretty eyes too much, princess,” he says, taking my book and flipping through it. His shadowing duties

are next level.

I huff out my response.

Yeah, this is going to be a long day.

I somehow avoid Kingston's attempt at conversation for the rest of class, but I don't miss the way his gaze runs down the length of my body.

I also don't miss the professor's gaze as it flickers between Kingston and I.

Yeah, I'd like to know why he stayed too.

The professor excuses us just as my phone vibrates. Looking down at my phone, I see a text.

UNKNOWN

You look so beautiful today.

I swallow, my eyes darting around the room, feeling on edge. How did they get my number?

Why are they doing this?

The Sinners' attempt at this sick joke isn't funny, and I know I can't call them on it. According to them, I'm theirs.

Their attempt at whatever this is, makes something inside me snap.

Springing from my seat, I don't even wait for Kingston, I just make my way through the halls.

I know eventually he'll catch up.

But right now, I don't care. I just want to get out of here.

Turning to see how far I've gotten from Kingston, I notice he's not behind me.

Smiling to myself at my attempt at losing the guard dog, I know I'll probably pay for it later.

My smile drops the moment I turn the corner and see Jordan and Cassius waiting for me.

“Hey, baby,” Jordan says, his arm dropping over my head and landing around my shoulders. Pulling me against him, he glances at me with a sideways glance arching his eyebrow.

“Pup, did you make a run for it?” Cassius says with a lethal smile in place. Coming to my other side, he places his arm around my back.

How did they know?



THEY’VE BROUGHT ME HERE, to their place again. It wasn’t until they brought me outside that I figured out why they had.

Kingston is absent, but Jordan, Cassius, and Sebastian stand in front of me, ready to play, and I have a feeling I am a part of their game.

“You want to run, Nova, run,” Cassius says, nodding toward the trees in the clearing behind me.

“W-what?” The terrified rasp to my voice is obvious as they look between them each with a vindictive smile.

“Run, Nova, we’ll even give you a head start,” Sebastian repeats.

My breathing speeds up, my heart pounds, and I’m pretty sure this is some sort of punishment.

“Oh, Nova,” Jordan calls out, pausing. “You might want to run.” He licks his lips.

I look between them. There’s no way I’d make it between them, not without one of them catching me first.

Without a second thought, I turn and take off, my feet carrying me as fast as they’ll go, hurling me toward the trees.

In the distance I hear, “Ready or not, here we come.” The merciless voice makes me regret running from Kingston today.

I’m lost, all I see is green. Spinning in a complete circle, I can’t see anything but trees.

“Novvvvva,” I hear Cassius rasp.

They are getting off on this. *Fuckers*.

Just as I’m about to turn and run again a hand claps down over my mouth, forcing me backward.

Screaming behind the hand, I claw my fingers at their arm, my nails breaking skin while kicking as best I can to make them lose their balance.

Something hard pushes between my ass cheeks followed by a groan.

Cassius and Jordan come into view, so I know Sebastian is the one holding me.

Cassius and Jordan are looking at me with raw hunger. I can only assume Sebastian is the same.

Sebastian moves his hand from my mouth, gripping my jaw instead. Slowly tipping my head back, he exposes my neck. Then he lowers his head, licking a long line up my throat.

“Fuccck,” he growls. “She tastes so damn good.”

“On your knees, baby,” Jordan says, nodding toward the ground.

“P-please,” I say.

“Ssh, you heard him, mamas,” Sebastian says as he presses on my shoulders, lowering me to the ground.

They glance between each other with a smirk.

“King may have had you first, sweet girl, but now ...” Jordan says, unzipping his trousers.

“It’s our turn,” Cassius says, palming himself through his jeans.

Slowly they each take themselves out and form a circle around me.

“Suck his cock like a good little girl, Nova,” Jordan tells me, pushing my head toward Cassius’s waiting cock.

Cassius pushes his cock between my lips, and slowly I open for him. He grunts as I take him deeper, I swirl my tongue around the tip, tasting the saltiness of his precum.

“That’s—*fuccck*—a good girl, pup,” he rasps.

His thickness stretches my lips as he feeds me his cock. Groaning around him, he uses that and takes it deeper, hitting the back of my throat and making me gag. Pulling out, Cassius fucks my mouth in slow measured strokes watching as my lips move around him. My eyes water when he hits the back of my throat.

Cassius uses his thumb to wipe my tears away as his thrusts grow faster. Pulling back, he yanks free of my mouth.

“Open wide, mamas,” Jordan says, sliding his cock along my lips, making me taste him.

I open, letting him push his way in, wrapping my lips around him. My hands rest against Jordan’s thighs as he pushes deeper. Forcing me to gag over his thickness.

“Fuck, baby. Look at that fucking mouth, so fucking good.” Jordan grunts.

He yanks himself free, then before I can even think, Sebastian forces his cock between my lips, thrusting deep.

“Fuuuccckk,” he hisses. He thrusts four more times, his thickness swelling in my mouth.

“Fuck ... I’m gonna ... cum.” He tugs himself free then all three jerk themselves around me and grunt as they cover me. Finding their releases, it drips over my face and down my chin as they tower over me. Claiming me.



Nova on her knees for us was the hottest fucking thing I'd ever seen. When King told us she'd escaped him, he said punish her, so we did. We had a little fun as well, but Nova knew she was ours, and running wasn't an option.

But watching her after, covered in us, we knew she'd think twice before defying us again. Of course if she did, we wouldn't complain about seeing her on her knees again.

Her tongue darts out tasting one of us.

"How do we taste, mamas?" I ask her.

Her chest rises and falls between the death glare she sends all of us.

"I hate you," she growls.

"Don't be like that, baby girl," Jordy says, helping her to stand.

“Here, take this.” Cassius rips his shirt over his head, handing it to her. Her gaze drifts down his chest, and I don’t miss the flex he does for her benefit.

“Like what you see, pup?” he asks her, flexing again as she does her best to wipe us from her face.

“No,” she lies.

Jordy chuckles, taking the shirt from her and helping clean her face.

“I like seeing us on you, mamas,” I declare, lifting her hand in mine.

“Why?” she whispers.

“Because I like knowing I’ve left my mark,” I tell her.

“Oh,” she says softly.

Jordy walks her back toward the house.

Yeah, I like knowing we’d left our mark on Nova because even if she hasn’t accepted it yet, Nova is ours.



MY PHONE BEEPS. I groan, knowing who it is before I take it out of my pocket.

BOSS

Clean up job tonight, don’t be fucking late, bring a shovel.

Fuck.

Fuck, I can’t wait until we are out from under his hold.

Shoving my phone back in my pocket, I know the rest of the day will be shit. Until tonight is done, we’ll all be on edge.

The anxiety of knowing he's had shit over us our entire lives makes my leg jerk.

I hate this, fucking answering to him.

Today is my turn to watch Nova, and today she'll do us a favor.

We know her father has a town meeting tonight which means he'll be home late. That also means Nova can slip into his office and gain access to what we need from him.

Information that will bring down the one man we all despised.

"Hey, mamas," I say seductively when Nova walks from the building.

She sighs which makes me smile.

"Oh, come on, you love me," I add.

She glares at me, causing me to laugh.

"Can't you just leave me alone?" she asks while I step in line beside her.

"Not gonna happen, mamas, you know that, not until we get what we want," I tell her.

"And what exactly do you want?" Nova asks nonchalantly.

"Oh, Nova, baby," I drawl.

Her face pales, hearing my words.

I chuckle, brushing her hair from her face.

"Don't worry, mamas, I'm not after that—" She sighs in relief.

"Yet," I whisper.

"Please just tell me. You guys talk in riddles, it's infuriating."

"In time, mamas."

"Fine," she says sarcastically.

"Don't worry, your job starts tonight while Daddy's off to the town meeting." I smirk at her.

"What do you want me to do?" she asks. A slow smile spreads across my face.

“Good to see you’re finally playing along, Nova,” I say.



I’VE BEEN WATCHING the house waiting for Nova. Her father left about an hour ago, and as much as I want to slip inside and have a little one-on-one time with Nova, do what I really want, I know our time is limited. Besides, it would only end up with me fucking her over her father’s desk while I filled her with my cum. Not exactly the best welcome home present.

Fuck, now my dick is painfully hard, picturing that exact scenario.

I grunt, adjusting myself, my cock aching to be inside Nova.

Fuck it is going to be a long night. Slamming my head back against the headrest, my gaze flicks toward the front door. Where the fuck is she?

As if hearing my internal thoughts, my phone buzzes in my hand.

NOVA

I found something, coming now.

ME

Good girl mamas

Nova rushes from inside, glancing up and down the street before she crosses the road making a beeline for the truck.

She meets my eyes as she slides in, handing me a manila folder with one word on the front.

Santonio

Flipping through it, I glance at the papers, grinding my teeth, noticing a lot of words are blacked out.

Slamming it down, I glance over at Nova.

“What the fuck is this?” I wave the folder in front of her face.

“T-the folder you told me to get.” She blanches back.

Tossing it to the truck’s floor in frustration, Nova jumps as it falls at her feet.

Throwing my head back, I roar, “Fuck.” It’s a complete waste of fucking time.

“Sebastian,” Nova’s voice quivers slightly as tears well in her eyes. Glancing at her, I see how terrified of me she looks.

“Nothing in there is fucking useful,” I say out loud.

“I’m sorry,” she murmurs her hands fiddling on her thighs.

“I wish you could find what you’re looking for,” she responds.

“It’s fine.” *It wasn’t.* King will be fucking pissed we have nothing to go on, and the slam dunk we thought we had came up fucking empty.

“Can I help any other way?” she asks.

I chuckle, tipping my head to the side. Gazing over at her, she clenches her thighs together, and I watch as her teeth catch her lips and all I can think about is her.

I pull her toward me, bringing her over my lap. She fits perfectly straddling me. My lips slam down on hers. She is just as sweet as I imagined. A whimper falls from her lips as she grinds over my cock.

Fuck.

Fuck she feels so good, and I’m not even inside her.

“Fuck.” I breathe against her lips, taking her lips again. My tongue tangles with hers. My hands cup her face. Biting down on her lips she whimpers.

Then the sweetest fucking sound fills the truck. Nova explodes around me, grinding down over my cock, and the small edge

I'd been balancing on sends me over the edge as she grips me convulsing, my cock pulses, cum soaking through my jeans.

She's panting against my throat, hands clutching my shoulders slowly collecting herself.

After a few more moments, she collects herself, raising her head. I brush the hair that's fallen across her face behind her ear then my thumb traces a line down her cheek.

"Fucking perfect, mamas," I exclaim softly.

"I should go." She jumps off my lap, opening my door before I can chase after her. She runs around the truck and across the road, letting herself inside.

I chuckle out loud, fuck did that just happen? Nova came over my cock.

Moving my tongue along my lip, I watch as her light flickers on casting her in a soft glow, she stares down at me, and I almost want to salute her, but somehow, I don't think she'll appreciate it.

Screeching tires grab my attention. My head turns in that direction just in time to see a car tear down the street leaving nothing but taillights in the distance.

What the fuck was that? The better question was, who the fuck was that?

Pulling the truck up, I glance down at the very obvious wet patch in my crotch.

Yeah, they won't miss this at all.

Chuckling to myself as I open the front door and throw the keys on the counter, Jordan looks over at me and then does a double-take when he notices my jeans.

He huffs. "What happened to you?"

"Nova," I simply say.

"Excuse me, what?" Cassius says, snapping his head up from whatever crap they have on the TV.

“Yeah, explain how your jeans got so messy.” Jordy, the fucker smiles at me.

“I kissed Nova,” *twice I want to add*, “She grinds over me, came and then I followed. The sounds she made, fuck me.” I smirk.

“Head in the game, Bass,” King growls.

Jealous fucker.

Yeah, that was the thing, Nova is messing with my head, and if I had to bet, I’m not the only head she was messing with.

“Here.” I slam the folder Nova gave me down in front of King. He raises his eyebrows at me before rushing for the folder and slowly dragging it toward him.

Eyeing me over it as he reads, he throws it across the room when he turns up empty-handed just like I did.

“Fuck,” he hisses, clenching his hands over his head.

“What’s wrong?” Jordy asks, picking up the folder from the spot it landed.

“Shit.” He groans, handing it to Cass, who reads it over before tossing it in front of himself.

“We have fucking nothing,” Cass yells.

“We’re fucked.” Jordy groans, pacing the room while King sits silently on the chair, the side of his lip twitching while his glare focuses on the path of the floor in front of him.

“Something will turn up,” King says.

“Or we go with using her as leverage, destroying her,” I say, trying to ease my brothers.

It was a shit fucking move, but we needed to get close to her, and this was the only way.

“Use the footage,” King says. The one thing we have on Nova that she’d do anything to keep us from using.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Cass snaps. He hates this idea and knows it’s wrong. He’d been against using her like that. But sometimes last resorts are all we have.

King sighs, standing before picking up the folder.

“We do whatever it takes to get him. Without that information, we have shit. We need him to go down and without those files we have nothing,” King says.

“But destroying her, King,” Cass says.

King sighs.

Yeah, this plan sucks, but it’s our only option now, and we all know what will happen if we don’t get out soon.

Nova thinks the night she stumbled on us is why we’ve been shadowing her, but in reality, it’s just a small part of something much bigger.

“What if she won’t give up so easily?” Jordy asks.

“You really think she’s willing to give that up to any of us?” Cass asks.

“Maybe, maybe not, but we try. We get close to her, make her fall for us, then we destroy her enough and she’ll do as we say. She’ll have no choice,” King says, looking between us.

“She’s going to hate us,” I say, knowing my words hold truth.

Because after we do this, there’s no going back.

Nova witnessing the hit was only the beginning, everything after that just fell into place perfectly.

“Us taking her cherry is fucking nothing to compared to—”

“Yeah,” I murmur.

“What if she refuses to get close to any of us?” Jordy questions.

“Then we threaten her again, no matter what, even if it means we take her down we get what we need, and Nova is perfect for the job.”

Yeah, she was, she just had no clue how fucking perfect she was.

I just hoped we didn’t take her down with us because after everything Nova, may just destroy us as much as we destroy her.

“Let the mind games begin,” King says, smirking.



Watching Nova and her friend is amusing. He tries talking to her, and she ignores him. Her forehead wrinkles when he reaches out pushing her hair behind her hair. When he grabs her arm, my interest spikes. Taking a step forward, people clear a path as I walk toward them. Her friend notices me first, stepping back and putting distance between them.

Nova turns her head, raising her eyes when I stop behind her.

Her huff of annoyance brings a smile to my face. Her friend eyes me then mutters, “Nova, um, let’s go.”

She doesn’t answer him, just keeps staring at me.

“You can fuck off now,” I bark at him.

He frowns ready to say something back. Clearly needing a reminder of who I am, I take a step forward, getting a little too close for comfort, forcing him to take a step back.

“Miller, just go, I’ll be fine,” Nova says gently, shoving him in the other direction.

“But,” he murmurs.

Stepping in front of Nova, I force my hardened stare at her *friend*.

He backs away. Miller is a problem we don’t need, the fucker knows what we are capable of.

“Okay, we’ll talk later, Nova,” he says, looking around me to where Nova stands behind me.

“Wow, was that some sort of pissing contest?” she remarks, lifting her chin, trying not to crack a smile.

“Clearly, and I won.” I smirk.

She rolls her eyes, stepping around me.

“Princess,” I growl, grabbing her wrist. Her gaze drops to where my fingers wrap around her skin, oddly enough she doesn’t recoil at my touch.

“Kingston,” she retorts.

My gaze filters over hers then lowers, taking in her curves.

Nova gazes up at me and blush creeps over her cheeks, my eyes never leave hers. Her teeth catch her lip, and I find myself watching as she does it again this time slower. It takes every ounce of willpower to not shove her against the closest wall and take her right now but needing her is more important than needing my cock inside her.

Swallowing, I grab her chin possessively.

“If I were you, princess, I’d keep all that sass to yourself, or I might have to put it to good use.” I smirk.

She focuses on me not once shrinking beneath my glare.

“I won’t spill your dirty secret, Kingston, but I’m not going to take your shit either,” she snaps, turning on her heel and leaving me staring after her because fucking hell, the way she bites back makes me want to devour her.

Catching up to her, my arm wraps around her middle, pulling her into my side. She tries to break free, wiggling and bending her body as far away from me as she physically can.

“Kingston.” She lowers her voice as people stare. She almost looks surprised when I don’t drop my hand.

Pulling her to a stop, her eyes drop to the ground. Forcing my finger beneath her chin to tip her head upward, she bites into her lip practically vibrating, before I finally lower my mouth to hers, capturing her soft gasp as my lips descend.

Anyway to shut her up I’ll take it, and this seems to be working a treat.

I don’t miss her soft moan as I deepen the kiss, taking exactly what I want from her. My hands grip her face, and my tongue is insistent as I lick the inside of her mouth, pulling back my teeth and dragging her lip before letting it pop free.

My hand drops down landing on her backside, giving her cheek a squeeze.

“Good girl,” I say, giving her ass a light smack.

“What was that for?” she starts, holding her hands between us.

I can see she has a whole speech floating around in her head, but instead, my thumb brushes over her bottom lip, giving her an intense look. I stop her before she can open her mouth again.

“Because I can, princess, that’s why.”

At her incredulous expression, my fingers find her chin once more, and then I place a chaste kiss on her lips.

“I’ll be watching, princess, so just behave,” I add.



“YOU WANT A GAME?” Bass tips his head toward the pool table.

“Sure.” I follow him to the table, taking a cue stick while he sets up the balls.

“So,” he says, leaning down taking his first hit. He sinks three balls one after the other before he lifts his eyes looking straight at me.

Raising my eyebrows, I wait for him to ask what’s on his mind.

“I heard you got a little action with Nova today?” He smirks, watching me while I set myself up when he misses the next ball.

“Is that a problem?” I ask him, sinking two balls before I miss the third one.

“Nah.” He snickers.

“Out with it.” I gesture as he takes another shot.

“Just finding it funny that you, me, and Cass have all had our turns playing tonsil hockey with Nova.”

He chuckles as Jordy walks into the room. Shoving his fingers into a packet of chips, he looks between us.

“What?”

“Gotta up your game, Romeo,” Bass says to Jordy, sinking three more balls.

“Haha, I win, fucker,” Bass gloats.

He’s right, I’ve barely been paying attention, my mind on Nova.

“So why am I upping my game?” Jordy asks us.

“Nova let King kiss her today,” Bass tells him, smirking when Jordy grimaces slightly.

“She actually let you put your tongue down her throat and didn’t bite it off?” He laughs.

“Yeah, for once she behaved,” I murmur.

“Well, I guess tomorrow I’m going to make Nova forget about you fuckers because I’m getting my kiss,” he says, dropping down onto the sofa and reaching for the remote, he tunes us out.

“I think Nova’s going to find herself in some trouble,” Bass tells me.

“Why?” I look over at him, confused.

“Just a lucky guess.” He smirks, chuckling as he walks toward the kitchen to grab a beer.

My brothers had all been asleep for hours. I’d been going over plan B for hours. We knew it was a last resort. Using it against her was selfish, but we were so close, the only thing my brothers and I hadn’t discussed was who was going to be the one to take it.

We all wanted it, there was no doubt we all wanted to claim Nova and be the first, but only one of us could take it.

And I was determined to win it.

She’d be mine completely.

She’d accept us, she had to.



“Hey, babe,” Vicky says, sitting down next to me in English.

“Hey.” I smile at her.

Things with Miller and I were still icy, I knew Vicky was caught in the middle, but until he apologized and didn’t make me sound like some cheap whore, I wasn’t speaking to him.

“Okay, I know that face, something’s wrong. Spill,” she says, but we’re interrupted by the professor walking into the room.

“Later,” she mouths. I nod and opening my textbook, I drown the professor out because all I can think about is the four boys currently occupying every part of my mind.

Vicky laughs as we exit into the hall, but as soon as her eyes go wide, I stop, already knowing the cause.

“Hey, pup,” Cassius says, leaning against the wall outside the room.

He eyes Vicky, silently dismissing her.

“I’ll catch you later.” She smiles and then leaves me alone with someone I’d much rather not be alone with right now.

“So, how’d he taste?” Cassius asks me, stepping into line beside me as I walk toward the parking lot.

“What are you talking about?” I ask, feigning innocence. I assume Sebastian or Kingston told them about our kiss or kisses, but since I’d also kissed Cassius, it wasn’t something I wanted to talk about. Not with him anyway. Were they keeping score or something?

Cassius’s arm stops me, gripping me tightly and hauling me roughly against him.

“I asked you a question, pup?” he murmurs.

I sigh. “Is that really something you want me to tell you?” I respond, frustrated with him.

“Yeah, I do,” his reply is instant. “Did you like kissing my brothers?” he growls.

“Yes, okay I did,” I bark at him.

He scoffs, licking his bottom lip.

Heat flares in his gaze, traveling over me and making me twitch.

“I need to go,” I snap.

Without another word, Cassius follows behind me. This conversation is over ... for now.

Miller sits down beside me in History. Mrs. Hanson rattles on about WWII

“Hey,” Miller announces.

I side-eye him, leaving my head facing the front of the room.

“Nova, please, can we talk?” he mutters. “Fuck, I’m sorry, okay? I fucked up,” he whisper-hisses, gaining the attention of not only Mrs. Hanson but the entire class.

“Can we discuss this later?” I hiss back.

He slams his book down, leaning back in his chair before he leans forward again staring at me.

“No, because we won’t. You’ll have your fucking guards,” he barks.

Shadows ... I wanted to correct him.

Glaring at him, he finally takes the hint sitting silently while Mrs. Hanson continues.

When class finishes, Miller sits and waits.

I huff out a breath.

“Talk, Miller. You have five minutes.”

He scoffs loudly, but he looks at me with pity.

“I’m sorry for insinuating that you were trying to sleep with them,” he says.

I nod, letting him continue.

“I just get so angry seeing them act like they own you. Fuck, Nova, I don’t even know why they’re around you. What happened?”

“I can’t talk about it.” I sigh.

“Can’t or won’t,” Miller says angrily.

“A bit of both,” I tell him honestly.

Sighing deeply, he runs his hand down his face.

“We’ve been friends for years, Nova, and now, now I feel like I’m losing you and it’s because of them.”

He waves his hands around.

“I mean, are you with them? Any of them?”

“Does it matter?” I ask him.

“Look, Nova, I get it. I’m the best friend. I just always thought maybe one day I’d be more.” He stands and looks down at me once before he walks from the room.

They were right.

How was I so blind to it all?

Letting out a heavy sigh, I exit the classroom to bump straight into Cassius.

“Hey, pup,” he remarks.

“I’m not in the mood.” I walk away from him, cradling my books to my chest. I just want to go home and forget this day.

“Let’s go.” Cassius places his hand on my lower back, guiding me from the hall.

“Wait up.” Jordan runs up behind us. Cassius frowns at him, my gaze flickers between them, and then Jordy comes right up, grabs my face, and his lips crush to mine. He growls heavily as his tongue slides past mine, it takes me a moment to understand what’s happening. Cassius growls beside us then Jordan finally pulls back.

Flustered and completely taken aback, Jordy just smirks at me and says,

“Had to get my kiss in, baby girl. I was feeling a little left out.”

“You’re an idiot.” Cassius chuckles before wrapping his arm around me and pulling me with him. Turning my head back, and looking over my shoulder, Jordan just winks at me before he turns and walks away.

Walking me to my car, he takes my keys from me and helps me in. His gaze fixes on me before closing my door and heading to the other side.

“I’m fine, okay? You don’t have to do whatever this is,” I say as he starts the car. He looks over at me once before he says, “I’ve been around enough females to know when they say the word fine, it usually means the complete fucking opposite,” he grumbles. Sudden jealousy I have no right to feel hits me at exactly what females Cassius has been around to know this.

His hands tap away on the steering wheel while a song plays in the background.

“You’re distracting me, pup,” he vocalizes.

“Huh?” I answer.

“You’re staring.” He smirks.

“Oh.” I hadn’t even realized I was.

“I don’t mind. I like knowing you can’t keep your eyes off me,” he says, throwing me a cheeky wink.

Looking over at Cassius, he turns just as the ocean comes into view.

“You brought me to the beach?” I say in shock. Why was he being so nice?

He smiles and then the door creaks as he gets out waiting for me to follow.

“See, I’m not such a bad guy.”

If only I could believe that.

“Why are you being so nice to me?” I question as he comes around to my side, leaning over the door while I stand, stopping mere inches from his face.

“I could go back to being an ass if it means that much to you, pup.”

“No thanks,” I mutter.

Cassius’s lips lift at the side, his blond hair falling slightly forward. Reaching up, he runs his fingers through it slicking it back in place.

“You can’t keep me,” I say softly.

Cassius moves his lips, brushing mine until I move my head back staring into his eyes.

“Watch me try, pup,” he mutters, taking my hand and shutting the door behind me as he guides me to the sand.

His words stun me momentarily before I take a seat next to him, diving my toes into the sand.

We sit on the beach for a good thirty minutes before Cassius finally speaks again.

“Better?”

I laugh.

“That feels good,” I say, wiggling my toes in the sand.

Cassius chuckles.

“What does?”

“Laughing, I feel like it’s been a while since I have,” I tell him honestly.

“I’m sorry about that. My brothers can be ...”

“Intense,” I finish for him.

He smirks, looking over his shoulder at me.

“Yeah, I guess that’s the word I’d use.”

“Not just your brothers,” I say.

“We have our reasons, Nova, I promise,” he tells me.

“Then tell me?” I plead with him.

“In time, you’ll know everything, but right now just play along.”

He was as frustrating as he was cute.

His gaze swallows me whole. Before I can stop myself, I straddle him, then his mouth crashes to mine, hot and hard. Wrapping his hand around the back of my neck, he pulls me as physically close as he can. Cassius swallows my whimpers as he deepens the kiss. Taking from me what I wanted. His fingers grip my hips, pushing me down onto him, holding me to his body. His erection presses into the lace of my panties, causing me to moan around his tongue as he drives it deeper.

His lips trail against my neck, sucking and licking my flesh like a man starved. His fingers find my nipples through my dress, teasing me maddeningly slowly.

I groan around him, yanking down the strap, and my dress falls freeing my breasts. He runs his fingers across my nipples then he rolls one between his fingers before he sucks each of them, biting down hard. I stifle the groan as he pushes his cock into me. I’m so thankful I forgot my bra today.

Cassius doesn’t stop tormenting my nipples, he takes each one between his lips until he’s satisfied, and my pebbled nipples

stand to attention, craving more. Suddenly he spins us. My back lands hard on the sand below us, and Cassius groans. As he sucks my nipple again, pulling it between his teeth, I cry out, not caring if anyone sees us. My pussy is pulsing with need, unable to stop the tremors, my body writhes under him as his teeth take my nipple, biting down hard before he sucks it, taking away the sting.

Moving down my body, he moves my panties to the side. His long fingers move gently through my wetness, forcing a whimper from me as soon as his tongue hits my pussy and I almost convulse at the contact.

His fingers nudge my entrance, and then slowly he pushes two into me.

I whimper, my thighs closing around him.

“Fuck, pup, so fucking tight, you’re going to feel so good around my cock.”

“Please,” I beg.

Sucking my clit into his mouth, he pumps me at the same time, and I see stars as I explode.

Cassius moves up my body kissing me before pulling back, shoving my dress up over my waist, and pulling his cock out. Fisting himself he grunts and then jerks himself four times before he covers me with his cum.

Then without another word, he helps me to my feet and takes me home.



MY STOMACH TWISTS in knots when I see Jordan casually leaning against the wall waiting for me after class. After what happened with Cassius yesterday, I’ve been on edge. I shouldn’t have allowed him to touch me, not like that. That had been the second orgasm I’d ever had, and I’d allowed

Cassius to have it. What was wrong with me? First Sebastian, now Cassius. God, I'm pathetic.

I was so easily letting The Sinners dictate what happened with my body. I sigh, making my way toward him knowing avoiding him isn't an option. Where would I run anyway?

"Hey, baby girl," he says, throwing his arm over my shoulder as he pulls me toward the exit.

I peep over Jordan's shoulder as we walk, seeing the glares from the girls. They all look at me with disgust, and I don't miss the whispers as we exit.

We head down the stairs. Jordan's arm hangs loosely over my neck, his hand closely situated near my breast.

"Just ignore them, baby girl," he whispers as he leads me to my car holding his hand out for the key.

He slides into the driver's side like he belongs there. His long legs bunch against his chest. Needing to adjust the seat, he looks over at me chuckling.

"So fucking tiny." He laughs and then starts the engine. I guess to them I am, they are all well over six feet and the size of a linebacker.

"Where are we going?" I ask him as he leans back tapping his fingers against the steering wheel while *Addicted by Jon Vinyl* plays over the radio.

"You'll see," he says, tipping his head to the side and looking at me before his focus is back on the road.

Driving along the highway, Jordan glances over at me.

Pulling over he says, "Come here, baby girl." He pats his lap. Unclicking my seatbelt, I follow his instructions and straddle him, fitting perfectly. God, I am such a hussy.

Lifting his fingers to my neck, he moves them along the bottom of my jaw, caressing softly before he takes my lips, kissing me.

Feeling him underneath me, he pushes his erection into me, and a moan slips free. Jordan's fingers clamp down on my

hips, and I whimper.

“Fuck, baby girl, what are you doing to me?” He hisses, pushing into me again. Grinding over him, my climax hits me hard and fast, holding his shoulders as I let go.

“That’s a girl, baby, let me hear you.” He hisses.

Lifting me back slightly, he pulls his cock out. With a few pumps, he groans as his own orgasm spills free covering his hand and my dress.

Once we’re cleaned up, I feel slightly unsure of what’s happening between me and The Sinners, but whatever it is, I’m not sure I’ll like the outcome.

We drive for about twenty minutes before Jordan turns the car down a long road and pulls up outside a rundown house. The grass is well past overgrown, and the house itself looks like it could have seen better days.

It doesn’t look lived in.

“Jordan,” I utter, watching him stare straight ahead. He’s lost in his own world, the pain evident in his eyes. Whatever happened here was a disaster. My eyes roam over the house then back to Jordan. I remember seeing something in the papers a few years ago about his parents, they weren’t the nicest of people, and I remember reading about the drug charges that were dropped. My father had waved them, letting them go. Something he always seemed to do, my father seemed to forgive easily. Give people more chances than they deserve.

Jordy is lost in his own world. He doesn’t even blink as his gaze lingers on the house.

Gone is the cocky smile. In its place is a look of somber and distraught.

Touching his arm softly, trying not to startle him too much I whisper, “Jordan.”

He snaps out of whatever took hold of him, looking down at where my hand rests on his arm.

“Let’s go.” He backs out without saying another word, and I look back at the house wondering what the significance is to him. Clearly, it represents something in his life, but these boys aren’t exactly open books, and I don’t feel like divulging my life so I don’t really blame Jordan for holding his secrets on lockdown.

We drive back toward the center of town. Why did Jordan bring me here? Had he meant to drive there?

I’m unsure, but the place obviously means something to him. Was it his old house? I wish I knew more about their backgrounds. All I knew was their lives growing up were even worse than mine.

Jordan drives into my driveway, cuts the engine, and then pulls his phone out sending a text before he gets out, leaving me speechless and slightly confused.

Opening my door, I round the car to Jordan who’s leaning against my hood.

“What was that, huh, that place?” I mutter.

“Forget it, Nova,” he growls.

“No, I want to know why you dragged me there?” What possibly could be the reason for him taking me there?

“Just leave it, okay? It’s my fucking business, besides you answer to me not the other fucking way round,” he barks then their truck pulls up outside my house, and Sebastian rolls the window down winking toward me.

Grabbing his arm before he walks away, Jordan’s gaze snaps to where we connect.

“Nova, let go of me.” Ripping his arm from my hold before I even have a chance to respond, Jordan glares at me with hatred I’ve never seen from him before.

“Sorry,” I whisper, focusing on the ground while Jordan walks toward the truck and opens the door sliding in before Sebastian takes off leaving me staring after them.

What the fuck was that?

Sitting alone in my room, my mind races, trying to figure out why the boys need a file with the name Santonio printed on the front, and who exactly Santonio is. My father had come home an hour ago, earlier than his normal late hour, but I've confined myself to my room, determined to figure this out. But the only thing I seem to be able to figure out is that *nothing makes sense*.

I know it's late and I've been sitting here for hours going over every possible detail. My head hurts, and I'm tired.

A noise startles me outside my door.

With slow steps, I inch closer to the door, place my ear against the wood to listen before I open it, and come face to face with a man in a mask. Before I have the chance to scream, he grabs me, sticks a needle into my neck, and holds me down. His arm wraps around me, and I groan as he lifts me and carries me from my room.

My vision goes blurry, and before everything goes dark, I hear, "Time to play, Nova."



AS IF JORDAN'S weird behavior wasn't bad enough yesterday,

my heart is in my throat as I wake feeling slightly groggy. With my vision coming back in pieces, I can see where I am—Hells Gates. I've always hated this place. It's creepy, rundown, and abandoned. This place had been closed down three years ago after a suspicious death inside the haunted house. Rumors were someone had committed suicide, but nothing was ever proven. Other rumors say The Sinners tortured someone here and left the body as a statement.

Who knew what was true or false anymore?

Tentatively I try to stand, but my legs give out. What's wrong with me?

Slowly I remember a man in my room. The Sinners were really pushing the limits now. Kidnapping, really?

I turn my head, and a clown stares back at me.

Argh, clowns freak me out. Why do people enjoy them? They are evil and not at all delightful.

Lifting my head to the front of the haunted house, a man stands with some sort of white mask on.

"This isn't funny, Kingston." I groan as a slicing pain runs through my head. Lifting my hand, I touch it trying to ease the pain.

The man just tilts his head without a word.

"Cassius?" I say. He just shakes his head. My heart rate spikes when the realization sinks in that this isn't the work of The Sinners. My entire body shakes from fear. My breathing becomes, labored and I try to keep myself calm long enough so I don't pass out, but a strangled sound escapes me.

"Who are you then?" I murmur.

He takes two steps forward just watching me. I'm officially freaked out now, and a part of me was hoping it was them. One of The Sinners.

"Please," I plead, trying to find my feet again but I have no luck as they feel like Jell-O. Okay, he's done something to me that is clear, I feel so weak. A sob rips through me as I picture what he plans to do to me.

"Please, let me go." I whimper. Tears cascade down my face as he just watches me. Bile rises, and the contents of my stomach threaten to surface while he stands over me.

My body continues to shake, and uncontrollable fear floats through me. Kingston's right, I'm not untouchable just because of who I am or who my father is.

"We're going to play, Nova, because you seem to have forgotten one very important rule," he declares, finally

speaking, his voice obviously disguised. He moves toward me until he's right in front of me, fisting my hair in his fingers and tugging hard. A scream bellows from my lungs as he tugs me toward the stairs.

“And for once your shadows are occupied, even if it's just long enough for me to grab you before they notice you're missing.” He chuckles.

What did he do?

“Stop, please,” I cry out. Dropping me, he reaches behind his back then suddenly everything goes dark. Lifting my hand, my fingers touch something silk.

A blindfold. Why? What does he have planned?

“We're going to play a game. I want to see how long you last in the haunted house because nothing shows people's true colors more than fear,” he whispers, his breaths ghosting against my skin.

“Are you ready?” He chuckles when I smack his hand away from me.

“In time, sweetheart, in time.” He inhales my hair, the sensation making me want to vomit.

He lifts me bridal style, then carries me inside. The smell of him coats my nostrils, making me swallow down the small amount of vomit that forces its way up. The combination of all the smells in the haunted house are so strong I can taste them. The dingy smell hits my nostrils, the dampness and cold air is next as he places me down on the ground.

I try to rip my blindfold off, but it doesn't budge. I silently whimper feeling my hair caught, the pain of ripping it from my scalp preventing me from tugging any further.

What the hell?

“Uh-uh, Nova, you don't get to remove the mask. Now go find your way out. I'll be watching.”

“Oh, rumors are this place is haunted. Might want to keep an ear out.”

His voice disappears, but with my sight gone, I have no feel of how far away he is.

I reach out, touching the ground. Papers and grass scatter across the floor. My fingertips touch broken glass, swiftly I pull back. *Why do I seem to attract all the psychos?*

Slowly, I pull myself up to a standing position, unsure where the man who brought me here has gone. Nonetheless, I don't intend to spend a second longer here than I need to.

My heart is racing as I take small steps forward. I grunt when I bump into a wall.

With each step I take, my heart beats louder, I try the blindfold again, my fingers wrapping around as much of it as possible, but it's like it's nailed shut. What is holding it together?

I kick something, and I hear it fly across the room then smash against a wall.

"Shit," I mutter, taking smaller steps. Breathing in the distance startles me.

He's close.

His breathing escalates as he watches me. With each step I take I know he's following behind me.

Just get out of here.

A tear slides down my cheek, but I ignore it because I refuse to show him any fear.

"So beautiful, and at my mercy, baby." He groans, his fingers touching my cheek. Jumping back from him, a shriek forces its way from my lips. His chuckle is dark, almost manic.

Hearing a car screeching to a halt outside, I turn abruptly. I trip over my own feet and land face first—hard.

Groaning, I hold my face.

"Ow." I moan, holding my nose.

"Fuck," I hear, and then footsteps descend away from me.

I attempt to stand, but my hand catches on something sharp, and the pain as it slices my hand open makes me cry out.

“Nova?” I hear someone shout my name.

“Here,” I croak.

I'm here. They came for me?

Before I have a chance to speak again, I'm lifted into strong arms and carried from the room.

“Fuck, get something to cover this would you?”

I panic, gripping the arms of whoever has me.

“It's okay, pup, you're safe,” Cassius announces into my hair.

I'm not sure how long it takes before the blindfold finally falls revealing Cassius, Jordy, and Sebastian standing in front of me, my hands still tightly gripping Cassius's forearm.

“Mamas, can you tell us why you were blindfolded and in the haunted house?” Sebastian asks.

I shake my head because no, I couldn't tell them. One minute I was falling asleep, the next I woke up here with a lunatic.

“You're safe now, but I don't want you alone tonight.”

Cassius secures his hold of me in his arms and carries me toward their truck. Jordy opens the door, and Cassius slides into the back with me still in his arms.

The drive is silent as we make our way back to their place.

Jordy pulls the truck into the driveway, looking over the back his gaze fixed on me.

“You okay, baby girl?” I'm unsure how to accept the kindness coming from them right now. It feels strange.

Cassius carries me through the front door not once letting me walk by myself.

“I can walk,” I mutter. Cassius just shakes his head grunting.

“Don't care.”

Letting me down onto the sofa they all watch as I sit quietly, trying to process exactly what happened tonight.

“You don't need to talk about it, baby girl, but we want to know if there is anything we can do to help?” Jordy says.

They want to help me? Why?

“Where were you?” I whimper. A shudder runs through me, and that’s all I want to know. *Where were they?*

Cassius sighs, running his fingers through his hair.

“We got caught up with Santonio, pup. I’m sorry,” he says, squatting in front of me so we’re at eye level.

“He had a job for us, one that got us held up,” Jordan declares.

“You left me when I needed you.” My voice croaks as a tear slides down my cheek.

Sebastian takes my hand, running his thumb back and forth across my palm.

Santonio is a hard man to say no to mamas,” he explains.

I didn’t care, they’d left me, and he took me.

My eyes grow heavy as exhaustion takes hold, and everything goes black again.



MY EYES FLUTTER OPEN, slowly skimming over each of them as they watch me. Cassius winks when my gaze lands on him, easing the nausea creeping through me.

Dipping my head down, I try to settle my racing heart.

This is much too awkward for my liking. Whatever the reason for me being here, it wasn’t good. It was a trap. Surely. Did they take me just to save me? Make it seem like it was someone else. No, surely they wouldn’t stoop so low, would they?

I can’t trust them. No, I need to go. Sitting up, I sway slightly until a hand on my shoulder stops me.

“Princess.” Kingston’s voice makes me shiver. Staring into his eyes, the iciness of his tone is enough to stop me.

I feel fingers lifting my chin. Sebastian smirks down at me when my gaze meets his.

Leaning toward me he whispers, “Better listen, mamas.” His tone is serious.

My cheeks flush from his touch, and I know he doesn’t miss it by the way his lips lift before he steps away leaving me alone once again.

“We want to know what happened,” Kingston says.

“W-what,” I say. Is this a joke? Do they think I trust them? Maybe this really was them, and they’re playing me.

Kingston holds his hand up quieting me.

“We don’t expect to figure this out tonight, Nova, but for some reason someone other than us is interested in you. Want to tell us why?”

I shake my head.

No, I’m not sharing anything with them.

Kingston sighs.

“We’ll do something for you, but we also need you to prove you’re with us, Nova.”

With them? What?

I didn’t agree to do anything with them, but it looks like I don’t have a choice.

“Do I have a choice?” I say out loud.

Kingston shrugs. “Not really.” He smirks.

“Fine.” I huff, rolling my eyes. I hate this, but I know they have me right where they want me.

“Good girl, pup,” Cassius states.

“How did you find me?” I ask, still not sold on the idea they hadn’t done this.

They all share a look.

“Spit it out,” I snap, getting frustrated with them all.

“Let’s just say I’ve taken the role of your shadow very seriously.” Jordan smiles.

So, he’s been following me, of course.

“I tracked your phone, baby girl, when I realized you were gone,” then he adds, “I made the call, and they came. I knew going in alone wasn’t smart. I didn’t know who had you.”

“You’ll spend tonight here.” Kingston smirks. *The bastard.*

What?

“I- I can’t, my father.”

“It’s dealt with, Nova. Whatever happened to you tonight is a combination of other things, and you’re going to tell us what’s got you so scared.

“You can’t make me,” I whisper.

“Oh, princess.” Kingston chuckles.

“I think you’ll find I can be very persuasive.”

“So that’s it, just spend tonight here, and then what? You’ll trust me?”

“No, princess, it’s just a start,” Kingston murmurs.

Looking over their shoulders at the dark, dingy house, they’d either forgotten to pay the electric bill or they found this terrifying. Either way, I know I don’t really have a choice. Maybe once I do this, they’ll lay off following me around. I almost chuckle at my absurd thoughts.

I try to sit up toward them, but Cassius grabs my arm making me still,

“Easy, pup,” he growls.

“I’m fine,” I snap. A light is flicked on casting a sudden glow over me, causing my eyes to go fuzzy before my head screams out in pain.

Sebastian holds his hand out to me, waiting until I place my hand in his.

“You’ll tell us everything, mamas. Leave nothing out,” Sebastian whispers close to my ear.

A shiver runs down my spine when his fingers wrap around my wrist placing something inside my palm—a shirt. Feeling the fabric between my fingers, I slowly bring it between us, handing it back to him as I turn around facing the others. Sebastian lifts the shirt again, placing it in my hand and whispers, “Sleep now, Nova. This will help to shut everything out.” I wasn’t sure how his shirt would help, but I was willing to try.

Lifting it between his fingers he helps me to a sitting position, placing the shirt in place next to me over my shoulder.

Just before eyes can’t stay open any longer and my sight is smothered in darkness, Kingston, Cassius, and Jordan’s lips all turn up slightly as if they’re enjoying seeing the sight of me helpless and solely dependent on them.

Someone lifts me, carrying me a short distance before I’m placed down feeling a mattress underneath me. Fisting their shirt, I’m almost too afraid to be alone.

“It’s okay, mamas, one of us will be here until you fall asleep,” Sebastian announces. Hands guide me down the bed, and then I feel the covers being lifted, covering me. My heavy breaths are the only sound around me as I try to relax the thoughts in my mind.

I know they’re still there watching me. But I keep my eyes closed.

“I can feel you staring,” I utter.

Their breathing becomes shallow like they’re enjoying the view of me here.

“Cassius?” I murmur.

I reach out feeling for him.

“Sleep, pup, we’ve got you.” His warm breath brushes over my neck while his fingers wrap around mine.

“You’ll stay in my bed. I’ll crash with Bass,” he states.

This feels different like something has shifted. But at the same time, I know I can't fully trust them. I can't let them in, not like that.

A loud crash jolts me awake. The room is cast in darkness, the mask I'd been wearing is next to me, and my head feels slightly better. Another crash then the room is cast in light. It's a storm, and shivering, I take a peek outside. A car sits across the street, the feel of being watched creeps over me and for once I know it's not The Sinners. Taking three steps back, I slide back into bed. The room shudders with another crash, the thunder causing the entire room to feel like it's shaking.

Tossing the covers aside, I tiptoe from the bed toward the door. Opening it softly, I peek out into the hall.

The doors are closed, and softly I open the first one, seeing two big bodies spread out on the bed. I go to close the door not wanting to disturb them.

"I never thought you'd come," Cassius exclaims, startling me.

"You were waiting for me?" I whisper.

"Of course, pup, I want you wherever I am." When he says sweet things like that, I can almost forget who they are.

Lifting the sheet back, Cassius waits for me to cross the room and slide in between him and Sebastian.

Sebastian's soft snores fill the room, and I reach out to touch his chest. Before I can explore further, Cassius pulls me into him, my back to his chest.

"Jealous," I mutter.

He chuckles softly, kissing the side of my head.

"Hundred percent, pup, I want all your attention."

I turn slightly, his eyes are closed, but there's a prominent smile on his face. The moon shines a soft glow into the room unlike the other room.

Whatever this is, whatever this is turning into I need to know because if this is a trap, I'm not sure my heart can take it.

The Sinners are deadly. I just wasn't sure if I'd survive the aftermath if everything came crashing down.

I wake to soft kisses on my shoulder and fingers caressing down my back, humming, still half asleep.

The kisses continue causing me to smile.

"Cassius," I groan softly.

"Guess again, mamas." Sebastian chuckles, his lips taking mine. I moan around him when fingers from behind rub against my clit.

"Our girl's sounds are something else aren't they, Bass?" Cassius groans while he pushes a finger inside me, and a whimper escapes me.

"Fuck," Sebastian groans deepening the kiss and grinding into me.

My legs are spread wide. Cassius opens me up, grinding into me as he pushes another finger inside me.

"Fuck," Cassius growls.

His cock presses into me. I know they're both holding back for me. By now if I were anyone else they'd have taken what they wanted, and used me the way they needed.

His fingers mix in my arousal then pulling them out, he drags them up toward my ass.

I whimper when he pushes one in slightly.

"We're going to own every inch of you, pup." He hisses.

"Spread them wider, mamas," Sebastian growls. "Let him in. He'll make you feel so good."

I breathe as the desire and nerves make everything feel so good. *Oh, God.*

Cassius's finger goes deeper, and I almost let go.

His other hand dips under me until his fingers are skimming over my nipple. I groan around him when he gently pinches it.

Sebastian's fingers dip inside me while his mouth finds mine, kissing me relentlessly.

They both work my body. Unable to control the euphoria currently working its way through me, I cry out as my pussy clenches around Sebastian's fingers, both his and Cassius's fingers turning me into a spasming mess.

Everything around me detonates, and I see stars as I explode.

"Oh, God." My chest rises and falls, trying to come back down to earth.

The blankets are torn off me, my shirt is pulled up my body, and then they grunt as they cover my stomach and breasts.

They both stare down at the mess they made, smirking.

"So fucking beautiful covered in us, pup." Cassius groans, moving his cock around my breast.

Sebastian takes my lips in a heated kiss, flicking his tongue against mine before pulling back and taking my lip between his teeth.

"No matter what, we fucking own you, mamas, every goddamn inch of you," he growls while they take turns kissing me.

I'd done exactly what they wanted, given them complete control over me, but I'm sated. Knowing tomorrow things may just go back to how they were, I take in this moment for just a little longer.

Washing myself in the shower, I move the cloth over my body making sure I'm clean and fresh. No trace of what the boys had done to me was evident on my body, except for the marks I continue to find covering my breasts and sides. Cassius stands outside the door while I shower. I would have felt uncomfortable if he hadn't taken my breasts in his mouth only moments before. He watches me while I wash my hair. Standing in only jeans, his chest on full display, maybe for my benefit or he simply couldn't be bothered putting on a shirt.

Turning the faucet off, I exit grabbing a towel, and slowly wipe the droplets of water from my body. His heated gaze roams over me, the fire behind his eyes burns through me while he watches me dry off.

My grin widens as he groans. Slowly I pull my clothes from yesterday on, covering myself up.

Cassius's grunt informs me he hates it.

Sauntering past him, I run my fingers over his stomach, the hard ridges of his abs contract under the movement.

Over breakfast the questions start.

"Last night, someone took you. Why?" Kingston asks.

"I-I don't know." Kingston's glare tells me he doesn't believe a word I say, but he steers away from that question hitting me with another.

"What do you know about the dean?" Kingston asks.

I shrug. "He's my father's best friend. He's always been in my life." The man is practically family. Why was this important?

They go quiet, and I almost want to scream at them for answers.

"Do you trust him?" Sebastian asks me, sounding closer than before. The feel of him at my back lets me know I'm correct. His chest pushes into my back making a nervous wave flutter through me.

"Y-yes of course," I whisper.

Suddenly, Sebastian pulls me slightly to him as if he's somehow softening the blow that's to come. His arm wraps around me protectively, dipping his head, his lips brush across my forehead.

Turning my head to Cassius beside me, he looks down at me with an expression I can't figure out.

"He's not who you think he is, Nova," Cassius exclaims, running his fingers through my still damn hair.

"I don't understand?" I mutter, looking between them.

"We need you to get us something on Dean Carter, princess," Kingston says.

"I wouldn't count on it," I mutter. Suddenly I'm ripped from the safety of Sebastian's arms and gasping as Kingston cages

me between him and the bench. My back is pushed into the timber, his body a punishing weight, holding me hostage. Gripping my chin, he roughly holds it in place. Gripping his biceps, my nails dig into his skin. He grunts, and I'm almost certain he's getting off on the pain.

"I'm more than happy to show you what we're capable of, princess, just say the word," he growls, running his nose along my pulse and then biting down. Trying to ignore the fire between my legs while being manhandled by Kingston, I'm starting to wonder if there is something wrong with me. I'm enjoying the way he's taking control, and the roughness he uses with me. His deliciously inked skin tightens around me as his arms pull me into his hardness.

"What will it be, princess?"

Staring at him, my mouth opens then closes unsure of what to say. How would I even say it?

So instead, I utter, "I'm sorry."

Swallowing hard, Kingston moves away pushing me back toward Sebastian and Cassius. Turning his back on me, he takes a few moments to calm himself down.

"We're the only ones you can trust, pup," he says, lifting a strand of my hair and toying with it between his fingers before placing it behind my ear.

"Why?"

"Let's just say, mamas, the man you think you know isn't quite the man we know," Sebastian murmurs.

"So tell me," I ask.

"You're not ready, princess, but in time you'll know because you're going to help us." Kingston grunts.

"Help you with what?" I whisper.

Kingston smirks, looks between the others, then back at me.

"You're going to help us take him and his boss down, princess, and it all starts now."



I feel uneasy spying on the dean, but Kingston wasn't going to take no for an answer. If it was true and he had played a part in that night, did that really mean he'd told the boys to kill me?

Did my father know? Did I truly believe what the guys said?

"Stop overthinking it, baby girl," Jordan whispers as we walk toward class.

"It's just I don't understand." I stop, making Jordan stop next to me.

"Like I said, don't overthink it. In time we'll tell you everything, just know you can trust us."

"Trust you, really?" He nods, guiding me into the room.

"There was someone at your house." Jordan's head snaps in my direction when I tell him.

"Where?" He asks.

“Outside.” I mutter.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” He demands.

“I-I didn’t—”

“I’ll deal with this, one of us will be here when you’re done.”
He walks away leaving me watching after him as he does.



GETTING the information they need will be difficult. I mean, the dean may be like an uncle to me, but he wasn’t just going to willingly hand over any information he had on Santonio. I’m doubtful he’d even let slip about his involvement. He’d requested I come see him before I left today, and I was beginning to worry that somehow he knew, but of course there’s no way he’d know anything.

“Hey, Grant.” I smile at his assistant seated at his desk. He stands, giving me a smile.

“Hello, Miss Cohen,” he says, laughing softly.

“Please, I’ve told you to call me Nova.”

He nods and smiles taking a seat before declaring, “Of course, Nova.”

I knock on his office door, waiting for a beat before he finally answers,

“Come in.”

Opening the door, I walk in, lifting my hand in a wave.

“Hey, Nova.” He smiles over at me as I take a seat.

Clearing his throat, he leans his feet on his desk and then smiles over at me.

“So, what’s this I hear you’ve been hanging around The Sinners?”

My face falls. “Um, what?” I ask him.

“Nova, you’ve been seen with each of them this last week, and not only that but looking very cozy. Does what your father and I told you about them mean nothing? You know how we feel about them and what they’re involved in,” he chastises me, shaking his head in disappointment.

Standing, he comes around his desk and leans against it while he looks down at me.

“They’re dangerous, Nova, you know that.”

“I know, I promise it’s nothing. Just helping Sebastian with some schoolwork,” I lie. God, why couldn’t I come up with something that sounds more believable?

Sighing, he places his hand on my shoulder.

“Please be safe,” he says, his voice filled with worry.

“What’s so dangerous about them?” I ask, hoping he’ll give me an insight into the mystery that is The Sinners.

Crossing his arms over his chest, he stares across his office.

“You’ve heard the stories, Nova, they’re all true,” he states.

“Really?” There’s no way, not everything I’ve heard, surely? People fabricate stories all the time. I knew they had a reputation but surely, they weren’t the murderers everyone kept saying they were?

“Look, Nova, these boys will do anything to protect one another, including using someone as sweet as you.” He nudges my chin and nods toward the door.

“Now beat it and promise me you’ll keep your distance. I’ll keep this to myself for now, but eventually, your father will find out, Nova, perks of being the mayor and all.” He smiles, and with that I’m dismissed.

Knowing my father will eventually find out I’m under The Sinners’ radar gives me some pause because the moment he finds out, whatever The Sinners are after will no longer be an option. My father will use whatever he can to take them down.

He won't stop until he's destroyed them especially if he knows I'm involved.

This was going to be one huge mess.

As soon as I exit the school, I see Cassius waiting for me by my car, leaning against it like he belongs there.

He smiles when he sees me.

"Let's take a drive, pup," he says as if I have nowhere else to be. Opening the door for me, my gaze never leaves Cassius as I descend into the seat. He buckles me in like I can't do it myself. His gaze finds mine and then slowly his fingers lift, brushing my hair behind my ear then he places a soft kiss on my nose before shutting my door and going around to the driver's side.

"Where are we going?" I ask him.

He smiles over at me, starting the engine before he murmurs, "I want to show you something."

Twenty minutes later, Cassius is pulling my car to a stop just on the outskirts of town. Staring straight ahead at the view that greets us, it's so beautiful it feels like we're in the clouds.

"Wow," I breathe.

"This place is my sanctuary," Cassius announces. "I'd come here just to sit whenever my father would have one of his episodes. Sometimes I'd fall asleep staring at the stars, making wish after wish," he mutters.

His tongue darts out wetting his lips. He catches me staring and huffs, chuckling slightly.

"So, your dad?" I ask curiously.

"A drunk, a mean one," he tells me, lying his head back against the headrest.

"I'm sorry," I reply my apology. I'd heard those rumors too, that Mr. Alston was a horrible man for what he did to his wife, but that was gossip spread around a high school. Who knew what parts were actually true?

He shrugs, but I can tell it still affects him, even if he doesn't admit it out loud.

"It was a long time ago and after that night, when he beat the crap out of me and I could barely stand, I knew I'd be better off on the streets than under his roof. It was nearly a week of sleeping under the stars, finding whatever food I could so I wouldn't starve when King found me. He brought me back to his place and then Bass and Jordy joined us a little over a year later. I knew then they'd be the only family I needed," he says like this isn't one of the saddest things I've ever heard. I don't realize I'm crying until Cassius pulls me into his lap. "Don't cry for me, pup, I don't deserve your tears," he utters against my head, all while his fingers move back and forth over my hair.

I sniff, bringing myself face to face with him. Lifting his hand, his thumb brushes a falling tear across my face before he leans in, and his lips crash to mine causing a soft whimper to escape. His hands hold my face as he devours my mouth. The intensity of the kiss makes my heart hammer wildly. He pulls back resting his forehead against mine. I sigh softly, our gazes meet, and the way he looks at me makes my stomach twist into a tight knot. Cassius is dangerous. Being alone with him is stupid, but for some reason, the thought of being alone with him doesn't scare me. Why is that?

"I shouldn't want to kiss you, pup, but I can't help picturing you writhing under me while I devour every inching you."

"Cassius," I mutter against his lips.

"Yeah, pup."

"I think falling for you could be dangerous."

"Yeah?" He breathes. "But isn't that half the fun?" He smirks and then kisses me again making me all but breathless.

It's late by the time we're pulling into the driveway. My father's car sits proudly, Cassius eyes it cautiously. My fingers touch his arm when he doesn't speak, and his head dips to where my fingers rest.

“Go on inside, pup, your father will be waiting,” he tells me, letting himself out and waiting for me before he comes around and places my keys in my hand. Staring up at him, I can feel everything he wants to say but not once does he open his mouth to speak.

Finally he breaks the silence. “I’m sorry you got pulled into this, pup,” he murmurs, pulling me into him. “Really I am,” he says, his voice getting lost in my hair.

“Me too.” I sigh. “Can I ask you something?” I ask him.

“Sure.” He smiles.

“What’s the deal with Kingston?”

“The deal?”

“Yeah, I mean what’s his story?” I ask him.

“King is, well he’s ...” He sighs. “He’s difficult,” he adds.

“I’ll say.” I let out a soft chuckle.

“Whatever you think you know, Nova, it’s worse, much worse. I promise.” He gives me a soft smile before his gaze drifts over my head toward my house.

“I better go before my father sends out a search party.”

“Yeah.”

Turning on my heel, I head toward the door. Cassius watches me, smiling, and before I think about it, I run back to him and lean up on my tiptoes pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“Night,” I whisper.

“Night, pup.” He smiles.

Air rushes into my lungs while I watch Cassius walk down the driveaway. Something shifted between us today, it feels different and it is definitely messing with my head. The stairs creak beneath me as I make my way upstairs. The safety my room provides gives me a chance to collect my thoughts. This entire situation is beyond bizarre. Cassius intrigues me, in fact they all do, but they are determined to ruin me or own me. I’m not quite sure on what part yet. I mean, I’m pretty clear on

what part Kingston wants to play, but even if I'm not that stupid, can I really trust any of them?

Sitting in my car while a tear slides down my cheek, I stare off into the distance. I'd somehow driven to school but the moment I'd pulled into a spot everything exploded. Looking down at the note left on my windshield, a deep shiver runs down my spine. Hastily, I wipe at my face, eager to pull myself together.

Vicky would see right through me the moment she saw me, and I wasn't sure I was ready to talk about this supposed stalker.

A tap on my window has me jumping a mile and clutching my chest to calm my racing heart. My gaze collides with Sebastian's. The moment my face comes into view, Sebastian rips my door open.

Hissing through clenched teeth, he asks, "Who the fuck do I need to kill?"



“No one,” she utters softly.

She wipes her face again, shoving a piece of paper under her seat, then exits, locks her door, and walks beside me. I knew the moment she went to class I’d be finding out what she’d been hiding.

“Jordy will be here after you finish,” I tell her before she enters the room. Staring up at me, I don’t miss the sadness in her eyes. Reaching out for her and bringing her to me, I catch her soft gasps with a kiss.

My hands grip the side of her face. Pulling back, I wipe the tears sliding down her cheeks.

“Why can’t you just let me go?” she murmurs.

“Because I can’t, I know that’s messed up, mamas.” I groan.

Nothing feels the same anymore, but keeping her safe I can do that.

“Go, mamas.” I nod toward the room.

Her lip catches and I know she has a million questions right now.

“Why do you guys keep—”

“Mamas.” It’s a warning. She knows I can’t tell her or won’t tell her.

She nods softly then with one last look over her shoulder she finally walks into class.

Knowing I have a short period to work with, I head back toward the parking lot. Nova’s car comes into view, I pull the tool from my back pocket and head straight for the driver’s side.

It only takes a few moments and her door is popping open. Lifting the handle to open the door, I bend down to search under her seat.

Just as my fingers touch the paper I hear, “What the fuck are you doing?” My head snaps back, groaning when I see her friend standing there arms crossed over his chest. Glaring down at me.

Grabbing the paper, I quickly shove it in my pocket and stand smiling down at him.

“None of your fucking business,” I bark, clenching my jaw while he moves closer getting in my face.

I have a good six inches on him, so if he thinks he’s intimidating me he’s sorely mistaken.

“What were you doing in Nova’s car?” He looks around me as I close her door, making sure it’s locked before I do.

“She asked me to grab something for her,” I lie, smiling down at him.

Scoffing loudly, he starts to laugh.

“You really think I’d believe that shit? Whatever your interest in Nova is ...” this time he gets right in my face refusing to back down, “... I suggest you back off,” he warns.

Cocking my eyebrow, I burst out laughing while he looks around trying to figure me out.

Gripping his shoulder, I lift my knee and slam it straight into his stomach, my fist lands an uppercut perfectly on his jaw as he falls to the ground, clutching his stomach and jaw.

Rolling to his side, groaning like a little bitch, I stand over him, gripping his hair, dragging him up to his ass.

“You get in my business again, next time I won’t stop.” Shoving him down, he coughs as his arms wrap around his stomach.

I see Cassius smirking at me across the parking lot.

Turning before I get too far away, I say loud enough so he’ll hear, “Nova is ours, be sure to stay away from our girl.”

His groaning is all I hear when I stop next to Cass.

“You finally snapped huh?” He chuckles.

“Fucker deserved it,” I bark.

I nod for Cass to follow me. Whatever Nova is hiding is something she doesn’t want us to know, but I’ve never been one to do as I’m told.

Cass follows me and we lean against the back of the building before I pull the paper from my pocket.

“What’s that?” Cass asks.

I clench my jaw when I see the words printed on the paper.

I told you to stay away from them, Nova, you are mine. You fucking slut!

“We have a problem,” I tell him, handing him the paper.

“Motherfucker,” he growls.

Cass storms off toward the building and I know without a doubt he’s going to watch Nova.

Our girl’s been hiding this from us, now we have two problems instead of one.

Fuck.



Jordy looks up at me when I stop outside Nova's classroom.

"Problem?"

"Yeah, go see Bass." He looks toward the room where the students are packing their things up.

"I've got her." I'd blown off class again because this person was forcing our hand. He nods, walking away just as the doors open. Nova notices me, stopping for a moment before she continues to walk.

Taking her backpack from her, and ushering her down the hall, my hand goes to her lower back.

"Cassius," she whispers.

"I have class, unlike you, I can't skip," she utters.

My jaw clenches because the last thing I want to do is snap at her, but I'm so goddamn angry right now. She has someone

taunting her, someone that's not us.

Walking her toward her car, she gasps out loud when she spots her friend sitting on one of the benches.

"Miller," she cries.

"What happened? My God, your face."

Holding back a laugh, I smile at the bruise already forming on his chin, where Bass's fist landed.

Nova looks over her shoulder at me when he nods his head toward me.

"Why don't you ask him?"

"Cassius?" she questions.

"He had it coming, pissing Bass off isn't wise."

"Bass did that?"

"Let's go, Nova." I gesture toward the parking lot.

She stands her ground, crossing her arms across her chest.

"I'm not going anywhere with any of you," she snaps.

Running my tongue back and forth over my lips, I grind my teeth.

"Nova, now. We have things to discuss," I warn her.

"No," she shouts, stomping her foot.

"Oh, baby, you don't want to tempt me. I will carry you out of here."

"You wouldn't dare," she mutters.

Leaning toward her I whisper, "Try me."

Still, she refuses to move. Her friend looks up at her, and I don't miss the way he looks at her. Maybe this fucker is the one who's obsessed with her.

"You have three seconds, Nova, or I'll carry you," I tell her.

"Go to hell," she barks.

“That’s it.” I take a step toward her, but before I can get my arms under her, she screams when Bass comes up behind me, throws her over his shoulder, and carries her toward the parking lot while she cusses and screams at him.

Jordy shoves her friend back in his seat, smirking as he walks past. Finally I join them, glaring at him as I walk by.

Nova’s voice carries across the parking lot, causing a scene.

“Put me down you, asshole, this is kidnapping.” Her fists pound against Bass’s back as she screams and kicks trying to break free from his hold.

Bass slides her down his body, holding her hip as he does. He smirks down at her, her hand flies up slapping him hard across the face.

“You’re an asshole.”

Gripping her arm, he holds her to his chest as I hear him growl, “You touch me again and I’ll fucking punish you. Don’t fucking tempt me, Nova.”

“Get in the truck, Nova,” Jordy says, gesturing toward our truck.

“Screw you, screw all of you. I hate you,” she screams out.

“Not the tune you were singing the other day, Nova.” Bass smirks remembering her in his bed between us.

“Clearly I was still high on whatever you gave me.”

“Wasn’t us, Nova, but I’m betting it has something to do with this note you received.” Her eyes go wide when Bass holds up the note he took from her car.

“H-how did you get that?” She looks over at her car.

“Please, Nova, don’t insult me, piece of fucking cake. Next time hide shit a little better,” Bass barks. Gripping her arm, he forces her into the truck.

We knew making Nova skip class wasn’t a good look, word would spread that The Sinners carried Nova Cohen into their truck while she screamed bloody murder in the parking lot, but we needed answers.

King meets us at the house, his eyes go straight to Nova and follow her every move as she shrugs from Jordy's hold to take a seat, silently seething at us all.

Bass hands him the note. Scanning it, King clicks his jaw, his face morphing into complete rage.

He tosses the closest thing to him, smashing the glass as pieces fly everywhere. Nova jumps from the sofa running behind it and ducking down.

"Who the fuck?" he seethes. His gaze follows Nova who whimpers, tears cascading down her cheeks.

"How many of these have you got?" King demands.

She cowers, dropping her gaze to the floor.

"NOVA," King screams.

"Woah, dude," I say, trying to calm the situation. He won't get anything out of Nova, not like this.

Bass moves to Nova, crouching down so he's at eye level with her, his fingers graze against hers.

"Mamas, we need to know."

She shakes her head, wiping a tear away that slides down her face.

"I-I don't know, maybe three." She shudders with a sob.

"I'm taking her to bed," I say, lifting her in my arms and carrying her down the hall while my brothers' voices argue about what to do next.

Kicking my door closed, I place Nova on my bed. She curls up on her side, facing away from me.

"I just want to be left alone." She sniffs.

"Not going to happen, pup," I say, lifting a chair and placing it at the end of her bed. She watches me as I take a seat. Leaning forward, my gaze lands on her, and she silently cries as I watch from a distance.

"It'll be over soon, pup," I tell her.

Shame floods through me because even I know those words
are a lie.



My eyes flutter open, and it takes me a moment to remember where I am ...

Cassius's room. After the first night I'd remembered. Did he like me in his room?

His smell envelops me, taking me on a strange high.

Sneaking a peek under my arm, I notice he's not in the chair he placed at the end of the bed. Lifting my head, I gasp out loud, clutching my chest at the sight of King sitting on the other side, leaning against the desk.

His glare is firmly in place, and I lift myself to a sitting position to lean back against the headboard.

Waiting.

He finally makes his move, crawling across the bed, coming straight for me. His fingers grip my ankle, then with one hard pull, he tugs me down so I'm under him.

“I want the truth,” he growls.

“I-I—”

“Stop, princess, I don’t want to know what you don’t know.”

Swallowing the lump in my throat. I decide to go with it.

“Why do you care, you’re just my shadow right?” My bottom lip trembles.

He traps it between his fingers, staring down at my mouth.

“Yes,” he murmurs.

“You’re a coward, you all are. You get off on hurting me, but you won’t man up and admit that maybe, just maybe you caught feelings,” I say, lifting my chin.

Kingston’s fist slams down beside my head, while he straddles me forcing his weight on top of me.

“No, you are a fucking nuisance. We should have got rid of you when we had the chance.” He hisses, clenching his jaw.

“Fine, do it,” I grind out, shoving him as hard as I can.

“Don’t tempt me, princess, because right now all I see is an issue that’s not worth our time.”

“Just admit it, Kingston, you want to fuck me.”

He chuckles darkly.

“Who said I wanted to fuck you, princess?”

“Maybe the way your cock gets hard whenever I’m around,” I gloat.

I let out a scream as he drags me across the bed, slamming me against the wall. His fingers tighten around my throat.

“Just because my brothers want to sink deep inside you, princess, doesn’t mean I will.”

Danger seeps from his veins as he drops his gaze, eyeing me with hatred. His fingers stay wrapped around my throat.

The door opens, Kingston looks over his shoulder as Cassius, Sebastian, and Jordan all stare at us, me against the wall with Kingston’s fingers around my throat.

Slowly, he lets me slide down the wall, letting my legs buckle under my weight. His fingers are still around my throat.

“If I were you, princess, I wouldn’t push me.”

Then he lets me go and shoves his way through the door.

Jordy sweeps me up, carrying me bridal style to the bed. The others join him, each touching me like they need to have their hands on me.

“I’ve never seen him like this, you must really get under his skin, mamas.” Sebastian smirks.

“No, he just hates me.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure.” Cassius smiles.

“No, it’s better if we don’t cross that line, trust me, Kingston and I are better not together.”

“What about us?” Jordan asks.

Opening my mouth to say something, I stop when Jordan’s lips capture mine.

He groans, crawling over me and resting his weight on his forearms. He deepens the kiss, swallowing my moans as his fingers sprawl over my ass, lifting me until his cock is pushing into me and I cry out. Before I have time to think, I feel Jordan lift and then his lips are replaced with someone else’s.

I whimper as they devour me, hands groping my breasts, before twisting my nipple through my dress.

My legs are spread wide. Warm breath hits me and then my panties are tugged down my thighs. A rush of air hits me and I moan as fingers circle my entrance, circling my clit, I clench my thighs together as soon as he takes a taste of me.

“Oh, God.” I break free from the mouth and Jordy smiles down at me. Then his lips are back, kissing me and groaning around us. His fingers reach for my throat holding me just enough.

My eyes roll back when a tongue laps at my wetness. Panting in need, my fingers curl in the head between my legs.

Suddenly my dress is ripped exposing me, and lips latch onto my nipple. Biting down hard, I cry out loudly as an orgasm rips through me, blinding me as everything goes blurry and I see stars.

I whimper as the aftershocks run through me.

“That was ...” I pant.

“Fucking hot,” Sebastian groans, releasing my nipple.

I giggle slightly still on the high of what just happened.

Cassius moves up my body, his chin glistening with me. His lips capture mine, forcing me to taste myself. His tongue tangles with mine, and I can't help the whimper that escapes me.

Sebastian takes his place as soon as Cassius releases me. Upside down his tongue twists with mine, kissing me hungrily.

He breaks away letting me catch my breath.

“You're ours, pup, don't forget it,” Cassius growls before biting down on my nipple and making me yelp.

Staring down at the torn material of my dress I lift myself slightly, leaning back on my elbows.

“You ruined my dress.”

I look over at Sebastian, the ‘I don't give a shit’ grin on his face evident when he says, “Totally fucking worth it.”

My gaze falters down, their bulges clear as they help me up.

“Don't you want me to—” I say, tipping my head toward their trousers.

Jordan chuckles.

“Are you saying you want to suck our cocks, baby girl?” He raises an eyebrow curiously.

“Um, it's only fair,” I mention. Besides the last time I did this I didn't have a choice, now it seems like they're giving me one.

“I won't say no to having your lips wrap around me, mamas, but first we should feed you, you know in case you pass out.” He chuckles.

Cassius helps me and my eyes drift down again.

“Are you sure?” Geez, why am I arguing with them?

“We’re sure, pup. Besides, we’re willing to wait because there’s something else we want so much fucking more.”

“W-what?” I mutter, looking between them.

“I thought it was evident, baby girl,” Jordan says.

I shake my head still unclear on what they mean.

Sebastian towers over me grabbing my face. He places a soft kiss on my lips before he says, “We all want to fuck you, mamas, and right now we want the one thing of yours you still have.”

My mouth drops open.

My virginity.

They all want my virginity.



Forcing ourselves away from Nova when she'd offered to blow us was a tremendous effort. I mean, who turns down a blowjob? But Bass was right, we were all after the one thing she still held onto and we knew giving it to one of us was going to be a task because she shouldn't trust us, right? But watching her fall apart under us was by far the most mind-blowing experience of my life.

I just hoped when she found out what we'd been keeping from her she didn't hate us too much.

After all, we were doing it to protect her, it wasn't so bad, right?

King came through the door like a storm, stopping the moment he saw Sebastian feeding Nova. She'd refused to try the fettuccine he'd made so he promised her more of what happened earlier if she'd let him feed her.

“She stays,” Cassius grumbles before King can think of kicking her out. He’s right, we can’t have her out there, exposed to whoever this is.

“Fine, on one condition,” he growls. Nova’s head snaps in his direction. The fearful look she has is enough to tell King she already knows what he wants.

“You tell us everything about these notes, and maybe, just maybe we’ll help you find out who’s behind it.” His jaw ticks when he’s done.

“Fine,” she mutters.

“I don’t know much just that they started around the same time you—” She stops, looking around at us all until her eyes finally land back on King.

“Caught you, yeah.” He clenches his jaw this time.

“They keep saying I’m theirs and I got a photo.” Her eyes drop, embarrassment clear.

“A photo?” Bass asks her.

“What kind of photo?” I question.

“Of me,” she murmurs softly, her eyes still down.

“Pup,” Cassius mutters, forcing his fingers under her chin to tilt it up.

“I was asleep.” She swallows.

“They made sure you knew that they could get to you anytime,” King says, moving closer to her. Intimidation works a treat when you use it right, it’s what we’d do, this person is smart. She nods. Her throat bobs as she swallows loudly.

“I’m scared, and between them and you, I feel safer with you.” She sighs, pushing the plate away from her as she stands.

“Whatever happened that night, I haven’t spoken about it with anybody, but whoever this is knows I’ve caught your attention. I’m just not sure they know why.” She hurries from the room racing up the stairs. We hear a door close, and our gazes are all trained upstairs, all wondering the same thing. Whose room did she choose?

“We need to tell her,” Cassius says, eyeing King.

“No, we agreed we’d wait,” he retorts.

“King, come on, she has the right to know,” Cass argues.

“In time she will. Right now our focus is finding who is after her and ending it before they take it further.” King treads up the stairs.

Cass sighs, grinding his jaw he throws the glass across the room, on impact, it shatters against the wall.

“I can’t keep doing this,” he mutters more to himself than anyone else, but Bass and I share a look. Because we’re right there with him. Something has shifted with Nova. She’s not just the girl we need to keep quiet, she’s become so much more and I’m not sure how much longer I can hold back.

But I’m not sure she’s ready to be exposed fully into our world yet, not when the biggest secret we’re keeping from her may just be what ruins her.



I'd curled up in his bed, waiting. The moment the door opens, the entire room feels small. Trying to decide which room to pick wasn't hard. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine I'd gain the attention of the Harling Hill boys, but here I am laying on his bed watching as one of them slowly enters. Reaching for his shirt, he lifts it over his head with one arm, the way guys do that shouldn't be as hot as it is.

Groaning out loud, he chuckles.

Following him with my gaze, I watch as he strips down his pants leaving just his boxers, then he climbs over the bed until he's leaning over me.

"I love that you're here, that you chose my bed." Then his mouth is on mine. "You're perfect," Cassius growls.

Feeling brave, I reach down, moving to touch him, to touch his cock, but he encases my wrist with his hand, halting my

movement.

“Pup,” he warns.

“I want to,” I whisper.

His growl is prominent and deep as he lets my wrist go. Moving slightly so I can reach in, my fingers wrap around him. He’s thick and hard, my thumb moves over his tip hitting wetness, and he groans when I slide it back and forth.

“Fuck, pup, you keep doing that and we’re going to have a problem.”

“Why?” I stop. Almost removing my hand. “Does it hurt?”

His deep chuckle confuses me until he places his hand with mine. Moving it so my fingers wrap around him.

He guides me, jerking my hand up and down along with his.

“Only when you stop. Fuck, pup,” he growls. Throwing his head back, he removes his hand leaving mine, so I keep going how he showed me.

“Like this,” I whisper softly.

He groans, his hips lifting upward.

“Fuck, just like that. Fuck, pup, keep going.” He grunts.

Moving my hand faster, I can hear the slickness of him, his face contorts. His mouth hangs open and then he growls.

“Fuck.”

And then he comes, shooting across his stomach and covering my hand until he falls back, panting loudly while I stare down at my hand.

I lift it to my mouth, my tongue darting out to taste some of him.

Screwing my face up, it’s different but I’m not sure how I feel about it.

Cassius chuckles beside me.

“Pup, if you keep licking me off your hand, I’m going to need a cold shower.”

Embarrassed he caught me, I hide my hand and grab for the tissues beside his bed.

Cleaning it off before I hand him some so he can do the same, I move to the edge of the bed feeling so stupid.

“Hey.” Cassius moves in behind me, pulling me to his chest.

“I’m so stupid.” Closing my eyes, I mutter, “So stupid.”

“Pup, you’re not stupid, it’s called being curious.”

Cassius moves me so I lay flat on the bed while he looks down at me. He smiles.

“That was one of the hottest fucking things I’ve ever seen, you wanting to taste me. Fuck, pup.”

“You want me to taste you?” I murmur, watching him as his fingers brush against my cheek.

He kisses me softly, taking his time before he finally breaks the kiss and mutters, “More than anything.”

I can feel myself falling hard, especially for Cassius, but I know I can’t. I can’t fall for him—or any of them. Because I know the inevitable will happen.

These boys will move on, go back to their lives, but me, I’ll fall into the abyss and most likely I’ll fall—hard.



Waking with Nova in my arms is the perfect way to wake up, in fact, it's my favorite way to wake up.

She mumbles in her sleep, pushing her ass against my current situation.

Today she goes back home, back to being alone because we all know her father is more concerned with this damn town than his own daughter.

The smell of bacon drifts up the stairs. I groan because I know Bass is cooking and most likely for Nova's benefit, not ours.

Kissing her behind the ear, she mumbles something as her eyes flutter open.

"Morning, pup," I say before stealing a kiss.

Nova reaches for my jaw, cupping it tenderly. The emotion welling in her eyes is enough for me to place my forehead against hers.

“Cass,” she says. Hearing the way she shortens it makes me smile. Finally, my girl feels comfortable enough to not use my full name.

“Yeah,” I finally answer, smiling against her mouth.

“What happens if we fall?” Her whispers almost rip through my fucking heart.

“Then I’ll catch you,” I say into her neck. Lifting my head, my gaze focuses on her, staring into her eyes.

“I should go,” she says, moving from under me. She gathers some clothes I gave her yesterday, getting dressed before me like she’s in some sort of race.

“Nova.” Ignoring me, she leaps up and rushes for the door. Growling, I slide my jeans on, rushing after her.

“Hey, mamas,” Bass says the moment she steps into the kitchen. Jordan and King are both seated at the bench, eating, watching us with interest in their eyes.

“Breakfast?” Bass offers, lifting a plate of bacon and scrambled eggs in front of Nova.

“Um, no thank you, I’m going to go.” She hitches her head toward the door, then bolts toward it, snatching her keys from the bench on the way. The second I hear her car, I slam my hands down hard in frustration on the bench.

“You guys have a fight?” Jordy asks.

Shaking my head, I knew whatever just happened, meant more to Nova than she let on.

“Today we need to find out who’s been following her,” King says, shoveling the last forkful of his eggs in his mouth, then sculling his juice before he stands.

“Other than us, you mean?” Bass quips.

“My bet is on the friend,” Jordy says.

“Yeah, I like him for this too,” Bass retorts.

“I don’t know, it’s too obvious,” I say out loud.

King eyes me. “You got someone else in mind?”

I shrug, taking some bacon from the plate Bass sat aside for Nova.

“Just have a feeling, that’s all,” I tell them.

“We still need Nova to find that information for us. Since you two seem pretty cozy, it’s your job to convince her to have another look in her father’s office,” King tells me.

I sigh, hating this entire situation.

“Yeah, I’ll talk to her,” I promise.

King walks out the door. Both Jordy and Bass eye me with identical smirks on their faces.

“So, what were *you* doing last night?” Jordy chuckles.

“Nothing.” I shrug.

“Yeah, yeah I believe you,” Bass says.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I know they’ll keep going until I give them something.

“Nova touched me, okay?” I say, leaving it at that and walking back toward my room.

“She what?” Jordy hollers.

By the time I get to my room, both Bass and Jordy are there urging me to spill more.

“Did you fuck her because we haven’t discussed what happens when ...”

“No, I didn’t fuck her.” I stop Jordy.

“Besides, even if I did, that’s her choice, we don’t get to pick that,” I say, waving my finger between us.

“So, what happened? Why did she run out this morning?” Bass asks.

“Things got heavy and I think Nova’s getting feelings.” I sigh.

“Fuck,” Bass growls.

Yeah, fuck. Being more to Nova isn’t the plan.

“Let’s just do what we need to and maybe she’ll hate us enough that her feelings will go away,” Bass says.

I knew Bass was trying to convince us all because we all knew what would happen once Nova found out the truth.

She’d run and we’d never see her again.



My phone buzzes with my father's name.

Panic sets in. *Crap*. He doesn't believe whatever lie the boys told him for why I didn't come home last night.

"Hi, Daddy," I say with as much cheer as possible.

"Nova, could you please come into my office the moment you get home?"

"Okay, I'm just pulling up now."

He hangs up, the silence deafening as my car pulls up next to his. Seeing my uncle's car, I already know why my father wants to see me.

Crap. Maybe it's about me skipping class yesterday, it may not be about them.

Opening my door, I don't even get to the front door, when my uncle peers out smiling at me.

“Hey, Nova. Let’s go see him, yeah?”

Slowly, I ascend the stairs with him following closely behind.

I feel like I’m walking to death row because I know the moment I step into my father’s office I will most likely never step out of this house again.

His office door is wide open like he’s been waiting for me.

Looking up, he spots me and gestures for me to take a seat.

“Daddy, I can—” He holds his hand up to stop me.

“I’m disappointed, sweetheart. I really thought I’d given you enough warnings, enough lectures about those boys, and here Carter tells me you’ve been sneaking off with them, gallivanting around town, and doing Christ knows what else with them.” He slams his hand down making me jump.

“They’re dangerous, Nova. How many times do I have to tell you?” he barks.

“I-I’m sorry.”

“Is that where you were last night, with them?” Keeping my gaze down I don’t answer, just wait.

He sighs, running his hands over his hair, and looking over my shoulder where I know Carter stands.

“Did they threaten you, force you?” he asks, concern filtering his face.

“No, they just wanted ...” Crap, I can’t tell him.

“Wanted what, Nova?” he asks.

Sighing, I know I promised them, but I can’t lie to my father.

“Information. They wanted information.”

“What do you mean?” Carter comes forward, leaning across the desk, his gaze going between my father and me.

“About someone,” I say, letting out a breath.

I raise my head to meet my father’s eyes. He’s not impressed.

Raising his eyebrows, his patience is running thin.

“Santonio,” I whisper.

“Did you just say Santonio?” Carter asks.

I nod, twisting my fingers in my lap, and swallowing the lump in my throat. I’d just betrayed them; they are going to make my life a living hell.

“Did they tell you that name?” My father looks over at Carter, anger seeping through his veins.

“They work for him. They need information so they can—”
get their lives back.

My father and Carter share a look, I’m even more confused than I’ve ever been right now.

“You are to never see them again, Nova. Do you understand?”

“I-I ...”

Slamming his hands down on his desk, he rises until he’s leaning over his desk. His glare is aimed at me as my father shouts, “Do you understand, Nova?”

“Y-yes.” I pause, but I need answers. “I don’t understand. Who is Santonio?” And why do they want to take him down so badly?

“Santonio is none of your concern, Nova,” my father repeats.

“But.”

“None. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” I nod.

“They used their charms against you, Nova, and made you believe they were the victims. You’re naïve, Nova, they played you,” my father tells me.

“Get out of here and I expect to never hear about you and those boys again,” he says, his tone clear.

Standing from the chair, I almost break but nod slowly. “Yes, sir.”

“And you better attend all your classes from here on out,” he declares.

He dismisses me with a wave of his hand, closing the door behind me. I turn to leave, but not before I hear my father growl, "Find them and bring them to me."

The truth, I need to find the truth.

My face stretches into a wide grin when an idea comes to me.

I just hope he'll be on board with helping me. I mean, who else apart from Carter knows my father just as well? It's the perfect idea. Maybe he knows about Santonio, better yet, maybe he knows who he is.

I just need to use my given talents of coercing him into helping me.

I just hope I'm not leading myself into one big trap.



I'd been ready to confront her.

I'd avoided any real feelings for her simply because that isn't who I am.

I have to hate her. I need to hate her.

Right?

Fuck.

She knew how to push all my buttons, make me delirious with rage, and then make me want to rip her clothes off at the same time and bury myself so deep inside her she became a part of me.

Hearing the noises coming from Cass's room last night wasn't nearly as bad as the laughter they'd shared. She felt comfortable with him, but with me, she couldn't stand the sight of me. I knew I was to blame,

I don't get self-doubt ever. But with her, it hits me like a fucking train.

While my brothers are falling for her, I'm trying my best to keep my heart out of it, simply because of my past.

We weren't meant for happy endings. No, my brothers and I were meant for despair and pain.

After all, Santonio's men meant we were good for only one thing. Love wasn't on that list.

Not that I could love Nova. No, she deserved so much better than what I could ever give her.

The moment I stretch my legs and walk around the truck, I'm met with the cold stare of the dean.

"You've fucked up kid." He smirks.

Following behind him, I lift my head in time to catch Nova staring down at me, the pained look on her face lets me know, her father knows.

Fuck, I knew we couldn't trust her.

Shoving me into the mayor's office, there's a look of amusement on his face as I stop in the middle of his room.

"Mr. West, so kind of you to join me," he says, tapping his fingers softly on the desk.

"Don't think it was a choice," I mutter.

"I'll get right to the point, shall I?" He gestures for me to take a seat.

Shaking my head politely, I choose to stand back and observe him while I wait.

"So, my daughter?" he says, putting emphasis on the way he says daughter.

Swallowing, I watch as he stands, unbuttoning his jacket as he makes his way toward me. The uneasy feeling grows when he stops in front of me.

Mayor Cohen's fingers wrap around my throat, squeezing tightly, and forcing me to my knees.

“You involved my daughter,” he barks. His fingers cut off my oxygen.

“I should feed you to the fucking sharks,” he quips, shoving me until my face hits the floor.

“You and your brothers will keep your distance from Nova. If my daughter gets hurt because you assholes can’t keep your filthy hands to yourselves, I won’t have a problem putting a bullet between your eyes,” he snaps.

My gaze finds his as I take deep breaths to regulate my breathing.

“Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Get the fuck out of my sight.” He motions to the door.

Finding my feet, I make my way toward the door. Gripping the knob, I turn it just before he says, “Remember, King, I helped make you who you are, don’t make me regret it.” With a nod he dismisses me.

I hated being in debt to him, but without him, I’d be in jail right now. Feeling hollow inside, I know what I have to do. I’ll pay for my sins, but my brothers won’t pay, they’ll be free. Free from under Santonio and his wrath, and free from this life.

Storming through the house, still clenching my throat, I hear the echo of footsteps as I spin around just in time for Nova to collide into my chest.

“King?” Her voice is barely audible, like a soft fucking whisper, but it’s the look in her eyes, the guilt.

“You told him,” I seethe.

“N-no.” She looks away, guilt written over her face. Gripping her chin, I force her to look at me.

I check to make sure we don’t have a surprise visitor before telling her, “If you think having us shadow you was bad before, princess, prepare to fucking fear us now.”

Shoving away from her, I hightail it out of there before I do something stupid like strangle her.

Fuck.

Slamming the door behind me, Jordy and Bass look up from where they sit on the bench.

“What happened?” Bass questions. He and Jordy share a look, I’m so wound up I don’t notice Cass until he grips my arm and snaps.

“King, what the fuck happened?”

“She fucking betrayed us,” I roar. My fist pushes through the wall sending plaster flying everywhere. Pulling my hand out, I watch as blood trickles down my knuckles, the broken skin already bruising.

“No,” Cassius says.

Grabbing a cloth, I wrap it around my hand, positive my knuckles are broken. I direct my scolding gaze at Cassius.

“She’s a lying bitch and we should have ended her when we had the chance,” I bark.

Cassius’s fingers grip my arm, forcing me to stop. Shaking his head, he murmurs, “No, I don’t believe it.”

“Believe whatever you want, but I just spoke to Mayor Cohen. He basically threatened me,” I look around at me brothers, “— he threatened us.”

“Fuck,” Jordy speaks up.

“Yeah, precisely. He warned me off Nova, so whatever we wanted from her is long fucking gone because that girl will only get us fucking killed, and I’m not prepared to watch any of you die, not because she can’t keep her mouth shut.” I hiss.

Downing two painkillers, I take out the small first aid kit we have and wrap my hand the best I can.

“So, what do we do now?” Bass questions me.

“I have an idea, but I need you to trust me.”

Cassius sighs.

“What is it?”

Clenching my jaw tightly, I utter, “It’s best you don’t know.”

“King, if you think we’re going to sit back while you go play the fucking hero ...” Jordy barks.

“It’s not like that.”

“Then what’s it like, huh?” Cass argues. “Because I’m pretty sure you’re prepared to do something completely fucking stupid, and you want us to sit back while you do,” he snaps, shoving me slightly.

“We’re fucking brothers, we’re in this together,” he says.

I nod, but my brothers don’t understand I’ll do anything to protect them, even if it means turning myself in just so they can survive.



I stare after Kingston as he storms from the house.

“Nova.” My eyes crush shut hearing my name on my father’s lips. Finding his steely gaze on me, he lifts an eyebrow as he walks toward me.

I try to swallow around the lump building in my throat, but I can’t.

“Stay away from those boys. Do you understand, Nova?” His voice is curt, holding no question for anything but the answer he wants.

“Yes, Daddy,” I murmur, discreetly hiding my gaze, afraid I’ll disappoint him more.

“I won’t have you mixed up in their world, Nova. I can’t lose you.” His lips touch the top of my head, sighing softly before he leaves me alone once again.

My eyes drift toward the door, dread filling me. Kingston thinks I betrayed them, and in a way I did.

My need to please my father once again dismissed anything they told me.



I KNEW they'd be waiting, what I didn't expect was for the smile gracing Sebastian's face.

Kingston's glare, yeah. I expected that one.

Crap.

"Hey, pup." Cassius winks.

"Mamas," Sebastian breathes.

Their gazes make it feel like bugs are crawling under my skin.

"Listen here, princess." Kingston's burning gaze makes my skin sizzle.

For several moments we stand in some sort of stare-off.

"I-I," I finally cry.

"King, let our girl breathe," Jordy says, squeezing in beside me, and throwing a wink my way.

Kingston blows out a hard breath, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I don't believe for a second our girl betrayed us, right, baby girl?"

Jordan says, cocking an eyebrow at me. The way he says our girl pulls something inside me.

"It wasn't like that." I swallow.

Kingston's lips twitch into a smirk. Moving toward me, he lays his hand on my lower back, tugging me into his chest

almost like he's embracing me. His lips brush against my ear, sending shivers down my spine.

He nudges his nose across my cheek before his hand weaves behind my neck. Resting his forehead against mine, his fingers caress my skin, but stop the moment he glares down at me.

"I'm going to enjoy ruining you, princess," he says, smirking before letting me go and walking away.

Breathing hard, I watch as the others form a small circle around me, my gaze circles across them all before Cassius grips my hand pulling me into him.

"He hates me, I messed up. I-I promise it's not what he thinks."

It is.

"Enlighten us then, pup?" Cassius murmurs.

"M-my father, knew about you all, warned me to stay away from you, that you were dangerous and you were using me," I say.

"What makes you think you don't drive us all fucking wild?" Sebastian grits out.

My mind goes hazy as they all move in around me, caging me between them. I hold my breath as each of them places a hand somewhere on my body.

"If you think we're letting you go, pup, think again," Cassius growls. Lifting his hand, his thumb brushes over my bottom lip letting it pop up before he drops his hand.

"You're ours, baby girl, we're not done with you yet," Jordy exclaims. Before I can blink, they all walk away leaving me breathless and overwhelmed with what just happened.

Can I really trust them?

I can't let them watch me fall, I can't. That means they win. But right now, all I can think about is whatever they're after, they're not going to stop until they have it.

And they won't care if I burn in the process.

Grant looks up from his desk with a smile as I walk toward him.

“Hey, are you here to see the dean?” Shaking my head, I take a seat on the edge of his desk, plastering on a fake smile. Running my fingers across his arm, he watches as I stop, keeping my hand firmly resting on his forearm.

“Nova?” he questions.

“I was wondering if you could help me?” I say, taking my lip between my teeth. Raising his eyebrows, he waits.

Leaning toward him, I whisper in his ear, “I need information on a guy named Santonio.”

Grant stands abruptly from his seat almost taking me with him.

“Where did you hear that name?” he demands, taking my arm as he ushers me into the dean’s office. Thankfully it’s empty.

Closing the door behind us, Grant leans against it.

“Nova, where did you hear that name?” he demands again.

“Does it matter?” I ask, shaking my head when he clenches his jaw.

“Santonio is someone you don’t ask questions about. In fact, he could gut me right now for telling you this.”

“Why?” I ask him. “Grant, please, no one will tell me anything and his name keeps coming up, but I have no clue who this man is. I just want answers.”

“No, forget you even heard that name, Nova.” Taking my arm, we exit the office and Grant sits back at his desk, eyeing me over his screen. “For your safety, Nova, forget it.”

Swallowing, his gaze focuses behind me.

“Nova, what a surprise,” Dean Carter says.

Smiling. I try my best to hide the worry now crawling up my spine. I know he has something to do with it, otherwise, Grant wouldn’t be as worried as he is.

“I need to go,” I say before making my exit to get out of here before he sees everything written on my face.

“Nova.” His voice stops me.

“It’s nothing, don’t worry.”

“Is it those boys again?” Grant’s eyebrows raise when Dean Carter mentions The Sinners.

“No,” I lie.

“Right, get out of here.” Smiling, he heads toward his office. Grant nods toward the door letting me know to go.

Crap.

That was a bust.

Looks like I have to go to plan B. One way or another, I’m going to find out who this Santonio is and why everyone seems to be so afraid of him.



It was late by the time we'd walked inside. King sat on the sofa waiting, fuming if his look was anything to go by.

"She's a problem, one we should have gotten rid of that first night." He swallows, focusing on the ground.

"You really believe you could have done that?" Jordy snaps, clenching his jaw. "Kill her, like she was nothing. Admit it, King, Nova has gotten under our skin, yours included," he says, pointing at him.

Jumping to his feet, King growls, "She's nothing, she's nothing to us."

Spilling the lies so easily.

"Then why did you kiss her?" I ask him.

"She wouldn't shut up, it was the only way I could get her to," he groans, running his fingers through his hair.

We all chuckle. Yeah, Nova has that effect on you.

“We need her,” Bass rasps.

“Do we?” King replies.

“To get to Santonio, fuck yes we do,” Bass barks.

“She can get what we’re after, King, she has access to everything her father knows. Fuck, if we can get it, imagine what we could use against him,” I tell him.

“She didn’t betray us, King. You better than anyone know how her father can be,” Bass says.

He sighs, knowing Bass is right.

“If she didn’t betray us then she’ll help us,” King declares.

I nod. We need her.

“Nova is compliant, I don’t think she’ll have a problem helping us once she finds out the truth,” Jordy says.

“The truth will ruin her.” King swallows.

There is no doubt it will, but Nova is strong, with our help she’ll get through this.

“We’ll help her,” Jordy murmurs.

King looks at each of us, we all nod agreeing.

“She’ll hate us.” We all blanch at King’s comment. Guess the truth hurts because we all know when Nova finds out the truth everything will fall apart. Nothing will be the same and she’ll be left to fall and crumble.

Only problem is, I’m not sure if any of us will survive the downfall.



“YO, CASSIUS,” Gunner yells, catching up to me in the hall.

I glare down at the junior who for some reason irks me more than anyone. Maybe it's because he's the police chief's son or maybe it's because rumor has it, he likes his girls young, and nothing pisses me off more than a guy like him. He's one step away from my fist rearranging his face and I'll be happy to oblige.

"What, Jackson?" My curt response makes him flinch back, but it doesn't stop him from spilling his mouth.

"Heard you guys claimed Nova?" Stretching my neck side to side, I stand taller, towering over him before glaring down at the fucker.

"I'd watch the next words that come out of your mouth, Gunner, unless you want me to snap your neck," I growl.

"Woah, dude, chill man." He chuckles, holding his hand up in surrender.

"Just checking if she was your girl. I heard you've all been at her you know." Clenching my jaw, my fist curls beside my leg as he doesn't get the hint to shut the fuck up.

"Girl like her, I bet her pussy is fucking dynamite." He licks his lips like he's imagining what she tastes like, and I lose it.

Gripping the front of his shirt, I yank him toward me before slamming him against the wall, making him gasp as his back hits the surface at full force.

Forgetting I'm completely insane, Gunner grabs my wrists as he tries to free himself from my grasp.

"What the fuck did you say?" I hiss, getting in his face.

"I-I was joking, man," he says, trying his best to free himself.

"I hear you joke about Nova again, I'll make sure you'll never be able to use your dick again, understand?" I bark, shoving him harder again.

He groans as my hardened glare stares right through him.

"Understand," I roar, sending the entire hall into dead silence.

"Y-y-yeah, dude, understand."

Shoving him at my feet, I walk away and his groan is the last thing I hear before I make my way outside.

Fighting off a combination of irritation and complete fucking anger, I'm ready to tear someone to pieces until I see Nova. Her head is buried in a book, a frown present on her face. She's clearly in her own world because she doesn't notice I'm next to her until I take a seat across from her at the bench, blocking her sunlight. Grabbing her chest as she heaves out a breath, my presence obviously startles her.

"Jesus," she breathes.

"Cassius actually, but you can call me whatever you like, pup." Rolling her eyes, she begins packing up her books, not paying me any attention.

Nova has tried but failed to understand we're guys who are used to getting our way, all the fucking time. So when she gives those little eye rolls I want nothing better than to teach her a lesson, preferably with my cock buried deep inside her.

"Pup?"

"No," she breathes, getting to her feet. Trying to lose me, she breaks into the crowd. Failing to watch where she's going, too focused on me, she runs straight into Bass, who grips her arms before she has a chance to run again.

Making my way toward them, the crowd pays us no attention as they scramble to get to class.

Nova shrugs from Bass's hold, frustration rolling off her in waves.

"Whatever it is you want, I said no, I'm done playing your games," she utters.

"Pup," I say, smirking at her when she gives me a deadly death glare that if looks could kill I'd be incinerated.

"You help us, remember?" Bass says, forcing his fingers under her chin.

"No, I refuse to be at your beck and call," she snaps.

“I don’t think you really have a choice, mamas.” Bass playfully smirks as his fingers play with a strand of her hair.

“Please, I did what you asked, I couldn’t find anything, please.”

Shaking my head, letting out my own playful chuckle, I step into her, pushing my body against hers, bending just enough so she isn’t staring at my chest.

We’re eye-to-eye now angrily staring at each other, neither one of us prepared to stand down.

“You belong to us, pup. Unless you want us to end you, you’ll fucking listen,” I growl, gripping her chin and forcing her head back.

My threat seems to work, her gaze drifts down, waiting.

Another lie, I’d never be able to hurt Nova, not like that.

“That’s a good girl, mamas,” Bass says, moving to her other side, brushing his fingers across her cheek.

“Fuck, mamas, do you have any idea what I want to do to you?” he growls.

Nova stays silent, her fire burnt out—for now.

“We need you to go into your father’s office again, but this time it’s not a folder you’re looking for,” I tell her, brushing my finger across her jawline.

“What is it then?” she asks.

“Something small, and this time I know you’ll find what we’re after,” I say, smiling at her.

“How can you be so sure?” she questions, looking between Bass and me.

“Because, Nova, your father’s a smart man and I’m betting whatever it is we need on Santonio is hidden and not in his desk or for someone to stumble upon so easily.

“Then where?” she murmurs.

“The one place he’d never think we’d have access to.

Straining her gaze, she waits.

“His computer, Nova. Everything you’re going to find for us will be there, and I bet you’re going to uncover everything he’s helped hide.”

“I-I’m not sure.” She swallows.

“Don’t worry, pup, I’ll be right there because unlike last time, I’ll be damned to let you do this alone.”



STARING down the street while I wait for Nova, the lock clicks loudly, revealing my girl, looking a little flustered.

“Hey, pup, ready to play spy?” Giving me an exasperated sigh, she opens the door wider letting me walk inside. Cupping her cheek, surprising her, I place a soft kiss over her lips and release her. I smile down at her before dropping my hand to place it on her hip.

“Lead the way,” I announce, placing my hand on her lower back and letting her lead the way but not removing my hand.

I make small talk as we slowly ascended the stairs, asking her, “What time will your father be home?”

“He said around eleven. He had some things that needed his attention.”

I snort, unable to help the sound from escaping.

Nova looks back at me, her curious gaze watching me.

“It just sounds like he’s always busy.” I grimace, covering myself.

“Yeah, I guess he is.” Her tone is uncertain, maybe she’s finally seeing his downfall as a father.

Reaching the door that I assume is his office, Nova’s hand grips the knob and slowly turns it. His office is cast in shadows as one single lamp lets out some light over his desk.

Rushing toward the desk, Nova scurries into the chair, moving the mouse across the pad and lighting up the screen.

Taking my place behind her, leaning over her until she's caged between me and the desk, I don't miss the small intake of breath she does when my chest is pressed against her back.

She types in a password and of course it's her name. I smirk.

"It won't be obvious, look for something normal," I tell her.

"Okay," she whispers.

Nova clicks in every folder, revealing nothing.

We spend the next twenty minutes double-checking everything until she finds a hidden folder inside a folder.

Labeled Santonio.

Bingo.

"Pup, I think you should go keep watch," I tell her before she clicks on it.

"What, why?" she exclaims, looking up at me.

Sighing, I hate lying to her but she's not ready.

"Trust me okay." I nod toward the door.

With a reluctant sigh, she stands, letting me take the seat.

She has enough on her mind, and revealing who Santonio is will most likely destroy her because it's someone she trusts, someone she believes is a good man.

"I won't be long." I wink.

Once Nova is clear of the room, I don't waste time clicking the folder.

Scanning quickly, I find exactly what I'm looking for and print everything out. My brothers and I will finally have our revenge.

Once I have the papers in my hands, I click out of the folder leaving no trace of my presence as I slip from the room, softly closing the door. Nova stands waiting just outside. Folding the papers and placing them into my pocket, I wait while she

stands with her arms crossed over her chest, slowly lifting her chin, her gaze finds mine and I wait. A wrinkle appears between her eyes as she searches my face.

Like she'll figure out the truth ... not going to happen.

"Pup, you know I'm only protecting you, right?" I growl, cupping her cheek and brushing my thumb over her jaw.

Nodding slowly, she murmurs, "I want to show you something."

Taking my hand in hers, she drags me behind her heading for another set of stairs.

Stopping in front of a door, she opens it, then with one final tug, I follow her, locking the door behind her. She walks toward the center of the room, then without any prompting drags her dress up over her body and drops it to the floor.

"Nova?" I question, unable to stop the way my gaze flicks to her body before me.

"Do it," she utters.

"Do what, pup?"

"I want it to be you." She swallows, walking toward me, sliding her hands up my chest before placing them around my neck.

"Tell me, pup, what do you want?"

Taking a deep breath, she exhales and says, "I want you to touch me."

Well, fuck me, who am I to deny her what she wants.

"Fuck, pup, I'm going to make you feel so good," I growl, lifting her in my arms and taking us to the bed.

She whimpers when my lips find hers, her skin tingles at my touch.

"You're sure?" I question.

"Please, Cassius, touch me, make me feel good."

Instead, I take her lips one more time, tasting her like I can't get enough because I know this will all come to an end, but

I'm going to enjoy her while I can. Even if it's just for one night.



Cassius crashes his lips on mine in a heated kiss. Lifting me in his arms, he slams me back down onto the bed. His growl vibrates through me, this kiss is greedy, like a switch has flicked and he's done holding back. He surges into me, grinding the hardness of his erection into my hip. My legs tremble with need as his fingers dance down my stomach, both our eyes following.

"You're so fucking beautiful, pup," he says, kissing every inch of my skin as he moves down my body.

He kisses just above my hip. All I feel is a liquid-hot need like I'm ready to combust, moaning around him when his lips kiss me over my panties.

Cassius moves his nose along the top of me, inhaling a deep breath then growls, "Fuck, pup."

A whimper escapes me when he sucks me, my panties the only barrier between his lips and my wetness.

Sliding my panties across, Cassius's fingers move between the wetness, looking up at me a slow smile spreads across his mouth.

"Please," I beg.

Slowly he tortures me by slipping just the tip of his fingers inside me but removes them just as quickly.

A low hum escapes me, making Cassius chuckle.

"Are you needy, Nova?"

"Yes," I moan.

"I'm not going to fuck you, Nova." I groan. "Not yet," he declares.

"Please," I beg him.

"Ssh," he soothes me, running his fingers through my folds.

"I'm going to taste you, baby, and I'm going to fucking enjoy every second," he rasps before sliding my panties aside again, and I cry out when his tongue swipes across me. My fingers twist in his hair as his tongue laps up my wetness. Cassius pinches my clit making me jump, my pussy clenches just as he slides a finger inside me. I grind against Cassius's tongue as an eruption hurls through me.

"Yes, yes, oh. God." I moan as my legs shake. Cassius rips an earth-shattering orgasm from my body, not stopping until I'm completely numb and the high finally starts to leave my body.

Cassius looks up, proof of my orgasm covers his chin, but he doesn't move to wipe it off, he simply climbs my body, then kisses me, forcing me to taste myself.

I let out a breath, glancing at the clock beside my bed.

"Oh, shit. You need to go." I shove him hard to get up from me. Pushing him toward the door, I slip my dress back over my head, Cassius smirks back at me. My gaze finds his erection poking through his pants, but before I can properly admire it the front door closing catches my attention.

Panicking, I have no clue what to do. My father will come check on me before he goes to bed.

“Closet, don’t say a word.” Cassius chuckles as I shove him toward my door and just as I’m about to close the door in his face, he grabs my wrist pulling me into him.

His lips take mine in a heated kiss that’s somewhere between desperation and desire.

“Fuck, pup. I like the taste of you on my tongue.” Licking his lips to prove his point, I shove him inside hearing his soft chuckle just as a soft tap knocks on my door.

Fixing my hair, I just shove it up into a top knot on my head, then open my door to my father standing there with a smile.

“Wanted to come check on you before I turn in for the night,” he says.

“Thanks, Daddy, I’m just about to get ready for bed.”

“Okay, baby, I have an early meeting in the morning so I’ll probably be gone before you get up, but when I get home I want us to have a talk okay.” Like the one we had the other day, not looking forward to that.

“Yes, of course, Daddy.” I smile, wishing he’d just hurry up and leave so I can get rid of Cassius. If my father finds him in my room, I will never see the light of day ever again. I can kiss goodbye to the little freedom he allows me.

“Okay, goodnight. I love you,” he says, kissing the top of my head.

“Love you too, Daddy.” Smiling, he walks away, leaving me to wait awkwardly until I’m sure he’s in his room.

Rushing to my closet, I rip the doors open to Cassius standing there with some of my panties in his hand.

“Fuck, pup. These are ...” I don’t let him finish, ripping them from his hand, and shoving them back inside the drawer.

I push him toward my window.

“You need to go now,” I whisper.

“Out that way?” he whisper-hisses pointing toward the window.

“Ssh.” I scowl at him.

Shaking his head, he climbs up. “You know, Nova, at some point your father has to accept you’re growing up and I think having boys in your room is kinda a rite of passage or some shit.” He chuckles, stopping instantly at my glare.

“Look, all I’m saying is, just live a little, Nova. We had fun, right?” He smiles, brushing my hair from my face, and placing a soft kiss on my lips, Cassius leans his forehead against mine.

“I don’t plan on letting you go, Nova, so get used to having me around.”

“Okay,” I whisper, unsure of what else to say.

Cassius slips out my window and carefully lowers himself to the ground. Thankfully the lattice holds him as he climbs down.

Then he walks into the night.

I need to know what he found. What was so important on my father’s computer that he had to print it out?

They keep telling me I’m not ready, but I deserve to know. They could have killed me that night, but they didn’t. Instead, they’ve been keeping watch over me. Slowly my feelings for them are changing, and I’m afraid whatever it is they’re hiding will be too much for me to come back from.

But the most important thing I want to know is how my father is involved.

Will discovering what he’s hiding destroy me or is my father just as tangled in this web as I am?



“We have it, we fucking have it. Enough to take Santonio down.” Cassius smiles, showing us again.

“Fuck, I can’t believe it,” King murmurs, reading over it again for the third time.

“So, what now, we use it right?” Jordy whispers.

King looks around at all of us.

“We release this, it’ll end him and everything he’s worked for, but ...” King pauses, clenching his jaw, “... I think we tell her?”

“Are you fucking crazy?” I shout, just as Jordy whispers.

“Fuck.”

“Cass, we’re holding onto more than one secret right now. Do you really think telling Nova the main reason why we didn’t end her that night is the right thing to do?” I question.

“She’s not prepared?” King says.

“Then we make her. Fuck, this girl has us all so wrapped up that we can’t see straight. The right thing for her, is to tell her, she has the right to know,” Cassius snaps.

“Does she? Does she really, Cass? Does Nova have the right to know that each of us are goddamn fucking murderers? That her mother didn’t really run away? Fuck, does she have the right to know who Santonio really is?” King barks angrily. “You’re all too concerned with what this girl thinks of you, you’ve forgotten why we’re really doing this,” King utters.

“That’s not fair, man. You know it isn’t,” I tell him.

“Really? You want to ask Cass what he’s been doing with Nova all night? Why he’s home so late?” King glares over at Cass, Jordy and I both follow, our gazes landing on him too.

“Fuck you, King. I didn’t force my cock down the girl’s throat. At least what I did was for her, she asked me for it, unlike you,” Cass says, shoving past King and leaving us behind to wonder what really went on at Nova’s tonight.

King storms past us heading for his room, the conversation over.

“Do you think they fucked?” Jordy asks me.

“Nah, I don’t think Nova’s there yet, but they definitely did something.”

“Wanna go find out.” Jordy chuckles.

“Yeah, why not, he might not tell us.”

Jordy shrugs. “She’s just as much our girl as she is his.”

Cassius looks up at us from his bed when we enter, shit-eating grin in place.

“I wondered how long it’d take you,” he says.

“So?” Jordy asks.

“I want more of her,” Cass says.

“Us too,” Jordy says while I nod in agreement.

“The sounds she makes, fuck they’re incredible,” Cass groans.

Both Jordy and I groan, imagining it ourselves. We need to get off the topic of Nova and the sounds she makes.

“We need to find who’s stalking her?” I say.

Jordy nods.

“We check around, see if anyone looks suspicious,” Cass tells us.

This ends now. Nova is ours and we’re not giving her up, not without a fight.



“HEY, MAMAS,” I say, wrapping my arm around Nova’s shoulder first thing in the morning.

After a tense beat she looks up.

“Morning,” she says.

Her friend Miller stands off to the side.

“Nova, are you coming to the beach party on the weekend?” he asks her.

“Um, I’m not sure. I’m not sure my father will allow me to sneak out again.”

She eyes me from the corner of her eye. Shifting her weight awkwardly when Miller’s stare doesn’t leave me. His silent question hangs between us.

“Sounds fun, I’m sure I can talk Nova into coming. Right, mamas?” I wink at her.

Miller scoffs.

“Since when did you take commands from them, Nova? I thought your father warned you how dangerous they are,” he growls.

Taking my place in front of Nova, I stare down at the douchebag she calls her friend.

Crossing my arms across my chest, my warning is clear.

“Don’t speak to her like that again, ‘cause you won’t like what happens next.”

“Nova?” Her other friend joins us.

Miller and I are in some sort of stare-off while her friend Vicky takes her hand, dragging her away.

Miller snickers.

“You may hold her interest right now, but you’ll never have her, not like that. You see, Nova’s mine. Always has been and I’m not about to let you and your fucked up brothers steal my girl, so watch your backs,” he warns before shrugging his backpack over his shoulder, my eyes never leaving him as he walks away.

Jordy comes up beside me.

“What’s up?”

“That Miller kid, I think he could be who is targeting Nova.”

“Isn’t he like her best friend?” Jordy questions.

“Either way we keep an eye on him,” I say. After the way someone drugged her and took her to the haunted house, nothing shocks me anymore.

“I’ll watch him, fucker better keep his hands off Nova,” Jordy says, clenching his jaw.

Turning on my heel, I make my way to the truck, knowing my brothers and I have to figure out who this is and fast because I can feel things escalating, and if Miller’s comments are anything to go by, getting rid of him won’t be an easy task. Making a kid like him disappear is hard, doable but hard.

But if it means my girl is safe, I’ll do whatever it takes to make that happen, even if I fall so she can be free.

There’s just one thing I want to do in case everything goes pear-shaped, and knowing Cass has already had a taste, I’m

dying for my chance. Nova won't know what hit her because I'm ready to claim her, ready to own her in every way.

I just have to get my brothers to agree.

Not as simple as it sounds because we are all gunning for that position. And I'll do anything to claim Nova for the very first time. Something all my brothers want as well.

But if Nova asks me, what kind of guy would I be to turn her down?



I wasn't too sure about attending this party at the beach next weekend. The last thing I wanted to do was upset my father more, and the idea of being around a bunch of drunk people just didn't seem appealing to me.

Sebastian stands waiting for me casually leaning against the wall as soon as I leave class. After learning they're attendance here is just a front, it doesn't surprise me anymore that they're always waiting for me.

"Hey, pup," he says, smiling. Wrapping his arm around me, the comfortable silence that stretches out between us as we walk toward my car is somewhat not as troubling as I once thought it would be. Cass helps me into the passenger side, appointing himself the driver.

Cocking an eyebrow at me, he drives toward their house.

“Come on, pup,” he says. A loud rumble above us has both our heads looking up, just as it begins to rain.

Squinting, in seconds my hair is drenched and my clothes are soaked but I don't care, I feel free. For the first time in a long time, I finally feel free.

Spinning around, I smile until I stop with Cass standing right in front of me.

Cass grips my face in his palms, searching my eyes for just a moment before his lips descend on mine, and everything fades away. It's just us, just this moment.

Cass growls. “You taste so fucking good, pup.” My arms wrap around his neck as he lifts me in his arms carrying me inside. Letting me slide down his body, our clothes stick to us from the wetness.

“You are so fucking beautiful, Nova.” He groans, sliding his thumb across my lip.

His fingers reach for the bottom of my shirt. Lifting my arms above my head slowly, he slides it off, throwing it to the side. Kissing me, his tongue tangles with mine, our desperation for each other like a fiery inferno.

“Fuck,” he breathes. Ripping his shirt over his head, revealing the defined sculpture of his body, my fingers trace over his tattoos and abs.

My gaze meets his when his hand grabs mine, lifting it to his mouth he bites gently on the inside of my palm.

“Tell me, pup.” He groans.

“Fuck me, please.” I moan.

He lifts me, throwing me to the bed, and in one swift move, he rids me of my jeans. Kissing me possessively until I'm breathless, he makes his way down my body. Slowly, he slides my panties across and dips a finger inside me, groaning as he pushes it in deeper. I know he feels the barrier that he felt the other day.

“You wanted me to take it, didn't you?” He hisses, leaning over me while his fingers slide through my wetness. I whimper

as he pushes two inside me.

“Yes, yes I did.” I breathe.

“Fuck, baby, I’ve never been one to share, but knowing you have them, have my brothers as well as me.” He growls. “I’m going to make you scream my name, Nova, and I don’t give a fuck who hears you,” he rumbles just as his tongue swipes all the way down, sucking on my clit. Wetness floods between my legs and all I can think about is the way Cassius’s tongue is devouring me.

Just like Sebastian and Jordy, he doesn’t let up. He’s like a man starved as he sucks, licks, and then gently bites down on my clit as I scream his name.

“Cass, oh God, oh God. Argh,” I scream. My back arches into the bed as he wrings every last drop of my orgasm from me until I’m completely spent and feel like I can’t move.

Slowly moving up my body, he captures my lips in a soft kiss.

“This will hurt, but I’ll make you feel good, pup, okay?” he says.

Nodding my head, I watch as he strips his pants off, tossing them to the floor. Looking down at me, he wraps one of his hands around my cheek, his thumb caressing over my skin as I feel him line himself up and then ever so slowly he pushes against me.

I hiss when he starts to push his cock inside me, the burn hurts for a few moments while he stretches me until he’s completely inside me. I gasp at the fullness he creates. Kissing me, our tongues tangle in a hot mess as he slowly slides back out, I whimper when he pushes back inside.

I can feel he wants to move, but he doesn’t. He’s taking this slow for me, not once does he take his eyes off me.

“Fuck.” Cassius’s voice strains unbearably as my pussy pulses around him. He thrusts again, burrowing deeper as I call out his name again.

“Cass, oh God. Please,” I moan. The need is so close. He grunts, thrusting in and out and my orgasm rips through me

without any warning. Crying out as my entire body convulses, Cass thrusts twice more and then grunts. Pulling out, he jerks himself twice and then covers my stomach with his cum.

We're both panting, breathing heavily as I stare down at the mess he made.

Slipping his pants on, he says, "Hold tight, I'll be back in a second."

My entire body feels sated. My eyelids feel heavy. It isn't until I feel a warm feeling against me that I realize he's back and is cleaning me with a warm cloth.

"You okay, pup?" he asks. Sliding in beside me, he pulls the cover over us. I'm still completely naked but I don't feel uncomfortable being that way in front of Cassius.

Nodding slowly, I hum as my eyes begin to grow heavy.

Hearing him chuckle. He kisses the top of my head and murmurs.

"Sleep, Nova, I've got you."

And in this moment I know he does, that these boys would always have me.



Nova's car parked out front is a dead giveaway she is inside. Opening the door knowing that right now she is upstairs with one of my brothers, should have pissed me off, but it doesn't. In fact, I wanted to know how far they took it. Did they slip inside her and feel how tight she was, or did they simply taste her?

Dumping my phone and keys on the bench, I've just opened the fridge when Jordy and King walk in.

Argh, so it's Cass upstairs then. Lucky fucker.

"Nova here?" Jordy asks, nodding and taking a sip while King eyes me cautiously.

"It's fine, really, I'd rather it be one of us than none of us," I say matter-of-factly.

"So, if she let Cass fuck her, you're okay with that?" King questions.

“I really am. I mean, would I have liked to be the first to have her? Yeah of course. But as long as Cass made her feel good and didn’t overdo it, then I’m fine,” I mumble.

“Oh, she enjoyed it, don’t worry,” Cass says behind me with the biggest grin as he jumps down the last step.

“She in bed?” I ask him. He nods, taking a beer from the fridge.

“Yeah, I think she was a little exhausted.” He smirks.

Jordy shakes his head while King scoffs.

“You’re not *that* good, Cass,” Jordy jokes.

“Whatever. I dick-matized her into a fucking coma, the girl is unconscious upstairs,” he says.

Taking his beer with him, he climbs the stairs.

“Wait,” I say. “I’m coming.”

“Okay, be my guest,” he says.

“Guess I’ll join later,” Jordy says as we both climb the stairs until we’re outside Cass’s room where he stops me before we enter.

“Just remember she’ll be sore, so take it easy, yeah?” he tells me.

“Unless she wants it, my dick isn’t going anywhere near her pussy,” I say.

Slowly, I make my way toward the bed, where Nova is sound asleep.

Stripping from my trousers and shirt, I climb in next to her. My eyes zero in on the fact she’s completely fucking naked in Cass’s bed. He smirks when he sees me looking, while he climbs in the other side.

Wrapping my arm around her, Cass does the same, and we share a look.

Yeah, Nova is ours and no one will take her from us.



WAKING to something pushing into me, I groan. Stilling it with my hand, the movement stops for a moment before starting up again, this time the little hiss forces my eyes open.

“You needy, mamas?” I question as she pushes her ass into me again.

“I think our girl is very needy, Bass. Maybe we should do something about that?” Cass says.

“Please,” Nova pleads with us.

“I think our girl wants something, Cass,” I murmur as he pushes a finger inside Nova to stretch her which causes her to whimper.

Chuckling, I close my mouth around her neck watching her as I begin sucking. She whimpers again, her soft moans telling me Cass is pulling his fingers out then pushing them back inside her.

A desperate cry escapes her as my teeth clamp down on her. Her needy moans make both of us chuckle, but we don't stop, in fact, we both keep going, pulling another needy moan from her as every sensation erupts inside her.

“Oh, God, please,” she whimpers.

Cass pumps his fingers faster, while I move my mouth to just below her ear sucking, licking, and kissing every inch I can reach.

Her body shakes, trembling with the need to come.

“Oh, oh,” she moans.

My teeth bite down hard on her nipple just as Cass pumps harder and she explodes, whimpering, crying, and moaning until we pull every last drop from her.

“Are you sore, mamas?” I ask her, and she slowly nods.

“Maybe you should fill another hole then?” She whimpers.

On instinct my cock goes there, pushing into her.

“I can’t.” She whimpers.

“Yeah, you can, mamas,” I say, kissing her.

“You can take both of us, right?” Cass groans.

She nods, leaning back and kissing me while I’m prepping her. I push my finger inside her wetness then spread it against her hole.

“Turn around, mamas, give Cass that ass. I want to fill that pussy.” I groan.

Slowly I push my finger inside her and she clings to me. I groan knowing she’ll take my cock so fucking well.

Cass lifts her leg placing it over my hip, dropping her head to his shoulder as he ever so slowly begins to fill her.

My finger continues to work her, then removing it I add another, forcing a whimper from her.

“Such a good girl.” I groan.

“Fuck, Nova,” Cass growls.

My cock aches to be inside her. Slowly, I remove my fingers then kissing her ear, I whisper, “I’m going to fuck that pussy now, mamas.” She moans when I line my head up with her opening.

Moving my other hand over her hip as my hand squeezes her tit, I push my head in, Nova lets out a muddled cry as Cass pushes in and out while I slowly work my way inside her.

Closing my eyes, I force myself not to explode inside her just yet, she’s so fucking tight.

“Fuck, mamas, you take us both so well.” I hiss just as I thrust my hips up, pushing all the way until she is pushed against my pelvis.

“Fuck,” I growl heavily.

“Oh, oh,” Nova moans. Turning her head slightly I take her lips, kissing her. Cass kisses her shoulder blade, running his teeth over her skin before he bites down marking her as he thrusts in and out, forcing her into me.

Nova lets out a sound as her body tightens and I feel her squeeze me.

“Fuck,” Cass growls, grunting and filling Nova up.

She explodes, squeezing both mine and Cass’s arms as her body convulses and then I let go coming with her, my cock twitching and pulsing as it fills her up.

Sweat pours between us as we hold Nova.

Nova mumbles as I start to feel her body go slack.

“Let’s get you showered.” I pull out of her, knowing Cass has done the same. He helps me lift her by throwing one of his shirts over her head. Her legs are like Jell-O as he places her on the ground, she giggles trying to find her feet.

Lifting her instead, I carry her toward the bathroom.

Removing Cass’s shirt, I let it fall to the floor. Running the shower, Cass watches from the door as Nova struggles to stand, pure exhaustion taking control of her.

Catching her, he helps her into the shower. Getting under with her, she lets me wash her, I make sure every inch of her is clean before I let Cass take her wrapping her in a towel.

Stopping the shower, I wrap a towel around my waist before I follow them back to Cass’s room. Closing the door, Cass places another shirt over Nova and even puts some of his boxers on her.

Nova is half out of it by the time we slide in with her.

“Bass, Cass,” she utters.

“We’re here, pup,” he says, brushing his finger over her cheek.

Humming, she smiles then says, “I think I love you.”

Cass and I share a look, fuck.

I smile.

“Get some sleep, mamas, we’ll talk in the morning.”

Nova’s soft breathing fills the bedroom, and with that, we know what we have to do.

Because we know what’s going to happen.

We’re all about to fall.



After hearing my brothers with Nova last night, I knew we were all in deep, even Kingston as stubborn as he is cares for Nova, in his own way.

We'd been silent for so long that I knew our time was coming.

Eventually, everything would crumble, and keeping Nova in the dark would no longer be an option.

Our pasts were catching up to us.

Could we truly survive a future with Nova and all of us?

The odds of us sharing a girl like Nova were barbaric.

We were closer to finding her stalker. The fucker was getting game, I knew it was only a matter of time before he took her again.

“They still up there?” King’s voice snaps me from my inner thoughts.

“Huh?” I answer.

“You didn’t hear them?”

Sipping my coffee, I nod before my phone vibrates in my hand.

Glancing down at the unknown number, I ignore the call.

“Your Mom again?” King asks.

“Most likely, but I don’t care,” I mumble.

Sighing, King sits down next to me, his leg bouncing relentlessly.

“Spit it out.” I chuckle. Knowing the nervous energy pumping through him now needed an outlet.

“Do you think we can truly get out?” he asks.

My eyebrows deepen, completely thrown by his question.

“I mean, yeah, that’s the plan,” I murmur.

His jaw clenches and then releasing it he runs his hands over his face.

“King, you okay?” I ask him.

“Yeah, I’m just worried everything we’ve been doing is for nothing, that even with Nova’s help it’s all a big fucking mistake. We should never have involved her.” He sighs.

My phone vibrates again. Groaning, I ignore it again.

King scoffs.

“Relentless today I see.”

“Yeah, I go weeks without hearing anything and then it’s nonstop. They’re obviously desperate for something?” I remark.

“Are you sleeping okay?” he asks.

“Do I ever?” I mumble.

“Jordy, what happened isn’t your fault, you know that right?”

“Isn’t it?” he blanches.

“She’s gone because of them, not you, Jordy.” The sternness in his voice cuts through me, but all I feel is adrenaline, my scowl deepens.

“I could have saved her?” My heart clenches thinking of her. Closing my eyes forcing the pain away, chills creep over my spine when I picture that night, the night I lost her.

“It should have been me?” I choke. Because it should have been. She didn’t deserve what they did to her.

Placing his hand on my shoulder, King sighs.

“I know you wish it was, but know you did everything you could, she was lucky to have you.” Squeezing my shoulder, our heads tip up just as voices drift downstairs.

Guess the others are up.

Their footsteps thud down the stairs, but I can’t face them, not right now. Snatching the bottle of vodka from the bench, and picking up my pace, I rush through the door, letting it slam behind me just as Nova yells for me.

“Jordy, wait.” Ignoring her, I round the house, heading toward the field that runs out near the lake.

Ripping the lid off the bottle, I down a mouthful and wince at the burn.

I continue on my path, knowing Kingston would have told them to give me space.

I guess today’s hitting harder than I thought it would. Taking another huge gulp, I will it to numb my pain already. I slouch down beside the big oak tree, tipping my head back, and closing my eyes.

“Jordy,” her soft voice murmurs. I wondered how long it’d take her to follow me. King would have told her to stay but Nova wouldn’t have given a fuck. I think she enjoys defying him.

Feeling her body push against mine, I let out a deep sigh and tip my head to the side, opening my eyes. Nova eyes me cautiously.

Lifting the drink toward her, she shakes her head politely declining.

“No thank you, it’s a little early.” I chuckle.

“It’s five o’clock somewhere, baby girl.”

“Want to talk about it?” I shake my head because talking is the last thing I want to do.

Taking another huge mouthful I sniff then growl, “Take my cock out.”

Peering into my eyes, she obeys me, reaching for the button on my jeans and pops it out. Slowly she slides her hand inside, wrapping her hand around my cock and causing me to hiss when she strokes me. I grunt when she squeezes me.

Pulling me out, she continues in strong, confident strokes, thrusting into her hand I groan.

“On my lap,” I tell her.

Lifting her leg, she situates herself over me, my cock connects with her pussy and I hiss.

Sliding the strap of her dress down, her bare breasts are on full display, appreciating them for a moment, I then begin fondling one side, tweaking her nipple hard making her cry out.

Taking the other in my mouth I suction it between my lips until it’s hard. Biting her lips she moans as I thrust up, my cock hitting her pussy.

“Ride me, baby girl, show me how much you love my cock inside you.”

Pulling her panties across, she slowly lowers herself onto me, moaning as I stretch her filling her body with my cock.

She bounces up and down on my cock, riding me like a damn pro. Her tits jiggle with every motion, my hands rest on her hips, fingers digging into her soft flesh. I pound into her with wild urgency, the need to release taking over.

“Touch yourself,” I encourage her without blinking an eye. Her hand lowers down and her fingers rub against her pussy as I thrust my hips up.

Spasming around me she explodes, whimpering as her climax dies out. With two more hard thrusts, I fill her, roaring my release as I hold her to my chest.

She doesn't move for a moment, letting me wrap my arms around her. Resting my head on her shoulder, she holds me waiting until I'm ready to move before she lifts herself off my lap.

Taking her lips in a heated kiss, I silently thank her for the distraction.

Hand in hand we walk back to the house, the bottle of vodka limp in my hand.

Sliding up on her tippy toes she kisses my jaw, then places a kiss to my lips.

"I'm here if you need any more distractions."

"Thanks, baby girl." I slip my tongue inside her mouth and don't come up for air until Kingston clears his throat behind us.

"Time to go home, princess, we have work to do," he commands.

Nova's gaze follows him as he enters the house. Sighing softly, she follows me to her car, sliding in the driver's side, and smiling at me as I lean in through her window.

Kissing her one last time, I tap the top of her car with a promise I'll be around later to begin my nightly ritual of watching over her.

Heading back inside, my brothers all wait for me.

Nodding my head at King, I ask, "What's the job?"

Boss wants us to dispose of a body.

Okay, nothing new.

"It's someone we know," Cass says.

"Who?"

"My brother," Bass says, storming past me toward the truck.

Fuck.



Staring down at his body, the feelings coursing through me are overwhelming. I hadn't seen my brother in two years, when did he come back?

Gripping my shoulder, King pulls my gaze away forcing me to focus on him.

“Bass.”

Shrugging him off, I bend down to inspect my brother. Mack was two years older, but looking at him now, you'd never think he was. His body is frail, he's practically skin and bone and without looking further I know it's because of drugs. Mack became addicted after the incident. We took different routes, each coping in our own way. My outlet was anger.

I'd tried to help him, make him understand what our parents did wasn't our fault, we were just kids.

Leaning forward resting my forehead against his, his skin is ice cold reminding me he's gone.

"I'm sorry," I murmur.

Swallowing past the tears, I whisper my final goodbye, "Rest now, brother."

Searching his pockets, I find a lighter and a blunt. Tossing them to the side, I keep searching.

"Bass." Jordy kneels beside me, gripping my arm. Shrugging him off, I keep searching. I almost give up until my fingers touch paper.

Slowly, I pull out an envelope with my name scribbled across the front.

The sinking feeling in my gut returns. Looking down at my brother, I know whatever trouble he got himself in, I'm now involved.

I need to figure out what happened because if Santonio didn't kill him, who the fuck did and left my brother's body here as a message?

There are only two people I know who would want both my brother and me dead.

And I have a feeling I'll be seeing both of them soon because if my brother's fallen, it won't be long before I fall too.



I LEFT my brothers to deal with Mack's body while I sat in the truck reading the letter.

Staring down at my brother's scribbled handwriting, I know he'd rushed through writing this just to get it to me.

The creaking of the truck doors opening startle me as my brothers climb in. King's gaze flicks to mine in the rearview

mirror.

“Bass, you can talk to us,” he says, worry etching his face.

I couldn't, I couldn't involve them, any of them.

Keeping quiet, I lean back against my seat just staring ahead at King's seat in front of me.

“Just know you're not alone, Bass, we've got your back. Even if you don't want us to,” Cass retorts before staring ahead, waiting for King to start the truck.

Once we're home, I know whatever I do I have to do it fast. Pulling a bag from my closet, I start shoving clothes into it. Heading to my drawer, I remove my gun and grab the box of bullets as well. Taking the folders from the secret compartment I have hidden in the drawer, I open them and stare down at the profiles of the two people I despise the most.

My door opens filling with my brothers.

“If you think we're letting you go after them alone, think again, Bass,” King growls.

“This isn't your fight,” I snap.

“The hell it isn't,” Jordy barks, gripping my shoulder.

“Bass, we have your back,” Cass says.

“It's them, isn't it?” King questions. Nodding slowly, I sink back to my bed.

Cass and Jordy take a spot on each side of me while King kneels in front, gripping my face between his hands.

“I'm not losing you for being reckless, Bass. We fight and we fight together,” he says.

“They'll come for me,” I say.

“Then we'll be waiting,” Cass says.

“I'm going to kill them,” I say matter-of-factly.

They all nod.

“We won't stop you, Bass, but we won't let you do this alone,” King tells me.

Accepting the fact that one way or another it will be them or me, I know I'm not going to make it easy for them. If they want me dead, they'll have to work for it.

I'll end them for me, for my brother, for every other victim's life they made hell. One way or another my parents will pay.

Because even if it means I'll never see Nova again, I'll do whatever it takes to end their lives.

They are done destroying the lives of children.



The boys have been awfully quiet the last few days. I'm beginning to wonder if my shadows have accepted the terms I told Kingston.

Of course, that thought quickly derails the moment I see Cass leaning against the building waiting for me with a mischievous smile.

"Miss me, pup?" he asks, wrapping his hand around the back of my neck and pulling me into him. His lips descend on mine, and I melt into the kiss. A pained look crosses his face as he pulls back, cupping my cheek.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, pup, just tired." He sidesteps the question with ease, and my suspicion of knowing whatever it is they're hiding from me is bigger than I first expected.

Running my fingers over his arm, I trace the tattoos that cover the entire length of it.

“I know you’re hiding something from me, all of you. Whatever it is that you think I can’t handle I can, I promise.” Cassius sighs, dipping his head back and groaning.

“I can’t,” he murmurs.

“Are you protecting me, or yourselves?” I question.

“Nova.” My name on his lips is a silent plea.

My head falls forward, I guess we’re back to this.

“Will you ever tell me?” I ask him.

Cassius groans just as Kingston joins us. He eyes me suspiciously but doesn’t say a word, instead lifting his eyebrow in question. I decide to stay silent, I’m under no illusions these guys actually care about me, it’s all a game, right? But if I have to survive I’ll play along.

Dropping the conversation for now, eventually, I’ll unravel the truth although a part of me doesn’t want to find it. What if the truth is worse than I actually think? What if ... No, I can’t think that way. I just need to ride this out.



WHAT THE-EVER-LOVING-FUCK have I got myself into? Hissing from how sore I am, I know I missed the conversation with my father last night. I’d spent the night with the guys telling my father I was staying late at Vicky’s.

My phone vibrates in my hand. Seeing Miller’s name on the screen is a shock because since our conversation in class we haven’t really spoken.

MILLER

Nova, please forgive me, can we please meet?

ME

I'm still hurt by your words, Miller. I thought you were my friend.

I am. That's why we need to talk, Nova.

Fine, I'll meet you in an hour. The field across from my house.

I'll be there.

WANDERING DOWNSTAIRS, the tension rolling off my father's shoulders is enough to stop me in my tracks.

"Daddy?"

"Sit down, Nova." His voice is harsh, no softness whatsoever.

Sliding into the dining chair across from him, his fingers tap across the table while I wait for him to speak. Picking up a folder, he opens it then throws it in front of my face.

Image after image of me with The Sinners stare back at me from yesterday, last week, just about every time I've met up with them.

My father sighs.

"You know, Nova, I thought I knew you, thought as your father I knew my daughter. Clearly, I was wrong."

Picking up another folder he opens it, except what stares back at me is much worse than a simple image of me with the guys.

No, it's more intimate than that.

Jordan and I were being watched. I feel violated.

Tapping the image, my father clenches his jaw before slamming his fist to the table, everything around us clatters

from the vibrations.

“You slept with them,” he growls.

Tears build in my eyes while my father stands pacing back and forth.

“I never thought you were that type of girl, Nova. I thought being strict on you was enough, but clearly, I was stupid to think I could control you with simple words,” he barks.

“Daddy, I-” Holding his hand up, he cuts me off.

“I’m not done, Nova. If you want to act like that, then you leave me no choice. I thought after telling you how dangerous The Sinners are you’d take notice, but clearly, that hasn’t worked. So I’m going to have to punish you,” he says, running his hand through his hair.

“What?” I demand.

“I’m a reasonable man, Nova, I gave you a fair chance and you shoved it back in my face, so from now on I’ll be dropping you to and from school. Your car is no longer yours.”

“Daddy, please, I ...” I utter, glaring at him.

He waits until I’m quiet again before he says, “Your mother would be disappointed, Nova, no wonder she left.”

A tear slides down my cheek while my father keeps talking.

“I will be home every night by ten P.M. at the latest. My mornings won’t start until you’re at school, and don’t even think of ditching because I’ll have someone watching you.”

Great, I’ll just add that person to my list of shadows.

“One more mistake, Nova, and trust me you won’t like the outcome,” he says.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I reply, “Yes, sir.”

“Good, go meet Miller because you two have a lot to discuss.”

How does he know I’m meeting Miller?

I don’t need to ask because my father knows everything. I wouldn’t be surprised if he has access to my phone somehow.

Miller comes into view the moment I reach the field. He stands tall waiting.

“I’m sorry.” He shrugs, offering me a smile. “I knew you’d prefer me to a stranger. Your father came to me concerned about your safety, and I promised him I’d do my best to keep you safe, keep you away from them.”

“You’re just as bad as you claim they are,” I say, forcing my anger down.

“Nova, you don’t know anything about them. Have they told you anything? They keep telling you they’re protecting you but have they told you why? Told you why it’s so important they’ll tell you eventually?” he snaps.

My gaze falls to the ground, wishing it’d eat me up.

“The Sinners know more than they’re letting on, Nova,” he states.

“I know, Miller, I’m not stupid. You think I’m this naive little girl that needs rescuing, but I know they are hiding something okay, but I also know they’re protecting me.”

“Bullshit, Nova, they’re protecting themselves. They don’t care about you they never have. They wanted you compliant and at their damn mercy because they know once you find out who Santonio is, there goes their precious leverage. Miller’s confession startles me. He knows who Santonio is.

“Y-you know who he is?” I question.

Miller avoids my gaze, clenching his jaw while raking his fingers through his hair.

“Yes, Nova, I do,” he admits.

Wrapping my arms around myself, trying to digest his confession, realization dawns on me, I have no idea who my friend is. “Miller.” My voice shakes.

“They couldn’t just stay away could they,” he barks, clenching his jaw tightly.

“Miller, please,” I murmur softly. Feeling the anger coming from him in waves, I take a step back.

Gripping my arm, Miller pulls me into him.

“Don’t be afraid, Nova, it’s me.”

“I can’t trust you, Miller.”

“But you can trust them?” He scoffs. “Let me ask you this, Nova. Have The Sinners told you about your mother?” At the mention of my mother, my hand begins to shake.

“They were there that night, Nova.”

“W-what do you mean?” I stutter.

“They forget to mention I work for Santonio too.” He scoffs like the fact The Sinners never brought him up in conversation pisses him off.

“They always thought they were better than anyone else,” he says before shocking me by adding, “Your mother didn’t run away, she was murdered, and The Sinners know who did it.”



Sipping on my beer, I swallow hard when Cassius knocks my foot.

“Can you not hear the fucking door?” he growls, swinging the door open. Miller stands there with a cocky grin. Tension rolls off my shoulders as I stand, Cassius’s arm across me stops me from touching him.

“What the fuck do you want?” Cassius hisses just as Jordy and Bass enter the room.

Bass goes to rush him, but Jordy holds him back.

Miller chuckles, shaking his head.

“You boys messed up. You can say goodbye to whatever it was you were planning, Nova knows everything.”

What?

“The fuck,” Bass growls.

“She’s done with you, and it would be in your best interest to stay away from her.” He smirks.

“We don’t listen to you, fucker,” Cassius growls.

“No, but you listen to Santonio, right?” He chuckles, giving us a vindictive look.

“Oh, that’s right, you don’t have a choice. Looks like I got the girl after all.”

“You don’t have her,” I snap, clenching my teeth.

“Argh, that’s where you’re wrong, Kinny boy. Nova wants nothing to do with any of you. She knows you’ve been keeping secrets and using her, you’re not going to take her down with you. I mean, I don’t see Santonio giving you long after involving her. Why would he when you involve his daughter, right?”

“You told her,” Bass roars.

“Nah, she doesn’t know her father is Santonio. But she knows her mother was murdered and you know who did it, information you chose to keep from her.”

“You know too, asshole,” Jordy says. Miller immediately looks pissed knowing Jordy is right.

“Just a warning, stay away from Nova,” he declares then walks away. The fucker has been playing her longer than we have and he has the fucking nerve to make us the bad guys.

Cassius watches him as he gets in his car, saluting him as he does.

“I’m going to fucking enjoy destroying that fucker,” Cassius growls.

“Right with you, brother,” Jordy says.

“We need to get to her,” Cassius states.

“What do we do about Santonio?” Bass asks, sitting down. Knowing the emotions going through him right now, it pains me seeing my brother like this.

“I know Nova meant nothing to you brother, but she meant something to us,” Jordy says, taking a seat next to Bass.

“No,” I say. “That’s not it, I just didn’t want to admit how I felt. She made me fucking crazy and I knew if I wanted to keep her safe I needed to keep my distance.”

“Why?” Cassius asks.

“I haven’t been honest with all of you about my past,” I say.

“King, what are you talking about?” Cassius questions.

“My parents didn’t die, I-I murdered them.”

Each of my brothers has similar expressions, but the hurt in each of their eyes is what breaks me. I’ve kept this from them, held back for so many reasons.

“What are you talking about?” Bass asks.

“My parents made a deal with Santonio. They were going to sell me for a ticket out of here. I overheard them talking about it, so instead I did what I had to, to survive. I turned myself in and told the police everything. I was supposed to spend the rest of my life behind bars, but Santonio came to me with a deal. He helped me get out and I helped him with some business.”

“King.” Cassius swallows.

“I’m the reason you’re in this mess. I chose you, he told me to recruit some people, kids I could trust.”

“King, what the fuck, man.” Jordy hisses.

“I’m sorry.” I remove my gaze from them because I can’t look at them. I can’t see the pain on their faces that I caused.

“Santonio deserves whatever is coming to him, but we need —”

“No,” Cass shouts. “What we need is for you to leave.” Jordan and Bass look between us.

“Cass,” I murmur.

“No, King, please just give us time.”

“You betrayed us, made us believe we were family, but you brought this mess to us. We followed you, King,” Cass mumbles.

Looking between the guys who’ve been my brothers since we were kids, I know this is hard for them, not knowing who I really am. Fuck I don’t know who I really am.

It was an easy solution back then, to place me with the boys whose lives were ruined because of Santonio. Each one has a past, my past isn’t even real. I’d fabricated the story to gain their trust, but I refuse to lose them over this.

I need to fix things and I know where I need to start.



KNOWING HER FATHER IS DOWNSTAIRS, I slip in through her window, sit, and wait. The shower stops, slowly the door opens, and Nova screams covering her mouth when she sees me sitting on her bed.

“King,” she whisper-hisses.

“Ssh,” I tell her.

She goes to her door making sure it’s locked.

“My father had to go out, but he’ll be back soon, you can’t be here,” she says.

“We need to talk,” I say.

She scoffs. “I’d say.”

Standing to my full height, walking toward her, she holds the towel to her body glancing up at me. Her gaze follows me as my hand trails down her cheek until I stop, gripping her hip.

“Don’t touch me,” she snaps, taking my hand from her hip.

Placing my forehead against hers. She lets me.

“I need you to forgive them,” I say.

“What?” she asks.

“I need you to forgive them, princess. They need you more than ever.”

“I can’t. Why didn’t you tell me about her?” Her breathing escalates slightly and I know she’s holding back tears.

“You all kept so much from me, it was all a lie, everything.” I watch as her lip trembles.

“No not everything, Nova,” I tell her.

“Like I believe anything you tell me, King. You hate me, you didn’t even want me around you.” She cries.

“I was protecting you, trying to keep you safe, from me,” I confess. “There’s so much you don’t know about, princess, so much,” I say.

“Then enlighten me, Kingston,” she says, gripping the towel.

“We care about you, I care about you. None of that was a lie.”

Forcing her gaze from mine, she swallows before she asks, “Is it true? You know who did it?” Nodding, a single tear slides down her face. I brush it away with my thumb.

“Tell me.”

“Nova.”

“Now, King. I deserve to know.”

“Santonio,” I say, looking away.

“W-why?” Tears slid down her cheeks in rapid waves.

“She double-crossed him, so she paid the price.”

“But h-h-how do you know all this? You wouldn’t have been much older than me when she went missing,” she murmurs.

“Working for Santonio, you find things out,” I say.

“But what was so bad that he had to kill her?” she asks.

“She slept with another man.”

“I see,” she says, going to her drawer to grab some clothes. She drops the towel, giving me a perfect view of her.

Once she’s dressed, she slips her shoes on and says, “I want to see her.”

“What?”

“My mother. I want to see her.”

“Nova.”

“Take me to her. Where is she?”

“The cemetery just outside of town,” I tell her. “Nova,” I start, but she stops me.

“No, I want to do this and then when this is done. We’re done.”

Driving toward the cemetery , Nova keeps her gaze straight ahead as we make our way into the street. I go to drive past the cemetery where her mother is buried. She may think she wants this but I’m not so sure.

“Stop, King,” she says, gripping my arm, before I have a chance to argue. Pulling the car over, Her gaze flickers to mine, unshed tears coat her lashes. “W-why did you not stop?”

“Do you really want this?” I argue.

“yes.” She says matter of fact.

“She’s in there.” I nod toward the grounds.

Nova looks around then back at me.

Getting out, I come around her side and hold my hand out for her. Her gaze falls to my hand then to my face.

“I’m not going to hurt you, princess,” I tell her.

“No, just my heart,” she whispers. Knowing I wasn’t meant to hear, I leave it. Because she’s right.

Walking her to where I know her mother is buried, she gasps when she sees her mother’s name across the headstone.

“She’s been here the whole time.” She cries.

The moment she drops to her knees, I dive for her, taking her in my arms.

“I’ve got you. I’ve got you, princess,” I say, kissing the top of her head.



Kingston holds me while I scream and cry for my mother, the woman who I thought left me.

“Ssh,” he says into my hair. The tears continue to fall while he rocks me back and forth. “I’m so sorry, Nova,” he says.

“I thought she left me,” I say.

“I know,” he says.

For a few moments, we sit in the dark while I let everything out. The pain is unbearable knowing my mother has been here this whole time.

“Does my father know?” I ask because surely he would have looked for my mother, right?

“Nova.” Kingston’s voice is strained.

Readjusting me in his lap, he cups my face, wiping my tear-soaked cheeks.

“I’m going to tell you something, something we should have told you from the start,” he says.

Staring into his eyes, I wait. Kingston sighs then clenches his jaw.

“Your father knew, Nova. He knew because ...” He sighs again, looking out into the night.

“Your father is Santonio, Nova. He killed your mother.”

Everything fades, a sob rips through me and I crumble.

Kingston holds me up, wrapping his arms around me as I let it all out, every ounce of pain, everything until I can’t cry any more.

I know by now it’s late and my father will most likely be looking for me.

“I want to go,” I say, lifting myself up. Kingston’s worried expression doesn’t escape me as he helps me to my feet and together we walk back to his truck.

“Why didn’t you kill me that night?” I mutter.

“We couldn’t,” he admits.

A tear slides down my cheek, lifting my hand, I wipe it away.

“Couldn’t? You’re the infamous Sinners, what stopped you?” I question him.

“Because of who you are.” He swallows, having the nerve to look hurt.

My anger hits and everything inside my head hurts, suddenly everything gets the better of me and I spin around and shove him—hard.

“Why’d you really bring me here, huh? Plan to chop me up in little pieces? Is that what gets you off?” I shove him back again a few more steps but he barely budes.

“Answer me,” I shout.

King lowers his head, his eyes stay downcast.

“You’re a killer, right? So why not finish the job?” I snap.

My chest heaves with every breath I take.

“You’re a coward, I hate you.”

He steps forward surrounding me with his body, pushing me back until I hit the truck behind me.

Leaning his arms above my head he watches me, then his lips capture mine. I don’t have the strength to push him away. His tongue tangles with mine and together we moan.

I can’t trust him, any of them, but I can’t let them go.

His cock pushes into me and it’s all I can think about.

I just want to forget everything.

“Make me forget,” I breathe before kissing him again.

Growling, he lifts me, wrapping my legs around his waist. I cry out when he pushes against me, he feels so good.

Undoing his zipper, he pulls himself out. I can feel him stroking himself a few times before he uses his fingers to pull my panties to the side and then position himself at my entrance. He enters me with one hard thrust, my pussy clenches around him, pulsing as he begins to fuck me. Just like I asked him to.

I cry out when he goes deeper, the feel of how full he makes me hitting every spot.

“Oh, God, please,” I groan.

Kingston fucks me harder, thrusting his hips forward and back each time jolting me up the truck just that bit more.

His heavy breathing echoes around us, he grunts and then I explode, my climax so powerful I almost blackout. Kingston growls into my ear and then I feel his hot spurts fill me.

For a few moments we don’t move. Kingston stays inside me, staring down at me watching me, waiting until I make the first move.

Slowly, he pulls out letting me slide down his body, the moment my legs hit the ground I feel him against my thigh.

“You’re still ours, Nova, nothing changes that,” he says, running his fingers across my cheek.

But it does, everything has changed. Nothing is the same.



STOPPING in front of my house he watches me, my mind is so clouded right now and nothing makes sense.

“We’ve got you, Nova, I promise,” he says.

No, I can’t trust them, I can’t trust anyone.

“Miller.” His name on my lips feels wrong, as bad as theirs because I know my best friend knows more than he’s letting on.

“He works for your father as well.” It’s almost laughable really, everything is falling apart, and I can’t seem to trust anyone.

I guess the only person I can trust is myself.

Now it’s just a matter of time before it all falls down around us.



They'd kept their promise, they were never too far from me, but they accepted my wishes and kept their distance. The last few days have been hell. It's been hard staying in that house, but I knew if I wanted to take my father down, being close was the only option.

"Hey, pup." Cassius smiles, pulling me into him.

"Are classes done?" he asks. I could barely concentrate knowing he was just outside waiting after every class.

My stalker has gone quiet even though I know he'll most likely resurface. There has been so much uncovered, my mother being the biggest thing I can't get my head around.

"You okay pup?" Cassius asks.

"Yeah, just overwhelmed," I tell him honestly. His gaze looks over my shoulder, a soft smile appears on his face then someone grabs me from behind pulling me into their arms. I

begin laughing when Bass snuggles into me, kissing the side of my face.

“Missed you, mamas,” he says.

Someone clears their throat behind us, making us all turn in their direction.

“Oh, hi, Grant.” I smile.

I elbow Bass slightly when he growls.

“Hi, Nova. Have you seen Dean Carter?”

Shaking my head. “No sorry. Why, is he missing?”

“He didn’t show up today and he’s not answering. It’s unlike him but I’m sure everything is fine,” Grant says.

“I’ll leave you to it. Have a good day.”

Cass’s gaze follows him, and Bass’s arm holds me that little bit tighter.

“I don’t trust him,” Bass says.

“Grant?” I laugh. “He’s harmless,” I tell them.

“Yeah,” Cass grumbles.

Walking hand in hand with Bass, I don’t miss the few stares we get as we pass students mingling around the grounds.

Ignoring them, I keep pace with the boys as we head for their truck.

“Let’s go, pup, because I want to ravish you and I plan on making you feel good,” Cass says as soon as he pulls the truck up out the front of their house.

Taking his hand, he helps me out then lifts me up taking me over his shoulder and carrying me inside.

Bass keeps up behind us chuckling as Cass carries me upstairs. Cass’s hand connects with my ass cheek, and a moan slips out before I can stop it.

“Fuck, Nova.” Cassius moans as he deposits me on his bed.

Sliding his shirt over his head, Bass joins me, kissing me until I’m breathless.

Cassius doesn't hesitate when I crook my finger for him to join us.

Taking my face between his hands he growls, "Ours." Just as his lips take mine.

My clothes are stripped from my body in between kisses, then all three of us lie down in the bed with me sandwiched between them.

Cass's fingers caress my skin until he reaches just above my pelvis, and Bass teases me by taking one of my nipples into his mouth, sucking and licking until I'm a whimpering mess.

Pushing a finger inside me, Cass groans.

Feeling Bass smile against my skin, he moves his hand toward my

nipple, his fingers brush against it, then twist it until it hardens from his torture.

"Oh, God." I moan. Cass pulls his finger free, swirling my wetness around coating two more fingers before thrusting them back inside me.

My back arches up, causing him to chuckle when he removes them and repeats.

His hand moves faster and between Bass's tongue and Cass's fingers, I can't stop the endless euphoria as it rips through me and I explode.

I cry out as my orgasm rips through me, they don't stop until I'm a complete mess under them.

Bass kisses me, then moves to let Cass take his turn.

We're in a world of bliss when we hear. "Baby girl, did you let them touch you?" I look up to see Jordan grinning down at me.

Biting my lip, I nod slowly. His gaze flicks to where I'm naked between his brothers.

Leaning over the top of me, he takes my lips in a brutal kiss before he breaks away telling me, "Show me." Then moves me between Cass and Bass as they begin to devour my body one last time while Jordy watches us.



THE BEACH IS PACKED. I didn't want to come, but of course Vicky wouldn't take no for an answer. I did feel a little better knowing the guys would be here, my personal shadows never too far. At least they never were.

I agreed to have a drink, relax, and stop worrying about what would happen if my father found out.

"Here." Miller hands both Vicky and me drinks that he poured from one of the kegs.

Miller knows as much as the guys, and I'm not ready to forgive him either, but he's here because he's been assigned to my side. His words not mine.

"So, are your guys coming tonight?" Vicky smiles while taking a sip of her drink.

Miller rolls his eyes, heading back to grab himself a drink. He's been weird since our conversation and truthfully everything between us feels different.

"They're not my guys." I scoff.

"Yeah, I guess after they lied they became dead to you, right?" Miller says, a small smile plays across his lips. No, I want to tell him, in fact, yesterday three of my guys enjoyed me over and over again.

Vicky shrugs and starts to turn in a circle.

I'm onto my second, or is it my third drink? I haven't seen any of the guys yet and I'm starting to wonder if they've given me a free pass without my shadows tonight.

I twirl in a circle, taking a sip from my cup. A giggle escapes me when I trip on my own feet and land in the sand.

"Okay, Nova, I think it's time we got you home," Miller suggests. His arm wraps around me, lifting me up until I lean

into him.

“But I’m having fun,” I whine, swaying before Miller holds me up.

I hiccup and giggle as Miller’s arm lifts under my legs carrying me toward the parking lot.

Placing me inside his car, Miller bends over me, and buckles me in. Suddenly, his gaze falls on me, or directly at my lips, it grows heated and suddenly I can’t breathe.

“Miller?” I whisper just before his lips capture mine. His tongue tangles with mine and with every bit of strength I possess, I shove him.

“Miller, stop,” I plead.

“Fuck, Nova, we’d be perfect together, can’t you see that? I’ve been in love with you for years and suddenly they come around and you, what huh?” Gripping my arm tightly, for the first time since knowing Miller, I am afraid of him.

“I thought maybe if you didn’t have them around, then maybe you’d see me for once. But you’re just too far gone aren’t you, Nova?” he snarls.

“What did you do?” I whisper.

“Let’s just say I’ll have my alone time with you, Nova, and for once you’ll listen to me,” he growls. Closing the door, I’m about to make a run for it when Miller slides in and pushes a knife to my side.

“Don’t even think about it. I told you we’re having that talk.

You are mine. Not theirs,” he snaps angrily.

“I’m not yours, Miller,” I say as tears build.

“We’ll see.” He smirks, starting the engine and driving in the opposite direction toward town. He’s on the outskirts of town when a flash of headlights behind us catches my attention. The car is a short distance behind us following at a slow pace. Miller hasn’t noticed yet. It’s not until the headlights follow us for the second time, do I think someone is following us.

Grinding my teeth, I try to find something at my feet to use as a weapon, but Miller's chuckle stills me.

"Seriously, Nova, you're trying to escape right now?"

"N-no," I stutter.

Miller eyes me with a knowing look on his face like he can read my deepest thoughts.

My fingers twitch in my lap as Miller pulls his car toward the church just outside of town.

Gazing around the building, I'm completely baffled as to why Miller brought me here until my door is ripped open.

"Let's go, Nova," Miller demands, gripping my arm tightly and forcing me from the seat.

"Ow, you're hurting me, Miller," I complain while he drags me behind him toward the church.

There's a stretch of quiet, the only noise is the creak of the door as Miller ushers me in.

Darkness fills the empty building. A single candle flickers up ahead

and then the last person I ever thought Miller would be involved with stands there as he stares back at me.

"Good evening, Nova. I'm so glad you could join us this evening." His merciless glare is the last thing I see before Miller wraps his arm around me and places a cloth over my mouth.

Everything goes dark, and suddenly I wish my shadows had been there tonight.



The aftermath of last night made us late for this damn beach party. By the time we got there, there was no sign of Nova. According to Vicky, she last saw her with Miller. So, she was safe, right?

Bass has been pacing back and forth cursing for the last thirty minutes because he thinks Miller's done something to her. After his confession, I'd say Bass is correct.

"I'm fucking telling you, man, he's the one who's been stalking her," Bass says.

"You're sure?" I ask.

"He said she was his. That he wasn't about to let us steal his girl."

Cassius clenches his fist by his side, clearly agitated now.

"Okay, so we look into him. But what if you're wrong and we accuse her friend of something this fucking big?" I state.

“Is he her friend anymore? Their relationship has been just as strained as ours,” Jordy says.

“It’s him, King, I feel it in my gut, he’s dangerous. We need to find Nova,” Bass murmurs.

“We’re dangerous, Bass, how are we different from him?” I ask, crossing my arms over my chest and waiting for my brother’s answer.

“We’re not,” he finally answers.

Cassius’s phone rings, eyeing it suspiciously he answers.

“Yeah.” Frowning at whatever the person on the other side says, his jaw clenches then he hangs up yelling, “Fuck.”

“You were right. Miller has her at the old church just outside of town. His car and another one is there.”

“Motherfucker,” Bass snaps.

“Who was that?” I ask him.

“Gunner said he just drove past and thought we should know. He saw Miller carrying her into the church.”

“Who’s car?” Jordy asks.

I stand waiting as Cassius calms himself enough to tell us.

“Dean Carter’s,” he says.

We all move as one, getting what we need before we pile into the truck ready to go get our girl.



THE CHURCH IS BATHED in darkness as we pull up, a single car is parked out the front. Miller’s car seems to be missing.

“Where the fuck is Miller? Cassius barks.

“He’ll be back, don’t worry, we just need to get Nova out of there. The last thing we need is shit to go down, so stay focused,” I tell them.

Quietly, we move, grabbing the weapons from the back. Whatever the dean has Nova for can’t be good. After all, he’s her father’s best friend.

Entering the church, Dean Carter stands at the front with Nova tied to a chair. Tears cascade down her cheeks while a gun is placed at her skull.

“It’s okay, princess,” I assure her. She hiccups, taking a deep breath as Dean Carter pushes the gun into her head.

“Let her go,” Cassius barks, taking a step forward.

“Uh-uh,” he says. Nova physically shakes as the gun is pushed into her head once more.

“Cass, enough,” I say, forcing my arm across his chest to stop him.

Nova’s whimpers echo across the church.

“He’ll kill you for this, you know that right?” Bass barks.

Carter chuckles.

“Not if he thinks it was you.” His smile is deviant and calculating.

“Why?” I ask, unsure what his plan is or why he’s threatening Nova just to get to us.

“Well, ever since he killed the love of my life, I’ve been planning my payback, it was just a matter of time.

“You see he didn’t just kill her, no he tortured her right in front of me.” He gulps as if reliving the pain.

“You know what I had to do while he did it?” he growls.

We all shake our heads.

“Pretend she meant nothing to me.”

Nova’s tears continue to slide down her face while he moves the gun back and forth.

“Nova is the perfect revenge.”

“Where’s Miller?” Bass asks, keeping his anger at bay. He’s ready to tear his throat right out.

“He’ll be back.”

“Of course this entire thing was his idea,” Carter says.

“Let Nova go. It’s us you want, right?” Cass screams.

“You see, I could do that. I don’t want to hurt Nova, she’s like a niece to me, but the easiest way I can hurt you all is by removing her from the picture.” He chuckles like his idea is fucking brilliant.

“You know you won’t walk out of here, right?” Bass growls, removing his gun and aiming it at Carter.

Tsking. Carter shoves the gun into Nova’s head.

“Wouldn’t want me to blow her pretty little brains out before Daddy gets here, would you?”

“I’m willing to die for her, what about you, Carter?” Bass barks. Removing my piece from the back of my pants, I aim it at him as well, Jordy and Cass follow.

“I think you’re outnumbered, Carter,” Jordy says.

He shakes his head. “I only need one bullet.” Nova cries out when he clicks the gun, pushing it into the back of her skull.

My heart is racing, and I don’t know how we’re going to get out of this one.

Holding his gun up, Bass shudders.

“Okay, just chill, don’t hurt her. Please.”

“Let’s move outside now,” Carter barks.

“Leave the weapons.” He nods to the ground. Chucking our guns to the floor, Carter cuts the rope freeing Nova from the chair and guides her behind us.

Once we’re outside, Miller pulls up. Slowly getting from his car, he moves toward Nova, taking her from Carter.

His fingers wrap around her arm. Holding her to his chest, she squirms away from him but he forces her to his side with ease.

“You know what to do,” Carter says then disappears.

“Miller, don’t be stupid, he’s using you. If he doesn’t kill you after this, we will,” Cass growls.

Miller shrugs.

“You won’t be around to come after me, once Cohen sees what you’ve done to his daughter he’ll kill you, and I’ll get to walk away.”

“How?” I question him.

“How do you or Carter plan on framing us?” I argue.

“Carter has a plan,” Miller says.

Cass scoffs loudly, laughing.

“Yeah, a plan to double cross you and kill you, dumbass,” he tells Miller.

Nova’s soft cries force my glare toward Miller.

“It’s okay, pup, we’re going to get you out of here,” Cass reassures Nova.

It is taking an enormous amount of self-control right now to not rip Miller to shreds. At what cost was our revenge worth it? Nova is paying the price for our mistakes.

We haven’t done anything with the information on Santonio. Why I’m not sure.

“Miller, I’m telling you now, if you hurt Nova, in any way, I will personally hunt you down and remove every body part, slowly,” Bass spits at him.

“You let her go, and we won’t tell Santonio you were involved,” Jordy tells him.

Flashlights flood the area as Santonio exits his car coming straight for us.

“I told you to stay away from my daughter,” he hisses, aiming his gun at Cass.

“Woah,” I say, holding my hands up in surrender.

“Take a look around.” His eyes follow around us, then land on Nova, with Miller standing above her with a gun to her head.

“You son of a bitch,” Santonio growls, firing his gun and hitting Miller right in the chest before he can react.

His body slumps in seconds before he hits the ground with a thud.

Nova’s shaking so badly, Cass gets her before she falls.

Catching her, he holds her.

“Nova.” Santonio goes to run to his daughter, but he stops as she screams.

“You killed her.”

“Nova.” His voice shakes slightly seeing the pain he’s caused Nova.

“No, I’ll never forgive you. You killed my mother.”

“Nova, please,” he says.

“Just leave please,” she cries. Cass holds her to him, using his body to shield her.

Santonio looks at us. Nodding, he knows he has no choice. Nova is ours now and we won’t let her down, not again.

“Watch out for her,” he tells me, nodding as I watch him get back in his car. He looks at us before he turns the key.

Everything goes silent before an explosion rings out around us.

Fire begins to cover Santonio’s car, and in seconds it’s engulfed in flames.

With my ears ringing, I search my brothers and Nova out.

Each one is slowly rising. When I look over at Santonio’s car, he’s gone.

“NO!” Nova screams, running toward the burning inferno, but I catch her before she gets too close. I hold her to my chest while she sinks to her knees. Sobs wrack her body while she

clutches me, her screams deafening while she mourns her father. Carter is long gone, assuming he is the one who planted the bomb while Santonio was distracted with Miller. Was that Carter's end game? To use Miller as a distraction just so he could get away?

Sirens can be heard over the roar of the flames, they're close.

My brothers make their way to Nova, I lift her in my arms, kissing her on the cheek before I whisper, "It's okay, princess, we won't let you go. Ever."

"King," Bass shouts just as I see Miller raising a gun aiming it at Nova. He fires and just in time I spin us.

I grunt as the bullet hits my stomach, and I drop to my knees with Nova in my arms.

I hear Nova scream my name. Her face is the last thing I see before everything goes black.

THE END, FOR NOW

TO BE CONTINUED.....in We End With Us

Thank you for reading We All Fall Down

Nova and The Sinners story continues in We End With Us and you can [Pre Order](#) it now.

I hope you enjoyed this book, but even if you didn't, reviews are always very appreciated!

Thank you again

Tara

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First of I want to thank you, the reader for taking the time to read my story.

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helping make my stories shine.

If this is the first book of mine you have read, don't fret I have many more books coming your way. Start at the very beginning with my Pleasant Grove series and don't panic there are more books coming to that series. I just need the characters to start showing me their stories.

So you don't miss out on any news or anything new coming from me don't forget to join my readers group Tara's Chancers on facebook. It's where it all lands first.

Lots of love,

Tara x

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tara Lee is an Australian author who writes spicy romance, and men to swoon over. She comes from Hobart, Tasmania where she lives with her husband and two children.

When she's not a stay at home mum wrangling her two small children or fighting the voices in her head to be quiet she's getting up before the sun rises as a qualified baker.

Tara is a Pisces who survives on energy drinks, chocolate frappes and busting moves at Jazzicise for some me time.