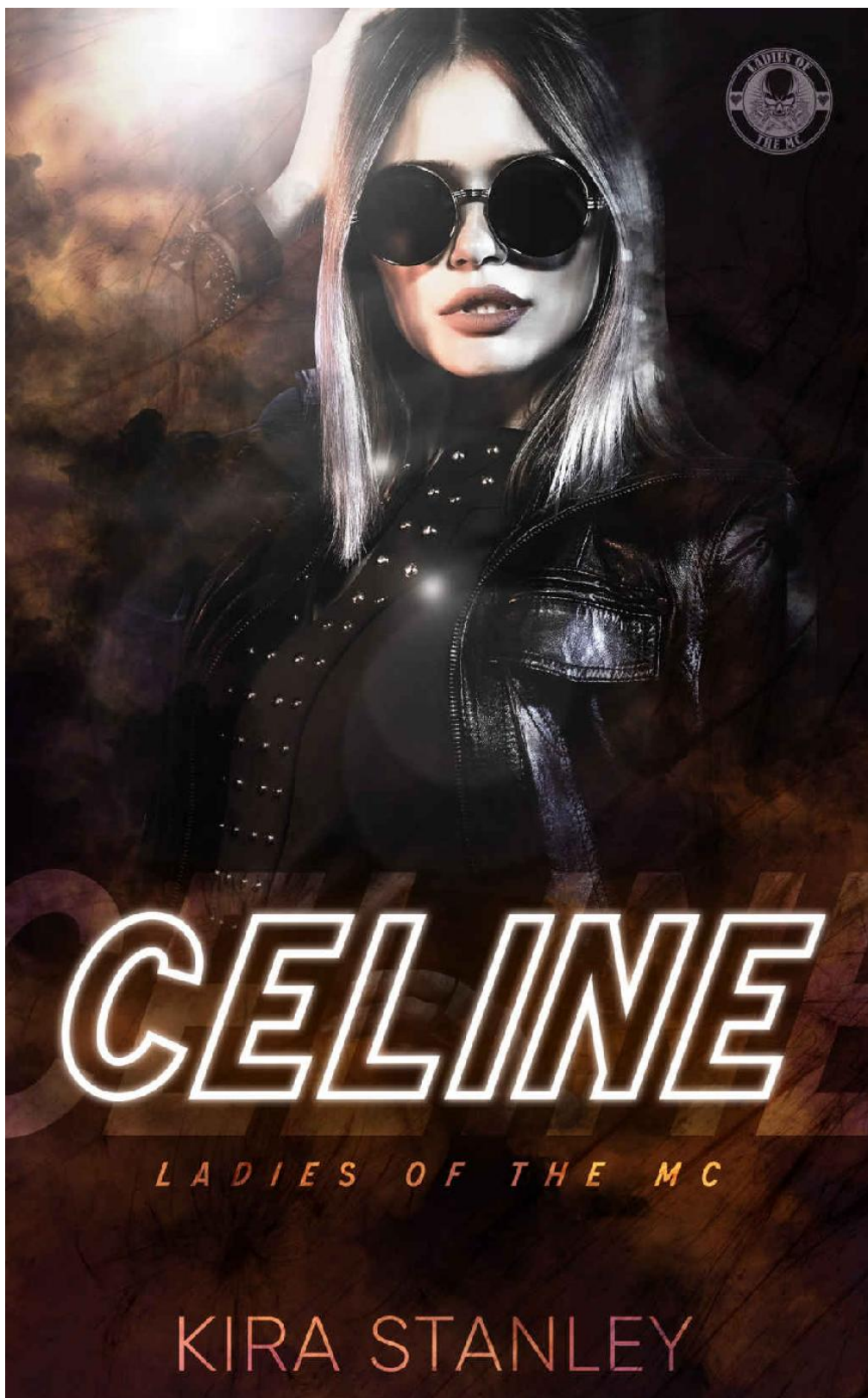




CELINE

LADIES OF THE MC

KIRA STANLEY



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Celine

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ABOUT KIRA

ALSO BY KIRA STANLEY

Trigger/Content Warning

THIS BOOK IS A GRITTY PARANORMAL MC NOVEL. THE CHARACTERS
PAST MENTIONS; CHILD SLAVERY, PARENT ABUSE, MURDER, GANG
RELATED DEATHS AND MENTAL DISABILITIES.

THIS IS A REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE, WHICH MEANS THE MAIN
CHARACTER DOES NOT CHOOSE A LOVE INTEREST. THIS BOOK
CONTAINS MANY GRAPHIC SEX SCENES WITH MULTIPLE PARTNERS.

*THIS BOOK IS FOR THOSE THAT THINK THEIR PAST DEFINES THEM. THIS IS
A REMINDER THAT IT DOESN'T.*

*THAT IT'S ONLY ONE LAYER IN THE MANY THAT MAKE UP THE AMAZING
YOU.*

CHAPTER 1



THIS WAS WHAT I hated about the super-rich. Everything was glittering, glowing, and gaudy. They had a knack for turning a regular fantasy hotel into a wonderland of posh, expensive, and extravagant affairs.

As soon as I entered the room, my eyes flickered at how bright it was from the dark sky outside. The only positive was that the dress I was wearing was smooth and silky, dripping in luxurious handcrafted silk that caressed and molded to my body in perfection. There was always something to appreciate about a bad situation. That was the first hard lesson I learned in my life.

A hard voice crackled in my ear, “Have you clocked the target, Songbird?”

I picked up my phone and put it against my ear. I rolled my eyes, acting like the spoiled princess I was pretending to be. “No, Daddy. For the last time, I’m not going to marry Don Van Hinderbelt!”

I heard a pause in my ear as my supervisor, Glen, took a long hard breath. “I hate when you made me the dad.”

I resisted the smile that quivered on my lips at his exasperation. “Fine, Daddy! Be like that. I will find a husband tonight. Someone who’s even richer than you! Then you won’t be able to hold your money over me anymore.” I pretended to hang up the phone, shoving it in my tiny purse like I was really put out. A waiter came by with a whole tray of champagne, and I immediately snagged one and lifted it to my lips. This was another positive thing about rich people, they had the best booze.

“No, Daddy! Don’t let my sister marry some rich guy. Spreading her delicious thighs for some idiot with a Bugatti!” I almost spit out my fancy champagne at Ken’s proclamation.

I heard a smack on the back of a head before Glen’s angry voice whispered, “Delicious thighs?! Get your head on straight, Ken!”

“Ouch! I was just adding to the scene Celine already played out. It’s all a joke, Boss. Something to lighten the heavy situation.” Ken’s shocked, hurt voice came in through the earpiece, and I had the sudden urge to back him up. He was just playing around, and my thighs are damn delicious. It’s just

because Glen is like a father to me that he gets really irritated when the guys act like guys on a job.

“Let’s just keep this professional.” Glen’s serious and calm voice came back. I bet Ken was regretting being in that van down the street with Glen next to him.

I turned my attention away from the squabbling men and looked back at the dazzling crowd for my target. I was sent in here tonight for one man and one man only, Marcus Rodriguez. He was the leader of the Rodriguez clan, a cartel family that ran all the drugs from Mexico into the United States. Normally, this would not even be on my radar, as the Rodriguez family were all human. Still, since they only hired and worked with supernatural beings, the file landed on Glen’s desk since he was the head of the Supernatural Task Force for the CIA.

Most supernatural beings had a leader to take care of the problem beings. The wolves had an Alpha, the mages had an Archmage, the vampires had a coven of leaders, etc. So when a supernatural being breaks the law, we are the ones to bring it up to the leaders. Sometimes they handled it, especially if they knew the perpetrator, but sometimes they asked us to...handle it. To get rid of the problem so their hands didn’t get dirty. We took the jobs that no one wanted to mess with, which made it a little deadly.

I started to walk the perimeter, trying to find my prey for the night. The smell of Chanel No 5 wafted up my nostrils, and I held in my gag. I don’t know why rich people always wore

that shit, it didn't smell good, but I guess when you had money flowing out of all your orifices, it didn't really matter.

“Come on. It didn't mess her up in the slightest. She's the best assassin on the team. She can take a little joking on the job.” Kens screeching voice distracted me for a second, wanting to thank him for that compliment until he continued with, “She drops bodies in the most uninteresting, clean way possible.” That declaration slightly offended me, but I was on the job, so I would make him pay for that little comment later. Little shit.

I passed a large 3D sculpture of a new hospital building that was going to be built in the Rodriguez name. That's what this event was about, a fundraiser to raise more money for the hospital the drug-running family had purchased. My guess was it was going to be a location they could run more drugs out of, or maybe it was going to be a drop-off station, or possibly it could be them trying to distract people away from the shady part of their businesses.

I finally made my way around the room to the front and saw a large gathering of people surrounding a tall man in an expensive suit with dark, medium-length hair, the kind you could run your hands through, and taut tan skin that let you know he had seen sun recently. He was an incredibly handsome man, and he was Marco Rodriguez. I looked at the people around him and noticed a few vampires, a mage, a shifter, and a few humans listening to him, trying to get his attention. I wasn't going to be able to talk to him that way, so I decided I needed to make him look my way. Turn on my siren eyes and call him to me.

“Got ‘em,” I said in a low voice before I pretended to put my hair behind my ear and took out the com, slipping it into my tiny purse as I pretended to look for lipstick. I just needed to do something to catch his eye.

Another waiter with a tray of champagne walked by, and I got an idea. I quickly sipped the rest of my flute as I watched the waiters, waiting for the right one. I caught the eyes of one carrying a tray of empty glasses my way and knew this was my shot. I lifted my hand, and the waiter stopped in front of me. I pushed a little too hard, knocking a few into each other, and causing the glass flutes to fall off the tray and onto the floor with a crash.

I felt bad when I played my part of the obnoxious heiress. “Oh, my god! If any of those shards cut me or this dress, you will pay for it.”

The waiter apologized several times before they went to find a broom to clean up the mess. I looked up at Marco and caught him looking at me. Perfect. I blinked, turning on my siren eyes, calling him to me with just my body language.

Being a siren was handy in these kinds of situations. I could turn on the charm in an instant. Flashing my ocean, color-changing magic eyes on any being, and suddenly become alluring and irresistible. The magic called to the person I captured, pulling them to me like an invisible thread. Marco blinked a few times before he turned to his crowd and excused himself, heading my way.

I looked down, fussing with my dress, as a large shadow fell on me. I looked up, making sure I had large doe eyes that men were typically drawn to. His deep, confident voice called out, "I hope that he didn't ruin that exquisite dress of yours."

"I don't think so, but I'm still checking." I ran my hand down the leg in emphasis, drawing his eyes to the high slit in my dress. His eyes lit up with desire, and I gave him a small, coy smile.

"It would be dreadfully rude of me if I didn't make sure that you weren't completely taken care of since this is my event." He smiled as he took a step closer into my personal bubble, placing a hand on my shoulder as he motioned towards the back. "Come with me, and we can get to a room where you can check yourself."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Rodriguez." I batted my eyes and followed him, looking at my dress every once in a while to keep up the facade that I thought something might have happened to it.

He put his large, warm hand at the small of my back, guiding me to the back of the room. "Please, call me Marco. Mr. Rodriguez sounds so stuffy." He smiled, shining his perfect pearly whites at me. And I'll admit he was attractive, in a slimy he-knew-it kind of way. He was even charming in his own way of being polite and kind about the whole thing. He looked at me brightly while guiding me out the hallway and in front of the elevators. "Let me take you to my room. It's the

penthouse at the top and will give you the most privacy to inspect your dress properly.”

I smiled and nodded, acting like I believed the bullshit he was trying to sell, but I didn't. I knew this man had a taste for young and beautiful women. Always sticking his dick into anything that fits the bill, like most rich men. Always looking to use someone but wanting to pretend in front of others that they were a good guy.

“Do you always take damsels in distress up to your room?” I played coy, looking down at the ground, playing into his good guy routine.

“Oh, no. This is a special situation. You are a guest at my event and have, unfortunately, been put in a position where your dress and body could be affected. It's my duty to make sure that you have everything you need to make your night better.” His adamant voice had me raising my eyebrow. He chuckled. “Even if that means buying you a new dress because this one got cut up.”

The ding of the elevator caught both of our attention, and we walked in. He took out a key card and put it against the black box next to the floor buttons. The elevator immediately spoke, “Thank you, Mr. Rodriguez. Going to the penthouse suite.”

He bashfully smiled at me, and I caught myself wondering if he was just the face of the clan, the pretty boy they put in the community to keep people thinking positively because he was giving off this innocent vibe I was not prepared for. Usually, by now, they try to have me pinned against the wall or touch

me inappropriately, but not this man. He had his hands behind him, clasped, waiting patiently.

When the door dinged open, he motioned for me to get out first, and I did. He followed quickly after and walked me to the end of the hallway to the single door at the end. I reminded myself that this guy was part of a ruthless family that sold drugs. I started to list all the things in the file that I read. They got children as young as eight to be hooked on drugs and then become mules for them. They use pregnant women as sorters so that they would always have the threat of them killing their child in the womb if they stole from them. They dabbled in a lot of other criminal activities that just supported the drugs they sold. They were evil, and the head of the snake needed to be cut.

He unlocked his door and held it open for me. "After you." Still never touching me once. I should've known that it was all an act.

As soon as the door shut, he grabbed me by my hair and slammed me up against the door. One hand grabbed me by the throat while the other roamed my body like it was his. Like he owned it.

"As soon as I saw you across the room, I knew I wanted this pussy. Maybe even this ass, too, but I had to wait until there were no cameras, no evidence of how I'm going to ruin this body." Yep. This was the man I read about, not the fake face he put on for people and cameras. "There was something that just called me to you that I have never felt before. I promised

the family I wasn't going to do this tonight, but you're just too delectable. Too much temptation for me to let go. They will understand." I forced my body to relax, to remember my training and what my plans were for this guy. As soon as he felt the fight leave my body, he darkly chuckled. "Just give in to what I'm about to do to you. Then you might get out of this room alive...but not before you're left on the floor bleeding from all your holes in pain."

He made the fatal mistake that they all do when I go limp and let them touch me. He let go of me, backed up, and barked for me to get on the bed. I looked up at him, excited about what was going to happen next.

"What the fuck are you smiling for, slut. Get on the bed, or I'm going to fucking take you in the most brutal way I can think of." He even pointed to the bed like I was a child and would just follow instructions. Ha! Fat chance.

I started off slow, just humming a hypnotic tune. "You fucking whore. I'm going to..." I could feel the cold mist of the ocean flood the room, the subtle magic in the air lighting up my body. The smell of the sea and salt filled the room, and my heart started to ache like it always did when I used my magic. Marco's eyes glazed over as he started to sway with the tune.

I walked up to him, slowly running a knuckle down the side of his face. "I'm not even using my full power, shit for brains. You wouldn't be able to handle my full song. It would probably melt your little itty bitty brain." I smacked his head hard, harder than I should've, but I just really hated this guy.

Bad guys should always just be bad guys, not good guys in disguise.

I was letting my feelings get into the mix, and I needed to remember this was just a job. Not some revenge plot. I backed up and looked at him, knowing he could hear me, but he was under my tune and didn't have any choice but to be a good boy.

“You know you made this all easier for me, right?” His dumb face was still slack, but his eyes caught mine. “You made sure not to touch me much when we walked out of the ballroom where all of the cameras were. We will just scrub me out of the video feed. Everyone will see that you were alone in the elevator, alone walking into your penthouse, and all alone when you took your life.” His eyes widened slightly, and his hand clenched, so I continued my humming until he relaxed completely.

I turned around to finally get a look at the room. It was a claustrophobic person's dream. The ceiling was high, so high that I bet they needed a special ladder just to get to the lights. The two longest sides of the room were glass from floor to ceiling, giving it the view like you were on top of the world. It was the whole floor, and I decided to explore, knowing that I needed to find something I could make a rope out of.

To the right, there was a full kitchen, with an island and a bar, and completely upgraded appliances fit for a master chef. There was a master room off to the side, a single king bed with floor-to-ceiling glass walls again. *I swear, rich people and*

their god complexes. I went to the bed and stripped the sheet off and started twisting it tightly to make a makeshift rope as I walked back to my prisoner. “You see, there are three types of unalivers in my industry. We have assassins, killers, and spies. They all do the same thing.” I lifted my finger as I continued, “The only difference is the reasons why.”

I tied the knot, giving the loop a good tug before I continued, “Assassins, who usually do it for the money. They don’t really have a caring bone in their body, so the job comes naturally to them, and they can make a living doing it. Killers get enjoyment from the kill. Whether it’s the blood or the body or just taking a life, they gain pleasure from each kill. Spies do the same job as the other two, but they are doing it for a purpose. They have an organization behind them trying to do something for the betterment of the community as a whole.”

I looped the sheet rope around his head and adjusted it to make sure it was quite tight. “You don’t really need to know which category I fall in, but I just wanted you to know that someone wanted you dead, and now they are going to get their wish.”

I hummed again, wanting to make sure he was under my spell, while I searched the rest of the suite for a good spot to do the hanging. I realized the whole place looked barely touched as I searched each room. The only place that it looked like he did something with was the gigantic bathroom. He had a couple of toiletries next to the sink, his towel was damp, and the glass shower walls had water stains.

I was about to leave the room when I looked up and saw what kind of shower it was. There were no ceiling fans anywhere, and I felt like a closet wouldn't be his style, but when I saw the rod iron piping that came out of the walls in the shower, combining in the center to a massive square showerhead, I knew this would be the perfect spot. It was pure luck that the hotel was trying to go for that modern industrial look, and it made for perfect hanging spots.

Heading back to my prey in the living room, I found him still standing there with a noose around his neck as he swayed to an invisible tune. I didn't feel bad in the slightest when I hummed and told him to pick up a chair from the kitchen and walk into the bathroom. With how he treated me just now, I was sure he did this to many other women, and I guessed that some of them died because they fought him.

I bit out the words for him to get into the shower, and he complied easily. Too easily. I wanted him to suffer, to be in pain, to feel the panic that all of his victims did.

It took me a few times, but I got the end of the sheet looped around one of the iron pipes. I told him to stand up on the chair, and he did while I tied the end at a length he would be able to if he was doing this himself.

Once everything was done and ready, I looked up at him, his eyes glazed, waiting for the last command to kick the chair away. This was what Ken meant by my kills being uneventful, unmessy for an assassin. My siren abilities made it so my

victims did most of the leg work, and I was able to make most of them look like a suicide or blame it on someone else.

I still wanted that, but I also wanted to make him suffer a little bit. I pulled back on my tune, his eyes cleared, his nostrils flared, and he let out a roar of rage before looking at me.

Before I could hear a single word from him, I pointed to his neck and called on my royal powers over salt and water. At first, he was gagging and coughing until he realized he couldn't clear it. His eyes started to bulge as he began to claw at his throat. I was using just enough water and salt from his body to slowly choke him.

Then I pulled back to let him catch a single breath before I did it again. I saw the panic settle in after the third time, and he realized that I was going to kill him.

“This is just a pinch of the panic, pain, and suffering you have inflicted. It sucks to die this way, right? To be encased in fear and pain, knowing the inevitable, and yet not being able to stop it. It's its own form of torture.” I flicked my fingers for the last time to release the water.

He didn't talk, but I heard his broken sobs. The depressing realization that he was for sure going to die today, and it was going to be by torture.

I kicked the chair from underneath him and watched him struggle, watched him try to hold his neck up, watched as he attempted to pull himself up but wasn't able to. There was some satisfaction in watching him squirm, his face turn colors, and the life drain from his eyes. I stayed until I saw the last

twitch of his foot and everything went still. *He deserved much worse, but the job was done.*

As soon as he was dead, I cleaned anything I touched, found my purse, and put my earpiece back in. “It’s done. Do you have me covered if I leave out the door and down the elevator?”

“You know it. I have already scrubbed you going up when it happened, so I will do the same as you’re leaving now. Just make sure you’re leaving out the service entrance off the kitchen. This will corroborate the story we are going to spin for the police.” Ken explained as I heard typing in the background.

“A change of clothes is next to the dumpster two buildings south. We will debrief tomorrow.” Glen’s proud voice sounded, and I nodded.

“You got it, Boss.” Then I went out the door, down the elevator, and out the service door without so much as someone looking my way.

As soon as I found the bag, I changed into black leggings, boots, and a large gray hoodie. I stuffed the silky, gorgeous dress into the bag, knowing they were going to want it back so they could burn it. I sighed as I zipped up the bag. I was going to miss that dress.

As soon as my feet hit the sidewalk, I felt the buzz of a call coming in on my phone. I should’ve known better than to answer it without looking.

“Hello?”

“Is that sharp tone any way to greet your mother?” I rolled my eyes and felt all my muscles clench.

“How are you, Mother?” I hoped she didn’t hear the annoyance in my voice, I wouldn’t hear the end of it.

“Fine, fine. You know that tomorrow is the ceremony, and you are obligated to attend as one of the royal family. Is there a reason you are not here yet?” Her angry, annoyed tone told me just how she was going to take the news I was about to give her.

“Oh, well, I was in the middle of a job, and I figured I could get an early boat out tomorrow.” I bit my lip, hoping that this would pacify her and I would escape her wrath.

“Really, Celine!? Are you going to show up in biker boots and a leather jacket like last time? I really can’t take much more embarrassment from you.” I gritted my teeth and took a breath, reminding myself it was only one day. As soon as the mate ceremony was done, and I watched my mom bless the new mates, I could leave.

“No, Mother. I will make sure to be there in the appropriate attire.” She huffed, her doubt in my accomplishing the littlest thing hurt, but I stuffed that down with all the rest.

“Well, let’s hope so since you are coming late and, I assume, leaving early?” The snide question was a trick to keep the conversation going, and I knew it, but I still fell for it.

“I have to get back to work.” It was a lame excuse, but the only one I had.

“I still can’t believe that when I called in that favor to Glen, he would go behind my back and recruit you. He knows I didn’t want that life for you.” She complained about this every time I talked to her and mentioned my job.

“I will be dressed and ready in the morning before the ceremony. See you tomorrow, Mom.” I tried to not fight, it was useless when I was always the disappointment.

“Yes. Make sure you are appropriate. No black, Celine, I mean it.” I opened my mouth to say okay when I heard the click of the line hanging up.

Great. I get to go home for my bi-annual dose of being reminded by my mom and my community that I was a failure to everyone. *Tomorrow is going to suck.*

CHAPTER 2



I COULD FEEL THE salty spray on my skin, hating that it felt so good. That the ocean had this warm feeling of home. The kind of feeling people talk about when they see the people that they loved and loved back. My true home was never like that.

I stood on the edge of the tugboat that was sifting through choppy waters to get me to the island. Siren Island

My hands tightened on the metal H-bitt at the front of the boat, making me stay here to see the island as I approached. Mother will be disappointed that I didn't ride in on some fancy yacht or fly in with some millionaire on my arm. That would make the sting of embarrassment that I was for her less, more tolerable.

“Land ho,” someone behind me yelled, and I sucked in a ragged breath. *You are a strong and capable woman. You take care of yourself and take down bad guys for a living. You can handle your own damn mother.*

I had to psych myself up to make sure that as soon as she looked at me, I wouldn't just let her words pierce me as they always did. I swear, if it was anyone else in this world, I wouldn't bat an eye, couldn't care less. Someone could call me a cunt hoe bag that sucked nasty cock for a living, and I wouldn't bat an eye, but one disappointing sigh from my mother, and I just crumbled. I go right back to that eighteen-year-old girl that had all the potential in the world and then, at the moment of truth, utterly failed in the most miserable way, looking to my mother for guidance, and I was to blame.

I would've been fine with anyone, Celine. Do you know now that my line will die with you? Do you think this will save you just because you're pretty? What worth does a siren have who can't mate?

All of those words and the many more she has thrown my way come crashing back, swarming my head with all her anger and disappointment. So much so that I had to leave this island, leave the only home I have ever known, just to make sure I didn't do something drastic. It was the best decision I have ever made, but having the blood I do still requires me to fulfill my siren princess duties.

So here I was, going to another mating ceremony, going to be paraded around as being the cautionary tale for all female

sirens. Make sure that your song calls to a mate, or else you are useless.

The wind sailed through my hair, messing it up in the best of ways, the ways that made me feel free. Free to be who I was without the pressure. Free to be the mistake that everyone here thought I was. Free to let go.

I opened my arms and closed my eyes, knowing that this trip would be cut short soon and I would need to face the music, but I just wanted to feel like I could fly away, even if it were only for a moment. I imagined being a bird in the wind. Watching the waves crash along the coast, drifting closer, slicing my wing right above the water to feel the cool deep blue ocean. Knowing that I could switch directions at any single moment.

“Lady, we are here.” I was jarred out of my fantasy as I felt the boat jerk and pull into the harbor. I saw my mother, along with two palace guards, her face pinched and her arms crossed. It was a normal look for her when I arrived. It’s hard to remember a time when she didn’t look like she ate something sour as soon as I came into her line of sight. I watched as she moved her arms to tap her finger to her wrist, which had a nonexistent watch on it.

My mother was a beauty in all her natural state. Brilliantly bright blonde hair that cascaded down her back, perfectly smooth and soft sun-kissed skin, pink, plump lips, and her eyes a cerulean blue that looked like they swirled when she focused on you. Her nails and makeup were done to natural

perfection. Her perfect hourglass figure was hugged in a shimmering gold dress that showed off all of her curves. When I was little, I thought she was a goddess because of her beauty and poise—the perfect epitome of femininity.

At least until she saw me.

“Celine, I still don’t understand how I can call you the day before, reminding you to look your best, and yet this dribble is what you come up with.” In confusion, I looked down at my sleeved white blouse, the rose gold pencil skirt I squeezed myself into, and my gold strappy heels. Is this not dressy enough? I put more effort into this outfit than when I go on a damn date. And the goal was to get laid.

The boatman held out his hand to help me get onto the platform. I mumbled my thanks to him as I maneuvered my legs to try and get out of this boat with grace. I think pencil skirts were made to make sure women couldn’t move in them. The definition of ‘sit still and look pretty.’

“For heaven’s sake, Celine, get out of the damn boat. We are wasting time.” She turned and walked away in an angry haste. Even her heels clicked at me to hurry up. I quickly jumped off the boat and ran after her.

She was already mid-rant by the time I caught up, “and you seem to have forgotten your duty as a princess of this island. You still have obligations even without a siren mate, a continuation of our dynasty’s legacy. They are just as important, if not more important, than you prancing around on the mainland with all your guns and policing.” She waved her

hand in the air like it was a nothing job. She always hated that I went into this job, but it was the only good thing she actually did for me.

She told me when she was younger that, she had a run-in with a bad vampire, and she enlisted the help of the CIA since she was a royal herself, and they sent her to Glenn. He was younger then, just taking over the position of Director of his department, when they sent my mom. After the issue was resolved, the vampire was caught and imprisoned. She said he was very nice, for a human. I remember thinking that he must've done something spectacular because that was high praise from my mother. I guess he gave her his number and said that if she ever needed any help again, to give him a call. As soon as my coming-of-age ceremony was done, she called him asking for help, asking what to do with me.

That was when I went to visit him for coffee, and he gave me my options. It was a lot of normal working options, but I asked him for something dangerous. Something that would put my life in danger. He refused, and I followed him one day to his work. I ended up helping him with a case and fell in love with the work. It gave me a sense of purpose and a way to contribute to society without having a siren mate as the main ingredient. I had a shred of happiness, and I promised myself a long time ago that I wouldn't let her ruin it. Especially when I send her money every paycheck.

“It’s not policing, Mother. I work for the Supernatural unit of the CIA.” I held my back straight, proud of my job, as she stopped and looked back at me.

“Do you put people in jail?”

I paused, “Sometimes.” I never told her that most of my job was killing the bad guys, but that was just semantics.

She rolled her eyes at me and turned back around. “Then it’s policing. It doesn’t matter what colorful bow you put on a pig, it’s still a pig.” Her head tilted to the sky like she was praying to the heavens, but I knew that was more out of frustration with me than any prayers she would offer up. “Anyways, this ceremony is more special than all the others. Gweneth is singing today, and everything has to be big and perfect.”

I could hear the smile in her voice at being there to witness her protégé, my uncle’s daughter, getting mated. I could practically hear her say *finally*, even without her lips opening.

“Oh, and that brings me to your role today, Celine. You will be assisting your cousin.” I felt my face pull tight, and a familiar heat filled my veins. “Make sure she has everything she could possibly need or want. We want her to be absolutely pampered today. Have her feeling like the queen she is designed to be.”

I clenched my teeth, remembering to count to ten to calm myself down. My mother must’ve taken that as I didn’t understand her wishes because she turned back on one heel, her shoes the only sound I could hear on her way over to me.

Her hand lifted, and she cupped my cheek softly, surprising me as I worked to shove all my negative feelings down. “You failed us eight years ago. This is your chance to make some of that up.” Her nails suddenly dug into my cheek. “Don’t fail me again, Celine.”

I yanked my head out of her perfectly manicured nails grasp, feeling the pain of her nails making their marks, but I didn't care. She was the one that always cared what I looked like. Her lips pinched as she looked at the red marks she left, examining them like they were another stain on my dirty record.

“Go to the seashell *casita*. That is where she's getting ready.” She looked over my clothes again, eyeing them with disgust. “And I will send over some appropriate clothes for you to wear.” She swirled away from me, her blonde tresses smacking me in the face, marking that she was done with me. Her dutiful guards not giving me a second look before they turned and followed her up to the main house.

God, I can't wait to get out of here. I shucked my bag over my shoulder and made my way down the narrow rocky road to the seashell *casita*.



I got to the casita just as Gwen woke up. She exclaimed how she lost track of time, even though we had about five hours to get her ready. She jumped in the shower and demanded that I make her something to eat.

“It's got to be light and, yet, filling. Make sure it's sweet but not too sweet because I need to watch my figure. If I don't fit

in my dress today, then I am blaming you.” She had just woken up, and she was already making my life difficult.

As soon as she slammed the door, I went to make her some oatmeal. I felt like that was the best option out of everything she demanded.

I left it out on the table, steaming hot, with some berries I found in the fridge, honey, and brown sugar. This way, she could make it however sweet she wanted, too. I should’ve known that anything I touched would just make her mad.

As soon as she came out, she stuck her nose up into the air. “Oatmeal? Really, Cel? That’s what poor people eat.”

Instead of doing what I knew I should’ve and kept my mouth shut and endured, I spoke up. “A lot of athletes and healthy people wake up with oatmeal because it’s a good source of fiber, protein, amino acids, and other natural minerals for a good and healthy day.”

She huffed and shoved the bowl away. “I don’t need help to poop, so I guess I’ll just starve like you want.” I took a deep breath, reminding myself that I won’t have to be here for long. I just needed to survive this event and my horrible family, and then I was free.

I got up and acted like I didn’t hear a word she said. “Would you like me to start on your hair or makeup?” She perked up a bit. She always liked to be pampered, and she will get it, now that she was next in line to be the siren queen.

“I guess you can work on my makeup first, but know that if you mess up, I will just need you to do it all over again. Everything needs to be perfect, okay, Celine?” Her pearly white, heart-shaped face looked up at me. Her normally big blue sparkling eyes held a fog of doubt and fear in them, and because I was a sucker around this time of the year, I sighed as I decided to rise above the pettiness.

“You are going to look gorgeous, Gwen. You are going to get up on that stage and sing. One lucky guy is going to sway to your song and be compelled to walk up to you. His eyes are looking at you like you are the sun and the moon, and the stars all in one. Everything will be perfect, I promise.”

Her eyes shined with gratitude, and I thought for once that my cousin and I were going to have a moment, have an understanding between us. Maybe it'll be the start of a new kind of relationship between us. At least that's what I thought before she opened her mouth, “So, Cel, you need to make sure that you don't make my hair all scruffy and unkempt like yours. I'm not really going for the 'I don't care' look today, okay?”

I should've known better.

The rest of the time, she complained about everything that I did, but I just let it all go. For some reason, no one could get under my skin except for my mother, so it wasn't that hard.

Soon, she looked like the perfect princess in her deep V-neck, pink, sparkly dress that clung to her like saran wrap. She barely fit into it, but I wasn't about to take the fall for her one-

size-too-small dress, and I made the damn thing fit. Her breasts were practically spilling out the top, being the first thing that your eye caught. I think that was what she was going for since my mother had this perfect hourglass shape, and she had more of a willowy shape, her largest feminine assets being her breasts.

She fussed with her big curled, strawberry-blonde hair as she stared at her smokey eyes and bright pink glossy lips. “It’s about the voice anyways, so I guess this will have to do.” My patience was running thin, and I almost grabbed onto those reddish-gold locks and yanked her head off her body.

She turned around and looked me up and down. “You’re going to change, right?” There was a knock at the door, and Gwen rushed to answer it. “I wonder what admirer is sending me a gift? Maybe Boe or Rathe?” They were the two biggest and most muscular single guys that were going to be in the male crowd today. I always thought they were too stupid to live, but maybe that would be the perfect match for Gwen? I snickered behind my hand at the thought.

Soon, she walked back over to me with pinched lips as she shoved the box at me with a snarl, “This is for you. I’m heading over to the pavilion to make sure the decorations are getting done right.” Then she looked at the clock and smiled. “It looks like you only have twenty minutes to get ready. I would choose my time wisely if I were you.” Then she sashayed her way out of the door in her matching pink stilettos.

I peeked into the box, wondering what my mother decided was better than what I had on. I pulled out a tied spaghetti-strap velvet dress in a deep teal. The dress felt fine and soft, something that would work for an all-night event. Remembering the time, I quickly put it on over my head and zipped up the back. I went to the mirror and was slightly in awe of this dress. It looked stunning around my bodice, tight, keeping the girls in and secure even with the thin straps. At the waist, the bulk of the fabric flowed out, accentuating my hips. The part that made this dress different was that the front was cut out on one side and an underlayer curved up around my hip. It made it so that one leg was completely covered by the long fabric, and one leg was completely in view from my toes up to my upper thigh.

I will say that I may dislike my mother with a passion, but the damn woman knows how to look regal. She has an eye for it, one that I have never had. I was always more comfortable in leather pants, a white crop top, and a black cropped jacket. Gwen wasn't wrong about my 'I don't care' look, but I preferred to call it grunge. My dirty-blond hair was cut right to my neck and had a messy kind of loose curl about it that I always liked. My light gray eyes always made me stand out, and I adopted my mother's curvy hips, even if I was a little bit smaller in the chest than she was.

I didn't really mess with my hair, but I did put on a simple smokey eye and cherry-red lips. There was a pair of chunky teal shoes in the box, and I put them on and ran out the door, knowing that if I was late, I would never hear the end of it.



I made it in the nick of time for the ceremony. Since I was still a royal by blood, it was required that I not only show up but help with the opening and then stay off to the side of the stage next to my mother to watch over the proceedings.

The pavilion was a gorgeous place that truly embodied the combining of land and sea. The pavilion was on the beach, a mile away from the crashing waves in the background. The smell in the air was a sweet and salty mixture of the natural honeysuckle flowers that grew around the stone pillars of the pavilion and the wind bringing in the current. The stage was a stone slab with pillars around it, making a crescent shape.

Available women lined up next to the stage, ranging from oldest to youngest. The available men of the colony all gathered randomly around the stage, not taking their eyes off it in the belief that their mate would sing for them.

I could feel all the hope and awe in the air. The anticipation of finding your mate, the one who was made for you, body and soul. That's why the song was so important. A female siren's song was a source of magic that directly connected to our souls. It could lure someone under our spell, it could heal a broken heart, it could even cause fear and dread, all of that being connected with what we want in that moment.

That's why for the ceremony, everyone crafted their own love song since that was what they were looking for, the one to make them whole. My mother liked to spread that kind of propaganda to the colony, that she only cares about making you happy, but, in reality, it's about the colony.

The only way for a siren to be born was if a male and female siren reproduced. The chances of it being a girl with magic or a boy with magical genes were fifty-fifty. It's why my mother works very hard to keep all the sirens on the island. If a siren mates with another species, then it's a toss-up on what they will come out as. Most of the time, taking the DNA traits from the other species. It's very rare, almost unheard of, for a hybrid siren to be born.

That's how I found out a few years ago that she used my ceremony incident and choice to leave the island as a warning to other sirens. You don't want to end up like the royal princess, mateless and off the island with no support or family to help you.

I was pissed at first, but, in reality, I should've known my mother would spin my failure into a positive for her. It's how she has been able to keep the top spot for so long. That and the fact that our line had the most powerful siren magic.

"It's time. As soon as I'm done talking, you need to walk up to the other side for your part. Got it?" I nodded. *Just like I have every year.* It's like she thinks that I'm some idiot.

She smiled brightly as she stepped up and gave her speech about how magical this night was, how amazing all of them

were, and how strong this colony had become. It's all to please the crowd. Make them believe what she wants them to.

She tilted her head, the signal that I was to come up and perform like the obedient daughter I needed to be. I walked up, and the crowd was silent as both of us raised our hands to the ocean and bowed our heads in thanks, then we both pulled at the water in the air. My mother quickly made a large ring of water mid-air, having it swirl around and around as the crowd oohed at her display of power. I began to shape sea animals in my hands with the water that I pulled, shaping them like a sculptor before pretending to let them loose as I controlled my magic to make them wiggle and jump back and forth between her circling ring.

Then we both clapped our hands, and all the water shapes stopped. My mother looked at me and nodded when we both threw our hands into the air, and the water immediately split apart into mini particles, shining in the twinkling lights like it was raining diamonds on everyone.

Everyone started to clap, yelling at how amazing my mother was, how awe-inspiring the royals' power was, and she ate it up. Waving and blowing kisses to the crowd as I stood there and watched, not a single person saying anything towards me.

My mother then started the proceedings by wishing all of the singers and listeners luck in finding their true partners in life before walking off to the side, which I followed behind.

"That dolphin was a little sloppy, Celine." I didn't say anything to acknowledge her criticism, so she moved on.

“Next year, we are going to do something like a recreation of the island. I will erect the island out of the ocean, and you will control all the people, houses, and plants. Understand?” I nodded as I pretended to watch the first singer go to the mic.

The royal line with the affinity for water magic was the only defining mark that separated us from the rest of the colony. We have the ability to pull water and control it. Most of the time, my mother uses it for displays of power and sometimes for harsh punishments. My mother had trained me from birth to be an expert at pulling water from wherever I was and manipulating it. I think it's one of the reasons my mother resents me so much: she put so much time and energy into cultivating my power. My power was much more potent than Gwen's, which was why my mother still wanted me to come to these things, to show them who's line holds true power.

Oddly enough, my power translates well into my professional line of work. I have so much control of water that I can pull it out of the city air when it's dry outside. I can pull it from the various water bottles people are holding on the streets. I can pull it out of the alcohol and sodas they drink. I can pull it from their bodies, making them die from dehydration. Water was in everything, and I honed my powers to the most minute amounts. It makes me such a good assassin that the criminal world has given me the name The Songbird, because I sing you a lullaby before ending your life. I also don't leave any mess behind for you to clean up. It was handy when we needed someone else to blame for our actions. Keeping the CIA name out of the limelight.

I felt my mother's nails dig into my flesh as she gripped my forearm. "Celine, pay attention. Gwen will be up soon, and you need to be seen supporting her."

I don't know what came over me, but I turned to her, glaring as I said through clenched teeth, "Let go, Mother, before you make a scene. I will do my part. The least you could do is act like a decent mother."

She let go of me instantly, looking at me like she didn't know me, but I ignored her and turned back to the crowd. I saw Gwen get up, and the whole crowd of people came closer to watch the next queen get her mate. I smiled so hard my cheeks hurt, showing everyone how I truly backed my cousin's claim, and was excited for her to find her match.

She started to sing, her voice drifting out in the lyrical tone she chose. It was a sultry sweet love song, one that talks of long late nights and lazy days in bed with each other. The normal dribble that comes out of love songs that don't tell you the truth. I have never once seen or heard of a love like that, one that wasn't doused in pain and heartbreak.

Once she was about halfway done, her eyes closed shut as she belted out, I saw Rathe starting to sway. The blockhead's eyes began to glaze over, and then his feet started to move, propelling him forward towards the stage. He climbed up the stairs, staring at her with so much devotion it kind of hurt. For a girl that had only wanted a drop of that from someone else, it was hard to see my own family member getting it in spades, from the same family that was incapable of giving me that.

She finally finished, opened her eyes, and squealed as she jumped onto him. Their lips smashed onto each other, and she looked like she was a monster trying to devour him whole. Someone in the crowd yelled out, “We don’t need royal babies just yet!” Everyone laughed and they reluctantly pulled away from each other, clutching each other’s hand like someone was going to try and rip them apart. It was disgusting and beautiful all in one depressing package.

I flicked my eyes to see my mother’s reaction. She was smiling, but I could tell it was a mild one which meant she was okay with the outcome, but she wanted more. I opened my mouth, “See, everything worked out.”

She scoffed. “Yes, she has an idiot mate, but that is all he will be. Just a big dumb oaf. I can work with that, but it will take a lot of effort on my part. Why couldn’t she be mated with someone who had little brains?” Before I could even blow out a breath, she continued. “Once this is over, I will go and do the closing speech. You will need to head to the reception hall to make sure that everything is in place. Now that Gwen is mated, I’m going to guess that she will be too preoccupied with *him* to take care of her duties.” Then she rolled her eyes before turning to the crowd and smiling widely.

Sometimes, I found it hard to picture my mother ever loving my father. The story was that as soon as my mother came home from going to college on the mainland, she did her ceremony, and my father ran up to her on stage, almost tripping over his feet. It was said that my mother was always

the one to keep things like that private and had this awkward scene of hugging my father when he tried to kiss her.

My father died when I was only a one-year-old, so I don't remember anything about him or what he was like. I only know that he loved my mother so much that others would rave about how crushed they were for my mother when he died.

I always thought it was weird when they said how *they* were crushed, never that my mother was upset or grieving. When I asked my uncle, all he said was that my mother was queen and didn't have the luxury to grieve. It was one of the reasons I kept telling myself all my life why my mother was so hard on me or why she couldn't be affectionate like other mothers. Then after the incident, I let go of that silly notion and realized that my mother just didn't like me. It was a hard pill to swallow, but after some self-reflection and killing some people horribly for doing bad things, I felt better. More at peace with myself.

As soon as everyone was done and my mother stepped forward, I snuck off the stage and went to the reception as fast as my feet could take me. Even though the ceremony was outdoors, it was getting a little stifling, and I needed a break ASAP.

As soon as I got to the reception, I checked to make sure the food was almost done, the tables were set, the mood was romantic, and the decorations were plentiful and all over. I found out that a few of the older ladies had already started in the morning and were now fussing over the finishing touches.

I realized very quickly that this was another of my mother's manipulations. Get me away from the people as they proceeded up to the reception, as well as keep me busy so that I didn't have an excuse to leave early. That sneaky bitch.

Before I could do something about it, all the people started to flow through the door, and the hall filled up quickly. I had a few people who came up and talked to me, telling me how beautiful and wonderful Gwen was. How she is making us all proud. Gag.

I suddenly heard a buzzing sound, and we both looked down into our clutches. My phone lit up, and I quickly grabbed it. It looked like it was Glen. I quickly excused myself and went outside to answer and get away from the DJ that had just opened.

"Hey-" I barely got a word in before he rattled off.

"I'm sorry that I am interrupting you. I know this is your annually scheduled day off, but we got a lead on someone who is trying to pick up where Marcus Rodriguez had left off."

"Already?" I just killed this guy not too long ago.

"Yes. Apparently, as soon as his death was discovered, some of the more unsavory characters ganged up in a few hours to take out the Tenzo family. It was a bloodbath. Now they are making moves to take over the drug trade channels. We are lucky that we even got a tip from our informant." I don't know who the informant was, only Glenn did, but I knew it was someone high up in the organization, and the intel could be trusted.

“It seems that this new financial backer is keeping their identity a secret for now, but we got word they are picking up all the old channels and seeing how valuable they really are. As such, we got the news that the Fanger Bangers were going to be at some biker club on the coast tonight to make some deals with some locals.” The Fanger Bangers were a vampire biker gang on the West Coast that handled most of the running for illegal stuff. Drugs, women, guns, and exotic goods; they are usually the transporters.

“Did you hear me?” His voice woke me up from my thoughts, and I cleared my voice.

“Sorry, I didn’t catch that last part.”

Glen tsked at me before continuing, “I said that since all of us are in New York right now, and you’re on the west coast...is there any way you could head over to that club tonight? I know you have-”

“You got it!” I rushed out. This sounded like a work emergency, and I could use that as an excuse with my mother. Plus, I got all the stuff done that she wanted me here for. She didn’t need me.

“Are you sure? I know that tonight is impor-”

“Nope!” I smiled as I opened the door to the hall and searched for my mother. “Work comes first.”

I hung up and made a B-line for my mother. After quickly getting out of these clothes, I was going to tell her and then take a sailboat on my own off the island. I can just pay the

tugboat man to bring it back with him in the morning. It would be pricey but more than worth it.

I was dying to shed this island off me like snakeskin and go back to the world that I was most comfortable with. A world where I was strong and capable.

CHAPTER 3



AS SOON AS I got on shore, it was around eleven pm, too late to go to stores for clothes, and too early to head over to the club just yet. That age-old saying of nothing good happening after midnight was more like a criminal world agreement. No one met or did anything terrible until after, which meant I had enough time to try and figure out a better outfit.

I left all the fancy clothes on the island and only came with the jeans and a T-shirt I was wearing now, and the pencil skirt and blouse in my duffle. I have a townhouse not far from here, but it's for stashing high-grade weapons and quick clothes. None of the options I had were acceptable for this setting. Which just meant that I was going to need to use my five-finger discount skills.

Every once in a while, when I didn't have a high-tech team behind me, I would need to put some of my criminal skills to use on the job. When I first arrived on shore, I didn't have much to my name, not ever having worked a job on Siren Island. In order to survive, I had to do some unsavory things. Used my magic to grab wallets and mist over cameras, just like I was going to do now.

I quickly walked the streets, being a woman on a mission, and found a small shop that had outfits that looked like they would work in a biker club. I walked around the building and down the side alleyway. Before I walked to their back entrance, I scanned the area for any security cameras.

I saw it screwed above the door. I grounded my feet before I pulled at the air around me, quickly sorting through the particles and pulling out the water. Instead of pulling it together, I kept it in a loose mist-like form and pushed it to cover over the camera lens. This way, when they looked at the footage, it would just look like a foggy mess.

I made sure the mist held like a swarm of bees around the camera, and I darted forward. Once I got to the door, I assessed the lock. I was glad it was a regular door without a deadbolt or a keypad, as that makes my job easier. I flicked my fingers and pulled for more water, making a thin card shape in my hand. I put it up against the spot where the lock was and told the water to move forward through the slot. Once it caught on the lock, I maneuvered it around the lock and told the water to push. The door clicked open easily, and I went inside.

I saw that there was a bathroom right next to the backdoor, and I went in and turned on the faucet. As a precaution, I pulled at this water, having it come midair to me and slither up my arm. I sighed at the familiar cold, hydrating feeling, always enjoying the feel of the water on my skin. I moved my other hand, calling the water to travel over to it, but instead of making an arch of water, I split it apart to make another misty ball, but this time it was much larger.

Once I had an appropriate amount, I sent it flying out of the bathroom and into the main room, hovering around the ceiling to prevent any security cameras inside from being able to detect me. I left the faucet on, knowing it was always a safer bet to have an abundant amount of water than too little, and I walked out to do my shopping.

I immediately found this leather mini skirt with some silver chains that dipped in the front and snagged that in my size. I searched around for a top, not wanting any of the shirts or blouses as that would immediately make me noticed in a bad way. My fingers snagged on some strappy thing as I was furiously pushing the hangers and found the perfect top. It was a leather, biker, spaghetti-strapped crop top that laced all the way up in the front. It would show off my breasts in the best of ways, while also making it hard to get to them.

I plucked some thigh-high high heels that looked divine in suede and almost squealed when I found they were my size. I quickly changed in the middle of the store, strapping and lacing everything up before looking in the mirror. Everything fit me like a glove.

Damn, I looked good.

I looked like a biker's wet dream in all this leather and straps. I felt a chill run along my back, and I realized that I needed one more thing to make this the perfect outfit. I went to the front manikin and pulled off the leather jacket they had paired with a cherry red mini dress. My arms slid into it like butter, and I tugged on the front in excitement. Yep, I think I just unlocked a new fetish for me.

I stuffed my clothes into my duffel, pulled out my wallet, and left three-hundred bucks on the counter. It was a little more than the whole outfit, but it made me feel better about taking the clothes. I quickly turned off the faucet and went to leave. As soon as I was halfway through, I pulled the mist that I had in the room with me. I pulled the mist from the above camera, making it so that I was covered so densely that no one would be able to know who it was that was walking away. As soon as I was outside of the range, I let it go, releasing it out into the air.

I looked down at my phone, seeing that I had around thirty minutes to get to the club. I called up a cab, and as soon as it pulled up, my phone vibrated. I looked down at it as I got in, seeing I got a text from Ken. It was only a set of three numbers and a winky face. I felt a smile creep up my face as I told the driver a different address, one that led to a storage unit. It looked like Ken was watching out for me and gave me my own set of wheels. This might actually be a fun recon mission.



I couldn't wait to hear the pounding of the wind against my helmet as I was sailing down the road in my new Suzuki Hayabusa. As soon as I rolled up the door to that storage unit, I knew I was in love. It was perfect and would help me blend in even better. I sent Ken a kissy face, and he replied with a devil emoji. I knew right then that this was his way of trying to help me out with this job.

As soon as I got on and put on my helmet, my phone buzzed again. I rolled my eyes at the intrusion before I saw it was a message from Glen, and I focused.

Mission: Recon on the Fanger Bangers leader, Killian. Find out all you can. Who he is meeting with. What they are talking about. Who the new head of the drug trade is. Delete this message as soon as you read.

Another text popped up with a picture of Killian. He was a traditional tall, dark, and handsome guy. Dark chestnut hair, sharp cheekbones, and a devious smile with his fangs on display. A smile that would make all the girls go wild, and yet any woman that knew different would run the other way. Easy to pick out among a crowd.

I quickly deleted the text and went to put my phone in my pocket when I realized I didn't have any. Damn miniskirts. I shoved it into the left side of my top. I couldn't use the natural pocket since it was all laced up and see-through in the front,

but the sides had some coverage. I kicked at the stand, started the engine, and zoomed out of there like a bullet.

I was sailing down the road, bobbing and weaving my way through like a regular speed demon, enjoying the feel of having the wind screaming in my ear, the engine vibrating beneath me, and the only thing in focus was the road in front of me. There was something freeing about not being able to see anything but what was in front of you. Not able to focus on all the variables, and all the problems except for what was in your control.

Feeling my body being propelled forward, slicing through the air like a knife, was addicting. Its own kind of magical peace.

It wasn't long before I parked in the back parking lot of a warehouse-looking building in the middle of the industrial district. The street was all dark corners and dangerous alleyways except for the one arrow sign that was flashing for the club.

I took my helmet off and swung my leg over, my skirt so short that if someone was to the side of me, they would get an eyeful of my red lacy thong. I smoothed down my skirt and fluffed my hair before I walked down the sidewalk. The closer that I got to the building's entrance, the more I could feel the pounding of the music they were playing inside.

I slipped into my sexy girl persona, the sway of my hips growing exaggerated, standing straight up as I purposely made my boots clack loud on the pavement. Letting anyone and everyone know I was here. To top it all off, I had the normal

bad girl sneer on my lips, being a bitch but knowing that I had the looks and fighting chops to back it up.

There was a big, bulky bouncer at the door. Every inch of his skin was tatted, and a sleeveless leather cut on his back, signaling he was with the biker gang that ran this club. The Vesta Vipers. I heard they were a group of snake shifters that claimed to have neutrality between all the gangs on the west coast. Always being the stomping grounds for deals and exchanges to be made because each establishment kept strict rules from the gangs who come in.

When his eyes met mine, he licked his lips as they zeroed in on my top. I winked and smiled at him as I hit the five-foot mark, and he immediately opened the door and waved me in. As I passed him, I heard him smell me, a low hiss came out of his mouth before he said, “Come find me when you’re done, baby. I got a long hard ride waiting just for you.”

I kept walking but turned and blew him a kiss, cultivating his attention on the off chance that I needed to use it if shit went sideways. I always liked to have a plan A, B, C, and D. It made it so I was always ready for what happened.

I looked around the room, assessing where everything was. This place was jam-packed with bodies. Half the room was full of men with leather or denim cuts, and the other half was scantily clad women that were hanging off their arms. Circling their dicks like vultures.

There was a large dance floor to the left side with a DJ booth raised up in the corner, the DJ was lost in his own world, and

he controlled what was going on down below. I could feel the lust and sweat permeating the air as bodies swayed to the music that pounded out of the jumbo speakers. People grinding so hard you would think they were fucking right here in front of everyone. There were a few questionable couples in the back corners whose faces were so contorted that I had to believe they were fucking right now.

Growls and grunts of different species sailed through the air and wafted over to my ears. Being a siren with royal blood, I was able to hear the vibrations of feelings in the air. If I focused on it hard enough, the notes of unspoken words drifted into my mind. Almost like those words had a powerful energy behind them. It took a lot of focus and concentration to channel the notes and vibrations in order to understand the words underneath the silent song, so I rarely did it.

I pulled my gaze away from the thrumming of people that were calling at me to participate. To let go and feel the rhythm, find a partner or two and see what your bodies could do together. It was alluring, but I had my mission on my mind, so I went in the opposite direction.

I made my way over to the right side of the room with its large old-timey-looking bar. The whole wall behind them was lined with every booze bottle you could imagine. Secluded booths were off on either side that was enclosed with fabric. Only a few women were on this side of the club, most of them either looked like they were purposely trying not to listen, keeping their attention on the dance floor, and others were sitting next

to men, nodding and paying attention as if they had a say at the table, but I knew better.

Bikers were not the most progressive of groups and tended to keep a large number of males at the helm, not able to see women as smart, cunning, or of equal value. That was until I had their life in my hands, then they became really respectful to this woman. I laughed to myself, enjoying the times that I have had drug dealers and heinous criminals in my grasp, sucking the life from them as they cried out for help.

I made it through the groups of people talking, listening to see if something of value was being said as I walked by, and leaned up against the bar. There were two bartenders working behind the bar, and as soon as my forearm hit the wood, one of them whooshed over to me, flashing me a fangful smile as he asked me what I wanted. I told him a whisky on the rocks, and he nodded before he zipped to the other end of the bar, making a drink and asking someone else what they wanted.

I felt a male figure behind me, and I forced my natural reflex to evade away as his arms came down and gripped the edge, caging me against the wooden bar. Before I even turned around, I could smell he was a wolf.

He took a big whiff of my hair before breathing on my neck, “I haven’t seen you around here before, Cupcake.”

I puffed out a laugh at the nickname as my eyes looked at his ink-filled arms and turned around slowly. I followed the trail up his muscular arms that were on display in a simple white shirt and traditional leather cut. Skating my gaze along his

tattoo-less neck, up his stylish stubbled face to fall deep into his gray-blue eyes. The whole delicious package was complete with blonde streaked, medium-length hair that was great when it looked messy and all over the place but could be slicked back for a more put-together look. This man was like a model for bad boys, and I was having a hard time remembering that I wanted to resist him. Maybe I wouldn't.

I was saved by the bartender as he set my drink behind me. "Did you want to open a tab, Miss?"

I turned towards him to answer but before I could say a word, the model's cocky voice slid out, "Put in on my tab. A woman like this should never have to pay for her own drinks." The bartender nodded and zoomed off, leaving me on my own.

I grabbed the drink and turned back to face him, still a little blinded by his stunning beauty as I took a sip. The warm, smooth, smokey taste slipped down my throat as I groaned at the vintage. This was a high-quality whisky that I didn't expect from an establishment like this. It was also strong enough to wake me up from the daze this man put me in, and I smirked up at him.

"Cupcake, that sound went straight to my dick." He shifted in emphasis, and I fell for the bait as I looked at the huge bulge in his pants and bit my lip. "I would love to hear you make that sound all night long. How about I get a little taste now," his eyes glued to my lips, "take care of this meeting, and then you hop on my bike for a long ride you won't forget?"

I laughed, and he smiled widely until I spoke, “Oh, baby. This cupcake is full of glass. I don’t think your pretty little mouth could handle it, Pumpkin.” I made sure to emphasize that last part, giving him a dose of his own stupid nickname medicine, while thoroughly enjoying the banter. I might take this one home tonight if he keeps this up. Something about his laughing eyes pulled me to him.

I took another drink, batting my eyes at him over the rim. The gray in his eyes lightened, turning into a silvery blue as his hands only tightened on the bar, making the wood creak. “That’s okay, baby, my mouth is fire and will melt that glass right away, leaving only a gooey melted mess that I know just how to take care of.”

I’ll admit, he was slick. I tried not to smile, biting the side of my tongue as I thought about my next words carefully. That was until someone else’s words wafted in the air toward us.

Fucking hell. Why am I the one that always has to babysit the VP. Always hounding after girls like a starved man.

I was stunned for a second as those words came in loud and clear from the air behind this man. I didn’t even have to focus on notes and sounds. I wasn’t even looking at the person these words belonged to, but they were as clear as if he spoke the words in front of me. I stood on my toes to peek over the pumpkin’s shoulder to see one of the largest men I have seen in my life coming over towards us.

He towered over everyone else in the room. His broad chest was stacked with muscles on top of muscles in a tight black

shirt with his black leather cut. His arms were so big you would think he was a professional bodybuilder. The ripped seam in his armhole suggested that they didn't even make cuts that could fit him. Besides his massive stature, he had a wildness about him. His long auburn-brown hair was pulled up in a bun as his face had a deep frown that made him seem menacing. That and all of the scars along his neck and face helped with the look he was going for, but the darkness in his eyes spoke to me.

There was an inky swirling sadness in his chocolate eyes that made me want to run my hand in his hair and tell him everything was going to be all right. As soon as his eyes collided with mine, he paused mid-stride, eyes going wide for a second before he continued at a quicker pace.

"Cupcake, who has your attention when it should be on me right now?" Pumpkin said against my cheek as he rubbed his nose up and down my skin.

The mountain man finally got to us and yanked on Pumpkin's shoulder. "Who the fuck-" he started until he saw who it was. "Oh, hey, Bricks." He yanked his shoulder from the mountain man's hand and gave him a tight smile. "Is it time?"

He nodded to Pumpkin with a fierce scowl before his face softened as he looked back at me. Without opening his mouth, I heard the words in the air clear as day.

Who is this woman?

My mind slightly short-circuited. This level of reading had never happened to me before, in fact, it should almost be

impossible. I stared back at the mountain man, trying to figure out why I was able to hear him so clearly when he didn't even mumble a sound.

Pumpkin must've thought my stunned expression was fear because he cupped my face, bringing my gaze back up to him as he chuckled. "Awe, look, Bricks, you scared the glass-filled cupcake. Don't worry, baby, Bricks is with me and would never hurt you. He only looks scary because he's big and menacing."

I noticed the mountain man, who Pumpkin called Bricks, growled as he lifted his hand and signed towards him angrily.

Pumpkin turned towards him, watched his hand, and chuckled. "I mean, come on, man. You are a little menacing." It was through that interaction that I looked more closely at Bricks and noticed a large, long scar along his neck. It was hard to see as there were a lot of scars around it, but this one looked older, deeper, than the rest. Was Bricks not able to talk?

Let's go.

I felt the words in the air around Bricks before he looked at me, something sparked in those deep dark eyes before he turned and walked to one of the booths. That spark ran down my belly and straight to my core as I licked my lips.

"I gotta hit this meeting real quick but... make sure not to go anywhere." He eyed me seriously before he turned to go. I twisted myself back towards the bar, trying to give myself a breather from these two men, as I flagged the bartender for another drink. I was taken off guard when I felt someone

snatch my wrist and yanked me. I almost did my twist and uppercut move until I saw the flash of Pumpkin's white smile before his other hand slid onto the back of my head and his lips seared to mine.

I felt his hot tongue slide between my lips, and I almost let out a moan. He was not wrong. His mouth tasted like wicked sins and long nights. Like a man that knew what he was doing because of practice. His fingers on my wrist tightened as the front of his body stepped up to mine, molding us together as we kissed the daylight out of each other.

I was lost to this man for a second, lost to the feeling of being desperately wanted at this moment. I felt something harden along my sex, and it took all of my power to not wrap one leg around his hips and grind myself up and down his growing length. I was so lost in this haze of all-consuming sex and need, feeling this undeniable pull towards him as his lips moved over mine.

By the time we pulled apart, we were breathing heavily, his hand clutching onto my neck as his eyes searched mine, trying to desperately find something. "You are coming home with me tonight. That's final." Then he marched off, adjusting his pants before opening the curtain to a secluded booth with other men in it, and slid in before closing the curtain.

My hormones were all out of whack, that had to be the explanation for my body tugging me to follow after him, for my lips to want to respond that I would wait for him. That was not like me at all. What snapped me out of it was seeing my

target in all his pale swagger and fangful smiles walk up to the booth that my two wolves were in and sit down.

Well, that was just my luck. Now I had to figure out a way to listen in without being caught.

My only saving grace for not being caught or figured out was that sirens only had a particular smell to their mates or a super had to taste our blood. Other than that, we just gave off the aura of 'other.' Since a few different types of super's could also do that, it was mostly accepted by the supernatural community.

I remembered Pumpkin kept smelling me, and I smiled. It must've driven him crazy not being able to know what I was off the bat.

I saw the booth next to theirs with an open curtain, and I figured that if I acted like I belonged, then I could snag a seat and use my powers to hear what they were saying. Perfect!

I swiped my refilled drink, remembered who was paying for it, and turned back to the bartender. "That's it for me, but... make sure you get a hundred-dollar tip. K?" He gave me a knowing smirk and nodded in thanks.

I swayed my way over to the booth. A few idiots tried to stop me, calling out to me for a good time, but I just flicked them off as I slid into the booth and shut the curtain.

An irritated growl came from the other side before I heard a familiar chuckle. "How about we just cut to the chase. Bricks here gets a little testy about small talk." I heard someone

cracking their knuckles, and while I couldn't see him, I could picture it. Bricks sitting there with his scarred face frowning, giving off a menacing vibe next to Pumpkins' easy seductive smile.

A call came from the curtain followed by the click-clacking of heels, a whistle came out in appreciation. "I expected more from the VP and loyal Enforcer of the Moon Raiders." This voice had a low, slimy feeling to it. Like the notes slinked into my ear, accosting the canal. I resisted the sudden urge to clean them out. If I had to take an educated guess, I would think this voice belonged to Killian.

I leaned closer as he continued, "Such spoil sports. Sharing a woman between us can solidify trust and friendship." I could hear the disappointment in his voice, but it seemed the wolves weren't having it. "I guess vampire women are not to your taste." Another growl sounded at his joke before he barked out, "Eloise, leave. Your services will not be needed."

A feminine huff sounded before the rustle of the curtain. "Now back to business. I know we have had our fair share of bad blood in the past."

"If you mean trying to take and drug up two of our females in order to force them to work for you, then yes. We have bad blood." Pumpkin's voice was controlled and smooth, but I sensed the rage underneath the facade. Then why would they entertain this meeting with someone so despicable?

Killian scoffed. "That was ages ago. You were all just young pups recently formed. You should count it as a testament to

your resilience and impenetrable strength in protection!” I could tell even in the next booth that the two wolves did not see it that way, but his arrogant voice continued anyways.

“Come full circle, it’s for that reason that I contacted you for the meeting. We all know that the Moon Raiders are vicious at their protective services. Collecting all the most unhinged, broken wolves and making leadership so tight no one can infiltrate.” He took a big breath before he lowered his voice, “You see, I have some precious-”

The curtain to my booth was shoved open, lights from the dance floor dancing along the features of the man before me. His tall frame towered over me, and when the lights flashed just right, I could see the slicked-back, ashy-white hair with blood-red eyes looking down at me. “Awe, are you for me, little doe?” His voice was smooth and practiced as he enunciated each syllable to perfection.

I tried to recover as quickly as I could, but he slid into the booth with the speed of light, settling up close to me. Vampire.

Now that he was close, I could see his ghostly pale skin and chiseled features. His hair was in place, his razor-sharp fangs twinkled as he unbuttoned his suit jacket to get comfortable. Everything about him screamed money and perfection. Everything but that two-hole tattoo that was clearly on his neck. The tattoo symbolizes being in the vampire gang in prison.

“I told him not to do anything special but look at you.” His blood-red eyes traveled down my body with a savage hunger

that burned my skin wherever it landed. “He stepped up his game and got me something much better than the trollops he tries to appease me with.”

He ran a chilly finger down my shoulder, and I uncontrollably shuttered. There was something about this man that screamed menacing with a promise of bloody violence. “Are you scared of me, love?”

I sat up, tilting my head as I slid a cocky smile across my face. “Oh, no. I was just startled. I think I must be in the wrong booth.” I went to scoot out, trying to escape this psycho’s company.

He just zoomed over to the other side and smiled again. “But I was just getting to know you.” Then he pounced on me, grabbing my wrists and slamming my back into the booth as he caged me in with his arms and legs. “I can’t possibly let anyone else have this delectable dessert.”

I stayed still as his hands squeezed harder on my wrists. His fangs popped out as he nuzzled my neck, but instead of it feeling fun and sexual, like with Pumpkin, this felt like a show of force and domination. “Don’t you know I’m an important man. If you please me, I can give you all the money in the world... Well, that’s if you live after this.”

He reared his head up to bite, and I knew this was my moment. I had only a second to act, and I quickly bent my head down and slammed it upward. Pain exploded in the back of my skull where I slammed into his jaw, but I felt him let go of my wrists, and I bolted.

I heard a muffled curse as I scrambled out of the booth. I needed to lose him, and quickly.

I looked at the dance floor full of bodies, and I made my way over to them. I pushed and shoved my way, ducking underneath some of them just to really lose him. After a few minutes, I popped up to see if I lost him, but I found him shoving couples out of the way.

It was just my luck that he looked up at the same time, his face scrunched up in fury, and our eyes collided. He zeroed in on me. I turned to leave, trying to get away as fast as I could, but I quickly felt a hand yank my head back.

He grabbed my face and lifted me up to his level. “You think you can get away from me?! You are just a doll I can stick my dick and fangs into. Do you hear me?! Nothing else!” He smashed his lips to mine. When I recoiled in disgust, he bit my bottom lip to keep me in place. A coppery taste bloomed on my tongue, and I instantly knew something terrible would happen.

He immediately dropped me, his eyes widened in shock as I saw the red irises bleed out, consuming the whites of his eyes as the first sign of bloodlust set in. I scrambled on my hands and knees, desperately trying to get away from the vampire that just tasted siren blood. Blood so addictive it made them go crazy.

I was kicked and stepped on as I crawled on the floor, but I knew if I stood up, he would find me, take me, and I would never see the light of day again.

I heard a roar behind me, and I knew he finally snapped out of it when I heard him bellow, “Siren!”

Somehow, I made it back to the booth area, and I jumped into the nearest one, trying to think about how I would get myself out of here.

What is she doing here?

I heard his unspoken words, and I turned to see the mountain man, Bricks, alone in the booth.

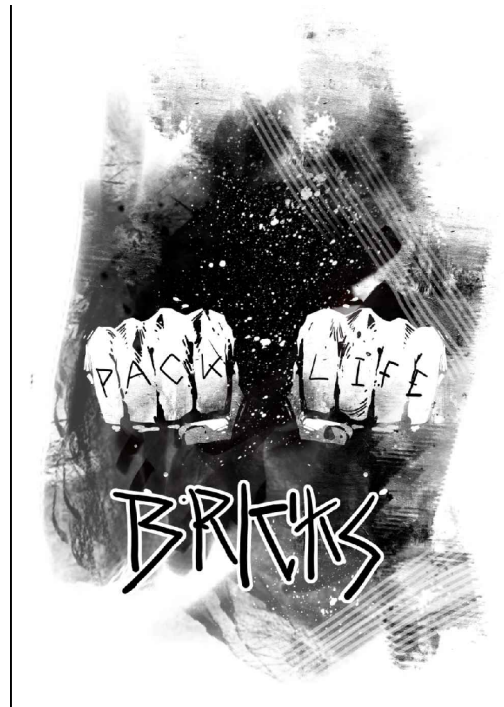
I scrambled up into his lap, instinct driving me as my mind told me, *safe*. He was safe.

I straddled him, his eyes going wide before his hands lifted to shove me off, but I got closer to him. My lips were a hair’s breadth away from his as a plea broke from my lips, “Please, help me.”

Suddenly, voices sounded outside the curtains, “Find her. Find her NOW!”

His dark eyes searched mine, trying to find out truths we didn’t have time for, and I took my last chance. I slammed my lips onto his, praying that it would be enough.

CHAPTER 4



THIS WAS INFURIATING. HAVING to be here and listen to this piece of fanged scum talk, but it's what Rabid commanded, and so I'm here.

Duce tried to explain to me on the way to the Snake Lounge that we were just going to see what we could pick up from other gangs, show we were still a force, and to learn what the fuck Killian was up to and if we wanted to prevent it in any way. After all, he was a shitbag drug dealer who liked to sell in our area, and we always kept tabs on our territory.

As Duce and Killian exchanged pleasantries, I sat back and did my job as the muscle. Looking mean and glaring at everyone like I wanted them dead. Duce was the pretty boy sweet talker all the women and men liked. He made you feel at ease before he struck. It's why Rabid sent Duce and me as a tag team; a

good biker, bad biker kind of duo. It always worked, except on *her*.

At first, I thought he was just hounding on another hang around. The girls that liked to fuck bikers like they are collecting Pokémon. They have their time and place in this world, but I barely touch them as it was. I didn't want to mix them in with business, but Duce didn't have that problem.

When she popped her head up over his shoulder, and I caught the depth of those ocean-blue eyes, something shifted inside of me. I felt my wolf uncurl from his spot and turn his head, for once not because of its need for carnage and blood but just to soak her presence in.

There was something about her, about the way she looked at me, that said she felt something, too. I half-pulled Duce off her to get going to this meeting but also to get him off the woman. The woman who my wolf got up and started to pace in my mind for.

I didn't know what that meant, but I knew that I felt protective of her instantly, and that was not a good thing.

I growled out in frustration, and everyone at the table looked at me. Duce bit his lip, giving me a silly look as he patted my shoulder hard before turning back to Killian. "How about we just cut to the chase. Bricks here gets a little testy about small talk."

Well, shit. I didn't mean to do that. I looked at the goons Killian brought with him and saw a twinkle of fear in their

eyes. I guess that was fine then. It seemed to give me more cred.

I listened as Killian tried to sweet-talk us into working with him, and he tried hard. At first, he wanted to share a woman with us, gag. Then he tried flattery, which meant nothing coming from him. Then he tried to offer money, and when that didn't get him a solid yes, then he chose to threaten us. In the end, Duce smoothed it over and was able to get us a few days before he had to give him our answer.

Just at the right time, one of his vampire goons opened the curtain, whispering in Killian's ear, and he excused himself. Duce looked at me before smiling. "Well, isn't that a pleasant surprise. You ready to leave, Bricks?"

I signed with my hands that I was more than ready, and he laughed. "Just stay here while I go to the bathroom, and then we can leave." Then I heard him mumble, "Plus, I have a delicious razor-sharp cupcake to find."

Of course, he was going to find her. A piece of me was glad that we were bringing her home. My wolf continued his pacing, letting me know he didn't like not having her in front of him. He wanted to watch over her and felt that she was in trouble.

It felt like a few minutes had passed, maybe more, but the fabric of the booth shifted as she came in, wide-eyed, and looked around. The fear in her eyes made my insides curl up and had my wolf banging on my head to let him out so he could protect her.

What is she doing here?

It took all my strength to stay still, not move a muscle, as she climbed up onto my lap. My heart began to pound a mile a minute. I swear I could feel it banging against my ribs, wanting to break out and hand itself to her. It was times like this I wish I could speak, say words to soothe her or seduce her like Duce, but those days are long gone, and now I'm just the mute Enforcer for the Moon Raiders.

I looked up as I heard a commotion outside of the booth, angry voices demanding they find her. I looked down and found those hypnotic aqua-blue eyes looking up at me. Gone was her sass from before, and what replaced it was a plea as she said in low desperation, "Please, help me." Then she brought her lips to mine.

My mind blanked as her soft lips smashed onto mine. I hesitated for a second, still in shock that she was kissing me, the mute brute of the Moon Raiders.

Her legs fell on either side of my hips as she got comfortable. My hands, acting of their own accord, slipped up those smooth thighs on display, feeling the edges of her short skirt as I gripped her.

She let out a soft moan, and I drank it down like the warm whisky she had earlier. Savoring the taste of the smoke from the booze and the sweetness from her lips. This woman was intoxicating.

I heard someone close outside the curtain, felt her fingers grip my leather cut tightly, and I made a snap decision. I flipped

her over, her legs wrapped around my hips as her arms circled my neck, just as the light broke from the curtains being opened.

“Have you seen-”

My wolf came out in full force, going into protection mode as my skin felt like it was a second away from splitting and taking down whoever was trying to come for her. She was mine. Mine.

I immediately shook off those thoughts, reining my wolf back in as I turned my head sideways, covering her as much as possible while I growled something fierce. It was the one thing my vocal cords vibrated for, the one sound that came from my mouth that shook people when I let it out.

“Shit. Sorry, man. Just looking for a woman trying to escape, but it looks like she’s not here.” The fanged biker quickly closed the curtain and continued their search for her.

I was seconds away from wolfing out and going after him, seeing him as a threat to her, when I felt a soft, slender hand cup my face and pull me back down. “Don’t go after them. Just stay here with me.”

I nodded immediately, thinking that she could have anything she wanted, when I realized what she said. *How did she know that I was thinking that?*

“Because I can hear the vibrations of what you want to say.” My eyes widened as they snapped to hers. I don’t know of any

creature that can do that, and my instincts were on high alert, even as my wolf was telling me he wasn't worried.

She raised her hand slowly, hesitating, before she ran it along the deep scar on my neck. I stiffened first, not used to beautiful women wanting to touch me, let alone my scars. "Usually, it takes a lot more focus, and others' feelings don't come out as strongly as yours do. I wonder why that is?" The last part was said under her breath like a question she was still trying to figure out.

Her fingers kept tracing my scars like she was committing them to memory. Her touch made my wolf settle down, soothing him, while making the man in me feel like she was the balm to my tortured soul. I heard the creak of my hands digging into the leather seat of the booth, my control waning as she tightened her legs around me. I looked down for a second, seeing her short skirt ride up so high on those silky thighs I could smell her arousal between the thin fabric of her undergarments.

I took in a big whiff, sniffing the air around me. I smelled notes of salt and sea, the freshness of waves crashing, and the sweet nectar of her core all blending together, making it irresistible to pull away from her.

"Then don't. I'm not really understanding it myself at this moment, but I need to lay low for a few minutes until the heat dies down, and I'm... safe here with you." My wolf howled in my mind at her admission, feeling proud she felt that way about us. She looked up around the darkness of the booth. "It

seems like a waste to not use this to our advantage?” She opened her legs wider as she pulled up closer, lips speaking against mine. “Why don’t we use our time wisely? What do you say, Mountain Man?”

Yes, my little temptress.

My wolf took over at that moment, almost like I was a spectator. I began to rub my face along her cheek and neck, making sure my scent covered her before I began to kiss my way down. I felt my hands shove her tight skirt up and over her hips, as she gasped at my roughness.

I smiled along the skin above her breast. *I might not be able to say much, but my lips and tongue are well-versed.* I didn’t know if she heard me or not, knowing this was new for both of us, but I tried to put as much feeling into the words in my head as possible.

“Oh, are they? Can you show me?” She pulled the hair tie out of my hair and ran her hands through it as she scraped her nails along my scalp. My wolf really liked that and, in one swoop, tore her red lacy thong right off her.

She let out a small, muffled cry, glancing at the fabric in my hands before turning that sultry blue gaze on me. “I guess I’m going commando for the rest of the night.”

I stared down and grabbed her inner thighs to spread her wide open. Her eyes flew open as I smirked and dove right in. I didn’t waste any time teasing her or playing around, I flattened my tongue and gave her a slow, fat, long lick from her hole to her clit.

I looked up to see her head fly back as she bit her bottom lip to keep the noise down. I didn't want to draw attention to her, but the unadulterated look of pleasure that was on her face was addicting. I wanted to see what she would look like screaming and raging at me. Begging me. Beating on my back in demand for her release. *Later*, I told myself. I always had later.

“Yes. Later. Whatever it is you're thinking, I only got the later part, and I fully concur with you focusing on the now.” I smiled against her sex, drinking in her full scent at the source. I rubbed my nose along her clit as I licked at the rim of her channel in tandem.

Her breathing quickly turned into panting as her hand grabbed hold of my hair like it was never letting go. I chuckled as I thought, *Well, aren't you the demanding type?*

She pushed herself up into my face as she cooed, “Yes, Mountain Man. I am. I like sex, and I know what I want, and, right now,” she peered down at me with half-lidded eyes full of desire, “I want you.” She yanked my head back, surged forward, and pressed her lips to mine, licked at them as she moaned, “I like the way I taste on you.”

That was it. My wolf growled out as he grabbed her legs and lifted them up. She only had a moment to cry out in surprise before I looked down at her as I ate her up like an all-you-can-eat buffet. I slurped and licked at her, driving her wild as she was forced to give full control to me, left to feel what I was doing to her.

I ran my teeth along her clit, and she slapped her arm over her own mouth and bit down as she let out a long, loud moan. She started to convulse underneath me, her thigh muscles shaking against my ears, and I let go of one thigh as I shoved three fingers into her wetness.

She arched her back, bending her head at a weird angle, and yet her body was just growing more and more wet. Her muscles clenched my fingers, and I knew it wouldn't be long. I kept a firm grip on one leg as the other one draped across my shoulder. I kept my fingers pumping in and out of her, her sexual huffs getting shorter and shorter the closer she got.

“Fuck, please, Bricks. I can't take much more.” Her desperate plea, combined with using my name, drove me wild.

As you wish, Temptress.

I draped her other leg over my shoulder, and her thighs clenched against my head, making sure I didn't go anywhere, even as I was fucking her with one hand. I let out a puff of air in a chuckle against her center, and she cried out. I knew once I did what I planned, she would be screaming, but we had men out there looking for her, and we needed to keep quiet.

As I wrapped my lips around her clit, I raised my other hand and pinched her hard nubs poking through her leather top. As soon as I was ready, I curled my fingers as I slammed them in and out of her, making sure I dragged them along her pleasure spot. Her moans came out louder, more vocal, and the hand at her breasts snapped up and cut off the sounds.

Come for me. Now.

I sucked at her clit, hard. Giving her all three sensations at once. Her scream was cut off as I gripped her neck tighter, and she clenched down on my fingers tightly. Her whole body pushed upward as her orgasm took over all her senses.

She was a delight for the senses. Her touch, her taste, how she reacted, and the sounds that she made. All of it was perfection.

My dick was so rock-hard that it was painful, but it was worth it. Worth it to see this delicious beauty rise and fall with what I was doing to her.

She slumped against the booth, and the sounds from the club began to register again. It was unexpected when she surged forward and devoured my lips, sucking and licking at all her cum before she slumped against the crook of my neck and shoulder. “Fuck, Bricks. That was amazing.”

It was. And I meant it. I meant every feeling I put behind it because this one interaction made all others pale in comparison, and I didn’t even get my dick wet.

Like she was reading my mind, her hand ran against my hard dick as she licked the column of my neck. “I think it’s my turn now, Mountain Man.”

Suddenly, the curtains pulled back, and I turned, about to bash this fuckers head in when I saw it was Duce. “I didn’t mean for it to take so long, but it got a little crazy after some fanged fuck went a little blood crazy, and I had to help get him under control.” He ran his hand through his hair, exhaustion clear on his face, before he noticed I was covering someone.

“Oh! It looks like I don’t need to apologize. You found your own kind of entertainment, I see.” I watched as the tiredness melted off his face, and he put on his pretty boy charm. “I’m kind of surprised. You never mix business and pleasure, but it’s about damn time, man!” He looked out of the booth for a second before continuing, “If you help me find my glass-filled cupcake, then we can-”

“I’m right here, Pumpkin.” She popped her head up, resting her chin on my shoulder with a smile. Duce’s eyes doubled in size, and a seed of guilt started to grow before she said, “I can definitely go with you.”

I watched as she looked him up and down, biting her lip as her eyes filled with hunger again. “I think all three of us could have a good time tonight. What do you say?”

CHAPTER 5



WHEN I HEARD PUMPKIN'S voice, I pulled my skirt down and straightened myself out as Bricks covered me. As soon as I heard him talking about finding me, I knew Bricks was in a hard spot between his chosen brother and me. I could feel it from him. I could feel the vibrations of guilt starting, and I knew I needed to put a stop to it. We did nothing wrong.

I put my head on his shoulder, mainly to comfort him, but as soon as my eyes locked onto Pumpkin, my heart began to beat faster as I remembered that searing see-you-later kiss, and I realized that I didn't want to give him up.

I have always been a very sexual person. I have had many lovers over the years and even a few crazy nights with multiple men, but I made sure to make it a one-and-done

situation. My job was my priority, and I didn't need to complicate it.

I would be lying if I said I didn't feel this magnetic pull between each of these men, something that I have never felt before, and it was more than just sexual. It was something I never truly had before; it was comfortability.

Being a siren, you are taught at an early age the reason we as a group retreated to a lonely, far-off, cloaked island is that our powers were highly sought after by the supernatural community. A while back, there were a lot of problems with sirens and their families being kidnapped and kept as slaves to do others' bidding. My great-great-great grandmother was the one that rallied the sirens and escaped to the island, making sure it wasn't available to any outsiders. Soon after, most sirens, or those with siren blood, died off on the mainland and became a kind of myth, even though we are definitely real. Only some of the really older generations remember sirens.

For these reasons, coming to the mainland was a hard choice for me. I had to be careful, fly under the radar, and make sure no one alive knew what I could do. Working for the CIA helped, and Ken always erased me from databases and cameras, but still, I don't trust anyone easily. That's why it was so odd to feel so comfortable with these two.

After I proposed that we make this a Celine sandwich, I figured one of them would back off or even flat-out refuse, maybe call me some mean names and leave. As soon as I said

it, I tried to prepare myself for anything. I didn't count on Brick's hands to furiously fly, signing away to Pumpkin.

I noticed that I couldn't really get an easy read of what he was saying, and it was only then I connected the dots to realize that when he really felt something deeply or a lot, those were the times that his words or feelings would come out crystal clear. It was good to know since he was the only one that had ever happened with.

I watched Pumpkins' gorgeous face quickly turn from shocked to something downright fearsome as his breathing grew deeper the angrier he got. His shoulders bulked up by the second, and his eyes flashed for a second, his wolf coming out in his eyes as they flicked to me. Most people would find that intimidating, even scary as they were full of controlled rage, but I found I liked it.

As soon as Bricks was done, he looked at me. "You don't need to worry. We're going to get you out of here and take you home. We will figure out the rest there, okay?"

That seemed like a good idea to me. I could use their scent to get rid of any lingering whiffs that crazy vampire might get if he comes back to try and investigate. You never know how long a bloodlust will take over or to what lengths they will go to follow the blood they crave. I nodded and saluted him like a soldier, and the side of his mouth tipped up as a small bit of laughter entered his eyes.

Plus, maybe I could spend the night with these guys, which wouldn't be a hardship, and get a double dose of their scent on

me to cover my tracks while I get out of town and back to HQ. That sounded like the best plan, and I could get a couple of orgasms out of it. Double win.

Bricks got up off his knees and pulled me up to stand straight. I looked up at him. “Thanks, Mountain Man.” An adorable shade of red brushed against his cheeks before he nodded and looked away.

As if Pumpkin didn’t want to be left out, he said, “How about you go first, and then Cupcake can follow, with me in the rear.” A salacious smile took over his face before he looked at Bricks. “Damn am I glad that you wanted to park in the back. I thought you were being paranoid, but it looks like we needed a fast escape anyways.” He winked at me, and I bowed just my head in thanks.

Bricks and I shuffled towards the curtain as Pumpkin opened a slit and peered out, waving us forward. “Looks like it’s clear, but we should still take precautions,” he said just as Bricks broke from the booth, and Pumpkin scooped me up in his arms, wrapping my legs around him.

“Pumpkin! This skirt doesn’t allow for this kind of play in public.” I tried to bend backwards to cover my ass cheeks that were most definitely peeking out of the short, leather, hip-hugging skirt.

I felt his hot breath against my neck as his hands lifted mine and put them around his shoulders. “I got your cheeks covered, Cupcake.” His large, rough, calloused palms covered both ass cheeks as he let out a low moan in my ear. “See. Your

cheeks perfectly fill my hands. No one can see anything. I won't allow them to."

I chuckled as I settled down into him, liking the feel of his hands on me far too much. Bricks poked his head back in, his vibes agitated before he saw us.

What the hell is taking so-

I felt Pumpkin's smile in his voice as his hands dug in further, and he felt the absence of underwear. "Oh, shit, Cupcake, are you not wearing any underwear?"

I shuddered as he ran a single finger along my slit, and I said in a breathless but accusatory voice, "Bricks tore them." Even with my back to him, I could feel the mountain man's smugness.

You liked it.

I giggled against Pumpkin's neck as I mumbled, "Yes. Yes, I did, Mountain Man."

"Are you still talking to me?" Pumpkin asked, confused.

"No. Bricks. I can explain it later, but I do think we should get going." I laid a light kiss on his neck and felt him dig his fingers into my plump cheeks.

"All right, you can explain how you're a mind reader later." He buried his head into my hair and took another long sniff, whispering more to himself, "Fuck, you smell delicious." He paused for a second before he let out a huff. "All right, all right. We will get going." He maneuvered his hands to be less

teasing and more covering as he complained. “You try holding her and not wanting to take your sweet ass time.”

Something about this man made me want to play, to joke and be silly, and I buried my head harder into his neck, switching between laying soft light kisses and running my teeth along his skin as he followed Bricks out of the booth and across the room.

“Fucking hell, Cupcake,” he growled into my ear. “If you keep that up, we will not make it to the door before I throw you against a wall and rut into you like an animal.”

“Celine,” I said before I stopped, giving him a break since he was carrying me. When he didn’t say anything, I explained. “It’s my name. It would be weird if you threw me against a wall and called me cupcake. It could ruin the mood.”

“Celine,” he said, sounding out each syllable in a low, sultry voice that made me clench my ass. He must’ve felt it because he gave a sexy dark chuckle.

I heard a door open, and the moist cold air hit my skin. Most women would complain about their hair getting frizzy or how it felt so wet outside, but for me, it was calming. Soothed my soul after feeling so off-kilter when that vampire went into a bloodlust.

I can take her, I felt Bricks think behind me, but Pumpkin wasn’t having it as his grip tightened.

“I got her. Let’s get going.” He jostled me around for a second before I popped my head up and saw him swing his leg over a

bike. “You can call me Duce when Pumpkin doesn’t do the job.”

I looked at him. “Do you need me to get down?” I felt like that would be the safest, but I guess he had different plans.

“Naw, you’re good right here, Cupcake. Just move your hands from my neck to my waist and hold on tight.”

I did as he said, adding a little sass in response. “You got it, pumpkin.”

He barked out a laugh just as I heard him turn on the bike. I turned my head against his chest and looked at Bricks as his bike rumbled to life. He gave me a soft smile.

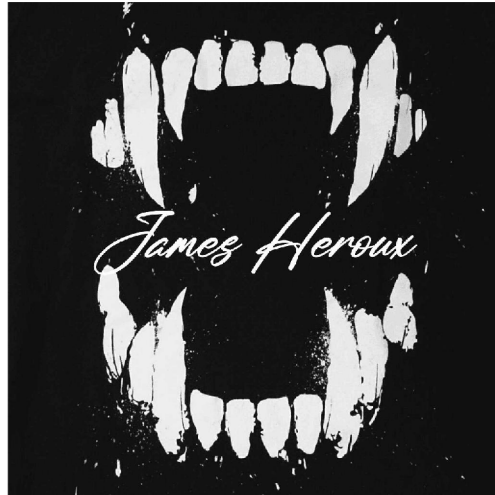
I’ll stay back and make sure no one is following us. Just in case.

I smiled at him as I looked down at his lips, remembering the feel of them as I licked mine. He didn’t lie. He knew how to use his mouth, which made the horny little devil in me want more. He winked at me when his sweet smile turned into a knowing smirk.

At that point, Duce revved up his bike, the vibrations rumbling at my uncovered core as he shot off. I clutched onto him tighter, not knowing if it was because I didn’t want to fall off the bike or because my drenched core wanted to be closer to the hardness growing in his pants.

My night just took a turn for the better.

CHAPTER 6



“ARE YOU SURE YOU’RE going to be okay, Boss?”

I clenched my fist, digging my perfectly manicured nails into my palm as I took a deep breath. Killian made me leave that hovel he called a bar. Said it was a neutral zone and would risk all of our plans if I, as he said, went berserk. I didn’t give a flying fuck. I was about to tear it down brick by brick, making sure no stone was unturned until I found that siren.

“Get out of here, you idiot!” I slammed the large mahogany door to my family’s mansion estate, making the frame crack from my strength.

“Welcome back, sire. Did your business venture go as planned?” I kept walking as I passed Cain, my family’s butler and the man who raised me. I wasn’t in the mood for chit-chat.

“I’m going into the basement.”

I heard his gasp after my statement. I wasn’t surprised since he was there the last time I had a blood lust, but this time was

different. I'm different. I will make sure to not let it go too far too soon and catch my prey when she least expects it. Yes, I need to play it differently this time around.

My shoes were the only sound that reverberated down this ghostly hallway, Cain's natural light shuffle trailing behind me. "I will need to lock myself in here for twenty-four hours. No communication for anyone. Then let me out. I will stay home for about seventy-two hours, confining myself to the grounds here until I am able to go out in public again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." His cold and confident voice let me know he understood his role in this.

"I will not let this get out of hand like last time. I am not going back to prison. I am the last surviving Heroux. I will not tarnish my family's name so soon after I just got out of that hell hole. No. I will plan this meticulously, and it will give me time to find the little siren." Everything inside of my body was telling me to turn around, to hunt my prey now while the blood was still fragrant on my tongue, and it took everything I had to resist its call.

"Another siren, sir?" Cain's voice held a tone of judgment, and I wasn't about to have that. I swung my arm around, pressing my palm against his chest and slamming him into the wooden wall. I could hear his back crack and see the indent in the wall, but I didn't let up, digging my hands into his chest, threatening to rip out his heart.

“Yes, but as I said, this time it’s different. Elaine’s magical blood tasted like the calm ocean on a sunny day. Lazy and cool.” I took a second to reminisce about her blood. The taste, the smell, the feel of it in my mouth. It was exquisite. Addictive. She was a little bit of an idiot in that she thought that a bloodlust meant that I somehow loved her, though I encouraged that thought. I let her think that in order to keep her in the tight grasp that I had. I didn’t want to lose my favorite blood bag. Then I took it too far and hit her. The bitch left as soon as she had a chance and went to rat me out to the police, who just deferred it to the CIA unit for supernatural cases and was locked away for fifty years. Fifty whole fucking years for using and slapping a bitch. It wasn’t fair.

When I got out, she was the first one I looked for. I wanted to get even. Suck her so dry that she would turn into a hollowed-out skin bag. It was the least she deserved. All my hopes and dreams were crushed when I learned that she fled to her Siren Island as soon as I was jailed. I had given up on my revenge, thinking that I needed to move on, and then I accidentally tasted the blood of that woman. That siren.

“This blood was wild and racing. It was just the barest of tastes, yet it had me going into a whole frenzy. It wasn’t just addicting; it was soul-changing. I don’t just want it, I need it.” Not to mention, it had a familiar magical tingle to it.

I let my hand release him, and he slumped against the wall, face still expressionless. “That’s why this time, I need to be careful. Plan everything in detail. I am not going to let this one

get away.” I turned away from him, heading down to the iron door at the end of the hallway.

I was going to be out of commission for a bit, and I wanted some of the basics covered by the time I came out. “While I am indisposed, I need you to clean the room next to mine. Also, order a metal collar. One that will shock you if you go a certain distance.” I won’t make the same mistakes again.

“Yes, sir.” He cleared his throat. “As for your new business venture?”

I opened the metal door and was immediately met with the smell of damp and dark, stale air. The kind that has been sealed away for too long. The depressing nature of it has already taken the shaky edge off. Yes. I needed this time to cool off. Get my head on straight.

“They can wait, Cain. I should only be unreachable for forty-eight hours. They shouldn’t need too much money before then. We are in the last stage of acquiring protection, and then we should be up and running.” Then the real cash was going to start flowing. Bringing in high-grade drugs for supernaturals was a lucrative business since they needed their own brand of drugs. It also meant they would pay a premium for it.

I learned in prison that Rodriguez was getting soft, trying to rub too many elbows with the straight and narrow folks, and his power in prison started to diminish. Once that happened, it was only a short time before the sharks knew you were getting weak, and I saw my opening. A new venture that could make me richer than even my parents were.

I slammed the door behind me, not waiting for Cain's response, before I turned the wheel and locked the door. Then I heard a knock on the other side, signaling that Cain had flipped over the locks. I was officially locked in with nothing but my thoughts, though I was used to it by now.

No, I needed this time to detox and plan. I needed money to get my aristocratic family name back in good standing with the elders. Then they would allow me the power to run my own section. This would simplify running the drugs, but I needed the money fast first.

I stepped down the creaky stairs, delving further into the darkness of the makeshift cell I had made here for the last bloodlust. It was where I would go when it became too much to keep under control, and that day I hit Elaine was the day that I missed coming down here. It all could've been avoided if I had just been down here in the heat of it all.

I thought back to the taste of this siren's blood, licking my lips as saliva gathered in my mouth. I was already salivating at the thought of drinking her blood. Then, to top it off, she wasn't hard to look at.

Elaine was a ten out of ten in the looks department, and she had a naive outlook about the world that was endearing. More like a young vampire's preferred pick, but this new one, she was a different kind of woman.

She was gorgeous, but she had an edge, like her mind was thinking even while talking to you. She looked absolutely delectable in that biker girl outfit, all dressed in leather and

showing all her tan skin. Skin that made my fangs throb to bite into. Her blood had not only a sweet taste but a slightly bitter salty one, too. Like a sea-salted caramel that melted in your mouth but had complex flavors. Her blood was even better than I remembered it to be.

I learned while I was trying to track down Elaine that sirens were few and far between on the main island. That the queen of the sirens had a tight grip on any siren leaving the island and that finding one was like a diamond on the rough. It would make finding my lone wolf easier and harder, but I would. Once I tasted blood, I never lost the scent. I never lost my focus.

I will find you, little siren, and then I'm going to keep you like the little pet Elaine couldn't be. I won't make the same mistakes anymore. I will keep my addiction with me at all times, letting her know with the constant piercing of my fangs who she belonged to.

I can't wait.

CHAPTER 7



WHAT THE HELL WAS taking them so long? I sent Duce on a simple mission, find out what that fucker Killian wanted. I even sent Bricks to be his muscle so that if Killian started some shit, he would be covered, but they should've already been back by now.

“Don’t worry, Prez. They should be back soon.” Dino clapped his hand on my back as I stood on the main house porch. “If anything, Duce will be back purely because he wouldn’t leave his sister.” I know that was supposed to be comforting, but it wasn’t. My treasurer was good with numbers, finance, and intel. You would think with his dark features, purple eyes, and Hispanic lit, he would have all the friends, but he was worse than me when it came to social skills. I thought about that for a second, and I realized all of us are, all of us but Duce. That’s why he’s my VP. He was the calm to my storm.

I could feel my wolf underneath my skin, his thunder of a growl always in my throat. Ever since the day Duce, Emma, and I escaped our cages, my wolf was constantly watching, waiting for the moment my strict control over him would waiver. I didn't get the name Rabid for nothing.

I looked around the darkness of the surrounding forest again and saw nothing. Not a blade of grass swayed, and I didn't sense it. This whole compound was surrounded by woods and gates with an ocean beachfront in the back, making this the perfect place to hole up if shit went down. I was always making plans for if shit went down. It's been my lifelong goal to never be helpless again, and I have kept them up in terms of safety, but whenever I need to split up my guys, it's hard not to worry. Not to feel like it would be my fault if they came home hurt, or worse, didn't come home at all.

Emma would skin me alive if her brother didn't make it home. So, where the fuck are they?

I had already checked my clock twice, and I refused to do it again. I heard Dino chuckle behind me as he went back inside. "Tag. You're it."

I felt Gears saddle up next to me. His calm indifference made some of my nerves disappear. I heard something spinning, and I looked down to see one of his hands was holding a motorcycle fidget spinner that he was flicking with one finger while he was holding his phone in the other hand. The bright screen of his phone lit up his chiseled features, his green eyes

practically glowing as he looked down at the several red dots on his screen. “GPS says they should be here soon.”

I focused on the screen and saw two red dots moving. I pointed at his phone, “When the fuck did you do that?” That could’ve saved me a lot of anxiety if I knew they had something like that on them.

His expression didn’t change as he looked out into the darkness. “This morning after Church. When I told them I was going to do maintenance.”

“Good.” Then the thought hit me, and I whispered out the side of my mouth. “Can you do that to all of them?”

Gears turned his neck slowly, still giving me that dead expression as he replied, “On it.” I thought I caught a flash of excitement in his eyes, but it was gone so fast that I didn’t know for sure.

Gears was a character, always had been. Just with the way he acts, you wouldn’t be able to tell he was the youngest of the group at twenty-nine. Even when I picked him up off the floor covered in cuts and bruises in the bathroom of those underground robot fights, some of the guys questioned my decision to bring him on, saying that he wouldn’t fit in. It was one of the best choices that I have made. Even with his quiet and awkward looks, he was as loyal as they came and smart as a whip. He earned some cred with the crew when he built a bike out of spare parts, which ran better than the ones we just bought. Then everyone accepted my road captain like he had been there from the beginning.

I heard a familiar rumble in the distance, and I faced forward as I crossed my arms, keeping my agitation in check. Reminding myself that I sent them in my stead so I wouldn't get blinding mad, wolf out, and tear Killian's face off in neutral territory.

Bricks and Duce rolled up. My hands tensed on my bicep when I caught a glimpse of a woman clutching onto Duce's front. *Damn it, Duce.* I resisted rolling my eyes at him. He had a strong streak of a white knight complex, which meant he often brought back strays and orphans that he shouldn't.

I indulged him because he was good at reading people. He brought in a good half of the loyal crew we have now. He had a knack for bringing in all the broken and discarded pieces of society to make his own mishmash of potential. And then, sometimes, he was just thinking with his dick. The number of times we've had to kick out a psycho clinger was more than I ever wanted to deal with. It's why I was wary.

Bricks swung his leg over his bike first. I expected him to come up to me and nod in silence like my enforcer normally did, but instead, he went to Duce's bike and held his hand out to the woman.

"Thanks for the concern, Mountain Man, but it wasn't my first time on a bike. I enjoyed not seeing where we were going. It had a kind of thrill to it."

That voice. My wolf stopped circling in my mind and put his full attention on this woman, his interest peaking. The lyrical notes to her voice made it seem like it was a song purely

crafted for my ears. It shot straight into my chest and made it ache. I lost my breath for a second, resisting the urge to clutch my chest.

What the hell was this woman doing to me?

Then she took Brick's hand. I watched Duce's hand trail down her leg as he looked at her like he didn't want her to leave. I was already shaken by her voice, but now I can see that both my men are transfixed on her, and I didn't like it. Then she turned around.

Fuck. My dick throbbed at the sight of her. Her above-the-shoulder blonde hair, perfect pouty red lips, and hourglass body was drool worthy. I could feel my body craving hers, wanting to sink my dick into her just to be able to say I tasted heaven.

My wolf started to salivate at the thought, continuously showing me how he wanted to rut into her right here in the dirt. To show her who was his.

I didn't notice that I was digging my nails into my arm until I smelt that familiar copper smell. That woke me up from my momentary lapse in judgment. It took tremendous control for me to stay still, calm my beating heart and hard dick. I needed to look at this rationally, not like some silly teenager all caught up in physical and emotional desires. I had people counting on me. A whole compound to protect. I didn't have time to chase after some woman who I was sure already had both Bricks and Duce enthralled.

“Hey, Prez. Have you been waiting long?” There was a teasing tone to Duce’s voice. His hand squeezed my shoulder, almost like he knew what I was thinking, but that was impossible because I didn’t even know what I was thinking. “I know that you want to meet ASAP about the Killian thing, but I wanted to introduce you first to Cupc-,” the woman suddenly coughed, and he grinned, “I mean Celine. Celine, this is our president and leader, Rabid.”

The woman took a step towards me and stuck her hand out. “Hi. I hope it’s okay if I crash here for the night.” I was caught up in her sparkling deep blue eyes, calling me to hold my breath and fall in deep. I must’ve been looking at her for too long because I soon found myself looking at her confused face. I frowned, grunting at her in response as I was using all my control to hold myself back.

Bricks moved to her side, taking her hand before looking at her. I expected Duce to translate for him, but I was caught off guard when she said, “Okay. If you could show me your room, I will stay the night and be out of your guy’s hair in the morning. Thanks for offering to share.”

Brick’s cheeks flushed before he motioned for her to go forward, being a complete gentleman, something that was odd to see from my enforcer. Someone who talked more with his fists than with his words, acting like the perfect gentleman.

“Yeah. I have been meaning to ask them about all that, but we didn’t have the time.” Duce looked up at me as he rubbed the

back of his neck. His tell that he was holding something in. Was it something to do with the woman?

My wolf perked up again, sending me images of what he would like to do with her. Most of them were dirty, and a good half of those involved biting into her, blood flowing from her neck as he lapped it up.

I shut those thoughts down real quick, making sure he knew that I was not going down that road. We knew nothing about her, and she could be bad news for us. My wolf disagreed, but I wouldn't have any of it. I forced myself to make a black box in my mind, one that I used when he got out of control. I really couldn't lose it tonight just because of some strange woman.

I turned towards Duce. "Get the guys. I'm calling church so we can all hear about it at once."

He saluted me with a smile and bound off to go collect the guys. I stood there for a few moments, just to take in a breath of fresh air. Her scent still lingered in the air, and I could taste it on my tongue. This sweet and salty taste reminded me of a tropical vacation, something relaxing and rejuvenating at the same time.

I cracked my neck before telling myself that she was only going to be here for one night. One night of keeping myself in check, and then she will be out of my hair and everything can go back to normal.

Yes. Only one night.



Duce worked fast and got all of the leadership and the patch members available to sit in for church in the large conference room in our house. Leadership met more than Church, so we had it put in our home for convenience. The room sat twelve comfortably, with chairs along the back wall if we wanted prospects in, too. I also made sure that all leadership was spread out around the table, and integrated with all the members. It made others feel apart when really we were making all the decisions. As soon as the double doors shut, he told us what had gone down.

“Once he realized the pleasantries and bribery wasn’t going to get him anywhere, he got straight to the point. He explained that he was taking over all the drug business along the coast.”

“How the fuck does he have the capital for that kind of move? Killian was just a pusher, not a dealer or source.” Crank, one of our long-standing patch holders, complained.

Duce shrugged his shoulders as he crossed his arms on the table. “I have no idea. All I know is that he kept telling me he had a new financial backer that wouldn’t run out of funds, and he needed someone “experienced” to run it all, so he chose Killian.”

“Who is the backer?” I wanted to know if I knew this person. Maybe I could convince them not to work with Killian.

Duce shook his head. “He wouldn’t tell me. He said that if we agreed to partner up, then he would tell us. As long as those that knew went into a hidden bond with him.” A hidden bond? That would take a whole lot of magic from a mage. It made those that wore it not able to talk about wherever the secret between them was. If you tried, your heart would stop beating. *Why did this backer want to be such a silent partner?*

Duce continued, “He also said that his backer wanted the best and was willing to pay over top dollar for protection of the goods, and Killian said we were the best.” He puffed out a laugh as he sat back. “Killian even had the balls to say that he trusted us the most. That we were known for how well we protected precious cargo.”

I clenched my hands under the table, feeling a familiar anger rising up in me. Hearing him say that was like a slap in the face, especially since he tried to mess with us when we first banded together, just learning what it meant to protect what was ours.

He wanted us because he knew we don’t let *anyone* mess with our people. We bring down hell upon anyone that touches our women or fucks with our members. We don’t even mention what we do to those that try to touch our kids. We have a few spots around the compound that no one was able to go to because we needed to have the proper time for the body to decompose. Killian is right, we protect what was ours with feral rage that no one wanted to mess with. It was known along the coast in both the good circles and bad that you don’t mess with the Moon Raiders, and they won’t mess with you.

“What kind of money is he offering?” Grubs, our longest and oldest patch holder, with his salt and pepper beard and assessing eyes, asked. I put my tongue in my cheek, waiting to see what others thought before I put in my two cents.

“He said the money was completely negotiable. Whatever we wanted.” Duce then looked at me, silently telling me with his eyes that he thought that spelled trouble, and I couldn’t agree more. If he said the skies were the limit, he was either planning to already get rid of us before paying or had some idea on how to trap us into work without paying the full amount.

There was a grumble around the table as others mentioned their thoughts to those next to them. I looked at Bricks, who kept looking at the door, his brows furrowed. Gears was sitting next to him, hand on his chin as he looked lost in thought at the table. Duce sat back, hands over his head, as he listened to what everyone else said. Dino was the only one who spoke up.

“You all know that with me as Treasurer, I am always willing to make some *dinero*.” There were a few chuckles around the table at the use of the word that started his nickname, “but I think we all know that working with Killian is a bad idea. He is a cutthroat baby. The second he doesn’t get his way, he will try to cut us down just to teach us a lesson. That might be in the form of not paying us. Not only does he run his club opposite to how we run ours, but it feels fishy that he all of a sudden wants to work with us. This gives me Trojan horse vibes, and I don’t like it. Even if the money *seems* good.” He crossed his arms afterward, and I made sure to keep the smile I

felt off my face. It was my thoughts exactly, but I was the leader and needed to hear everyone first.

Others mumbled around the table again until Gears spoke up in his soft yet firm voice, “And what are we going to do when we tell him no and he comes after us?” The whole room went quiet. Everyone’s attention turned to him.

“What do you mean, Gears?” Crank spoke up as he scratched his big bald head, thinking really hard about his simple question. He was a good soldier, solid at taking orders and following through, but not much of a thinker. It’s why I never picked him for leadership.

Gears looked at me first, and I nodded for him to continue. Gears hated social aspects and speaking up in front of a group, preferring to talk to me on the side, but I knew he was trying to make an effort. You wouldn’t think that a guy who could skin a person alive would also be nervous around his own people. “If we say no to him, we run a high risk of him trying to force us to work with him or have him find some excuse to cause a war with us.”

I nodded before adding, “We also have to think in terms of what this means if Killian is the main source of drugs. Before, when it was Travino, he only had Killian as a small-time pusher. He had a smaller territory and was only able to cover so much at once. It kept the drugs here in check, not overflowing, and those that chose to partake usually did it at parties or went to him, taking them outside of our city. Now that he was expanding, he would cover a much larger territory

and hire more manpower to manage and distribute. Our community is going to be flooded with the stuff.” Everyone nodded, quiet in thought at what both Gears and I brought attention to.

“Well, it seems we are damned if we do and damned if we don’t.” Crank moaned.

It was a good assessment, and I was about to call for some suggestions when Bricks’ eyes widened, and he lifted his hands to start signing when the doors to church busted open, and the woman they brought swaggered in like she owned the place. “I think I can help you with your problem.”

Most of the group was stunned by this beauty, sputtering around their words as they looked at her. Bricks lowered his hands and shrugged at me, eye telling me he was sorry for the intrusion. My gaze swung to Duce, about to say to him to get his guest out, when I saw him eye her up and down, smiling like the Cheshire cat. Excitement lined his eyes as he kept his mouth shut on purpose. Ugh! I’m not going to get any help from him.

I looked over at Gears, who looked at her with his signature expressionless face, but I noticed that he kept clenching and opening his hands, fidgeting as he looked at her. I almost called him out on it when I heard the cold ice in Dino’s voice, growling at the end, “Who the fuck are you, and why do you think you can be here, woman?”

I wasn’t surprised by the question, nor the cold shoulder he had since Dino had a hard time trusting anyone, but I was

curious about the venom in his voice. Why was he choosing to be so hostile towards her? Does he know this woman?

Now that she was in my orbit again, my wolf forced his way to the surface unexpectedly. I could feel my eyes change as I looked at her with his eyes, seeing a light gold haze surrounding her before I shoved him back down. I didn't know what that meant, but I was sure it wasn't good.

She opened her mouth to answer, unphased by Dino's hostility, but I beat her to it. "This is Celine." I clenched my teeth as I kept my wolf from taking over again. "It's my understanding that she is to stay the night here but was to leave in the morning. This is a closed-door meeting." I raised an eyebrow at her before turning to the one who brought her here and, inevitably, the one in charge of her. "Bricks, I thought you put her in your room?" Bricks signed that he did and then looked to Celine in question.

"Look, I'm going to cut to the chase before all the men in here get into a tizzy about having a woman in their space." You could hear the sarcasm in her voice as she cocked her hip to the side. "I overheard your dilemma, and I have a solution. Well, more like a you-scratch-my-back-I-scratch-yours kind of deal."

"Why the fuck should we listen to you, bitch? Who the fuck do you think you are?" Crank, always the loudmouth, shouted. I saw both Bricks and Duce tense up as they glared at him. I was having my own issues pulling my wolf back since he turned his attention onto Crank, wanting to sink his teeth into

his throat and make him submit for talking to my woman like that.

I bristled at that thought. She wasn't *my* woman. She wasn't *my* anything. I don't know where the fuck that came from.

Even with all of that going on, she didn't seem to be fazed or offended. In fact, her smile grew larger. "I assume you all are in the know of the criminal underground and have heard the name The Songbird before?"

There was a pregnant pause in the room, some of the men looking at her with fresh, assessing eyes, and others still looking like they were in the dark. I vaguely remembered that name associated with an assassin, but I looked over at Dino, him having more criminal connections than I did.

He squinted his eyes at her, glaring as she focused her attention on him, seeing he knew what she was talking about. If she was a part of that world, I didn't want the others to know about it. Some of these guys had families and loved ones here. They respected me because I made sure to keep them at the top of my mind always. I stood up. "Everyone but leadership out."

A few of the younger guys opened their mouths to protest, to argue that they should know what she had to say. Except the older guys, the ones who have seen the damage that was even knowing information could get them and their families in, yanked their cuts up, telling them to shut the fuck up and listen to the prez. A few even winked at me, letting me know they thought it was the right call, even if the others didn't.

Soon it was just Dino, Gears, Bricks, Duce, and I sitting around the table as this ball of trouble was standing there waiting for her chance to talk.

“How do we even know that you are who you say you are?”

Dino cracked out as soon as the door shut.

“I mean, I could show you, but that means I have to kill you, literally.” She laughed at her own joke, which made the rest of us hyper-focused. “Relax. I’m not here for you. In fact, the opposite, really.” She again chuckled at her own joke that none of us knew why it was funny.

Duce slammed his hand on the table as his voice shook, “Did you con me, Cupcake?” A hint of betrayal was in his voice, and he was working his hardest to hide it.

Her smile immediately melted as she tilted her head. “No, Pumpkin. That was all a coincidence.” She looked around the room at all of us, hesitating on Bricks for a few beats longer than the rest. “The truth is I was there for a scouting job. I was supposed to get intel.” She motioned to her outfit with a smirk. I had to admit, she did look like she was looking for her next biker husband, and it was hard to hold back from putting my name into the ring.

“Then I ran into a situation that I couldn’t get out of, and you two helped me.” Her shoulders straightened as she continued, “In fact, everything I said I meant, but I will admit that I was relieved when you asked me to stay the night because I needed to dampen my own scent with yours in order to make sure he couldn’t smell me the second I got off this compound.”

Survival. So, her coming here was for survival. Something I could understand and respect.

“But you listened in on our conversation and felt that you had a solution? One that would get you the information you needed and for us to get out of Killian’s grasp?” Gears asked, connecting all the dots for the rest of us he so easily grasped.

“Yes-”

“Wait,” I called out. Something about her explanation caught me off guard. “Before we get into all that, you said you needed your scent to be covered.” I understood that as well because it was fucking delectable, filling up this room faster by the second, clogging up my airways. “Why did you need that?”

She looked at Duce and Bricks expectedly, Bricks barely lifting his fingers to sign when she said. “Oh. I just assumed you or Duce told them already. No. I can explain it.”

Dino gave me another wary look after that exchange, and I had to agree with him this time. How could they have a conversation without him signing?

“Through a series of unfortunate events, a creepy vampire was able to taste a drop of my blood and freaked out. Instantly going into a bloodlust. I think the only reason I got away without being found was that Brick’s wolf scent was so powerful it threw off my own scent.” She took a breath, looking like she didn’t want to say the next part. “Sirens don’t typically have a strong scent to anyone unless they have tasted their blood or are their mate.”

“So, you’re trying to tell us you’re a siren assassin?” Dino puffed out a laugh of disbelief. Not seconds later, there was a water-shaped dagger at his neck.

“I’m not *trying* to tell you, I am telling you.” Her voice went an octave lower, like a switch flipped, and she went into assassin mode. Dino kept still, flicking his eyes down at the dagger and then back up to her.

“Well, I believe her. How bout you all?” Duce lifted his hands towards everyone, grinning like a fool, but looked right at me. Everyone else swiveled their attention my way. I sat back, folded my hands, and looked at her, trying with all my might to figure her out.

She let go of the water dagger and faced me. “I know sirens are rare on the mainland, and it’s hard to believe me. If you want definitive proof, I ask that you call someone that you don’t mind being controlled, and I will show you.”

“Why not one of-” Gears asked, but she quickly cut him off.

“I’m not doing it to anyone in leadership. That just spells bad news for me in the end.” It was a smart rule.

“Duce, grab Billy.” He sluggishly got up, a little tired of all the hoops she was having to go through, though I felt it was necessary for all parties involved.

As soon as he was out the door, Dino took the opportunity of having one of her supporters gone. “While we determine if you are a siren,” she rolled her eyes, and a piece of me envisioned her flat on her back, rolling her eyes in a different

direction as I was fucking her good and dirty, “I have a hard time believing that you are The Songbird. This is a skilled assassin, not some pretty girl that doesn’t look like she could throw a punch.”

“Awe, you think I’m pretty? What a sweet little pup you are.” Her sass came back in full form as she faced him down.

“Stop, you two. It doesn’t serve us any good to have you both down each other’s throats.” Dino sat back, still glaring at her as she sharply turned away from him. I needed to get a handle on all of this. “On a different subject, I could tell that you are able to talk to Bricks without reading his hand signals. Why?”

She looked at Bricks, smiled and winked at him. His cheeks grew red, but he kept his composure. “It’s a particular skill. Only powerful sirens can do it, but I can hear the notes and vibrations of his words around him, especially if it’s pointed to me.”

I looked at Bricks, and he nodded, signing to me that what she said was true. When I signed back to him, asking if he felt she was using magic on him, he said no, a few times. Then he signed something I didn’t expect.

I trust her. I can’t explain it, but I do. I feel it here. He pointed to his heart and then looked back at the table in thought. I wish I could make decisions based on feelings, but it wasn’t that easy.

Duce finally brought in a scrawny, doe-eyed, fifteen-year-old, Billy. He looked around nervously. “Don’t worry, Billy. We won’t let anything bad happen. Please do what Miss Celine

says.” I motioned towards her, and the boy went to stand in front, looking like he was about to go into battle with her.

She turned on the charm as she giggled at him. “Oh, Billy. It’s not anything like that. Relax. No one is going to harm you. Promise.” She crossed her heart, and the kid cracked a small smile.

“My little sister does that.”

Celine smiled even brighter as she told him. “Then you know that it’s a serious oath that the crosser doesn’t go back on or else my heart would burst!” The boy relaxed, even giggled, before she put her hand on his chin and tilted it up so his eyes met hers.

We all tensed up when we felt the difference in the air. Like it was sucked out for a second and then put back in. Her voice took on the sound of a melody as she spoke her words. “Look at me, Billy. Focus on me. I need you to shake your head when you hear me.” Her eyes turned iridescent for a second, captivating me even from here.

He shook his head slowly, looking up at her with so much focus that I knew he didn’t know or think anyone else was in the room with him. It was like the whole world slipped away, and there was no one else but her.

“Now, I need you to take this knife.” That had me on alert, and I immediately looked at her hand, trying to figure out where she hid a knife in that damn outfit, but all I saw was an open hand.

The boy wrapped his hand around an invisible object, lifting it up to look at it, but we knew nothing was there. She spoke her lyrical words again, drawing the boy's attention right back to her.

"I want you to go stab Rabid." She moved behind him, whispering in his ear as they both focused on me. "You won't remember a thing. You won't dream about this; you can't envision it again. As soon as you stab him, you will let go of the knife and back up three steps and act like you just woke up. Go."

The boy didn't even hesitate. He walked forward with an invisible knife in hand. A few of the guys got up, about to prevent him, but she barked out angrily, "Don't hurt him. This is what you wanted."

That made them pause, and I put up my hand, telling them it was okay. I wanted to see how this played out.

As soon as the boy was within reaching distance, he raised up his hand, and Swisher arced it downward for my chest. I watched his glazed-over eyes and blank face, not a blink of recognition as he stabbed me with his invisible knife.

As soon as his fist hit my chest with a hard thud, he let go of it, backed up three spaces, and yawned. His eyes opened, and he was stunned to see himself in the spot he was. He stuttered as he saw me staring at him, "Um...s-s-sorry Rabid. D-d-did you n-n-need s-s-something?"

He looked down at the ground as his toes punched inward. It was amazing that he went from a blank, expressionless killer

to a bashful, shy boy in a span of minutes. “No, Billy. You’re able to go.”

Celine stepped in front of him, turning her smile bright and her eyes shining with kindness and understanding. “Thank you, Billy, for your help.”

His eyes bugged out of his face as he got red, rubbed the back of his neck as he looked away. “You’re... you’re welcome, Miss.” Then he bolted out of the room like his pants were on fire.

I looked around the room at my men, all of them looking at Celine differently now. Some with less suspicion and some with more, but one thing was for sure. She definitely was a siren.

CHAPTER 8



“NOW LOOK AT WHAT you did, cupcake. That boy is not even going to get a wink of sleep tonight because of that.” Duces’ playful words had me slowly turn towards him, smiling through my teeth. “He is going to be pining away for you for a while, not able to get any of his work done.”

“Well, *Pumpkin*, that wasn’t my intent. I did all that to show you-”

“Duce, stop messing with her.” The hard, swift voice of their president came out as Duce sat back, moving his feet onto the table as he leaned back like he didn’t have a care in the world. I peered at Rabid, seeing he was truly a work of art, a staple of masculinity with large rippling arm muscles crossed in front of his sculpted chest, and tattoos that crept up his neck and peaked out the short sleeves of his white tee. His amber eyes

were severe and assessing with a no-nonsense, straight-lined mouth.

A piece of me wanted to thank the prez sweetly, just to make a dig at Duce, but his grumpy face made me think otherwise. He didn't seem to like me much, which was evident from his piercing gaze and sharp attitude, but he didn't have to like me to work with me.

I turned back towards him and crossed my arms. "Did I prove to you that I wasn't a liar?"

The obstinate one with the gorgeous violet eyes, tattoos covering from the backs of his ears to the tip of his wrists, the one they called Dino, growled out before the massive, muscled president said a word. "We still don't know if you are The Songbird."

I slapped my hands on the table and leaned forward, my body temperature getting hot as anger raced through my veins. I glared at those purple pupils, staring him down like the little bug I envisioned him to be. Why, this little shit. "Tell me where and when, and I can prove it."

Dino's eyes threw daggers at me as he rose up and leaned across the table, about to tell me something when Rabid's voice broke through our standoff. "Enough!"

I didn't break eye contact, wanting Dino to back down first, or I would lose this little amount of ground I covered. Also, to give me cover over how I got breathless from this little back and forth. I didn't know arguing with someone could be so hot. I immediately envisioned digging my nails into his chest

as I rode that dick hard. I felt heat creep up the back of my neck as I tried to not rub my thighs together. I have a feeling this guy would be the perfect specimen for hate fucking.

I kept my eyes on Dino as his eyes flicked to Rabid, the muscles in his arms tightening in frustration as he kept glaring at me but sat down first. A small, salacious smile broke across my face, and I could see his eyes burning at me with rage at my win. Rabid was his boss, not mine.

“Why don’t I tell you what I have to offer, and then you can decide to trust me or not?” I directed this to Rabid, ignoring Dino and his raging eyes.

Rabid motioned to the chair in front of me, not yet giving me any clues to his thoughts or feeling as his face stayed impassive. He was going to be a tough nut to crack, I could tell.

I dragged out the chair, making as much noise as possible as I sat down. “Look, from what I heard, you don’t really like Killian and his band of Fanger Bangers, you may in fact hate them, but the problem is they are getting more powerful because of the drug ring he is picking up.” I folded my hands and rested my chin on them. “I was at that club tonight to get intel on Killian, more importantly, the financial backer he bagged, but was interrupted. Since it sounds like Killian and his backer wanted to hire you guys for protection for the transpo, I was hoping we could help each other out. You,” I pointed to Rabid, “could take the job under the condition that

you meet the backer. Give me that information, and I will help you guys take down his first shipment.”

“How would taking down his first shipment help?” Duce asked curiously.

I didn’t even have to answer as the cute, quiet man at the end of the table spoke up, “If we take down the first shipment, then money will be scarce, his forces will be pulled thin, and the drug distribution will be sparse in our neighborhood as well as others in this territory.” I watched his lips move as he talked, mesmerized by his sound and demeanor. He had this smart air to him, an over-thinker, and I already liked him. Something calling me to smile at him and make him feel better.

Rabid growled out, “This is all stuff we can do on our own. Why would we need you?”

I spread my arms wide as I grinned at him. “Because I will be your ace in the hole as well as your scapegoat. If you did it yourselves, then someone will see, snitch on you back to Killian, and start a war. With me, I can ensure that no one lives to tell any tales and you guys remain blameless. Lucky to be alive, to have escaped the massacre of The Songbird.” My arms slid into each other as I leaned back into the chair. “You could say that you got there just as this masked character fled. That you tried to run me down, but I was too fast and crafty.”

I smiled at that last part, envisioning this huge grumpy man having to tell Killian that he lost me because I was too good. My street cred will go through the roof after this.

The whole room was quiet as they thought about it. Rabid was the first to respond. “And then what happens after?”

“After?” I didn’t understand the question.

He leaned his tree trunk forearms onto the table, leaning against it slowly, and my heart skipped a beat. Even with the frowny face, I bet that huge body was a knockout. What was it with these men that made my body quake and my heart stop?

“After the whole thing, it will only take him a month to be back up and running. Maybe even sooner. This will only be a hitch in his plans.” His frown deepened, and that just made my smile widen.

“Not if I get the information I need.” The wooden chair creaked as I moved my hips from one side to the other. They really need to get more comfortable chairs here. “My ultimate plan is to take down the backer. If that happens, then he won’t have the capital to be able to start over at that scale. Back to being a petty pusher, he will be.”

Rabid gave it some thought before he turned to the others. “Thoughts?”

To no one’s surprise, Duce was the first to speak. “Who are you working for, Cupcake? And why do they want the backer so badly?”

I turned to him as I cooed out, “Oh, Pumpkin, that is classified information. But I will say that it’s a group that has hired me. Phase one was information, and phase two was going to be the

takedown, but if I could take care of both in one swoop, then I would prefer to do it that way. I hate double work.”

What about the vampire?

I turned to Bricks, seeing him keep a carefully crafted face of indifference, but I could see the concern in his eyes. My fingers twitched, wanting to reach out to him, to console him. Instead, I answered, “What about him? I am hoping that if I can lay low with you all long enough, I should be covered from being discovered.”

“What are you two talking about?” Rabid asked with a twinge of anger in his voice.

Bricks immediately lifted his fingers and signed. I didn’t know what the finger movements meant, but he was also sending out his thoughts loudly. *I’m sorry. I was asking her about the bloodlust vampire. He will still be after her.*

Dino barked out a cruel laugh. “The great Songbird can’t take care of a single vampire?”

My rage went up tenfold as I threw out, “Have you ever gone up against a blood-lusted vampire? Unprepared with no weapons available?” His smile turned into a frown as he realized what he was saying. “Yeah, I didn’t think so. The best option for survival was to get out of there or cover my scent, and wolves have the strongest scents.”

I saw Rabid’s jaw tighten as his eyes narrowed on me. “And you just gave this vampire your blood?”

This time, I frowned at him and glared at his accusation. “No, I didn’t give him my blood. In fact, he scratched me as I was getting away from him, and he tasted maybe a drop or two before going full berserk. It makes me think that he has tasted siren blood before.”

This apparently wasn’t the right answer either, as he growled out something fierce as his eyes flashed yellow, making the whole room look at him in shock, me included.

He looked down at the table, gripping it hard as he calmly breathed out, “We will take the deal you offer.” He took a few seconds before he looked up, his face back to normal.

Dino immediately got up, ready to fight him on it, but he raised his hand and looked over at me. “This doesn’t mean that we trust you completely. These people are not only my crew and responsibility, but they are also my family, and I can’t just let you be around them unsupervised. You will need to stay in this house unless escorted somewhere else. This means that you will need to bunk with one of us in order to keep an eye on you.”

He looked at me especially, like I had a real choice in the matter, but I didn’t. This was the best shot at me avoiding a blood-lusted vampire and getting my mission accomplished. I nodded to him.

“I volunteer as tribute!” Duce’s hand shot up, and I almost let out a laugh. He looked at me and winked, and my stupid girly heart sighed like a high school girl.

Rabid rolled his eyes at him as he shook his head. “Yeah. No.” He looked around the room. Dino sank into his seat and looked away, obviously not wanting to be picked. Bricks sat up a little straighter, hope shining through his eyes before Rabid made his decisions. “Gears. Can she bunk with you?”

He shrugged his shoulders, still not giving away any emotions. “If that’s what you need.” Rabid nodded as Duce pouted, Bricks looked disappointed, and Dino smiled for once since I entered this room.

I will admit that with how my body and heart were reacting to all of those reactions, I would say that this fellow, Gears, was the safest bet. If I kept thinking about that Duce and Bricks sandwich and hate-fucking that smile off Dino’s face, I was sure to make a mess of everything.

“Good. It’s late. Let’s get a good night’s rest and then sit down tomorrow to make a plan before we call in everyone to tell them the plan.” All of us nodded and got up to leave.

Bricks brushed up against my shoulder as I heard in the air, *Good night, Temptress.*

I smiled up at him, not able to help myself from staring at his lips as I licked my own. His eyes lit up at my obvious desire, and he quickly turned away, adjusting himself as he walked down the hallway to the left. I definitely wanted to continue what we started.

I felt someone jet around me, and I saw Dino look back at me with a sneer, stomping his way down the hall and going in the door on the opposite side of Bricks. Before I could lash out, I

felt a familiar body slide up behind me. “Don’t think you’re getting away from me that easily. Gears might be on babysitting duty tonight, but once it’s my turn, I’m going to show you how I can melt that glass of yours so easily.”

I shuttered at his breath along my ear, the growing hardness between my cheeks, and my rampant sex drive spiking my veins. I wanted that. I wanted it more than he knew, but I wanted to play it cool, so I ran my palm up his thigh, and he sucked in a breath. I turned my head to the side as I smirked to him behind me.

“We will see if you get me to scream your name, Pumpkin.”

This time, I felt a rumble on my back coming from his chest as he tried to keep his growl in. His hand snaked around my torso, grabbing my waist in a bruising grip as he yanked me around. He pushed me backwards with his body until my back hit a wall. His eyes drilling into mine as his chest heaved. “Don’t you worry, Celine.” His other hand went to my waist, sliding his fingers underneath my top as he teased me softly in one hand and gripped me roughly with the other.

He rested his forehead against mine. “My goal is to start with my name, and then you’re going to be screaming out for deities. Begging for help, but the only one who could help you is me. So, you’re going to have to make a deal with the devil.”

Since I wasn’t wearing any panties, I felt my excitement touch my inner thighs as I rubbed them together. My chest rose and fell against his, causing delicious friction against my hardening nipples. I could see his nostrils flare as he took in a

deep breath. “Your arousal is intoxicating.” His fingers curled around the edge of my too-short shirt, about to yank it up when we heard someone clearing their throat.

We both looked over to see Rabid and Gears staring at us. Rabid was standing rod straight, eyes wide as he looked slightly outraged at the scene in front of him, but his expression was not the one that captivated me. It was Gears. His whole face stayed impassive behind his black rimmed glasses, but his eyes were dripping with lust, turning almost a neon green that couldn't be ignored. They shined so bright that they pulled me to them, making me want to grab his man bun and pull his face closer to mine so I could see how they shone up close and personal.

“Duce, let her go. Celine, go with Gears.” I felt Duce dig his fingers into my hips, wanting to resist what Rabid demanded.

He looked down at me, surprising me when he laid a soft kiss on my cheek as he whispered, “I'll be watching and waiting for you, Cupcake.” He instantly let me go and walked down the hallway to the right, and slammed his door. Rabid took a deep breath, looked at me with a heated gaze, and then stomped after him.

I followed Gears towards a set of stairs, looking back to see Rabid standing at the door opposite of Duce's, staring at me. His mouth pinched, and his brows furrowed before he opened his door and disappeared.

A part of me deep, deep down, was a little sad that Rabid seemed to dislike me so much. It caused old wounds to open

up, and my mother's voice of not being enough came floating to the surface. I tried to drown out those sounds, to think about something else, but it was always there in the background, haunting me. I didn't want to feel that way here. I escaped that island for a reason, and that was never to feel like I did there.

Here I was, The Songbird, the CIA agent, the sassy girl that never gave up. The girl who enjoyed being taken home for the night, losing herself in the carnal pleasure of being wanted and then leaving them in the morning. I was the Celine that enjoyed home-cooked breakfast and reading a good book outside when it was a nice day. I wasn't the failed princess or the defective daughter. I was strong and independent.

For those reasons, I was going to avoid Rabid and Dino as much as possible. Stick to Bricks and Duce, who seemed to enjoy me enough.

“Come, Celine.”

I looked up to see Gears at the top of the stairs already, this time, with a small encouraging smile, and I smiled back as I climbed the stairs.

CHAPTER 9



I FOLLOWED GEARS UP the stairs, and as soon as I turned the corner, I was met with a few more stairs that led up to a three-walled loft.

While it was quite large for a loft's standards, it was cluttered with different metal pieces. There were motorcycle parts, gears, nuts, and bolts. Half-started projects lined the floor, and even a few mechanical contraptions were on the small architect's desk in the corner.

My feet moved on their own as I walked to his desk, as the drawings caught my eye. I barely registered a faucet going off in the background as I stared down at the sketches of different kinds of motorcycles and the parts that would go with them. My eyes poured over the sheets and sheets of designs. Some with custom handlebars with skulls on the end, some with

what looked like hydraulics for lifting a heavy bike to do tricks. It was fascinating sifting through the stacks of pages, seeing what his mind was able to dream up. I lifted up the large paper drawing to see another schematic sketch, but it was for some kind of robotic contraption and not a motorcycle. I tilted my head, trying to read the small print, when I heard someone behind me.

“Please don’t touch my things.” I dropped the page in my hand and turned around with an apology on the tip of my tongue until my eyes were met with a dripping-wet male torso. My tongue rolled into the back of my mouth as my eyes feasted on this freshly showered male in only a towel in front of me.

My fingers fidgeted behind me, wanting to trace those long, lean groves of his muscles, right down to that V that was peeking out from the towel. This man may be the quiet one, but he was packing a delicious body that needed to be discovered.

“I..I just like my things put in a certain way, and it...it upsets me when they aren’t.” His words shook my sex-filled brain as I looked up at his face and noticed he wasn’t wearing his glasses, and his above shoulder-length hair was down and wet.

I gulped, reminding myself that I looked like an idiot, and replied the best I could, “Got it.” I lifted my hands to show him that I wasn’t touching anything, but I had to know. “Are these your designs?”

He nodded, turning around as he shrugged his shoulders. “They are only rough sketches.” He quickly grabbed a white

shirt from his dresser and threw it on. I almost pouted.

I pointed to a few of the gadgets around his room as I tried to get his attention. “These look like pieces in the drawings, so it’s more than ‘just sketches’. Plus, they are good. The bike with the supercharged motor looked like it would be wicked fast.”

With his back still turned, he nodded at my words, not really confirming or denying anything, which was disappointing. Maybe I was making him feel uncomfortable in his room?

He started to fidget with something on the opposite side of the room for a full minute, still not turning towards me or acknowledging me, and I felt like I needed to give him some space. “I um... guess I will use the bathroom.” He immediately pointed to the door that I already knew was the bathroom, still not looking up at me. “Thanks,” I said before I closed the door.

I felt like an idiot for thinking that maybe I could get along with Gears, too. It seemed like he didn’t want me here just as bad as Dino. He was just better at following Rabid’s orders. That was a little depressing, especially since he was so hot.

I sat down on the toilet and turned on my phone, keeping it on silent, when I saw a few messages come in. The first few were Ken sending me a thumbs up and then a phone emoji. Telling me that he was rooting for me as well as to call him when I was done. Then I got a text from Glenn saying that he wanted a report from me ASAP. That was his own way of being a protective boss. Then I had a few more from Ken. An angry

face, and then a dead face back to back. I guess he was a little pissed that I didn't call him, but I was a little busy. Then I got a final text from Glenn saying that if I didn't contact him in another five hours, he was going to scan all the coastal cities and find me.

I couldn't have that, so I sent a group text to both of them, telling them that I was okay. Ran into a little trouble, but fixed it, and that I was still working on the intel. As soon as I pressed send, I saw a read notification, and Ken sent me three dead emojis. I have no fucking idea what that meant. Then a text from Glenn asking for the safe word, trying to verify that I am who I say I am. I rolled my eyes and texted back Diet Coke. He immediately said copy that, and that he expected an update as soon as possible.

I was about to tell him not to worry when I had an idea. I asked him to send me an encrypted file on the werewolf gang here. I thought about the cuts they wore and realized that their club name was the Moon Raiders and gave Glenn that info. He said he was on it and would send something over ASAP.

I turned my phone back off, not wanting to trip any of the techs' setup they might have since Gears looked like he was extremely smart in that department. I got up and washed my hands and flushed the toilet like I had just used the bathroom and then looked down. Great. I was going to have to sleep in the revealing an all leather get-up.

I turned when I heard a knock at the door and waited for a voice to say something, but it never came. That was odd. I

opened the door. Gears was at the desk, his back to me as he was scribbling away, not saying a word about why he knocked on the door. I was about to walk out and ask him what was up when I heard his even voice, “I left clothes on the floor.”

I looked down at my feet, and, sure enough, there was a white shirt and some black boxer briefs folded and stacked to perfection at the door. I was shocked at his kindness and mumbled, “Thanks. I was dreading going to sleep in an all leather get up.”

He puffed out a laugh. “I could imagine.”

I went back into the bathroom, found a towel on the rack, and decided to shower. I tried to make it a short one as I used up as much scalding hot water that I could and jumped into the clothes he gave me. They were a soft cotton that my skin appreciated as I went braless, and his shirt went down to hit my thighs.

I folded up my leather outfit and put my phone in my shoes as I went out the door. He didn't turn around when I came out, so I bent over to set my clothes on top of a box, remembering that he was a little particular, and I asked, “Is it okay if I put my clothes here?”

Before I could drop the clothes, I heard him raise his voice, “Not over there!” I paused before I straightened up, my teeth feeling like they were going to crack by how hard I was clenching them.

“Then where would you like me to put it?” I huffed out. A little irritated that he was being so hot and cold, and not in a

good way.

He grabbed my clothes from my hands and went in circles as he looked for a spot to put my clothes. It was hard because most of his surfaces had stuff on them, but he moved a large motor part off of his dresser and set them on top.

He looked at them for a second, his back muscles tensing up before he exhaled in embarrassment. “I...I’m a little peculiar about things. I don’t mean to be a pain in the ass.” The most heartbreaking piece was that for some reason, even though he didn’t say the words, I heard him say, *because I’m weird and broken.*

My heart immediately reached out to him, felt for him. Something inside of me shifted, and, before I knew it, I blurted out, “It’s okay. I’m broken, too.”

As soon as I said that, I immediately regretted it. I saw him clench up before turning towards me slowly. I may feel that way about myself, but that was no reason to put that into him. I needed to fix this and fix it now. “I am so sor-” He lifted his hand, and I wisely shut the fuck up.

“It’s fine. I know I’m odd and don’t fit just right. Broken is a good word for it, and I have known that for a very long time. Accepted it, but I am curious as to why you think that you are broken?” He tilted his head in a cute way, mimicking a dog.

It was my turn to look away. I felt compelled to tell him something, to somehow make it even, and shrugged my shoulders. “I’m a siren whose song calls to no one.”

Apparently, he didn't get it and took a few steps closer to me. "What does that mean?"

My mother's voice popped into my head at that moment. *Useless. A waste. No good. A disappointment. Not worth it. Defective.* All those words kept circling in my head as I harshly laughed. "It means just what I said." I pushed forward, not wanting to talk about this anymore, wondering why the fuck I even started talking about this in the first place to this stranger. I looked away, not really wanting to see any pity or other shit in his eyes at how pathetic I was being. "Are you ready to go to bed? I'm getting a little tired." I wasn't, but I just wanted to stop this conversation.

He looked at me for another few seconds before he motioned to the bed. I took the hint, and I crawled onto one side of the bed. I slid between the covers, feeling the smooth, soft Egyptian cotton and sighed. He might have a messy room, but his bed is luxurious. I heard some clinking, and I looked over to see him moving some of his projects and pieces on the floor to make room. I went up on my side as I laughed. "What are you doing?"

He looked at the floor then back up at me, did it again, then, in a tone that implied I was an idiot, he explained, "I'm making room."

Oh, this sweet, crazy man. I patted the spot next to me. "We are both adults, and this is your bed. We can just sleep next to each other."

He looked back and forth between the spot I motioned to and the floor. The indecision in his eyes made me think he was about to freak out, so I clarified. “Look, if you really want to sleep on the floor or can’t stand the thought of sleeping next to me, that’s fine, but if you are doing it for my benefit, then you don’t have to.” I grinned at him as I followed. “I can protect myself, you know.” He waited for a beat, and looked at the hard wooden floor with a grimace before lifting the side of the covers and sliding in next to me.

He was stiff as a board, arms to his side and staring straight up at the ceiling, and I smacked him on the shoulder. “Just relax. I’m not going to jump your bones or kill you in your sleep.” I could see him forcefully make his body relax before flicking his eye up at me. I smiled and nodded to him before I plopped backwards, head hitting the soft feathered pillow, and I again championed this man’s bed accessory choices.

My body was immediately relaxed as I laid next to him. It was a small bit of enjoyment for me to have someone to share a bed with. He was like his own little heater, and I felt nice and toasty inside the covers. I felt my eyes start to droop, and I yawned out, “Good night, Gears.”

I felt him move for a second, taking off his shirt as he tucked it between us. His soft voice floated over to my side of the bed as he whispered, “Good night, Celine.”



As consciousness started to take over, it felt like I was wrapped around a heater. Soft warmth covered the front of me as I burrowed in deeper, enjoying the warmth. When you're a siren, a creature of the sea, you tend to be a little more on the cold-blooded side. Our hearts sang from the sea, and it made them feel cold and deep. Unfathomably vast. This caused our body to be kept at a lower temperature than most other beings. It's also why sirens enjoyed sex so much. It made us feel alive and warm at the same time. It reminded me of the yummy sexy dream I was having about two sexy bikers smashing me into a Celine sandwich.

Sometimes it was Duce and Bricks, sexy and adventurous. Them bringing me to the brink and then pulling back, taking me higher and higher until I screamed for my release. Then it would switch to Rabid and Dino. That was more like angry fucking. Hair being pulled and biting so hard that blood was on the lips, but it was hot as fuck.

I started to move around a little, knowing that I might need to take care of this sexual frustration I was feeling at the moment when I felt this long, hard thing resting on the back of my thigh. I moved around a little more, rubbing it with my leg to see if I was just making it up with my head with wishful thinking, but it just grew harder the more I pushed against it.

I cracked my eyes open as I felt my heater move, and I realized that I was wrapped around Gears like a koala on a tree. I was hugging his naked chest as my face was burrowed into his side, my legs wrapped around him like I owned the space beneath me.

“I didn’t mean to wake you.” I heard a gruff voice say above me as he nosed my hair, taking in a long whiff. I looked up and saw Gears looking down at me with those neon green eyes, lust blazing through them like an inferno. My body immediately reacted, making me wet as I felt those eyes draw me in.

With my half-sex-crazed, half-still-asleep brain, I moved up a little and grazed my teeth against his collarbone. He hissed as his hands tensed up on my waist until I laid my lips against it in a soft kiss.

Like my body was on autopilot, I rubbed my knee alongside his growing length. I peeked up at his face through my lashes, and I caught him clenching his teeth. It was hot to see a man like this, one that was usually such a composed start to unravel for you. I was like an addict hitting the drug for the first time, and I wanted more.

As soon as he saw me watching him, he growled out, grabbing both my ass cheeks and sitting me on his crotch. I let out a small yelp at the suddenness of it all, but my insides melted at how easy it was for him to lift me and set me where he wanted.

I looked down, my body becoming more animated the more I was turned on. I started to grind against his throbbing length, making slow and steady circles with my hips. His breathing came out labored as he looked down at where our bodies met and bit his lip. I took that as a sign to go forward and hooked my hands at the bottom of his shirt and whipped it over my head.

This time, he made an audible gasp as he said breathlessly, “Fucking gorgeous.” I smiled down at him, letting my hair cover half of my face as I leaned down, letting our chests rub up against each other.

“You haven’t seen anything yet.” I felt my desire pool beneath me, drenching his underwear that I was wearing as the friction of rubbing myself on his length was getting me all hot and bothered.

His hands traveled up my hips, sinking into the dip on my waist before rising to my breasts. At first, he cupped them, his rough, calloused hands gliding along my sensitive skin, causing me to shudder at the touch. As soon as he got to the nipple, pinching the tiny pink buds, I let out a throaty moan.

I looked down at him, expecting to see his neon eyes shine brightly when I saw him blink and start to look around his room. His hands kept roaming my body, so I knew it wasn’t his lack of interest, but I could tell his mind was going to other places. I softly cupped my hand against his cheek, bringing his face back to mine as I asked, “Is everything all right? Do you want to do something else?”

His body stopped moving underneath mine, and his eyes squeezed shut as he mumbled to himself, “Stupid. Fucking idiot. Stop thinking.” His hands went back to my waist to berate himself. Well, this wouldn’t do.

I leaned down, boxing him in with my arms. “Hey, hey, none of that.” I ran my hand through his silky hair, and he let out a pleasing sigh. “Just tell me what you need. We all need something different, and that’s okay.”

He opened his eyes but wouldn’t look at me as his face fell. “It’s not that. It’s just...” I waited patiently, placing a few small kisses along his chin, letting him know I was here, and that it was okay. “Jesus, I don’t know why I’m telling you this, but my mind sometimes gets obsessive. Thoughts about random things just enter my brain and won’t shake loose. Making me lose focus on what I really want to be present for.”

He let out a sad sigh, trying to move me off him as he croaked, “This was a bad idea. I ruined it. I’m sorry.” I wasn’t about to let him off the hook that easily.

“Hey,” I stopped his arms, trying to get him to look at me. As soon as our eyes met, I smiled at him. “Everything is not ruined.” Then an idea sparked my brain, something I read about in an article about music therapy. “In fact, maybe I could work with it... if you let me?”

I let him see that, this time, I was being vulnerable, letting him see that I wanted to keep going, and I was willing to do something I don’t normally do. When his eyebrow quirked up, I said, “What if I used part of my siren song?” When I felt him

tense up, I put my hands on his firm pees and cooed, “Not the full song like with Billy, more like humming a melody that you could focus on. You could hear the notes and feel the rhythm. Maybe it could keep your mind and your body occupied at the same time?”

I could see the wheels turning in his mind as he thought about it. I continued to sit on him, waiting for his answer. After a few seconds, I could see a small smile lining his face as he looked up at me. “Let’s give it a try.”

I beamed at him. Falling on top of him to give him the best kiss of his life. I nipped and licked my way inside, and as soon as our tongues collided, it was electric. It was like we both were separate ends of a live wire, and we just connected, lighting each other up like a Christmas tree. As soon as we broke apart, we were both back with our heads in the game, with me grinding on top and his deliciously rough hands exploring my body.

Right when I saw his eyes start to drift, I bent my head backwards and started to hum a soft melody, telling my magic to get his attention. I knew it wouldn’t be a full-on siren spell because I wasn’t looking straight into his eyes, but I could tell it was working when he moaned out, “Yes. I see you, baby. I got you.”

I felt his hands grip the top of the underwear he was wearing and was shocked at the ripping sound. My head jerked down, seeing that he had ripped his boxer briefs down the center. My

thighs only had scraps of material hanging off them as his fingers found my clit.

He definitely had fucking magical hands because as soon as he connected with my little pleasure nub, I started to see stars. My head snapped forward as I bit my lip, barely keeping up with my humming as I desperately tried to keep the moan that wanted to rip out of my mouth from interrupting it. It was at that point that I noticed someone was on the stairs, watching us.

“Fuck, you’re so wet, baby.” I heard Gears choke out, and I couldn’t agree with him more, but I was also trying to squint my eyes to see who the hell was on the stairs.

Temptress.

I heard his sounds in my head, and I knew my mountain man was on the stairs, watching the show. I could feel the vibrations of his lust as his eyes shined in the dark. He didn’t make a move to stop us, to interrupt or join, but he also didn’t move or look away. Which just made everything feel so much naughtier, and I liked it. I liked it a lot.

In response to him, I kept humming, making sure Gears was focused as my hands dug into his boxers, releasing his hard cock from its cloth prison. I grabbed him hard, squeezing slightly at the base as a rumbling sound of pleasure came from the back of his throat. Oh, he liked that.

I moved slightly off him. His whimper only lasted a few seconds before I gave his cock one fat lick. His eyes rolled

into the back of his head, and I did it again, only, this time, I was looking at my mountain man.

I kept up the humming as I wrapped my lips around his tip, sucking on it hard before descending all the way down, taking him to the back of my throat.

“Oh fuck, Celine. Give me that dirty little mouth. Fuck me with that throat.” I felt his hand slide up into my hair, just playing with my strands, but I wanted him to take more control, so I lifted his hand and put it on the back of my head.

He got the idea as he started to press down, seeing how much I could take first. When I proved I could take much more than he thought, he started to push my face down and his hips up, chasing that hot, wet mouth like it was his salvation.

“God, baby. You feel so fucking good. So fucking good, and I haven’t even tasted your pussy yet.” I pushed my tongue out, making room for more of his cock, and he almost choked on his own words.

I popped off as soon as I felt his balls tighten. For some reason, I wanted this man to cum inside of me. No, it wasn’t a want, it was a need. I needed to feel his cock fuck me, fill me, pump me full of himself.

I got up, keeping up my humming as his half-lidded eyes looked up at me like I was a goddess. He held his cock in his hand, like he knew that I wanted him inside me, and I positioned myself over him. My eyes flicked to the stairs with one last smirk before I slammed my body down onto his, setting myself fully on his cock.

This time, the humming stopped as we both cried out at the entry. I started to move on top of him, getting comfortable and finding a groove before I started up the humming again. His fingers carved into my hips like he never wanted me to let him go.

Picking up the pace, slamming my hands on his chest, and pumping myself on top of him vigorously. My muscles contracted, body growing tight. My skin began to shake as I stared at his lips, humming my tune while watching his mouth open to pour out moans and curses.

I was surprised when his arm snaked around my hips and worked a finger up my ass. My humming broke as I started to pant, liking it more and more as he worked his finger in and out as I pumped myself on top of him.

He finally pushed me over the edge when he pushed in his second finger, and I clenched down on his cock as my orgasm shook my whole body. I pushed up, biting down on my lip so hard I tasted blood, but the fireworks shooting off throughout my whole body was the balm to any pain. He pushed up into me with a groan, and his hot cum splashed up inside of me.

Something shifted in me. I felt this overwhelming peaceful calm take over me. It was the same feeling I got when I took in a deep breath of fresh ocean air, and it settled my siren senses. The cool dew of the ocean sprayed on my face as I looked at its vastness. The settling feeling of the ocean's consistency and my siren bones were at peace.

Being that I was still fully seated in his lap, back bent backwards, and his fingers still in my ass, had me shoving all of those weird thoughts out of my head. I took in a big breath before I looked down and saw Gears smiling up at me.

It seemed like that was a treat in itself, and I bit down, kissing his smiling lips in appreciation. "I hope the humming helped."

He nodded his head as he brought me back down onto his lips for another kiss. "It did."

I flicked my eyes up, and I didn't see my mountain man there, but I knew that he saw that ending. I just hoped he liked what he saw.

CHAPTER 10



I WAS NATURALLY AN early riser, partnered with what we just did, and I was revved up and ready for the day. Gears, not so much. He offered the shower to me first, and I thought that was very sweet of him until I got to the door and saw him lie back down and close his eyes as he mumbled that I could use a set of his clothes again.

I leaned against the door jam, my leather getting up in my hands. “You know, maybe I should go shopping for some clothes?” That seemed to wake him back up a little when he turned around to look at me.

“Don’t you need to lay low?” Although I hesitated, knowing that I should, but also wanted to not feel like I was in sleepy clothes the whole time I was here. He looked me up and down with a critical eye. “I think you could fit into Emma’s clothes.”

I don't know why, but as soon as he said another woman's name so comfortably, I tensed up. I crossed my arms across my chest as it tightened at his words. My lips pulled taut as I strained myself to smile. I had no right to be upset. It wasn't like we were dating or anything. *It was just a fuck, Celine. Get over it.*

I had a feeling that it wouldn't be so easy to hide my anger from Gear's assessing eyes, but all he said was, "She's Duce's sister."

That made me feel better for a millisecond until I realized that, while that took Duce out of the running for her, it didn't mean that the others, Gears included, hadn't had relations with her. I told myself that it didn't matter. This was just a fling, something to pass the time while I was here. That was it. I had no reason to claim this man. To claim any one of them.

"That would be great. I'll ask Duce to introduce us because I would love to wear some bottoms that are not just leather or underwear." I walked into the bathroom and turned the shower on as hot as it would go. I sat down and pulled out my phone, looking at it to see if Glenn had any of the deep dive info on these guys.

A while ago, I was pumping this cat shifter for information on all of the gangs on the west coast, and he just mentioned the Moon Raiders. All he told me was that they ran protection and guns along the west coast, but they kept to themselves, only taking jobs they knew would be under the radar. Their big

thing was ensuring they kept a low profile since they were all rejects from other packs.

At the time, I felt for the rejects, being one myself, and I left them alone, not thinking anything about them, but now I was invested, fascinated. I wanted to know more about these men. I shot off a text to Glenn, reminding him to get me the details on these men and then put it between my clothes.

I stepped under the burning hot spray and sighed. Today I was going to try and get the lay of the land. See what this place was all about. Since I had to have a babysitter with me, I knew I needed to convince one of the guys, but after last night, I felt like I had the majority to choose from, and it shouldn't be hard.

As soon as I was done and squeezed myself back into my leather get-up, I came out. I was about to tell Gears it was his turn, and I may or may not have left any hot water for him when I saw he hadn't moved from the spot I left him in. I padded over to the bed quietly. Watching his chest slowly rise and fall as his face was relaxed, and he looked at peace. I smiled as I slowly backed away, making sure to look back in order to not trip on his various projects, and I made it to the stairs.

I stepped down the stairs, smiling to myself. That was an amazing way to wake up for the day. Anyone that said differently was just not doing it right.

As soon as I stepped onto the main floor, the floor creaked. While the rosewood lacquered floor looked gorgeous, it made

for poor sneaking. Maybe that's what they wanted? It was eerily quiet, which made me think that these guys were not early risers. That was until I heard a clanking noise.

I looked around, my shoulder-length hair hitting me with how fast I turned towards the noise. I knew the two hallways that led to each of their bedrooms, and I was not going down those, but the sound seemed to be coming from around the corner. I tiptoed my way around, trying my hardest to keep my steps light to minimize the sound.

I found another short hallway that looked like it had one room, and I went exploring. As soon as I got to the doorway, I looked inside and found an in-home gym.

As I let my eyes wander, I found that it was pretty nice. It had two walls of mirrors. One side was separated for weights and standard machines, the other side was a more expansive space with mats. Probably for more bodyweight exercises.

All of that was great, but the best sight was watching my shirtless mountain man standing as he faced one of the mirrored walls, doing deadlifts with what looked like several hundred pounds. I was captivated by how juicy his ass looked as he bent over, his huge muscular hands gripping the metal bar. As soon as he was set, he looked up, his eyes focused, and his mouth relaxed as he blew a single breath out before he lifted.

His back muscles rippled as he stood, calling me to just lay my hand on him to feel his body's waves. To feel all that power and strength underneath me.

I watched as he let go, the weights clanking down onto the floor. I was lost in my own world of being his spotter. Being able to see his body up close and personal. To watch every twist and tightening of his muscles against his skin and memorize how it moved.

Good morning, Temptress.

I reeled back at the feelings that hit me from him, looking up to see his eyes on me in the mirror, holding me still with the hunger in them.

If you're hungry, go to the kitchen. It's Duce's turn to cook breakfast.

My eyes focused on a single bead of sweat at his neck. I followed it as it worked its way down his neck, following the grooves of his body as it trailed down his chest, skating along his gloriously toned abs.

I licked my lips, suddenly starving. Yes, I was hungry. I was hungry for what was right in front of me.

“Did you like what you saw?”

He turned fully towards me as he took a large inhale. Closing his eyes for a second. I could feel the desire to feast in the air, pulling at me to lay down in front of him. Telling him with my body to feast on me.

Before I could take a single step, words floated into my head.

When I take you for the first time, it won't be in some sweat-filled gym. I want to have all the time in the world to lay you out and feast on you properly.

If he was trying to calm me down, his words did just the opposite as I felt my arousal for him grow. There was another pause as he breathed out and opened his eyes. They shined with desire but also patience as he gave me a small smile.

Food should help. Go down and to the right for the kitchen.

This time, I took a play out of their book and growled at him. His smile widened.

Make sure to make that noise again for me. I thought it was cute.

I straightened, giving him a full view of my outfit from the night before, and ran my hand down my front, plucking at the strings holding my top together. I saw his eyes flash with heat as he watched every move.

I kept going until my hand got to the bottom of my skirt, and I lifted it up slightly. His breathing grew labored as he took a step forward.

I let go and turned away from him, throwing over my shoulder, “You’re right. I am famished.”

I walked away, and I felt strong vibrations follow me.

You’re going to regret that, Temptress.

I highly doubted that.



I followed Brick's instructions and walked down the hallway. I heard humming and the familiar sound of something being stirred in a bowl. I turned right and was faced with two swinging double doors that led into the kitchen.

I couldn't see over it, but I saw a pair of feet dance across the floor, and I knew this was going to be fun.

I pushed one of the doors slightly, peeking in first. I saw Duce with a large bowl in his hand and a whisk in the other, stirring to some beat. He turned his head, and I noticed a pair of wireless earphones in his ears as he was wiggling his hips.

Seeing this model gorgeous man dressed in a white shirt and jeans barefoot with a red and white checkered apron on was doing something to me. Maybe it was because Bricks had already started my engines, but, hot damn, did I want to lick something off this man.

I have always had a healthy sex drive, but, damn, I feel like I am going on overdrive around these men. I see them, and my body just reacts. I have never had that happen before, but to give them credit, they are all so damn hot, even the grumpy ones.

I had an idea that sparked my brain, and I waited for the opportune moment. When he set the bowl down and reached

up into the cabinet, his back to the door, I knew my moment had come.

I slipped through the door, padded my way over to him, pointed my two fingers like a gun and shoved it into his side as I made my voice deep and manly. “What you doing, motherfucker?”

I felt him jump in shock, which was what I expected, but he also twisted around, lightning fast. Throwing out his elbow like he was going to take out a demon. My reflexes are quick, and I ducked down just in time. I popped back up and pushed on his chest as he tore the earphones out of his ears.

Before he got a word out, I said, “If that connected, you would be in a world of hurt right now. Just saying.”

His eyes were blown wide as he looked down at me. “Cupcake, if I had connected, I would happily accept death by your hands.” He looked like he really meant the words, and that freaked me out a bit, so I slapped his arm.

“Don’t be silly. A hit does not equal death. That’s not fair.”

He cupped my face gently, eyes searching to make sure that he really didn’t do any damage. “In my world, it is. If it involves you, it is.”

His eyes bore into mine, and those silver-blue orbs, partnered with his words, were making my heart pound. That wasn’t fair. He was supposed to be the only affected one, as I laughed my ass off.

I took a step back as I gave a nervous laugh. “Well, no harm, no foul, right?” I looked around the room again, seeing that he had both sausage and bacon out but hadn’t started either. “Do you need help?” I didn’t wait for him to answer as I quickly got away. “I can help, you know. I love breakfast foods.” Yes. Breakfast. Working with my hands. Keep them busy so I don’t rip this man’s clothes off. Yes. Good plan.

With my brain on autopilot, I just went to the packages. He had four boxes of bacon and sausage out, which had to be too much. Even with me in the mix, we only needed two tops. I grabbed two sets to put back when I heard Duce. “What you doing with the meat, Cupcake?”

I stopped in my tracks, thought about his words, and giggled. I swear I was no better than a man. I looked over at a grinning Duce, leaning against the counter as he did it every day, and maybe he did. A man who knows how to cook does get, like, twenty points. For what, I don’t know, but they get points.

“You got a dirty little mind, Cupcake,” he took a few steps towards me, grabbed the meat out of my hands, and put it back on the counter. “We are going to need all of that.” I looked at all the meat and then turned back to him, about to argue my point when he shook his head. “All of it. We boys like our protein.”

I smiled up at him, “Fancy that, so do I,” and I flicked my eyes down to his pants.

His smile widened as he moved closer, only a breath away, when he stuck his nose in the air and swiftly turned around.

“No, not the pancakes!”

I watched as he flipped a couple on a flat griddle he was working on. I sucked my lips in, thinking he was so adorable as he fussed over the pancakes. Talking to them like they were alive.

“I am so sorry, sweetheart. You see, there’s just this delectable cupcake in my vicinity, and I kinda lose my head when she is around. I know it’s not an excuse, but it’s the truth.” He waited for a beat like the pancake was talking back to him and only he could hear it. “I swear. If you make yourself a yummy golden brown and stay that way, I will be completely faithful to you until all your batter is good and done. Kay?”

He looked up, glared at me like it was my fault, and I lifted my hands with a smirk. “Don’t look at me. You tell her right now that it’s your little jokes that got you in trouble, not me.”

His lips quirked up, wobbling with laughter before he whispered to the batter, “She is telling the truth. I am hilarious, but you know this already.”

I threw my head back and laughed out loud as I turned and grabbed the first package of sausage. “How about we make sure to keep to our stations until breakfast is done? Does that work for you?”

He looked like he was about to nod his head yes until he remembered something. “Celine, you are a guest. You don’t need to cook us breakfast. Plus, it’s my morning. I’m just crazy and make more work for myself when it’s my day.”

I found a knife and sliced open the package as I shrugged. “I’m fine. I’m an early riser, and I need something to do.” I turned my attention to the links, ignoring his stare as I got to work.

We worked like this for a bit until the oil from the sausage crackled and popped out at me, hitting my chest, and I hissed out in pain. “Shit!”

I backed up and ran right into Duce’s chest. “What’s wrong?” His brows pinched as his gaze flicked from the pan to me. Looking like he was going to give the pan a beating. I laughed it off.

“I’m okay.” He folded his arms and raised an eyebrow at me until I said, “Really! I’m fine.” I looked down at my clothes. “But I do think I need you to introduce me to your sister, so I can properly beg her to borrow some clothes.”

He stiffened for a second, hesitated. I immediately backtracked, trying to keep the hurt out of my voice. “Gears mentioned it, but, ya, I get how you wouldn’t want your sister to meet the siren assassin. How about someone taking me to a store close by? I can just grab a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, and I should be good.” I made a move to get around him, pretending that I needed the sink that was behind him, but I really just wanted to get away.

His hand snapped out, grabbing my arm, and I resisted the urge to twist out and punch him in the stomach. That was my normal reaction to men yanking on me, but he was surprisingly gentle. “That’s not what I meant. I’m sorry.” He

exhaled as he rubbed the back of his neck and looked to the ground. “Look, I’m really protective over my sister.” I nodded my head like I understood, but he shook his head. “No, I don’t think you understand. It took me six months of working with the guys in this house before they were even introduced to my sister. Even then, they couldn’t be around her without me around for another six months.”

Wow. That’s really protective. Like on the crazy side of the scale, but I didn’t say that. I just nodded. I think my face said something that I was thinking because he took both of my hands and placed a kiss on each before looking at me.

“You must think that’s crazy, and it might be, though I feel like I have gotten better over the years. Anyways, I would like to tell you a little about us, and that may clear up some confusion, if you’d let me?”

“Sure.” It was rare that Duce looked so serious and kind at the same time, so I felt like it was something he wanted to get off his chest.

He pulled the sausage pan off the heat, the bacon was in the oven on a timer, and tugged me to the side where there was a small nook for two people. “My mother died when Emma was born, and I was only four. From that point on, the only thing we had was a drunk, abusive asshole of a father. I protected Emma as best as I could, taking the beatings for her, making sure she got fed and dressed. I remember making bottles of formula and singing to her at night to try and keep her from

crying and waking up our father.” He paused, looking down at his hands on the table.

“I always took her with me, and if I wasn’t allowed to take her with me, then I just wouldn’t go. Our community was a tight pack, and people would help us, but it was still very old school. They would just throw bandaids over the real problem. The night I turned eight, Emma was four, my father showed up sober and told us to get in the car. I asked him where we were going, and he said that he was getting us new clothes.” His hands clenched together on the table. He whispered more to himself than to me, “I should’ve known that something was off then. He would never use any money on us if he didn’t have to.”

“He got us clothes and even got us both candy. I thought he was finally seeing us for the first time, but as soon as he rolled up to a shack in the middle of nowhere, I knew something was off. He told us to get out, that he wanted to introduce us to someone. I remember thinking I didn’t want to meet any of his drunk friends, but since I got new clothes and a lollipop, I would put up with it.” I was compelled at that moment to slide my hand over the table and cover his clenched hands with mine. Encouraging him to finish.

“He sold us that night.” He growled out with rage. “He got us lookin all nice and pretty to make sure he got top dollar and sold us to a child slave trader. They separated Emma and me, and we were immediately shoved into cages, cages that were magicked to keep us in human form. More manageable that way.” His eyes looked lost for a second, caught in the memory.

“I remember screaming for Emma. I screamed and screamed until they took me out and beat me so hard that I wolfed out and started to howl instead. They moved me into the room where the troublemakers were, still keeping us in cages, and that was when I met Rabid.” He gave a small, sad smile. “He was curled up in the corner of his cage, but I could see all the scars and bruises all over his back, and I felt sorry for him. I talked to him. Tried to joke with him, but he would never respond or even move from his curled-up position. We were like that for what felt like months, but one day, they came for me. Talking about how they finally found a buyer for a pretty boy wolf shifter. They were bummed because the buyer only wanted a boy to play with, and they wanted to get rid of the girl I came in with. All she did was cry, and they could never take a good picture of her to sell. I didn’t want to leave Emma, and when they tried to take me out, I screamed, kicked, spit, bit. I did everything I could think of, but they were so strong.”

It was then he looked up at me and smiled. “Apparently, Rabid liked me because something inside of him snapped, and he shifted into this massive wolf, breaking the magic on the cage and busting out. I won’t go into details, but that day, he saved Emma and me, and we have stuck together ever since then.”

He looked me in the eyes; sincerity shined as he pleaded with me to understand. “The problem is that I’m crazy overprotective of Emma and the people she meets, but it’s not because of you, it’s because of me.”

I squeezed his hands tightly. “I have a feeling that Rabid took care of those traders, but if they were still alive, I would want

to hunt them down and, for once in my life, make a mess of their bodies.” A brilliant smile broke across his face, but I continued, “I understand why you would be that way, and if I had a sibling, I would’ve already installed a GPS tracker on the back of their neck while they were sleeping.”

He barked out a laugh as he squeezed my hand back. “Don’t think I haven’t tried. Emma is just as surly as any of the guys here but also sweet when you get to know her. I am sure she would let you borrow some of her clothes, and I’m sorry, again.”

At that moment, the timer for the bacon beeped, and I got up. “Don’t worry about it. But thank you for trusting me with your story.” I turned off the timer and opened up the oven. Heat slammed into me as the crackling sound of perfectly crispy bacon came out, and that mouthwatering scent filled the room. I grabbed the mitt and took all three sheets out. “That also explains why Rabid is so grumpy and protective about your crew.”

Duce came up behind me, circling my waist as he rested his head on my shoulder. “Yeah, there is a lot about Rabid that is a little much, but know this, it’s not without reason.”

I turned around in his arms, staying close, as I raised an eyebrow. “Oh?” I ran my hands up his back and scratched my nails slightly down, doing this a few times until his eyes rolled up.

“That’s not fair, that feels so good.” I giggled as I stood up on my tippy toes and placed a few soft kisses on his neck. He

groaned as he moved his body closer, bending so that I could cover more skin with kisses. “Jesus, woman, the things you are making me feel.” He pressed his growing length into me.

I whispered along his neck, “And I’m just getting started.” I moved my hands lower and grabbed his ass, pulling his body to smash into mine as close as he could. His hand gripped my head, pulling me to make the kisses hard, and I nipped at his soft flesh.

“Fucking hell, can you not do that around our fucking food.” I stiffened and broke away from Duce, turning towards the angry voice, while Duce sighed and took much longer to acknowledge Dino.

“You were interrupting something, so if you could just scoot back on out, I would appreciate it.” Duce rolled out as he grabbed my hips and yanked me back to him, grinding himself between my ass cheeks and making me blush. “Unless you want to join in?”

He kissed along my neck, but I was completely taken off guard by what he just said. Dino just stood there, watching Duce kiss and suckle on my neck, hands roaming my body as he was getting me all hot and bothered. His hand cupped my breast and pinched a nipple, and I couldn’t help the moan that passed my lips.

Dino growled out, angrier than before, “Some of us are starving, you know. It’s rude to let food get cold for the rest of us, *pendejo!*” His eyes traced my body before he sharply

turned away, slamming his palm against the door on his way out.

“You know, he is right. We shouldn’t let the food get cold.” Even if I liked where this was going, my stomach was getting all rumbly with all the yummy breakfast smells in the air.

Duce whined, but ultimately agreed, and we plated all of our work and took it out to the large table that had Rabid, Gears, Bricks, and Dino all waiting patiently. Dino’s amethyst eyes heated as I set the sausage in front of him, but then he jerked his head away, effectively dismissing me. Duce and Bricks glared at him. Gears just kept a thoughtful expression while Rabid was digging into the mountain of pancakes Duce made.

I shrugged my shoulders, letting them know it was fine. You win some, you lose some. That’s just the way of the world.

CHAPTER 11



THIS WOMAN WAS A goddamn menace. First, she busted her way into our private meeting, inserted herself into our business, and then entranced my brothers so well I swear she was using her siren powers. All of them were sneaking glances or blatantly watching her eat at our breakfast table like she belonged there.

Sure, there has always been an empty seat, never completing our table, but that was how it always was, and we were just fine with it being that way.

My chosen brothers and I have never really been the type to keep a woman for long, let alone let her step foot into our sanctuary, but here one was. I could still smell Gears' shampoo in her hair, and traces of Duce's cologne clung to her. With the way Bricks was watching her eat that sausage, you

would think he was a starved damn man. Rabid was the only one of us with his head on straight, yet the effort with which he was trying to not look at her was making me suspicious.

I'm not blind or an idiot. I knew this woman was fucking gorgeous. Like, if you rated her out of ten, she would be an eleven. Her perfect, short, blonde hair had so much dimension that when the light hit it, you could see the streaks of platinum as well as the deeper blonde scattered throughout. She had these ocean blue eyes that caught my wolf's attention immediately, calling to him, and he hadn't let up since she came into this house. She was definitely out of our league, a group of defective and broken wolves, but seeing her here, enjoying our food and fitting in with everyone, was starting to piss me off.

I shoved another piece of sausage into my mouth, and I ensured that the pleasure-filled noise I wanted to make never saw the light of day. Usually, Duce had so much going on in that kitchen, he burned the sausage, and I just dealt with it. However, this was perfectly browned, melt-in-your-mouth juicy. It made me hate her even more.

I looked at her again, laughing at something Duce said while both Gears and Bricks smiled at them. I clenched my fork, stabbing the fluffy goodness covered in syrup, and shoved it into my mouth. It was hard for me to connect this woman to what I knew of The Songbird.

Not only was I the treasurer of the Moon Raiders, making sure that we kept on a budget, making sure every minute detail was

taken care of, but I was also a source of information for this club. I had connections with several different avenues in the criminal world due to what my family did for the Mexican cartel. At least until the day I had to run across the border for my life in blood-soaked clothes. I shook my head, not wanting to dwell on the memories. That didn't do anyone any good.

For this reason, I knew how the organized criminal world worked. How it was funneled, and knew most of the major players. I had to until they forgot my name, and I was just Dino, the sharp wit money man for the Moon Raiders.

From what I remembered being whispered around the block, The Songbird was an elite assassin. The one politicians and rich men used when they wanted a job done without any ties to anyone. It was said they killed their target with just the right finesse that it was as beautiful as a song. I looked back at her, biting into her bacon like she had been waiting for it for longer than twelve hours. I shoved more pancakes into my mouth as I glared at her. Now that I knew she was a siren with magical water and hypnosis powers, adding on the good looks and the apparent acting skills, it made sense.

I couldn't wait until this was over and she was out of here.

My wolf started to growl at me in my head. I could feel him pawing at my chest, trying to tell me something, but I shoved him back down. I knew what I was doing. He was just entranced with her like all the others, but I wasn't so easily fooled. Life had taught me that if something looked too good to be true, it was.

The beautiful poison set down her fork and folded her hands into her lap. “Rabid, tell me what the next steps are. Do we talk about a plan between the six of us, or do we take this to the group and devise a plan all together?”

Rabid looked stunned for a second, like he didn’t expect her to talk to him. He swallowed the mouthful he had before facing her seriously. “The first course of action would be for me to call Killian and tell him that we will be taking this first job, but on probation, and that we want to meet the money man beforehand. I don’t want him to think we are settling with him too easily, or else he will think something is up. Which also means that I can’t call him until tonight. I want to get right up to the deadline to make him sweat a little. Once that conversation is done and a date is set, we will hold church, let the men know, and get volunteers for the job.”

“Volunteers?” Her question wasn’t clouded in judgment, more like curiosity.

“Yes, volunteers. I like to have a set of men on the job and a set of men that are going to defend the stead while we are gone. Volunteers make it so it’s an easy split.” His face grew stony as he added, “Some of the men here have families, and I am not in the business of tearing them apart just because we are trying to make some moves for the greater good. It’s why most of the dangerous work is done by the men in this room.” Rabid looked around at us with pride in his eyes. He needed to give the opportunity to everyone, even though we all knew that it was going to be us in this room that really went.

She nodded easily. “Got it.” She looked over at Duce. “In that case, after breakfast, can you take me to see your sister?”

We all stiffened, waiting for Duce to tell her no, that he didn’t trust an assassin with his sister, but instead, he smiled and nodded. “Yep. We can get you something more comfortable. Emma is good at that kind of style. Then I can take you around the compound and give you a tour.” What the fuck just happened? Did hell freeze over? Why was he not suspicious of a stranger getting to see his sister? He was more protective of her than his own dick.

“I would like that, thank you,” she replied sweetly, and Duce puffed out his chest like he had won something amazing.

In all our lives, we had never had a serious relationship. We all talked about it one drunken night and agreed that our lives were too dangerous and that too many people’s lives counted on us. It wouldn’t be fair to anyone we would individually date.

Sure, we have had hookups, hell, even a couple of us had doubled up with a hookup, but again, it was nothing in the least bit serious—more like getting our rocks off and then leaving right after or the next morning. No breakfast, no cuddling, no seeing each other for a second time, except I now had a sinking feeling that this wouldn’t be that way with Celine. That someone was going to get hurt, and my job was to make sure it wasn’t any of my brothers.

I tried to think of a way to expose her, to show that she wasn’t just some sexy, flirty piece of ass they could have fun with. I

needed them to understand she was dangerous, deadly, and that they should stay away from her like a poisonous snake. Then I had an idea.

“Are you going to take her to the pits today?” Everyone looked at me like I just threw salt in their eyes, but I didn’t care. I saw the interest in her eyes, and I knew I had her on the hook.

She turned to face me. “Oooohh, what’re the pits? I already like the sound.”

I smiled wide, excited that she was falling for my trap. “Well, you’re in luck, Saturdays are when all the guys practice. It’s just like what it sounds. It’s pit fighting, only less to the death and more training.”

She turned to Duce, whose lips were pressed thin and arms folded. I was guessing that he wanted to take her around to more of the nicer parts on the compound, but I wasn’t having any of that. If she wanted to be here, she got to see the down-and-dirty parts as well.

“Can we go see that after we visit your sister?”

Duce’s lips pinched as he looked at her, and she immediately brought her hands together and pleaded with him, “Please. Please. Please?” She batted her lashes at him, pretending to be cute and innocent, and I could see that Duce was eating it up like a fucking chocolatey sundae.

Bricks looked this close to lunging over the table and strangling Duce until he gave her what she wanted. I didn’t

expect to get any help from Gears, who always played the sideline role until shit really went down. I looked at Rabid, who was trying his hardest to focus on his phone in front of him, but I knew his attention was on her.

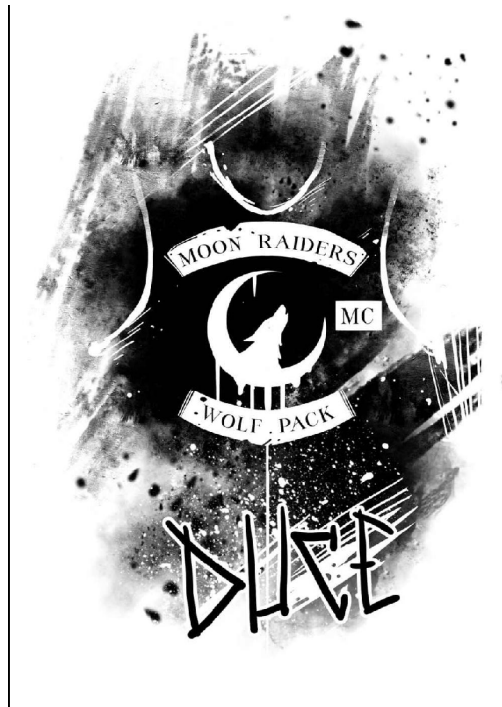
Duce grumbled about how it was not romantic but then ultimately agreed, which caused her to throw her arms around him in thanks.

I watched as he hugged her back, closing his eyes as he took in a big whiff of her scent, and a smile settled on his lips. Yep. This was a problem.

It was a problem that Duce was already in love, with Bricks close to following him. It was bad that Gears was just sitting back, smiling as he watched her. It was worse that Rabid refused to do anything about her. I hated to the bottom of my soul that a piece of me wanted to be on the receiving end of that hug.

Nope, I needed to get my brothers' heads back on straight before this whole thing was over, and she left us all high and dry in her wake.

CHAPTER 12



I HOPPED DOWN THE steps of our porch and out of the house, Celine following me, and I strangely felt like a young boy bringing his girl to meet his family for the first time. Granted, this situation was a little different. She was just meeting my sister, and it wasn't like we had talked about even being a thing, but to me, all of that was semantics.

My wolf was shining with pride underneath my skin, wanting to come out and lead our woman to his sub-pack. That wasn't normal for a wolf to have a pack and a sort of sub-pack, but with how I handled what happened to us, that was the only way my wolf and I could agree on importance. While the pack as a whole was essential, Emma was slightly more important than the rest, making her and I our own sub-pack of sorts. And we were taking our women to go meet her and he felt proud, wanting to show her off to Emma.

Our compound was quite large. The main house, where the guys and I lived, was more towards the center of the land. If you went forward, you would see a motorcycle shop that Gears handled. It also doubled as our weaponry station, which was handy to have towards the front. Then if you started to circle to the left, you hit some houses for the single guys. They liked to bunk up, hang out together, and be loud and rowdy. It's also to the back left, where we had our private bar and pool hall. This was where most of the single guys hung out and brought over some of the ladies to have some fun. It could get quite crazy, but at least they were doing it here and not out in the world where they could get in real trouble. Here, you just had to fear the wrath of Rabid. Now that I think about it, that was just as bad.

I grabbed Celine's hand, pulling her with me as we circled, and I let her know about the left side. "And over here, Cupcake, is where you really don't want to go." I was passing the group of the younger guys. They all practically had their tongues hanging out as Celine passed by. I called out a little louder, "This isn't for a dime like you. These guys don't know their head from their ass."

"Hey! Let the lady decide that on her own." When she turned her head and her bright blue eyes connected with the group of twenty-year-olds, they all just stuttered. One of them even said, "Mommy. No, I mean, Mommy. Mommy."

She giggled as she put her free hand on her hip. "I guess I could do some charity work and teach you, boys, a few

things.” She took one single step in their direction, and I yanked her back.

“Oh, hell no!” I said, tugging her along. The boys in the background were crying out for her to come back. They desperately needed a lesson, and I threw over my shoulder, “Go practice on that tree over there and leave my woman alone!” She laughed, pointed at me and shrugged her shoulders, telling them it was my fault.

I pulled her closer to me, putting my arm around her shoulders as a much bigger show to everyone how mine she was. She ran her nose along my chin as she whispered, “You know that it was a joke, right?”

I nodded because I did know that logically, but the blood pumping in my veins did not and was calling me to give them all a beating. I knew it was my wolf causing havoc on my body, pulling me to do things that it would do, but she was right. It was a joke, and she was still underneath my arm.

I tried to distract myself as I kept up the tour. “Back here is like our backyard that goes out to the ocean.”

Her hand landed on my chest as she exclaimed, “You have an ocean view?!”

I nodded, and she looked that way in longing. I didn’t know much about sirens, but I could guess that they liked to be near the water, the ocean. Maybe after we visit my sister and get her comfortable, I can take her to our secluded beach. That was romantic as shit.

“We are almost there, see.” I pointed to a small white cottage to the back right of our land. She was mainly on her own back here, behind the family side but not far away from where I could get to her if I needed to.

“That’s a cute place. I bet she loves living on her own.”

I scratched my head because my sister was at an age where she desperately wanted to go out in the world, and I was having a hard time with it. “Yeah, I think she sees it a little differently.”

“How?” Celine’s crystal eyes turned to me, and I just blurted out what Emma told me last time.

“She thinks it’s a prison.” I sighed, not wanting her to think the worst of me.

“Well, it’s definitely not a prison, but if she wants to get out into the world, then you need to really think about letting her. You both suffered so much, you don’t want to hold her back because you are scared, right?” Well, when she put it like that. The guys just kept telling me that she was going to rebel and leave me, so I have been trying to keep a hold of her, but with how Celine just phrased it, it made me feel like I was stifling her. Not letting her stretch her wings so that she makes sure to come back.

“I just need to find a way that I can see her do it *safely*. I need her to be safe.” Celine’s eyes softened as she squeezed my hand.

“Of course! Remember my GPS idea?” I laughed hard, knowing for sure that Emma would not allow that, but it made

me feel better.

I knocked on Emma's door, and she called out for me to come in. "I have a guest with me, if that's okay?" I winked at Celine as I opened the door and saw Emma, her long dirty-blonde hair splayed over the arm of the cozy couch she was currently lying on, a book in hand as her gray eyes kept scanning the page.

"It's just one of the guys. You know they are like brothers to me, too. You don't need to call them guests, weirdo." She still hadn't looked away from her book, her eyes rapidly growing wider as she must be getting to a good part.

I looked at the book, and its only title was Landry. It had this sexy girl in sunglasses on the front of its smoky pink cover. Not as sexy as my Celine, of course, but I would've given her a go back in the day.

"In fact, maybe you guys could learn something from this book. If you look at this page and the way that he plays with her, while this other guy-" My face grew red as I realized it was one of her lady books that made her very happy after the end of it.

"Emma!"

She looked up at my voice and saw Celine smiling at her, practically laughing. I wanted to palm my face so hard right now. My sister was a pervert, and now Celine knew that.

Emma looked at Celine, looked back down at her book and then grinned. "Well, this is even better. I highly recommend

you get this book. It's about this MC of genies, and the things they do with their dicks are straight-up MAGICAL. Once they get to the group scene, you will straight up cum-"

"Emma," I clenched my teeth at my sister, "We are here to borrow clothes, not your lady porn!"

She cackled like a movie villain. "Well, she can borrow clothes *and* my lady porn. What do you say, Blondie?"

Emma smiled up at Celine as she walked up to her and put her hand out to Emma. Emma quickly shoved her bookmark in and handed it over. Celine turned it around and started to read the back. "Genie dicks, you say?"

Emma cupped her hand, pretending to whisper but said it loud enough for me to hear. "Girl! And they get to choose their hardware!" *The fuck? How was that fucking fair?!*

I saw Celine's eyes widen, more focused on the book than before. "How intriguing."

My mouth fell open as I realized that I was surrounded by lady perverts.

Celine reluctantly handed the book back to Emma as I collected my chin off the floor. "I'm Celine, by the way."

"Emma, as I'm sure you heard my brother scream a few times." Celine chuckled behind her hand.

"Maybe once or twice." Emma stood up, looked at Celine's outfit, and nodded her head.

“Yes, I can see why you needed me. This might be fine for clubbing. You have an amazing body, by the way, but it’s not an outfit that stays on longer than a night, am I right?”

Celine let out a relieved sigh. “Yes. You get me.”

Emma chuckled as she hooked her arm around Celine’s shoulders and pulled her further into her house towards her room. “You came to the right place. And while we are getting some clothes for you, you can tell me why an outstanding beauty like you is even entertaining the thought of sleeping with my brother.”

They both giggled as they went back, and I was left standing in her living room, feeling like I had made the biggest mistake in bringing her here.



Soon, Celine came back out with a tight V-neck shirt, showing some of that glorious cleavage that made me want to drool. Jeans so tight they looked like they were painted on her. When I mentioned that I didn’t think they would fit in the same pants, they said something about jeggings? I have no idea, but I love the way they hug Celine’s ass.

Celine came out with new clothes and a new best friend. While a piece of me was ecstatic that my little sister and my

girl got along so well, I also had a feeling that this was going to bite me in the butt sometime.

“So, now, are we off to the pits?” Celine asked with a little pip in her step.

“The pits? Really, Brother? That’s where you are taking her?” Emma eyed me up like I was the worst date picker in the world, but it wasn’t my fault.

“Look,” I pointed at Celine, “she wants to go.”

Emma looked at Celine, who nodded her head in confirmation. She smiled wide, and her eyes lit up with exhilaration. A thought hit me, a fact that I keep forgetting, but she was an assassin. She probably has a bloodthirsty streak in her. She actually might really enjoy the pits.

We headed out, waving goodbye to Emma, who made Celine promise to hang out with her more. She wanted to talk about books and boys with her. I didn’t know how I felt about that, but Celine said she would love to.

As we made our way around the right of the property, I showed her the family homes. They looked quite normal for small-family homes. Most of them were three-bedroom, two-bathroom homes. Only a few had some additions to it, when their family outgrew the space. The guys and I even built a state-of-the-art jungle gym for the kids in the center.

Once we passed the family homes, we headed to the training facility. We had a swimming pool, a gym, and a basketball court, all indoors and available to everyone.

“Did you guys build that, too?” Celine looked around, impressed with everything.

“Yep. We built everything on the land. If we didn’t build it, we had someone come in and train a few people so we knew how to maintain or replicate it correctly.” I looked around. My chest swelled with pride as I got to show her I could do a lot with my hands. I wasn’t just a pretty face.

You could hear the cheering in the air, and Celine looked at me with a large grin. We had made it to the pits. She took a few steps ahead of me, turning the corner around the back of the building where the pits were.

It was literally just a pit in the ground that we dug. At first, it was for Rabid, Bricks, and I to train in. Then Dino and Gears joined the group. Soon, the older guys would start making bets on who would win, and then some of the younger guys wanted to try. It has now grown into an every Saturday event that all the men and some of the women come and watch.

I caught up with Celine, who was already looking over the rope and down the seven-foot hole. Right now, there were two young guns going at it. The one on the left with dark hair and silver eyes was Conick, and the shaggy blonde on the right was Wilson. At the moment, Conick was beating the shit out of Wilson. Except Wilson’s been known to be a grappler, just waiting for his moment.

“So, you two finally made it.” Dino’s voice floated behind us, and I turned around, glaring at him, because the whole reason

we were here was because of him. I don't know what his plan was, but he definitely had a game in this.

Celine just waved her hand behind her, refusing to take her eyes off the fight. I would be a little offended if it weren't for the fact the fight was getting good. This time, Wilson had Conick on the floor in a full armbar.

"Conick is a goner," Dino called out confidently, but Celine scoffed.

"Are you using your eyes? That dark-haired kid is wily and has already made three almost-completed recoveries. He is going to turn it around in the next ten seconds." Dino glared at Celine, but she didn't take her eyes off the fight. Literally six seconds later, Conick miraculously got out, and she threw her chin at the kid. "Told ya."

I expected Dino to storm off, cuss, do something like normal. However, all he did was smile at her, almost like she walked right into his trap.

Conick threw a solid right hook and connected it with an uppercut, and Wilson was out. They screamed for Conick, but it was short-lived when they started to take the next fighters out.

"Say, since you are pretty good at this kind of stuff, what if you go in the ring and show these kids how it's done?" What the fuck was he doing? I didn't want her to go fight, even if she might kick their asses. What was up his sleeve?

She slowly turned towards him, her face doing the best impression of Gears as she said, “Does anything go, or are these non-magical rules?” Just as she asked that, two wolves growled and jumped at each other, going for each other’s throats. The three of us turned to them at the same time, watching the razor-sharp teeth snapping at each other.

“Anything goes...” Dino said, but then thought about it and added, “Except for your siren song. We can’t have you winning just because they look at you, and you sing them to forfeit.”

She laughed, looking at him with fury in her eyes. “Don’t worry your asshole little head about it. I don’t ever use that unless the job calls for it, and two, I can’t sing you in wolf form.” She snapped her head back to the fight as both Dino and I looked at each other. Well, that was new information.

“Okay. You’ll be up next,” Dino said as he tried to walk away, and I excused myself from Celine’s side as I caught up to him.

I grabbed his shoulder. “What the fuck are you doing?”

He shrugged me off. “It’s what she wants.” I gave him a knowing look, and he rolled his eyes. “Just let her fight. I want to see how she does.”

“What is your angle?” Before he even got to answer that, someone behind us called the next fight, and Dino’s face instantly smiled.

“You know, she just jumped over the rope to get in, right?”

I turned and saw that she wasn't in the spot I had left her, and I ran back to the edge. My heart started to beat a mile a minute. My mind came up with all the ways that she was hurt and lying on the floor crying for me. I quickly looked down into the pit and saw her stretching her arm over her head. As soon as she saw me, she waved and gave me a thumbs-up.

Why the fuck was I so worried? She was an assassin, for god's sake. She could take care of herself against one fucking man. Then I saw the man that came out.

It was Duke. Duke was the only guy on the compound that could keep up with Rabid and Bricks. He was built like a seven-foot lumberjack, and Celine was a five-foot-five woman in jeggings. I didn't like this. I didn't like this at all.

I looked over at Dino, about to yell at him for starting this all in the first place, when his own eyes shined with regret. He was frowning down, eyes flicking from Duke to her, and I could see his hesitation. Before either of us could do anything, the whistle sounded, both of us looking down as they went at each other.

Duke, at first, tried to use a grab and take-down move, but Celine slid and ducked right under his arms. I don't know how she did it, but she looked like she was on an invisible skateboard. She turned around, smiling at Duke as he frowned at his hands and turned around.

She waved her hand in a come get me motion, and Duke did not like that. He growled out into the air before he launched himself at her again, but, this time, he changed into a wolf

midair. I was about to warn her when I saw her confident smile.

She waved her hand in front of herself, causing a mirror of water to cover her completely. As soon as he jumped through, mouth wide open and ready to take her down, all he caught was air. She had used the water to not only hide but as a distraction for her to slide underneath him, grab on his hind legs, and slam him into the ground.

He landed with a loud flop, and she quickly got up and circled her arms around his neck, wrapping her legs around his body and squeezing with all of her might. He started to whine, trying with all his might to shake her off, but he couldn't. She was locked in on him.

It wasn't long before he shifted into human form and tapped her arm. She let go immediately and stood up. The whole pit was silent for a beat until she lifted her hands, and the whole crowd went wild. She fucking did it.

I looked over to Dino, prepared to gloat my ass off, when I saw him stiffly walking away. Whatever he was planning wasn't going to happen, and that, for some reason, made me happy.



People kept trying to snag her attention. Talk to her about the fight. About where she trained. About her life in general. After a while, she gave me a look that said she wanted out, and I obliged.

“Hey, do you want to go somewhere with me?” She looked around and nodded as she mouthed, ‘anywhere.’ I yanked her through the crowd, telling them all to fuck off, and they took the hint.

“Where are you taking me?” She asked as I took her back the way we came.

“Since it’s starting to get late, I thought it would be nice to have the best view of the sunset.” My chest felt tight as I realized that I really wanted her to have a good time with me, and I was a little nervous for the first time since I was a young boy. This woman made me feel like that. Made me have feelings I had before my life was changed forever. It was like she was bringing the innocence back, even though we were both full adults that knew all the hardships and pain life brought.

I saw her face light up as she realized where I was taking her. “How do you know where I’m going?”

She flashed those angel blue eyes at me before she sucked in a long breath and, on the exhale, said, “Because I can feel it. I felt the moisture growing and the call in my heart being tugged.”

I led her through the trees and the brush, making sure she didn’t get smacked in the face or that she didn’t walk into any

traps. The forest floor started to turn sandy, and her speed picked up the closer we got to the beach.

Once we could hear the crashing of the waves, she let go of my hand and sprinted for the ocean. As soon as she got halfway down the beach, she kicked off her shoes and went in, free as a bird. I followed her, trailing behind to give her some space but also to watch her in all her glory.

When you have been a wolf all your life, were raised by wolves, grew up in a wolf town, and then joined a wolf club, you didn't get a ton of interaction with other species. Sirens even less than others because they kept to themselves on their own secluded island, so I was curious about her. About what made her tick.

I watched as she ran into the ocean, clothes on and everything, as she stood waist-deep and just looked up at the sky with her eyes closed. She stood like that for a full ten minutes, just soaking up the sun and surf.

I sat down on the sand, watching this beautiful woman connect with the ocean, and felt a slight twinge of understanding. I was guessing that how she felt right now was how I felt during a pack run. When we get to wild out and run as a unit. In tune with nature and our baser instincts.

She finally turned around and walked over to where I was. The smile on her face was contagious, and I felt like I was being a good host and date. I was happy she was enjoying herself.

She plopped down right next to me, digging her toes into the sand as she sighed. "I didn't know how much I needed this.

Thank you.”

I wanted to be smooth, to say something cool, but what came out was, “Any time, Cupcake.” It must’ve been the right thing to say because she looped her arm into mine and held on tight.

We sat there for a while, just taking in all the ocean sounds and smells. Taking a moment to just be when she cupped my face, turning me towards her. “This is the best, thank you.” Then she laid a full, soft kiss on my mouth, testing the waters with me.

She didn’t need to test the waters because I was all in. As soon as she got comfortable, I put my hand behind her head and surged forward, having her land on her back in the sand, my hand taking the brunt of the force for her head, as I kissed the shit out of her.

I let her know with my lips and tongue how I felt for her. Our mouths were in sync with each other. When my tongue swiped, she received, and when she bit my lip, I moaned. It was the perfect harmony that shot straight to my groin, making me hard as a rock from just the softness of her lips.

“Fuck, Cupcake. I want to breathe you in all day, every day.” I took in another long drag of her scent, and I moaned out loud. “You smell like sweet and salty goodness. Of tropical beaches and long nights. I want to drink in your scent until I can’t get enough of it.” I continued my kissing, trailing down the side of her mouth and onto her neck.

She began to pant as I worked my hands down her body, memorizing how it felt with my hands. Her thighs started to

rub together, needing the friction, and I knew what I needed to do.

I whispered along the curve of her neck, “Do you need me to take the edge off, Cupcake? Do you need me to spread your cream around until they drench my fingers with your arousal?”

She moaned out, pressing her neck into my face, begging for more as she said, “Yes. Oh please, yes.”

That was all I needed. I let my hand travel down slowly, her bare skin quivering against my touch. I shoved her shirt up, pushed down the cup of the bra she was wearing and wrapped my lips around that tight little bud.

Her back arched as she moaned, and I took that moment to slip my finger inside her pants and rub her clit. She cried out my name, “Duce. Fuck. Duce, just fuck me.”

I said with a mouth full of tittie, “Oh, I am planning to,” and I went back at it with a vengeance. I preemptively unzipped and shoved my pants down, always going commando, as I pushed down farther, sinking both fingers into her. I groaned at how wet and ready she was. I didn’t even have to try when I put three fingers, all of them soaked as I called out her name and her head lifted. Eyes half closed as I licked all three fingers. “Fuck, Celine, you taste like fucking heaven.”

She surged forward, capturing my bottom lip with her teeth as she pulled me back down, settling me between her thighs. I rubbed myself against her center, showing her what she was doing to me and how hard I got for her.

She pleaded with me against my lips, “Please, Duce. Please. I need you. I need you inside of me.”

“I got you, Cupcake. I got you.” My hands went underneath her ass, gripping the top of her pants and yanking them in one swoop off her legs. I wasted no time lifting one leg up, positioning myself before I sheathed my dick.

“Oh, fuck. Shit, Celine. Your pussy should be fucking illegal. Holy fuck, you feel just how you taste, unforgettable.”

She started to push up into me. “Less talking, more fucking. I want to see stars, Duce. I want to fucking scream your name so the trees shake.”

I took that very seriously as I began to pump in and out of her, fast and hard, keeping one leg lifted so I had the room to be all the way in her so deep I felt her womb. This woman was driving me wild. Everything about her set my soul on fire. I wanted to do things with her I never cared for.

I wanted to walk along the beach with her. I wanted to cuddle up next to each other in the middle of the night. I wanted to cook next to her for all the breakfasts. I wanted to see her light up just like she made me feel.

Her moans turned husky, less intelligible, and I knew she was getting close. I picked up the pace, pistoning in and out of her like it was the only thing I was meant to do. Her hands went to her tits, and she plucked at them as she cried out.

“Yes. Yes. Don’t stop. Don’t you ever stop.”

“Never. I will never stop.” My wolf decided at that moment to try and take over, shooting images of me turning her around, shoving her into the sand as he rutted into her like a savage and biting her neck. I definitely didn’t think we were there yet, so I jostled him back, but I did have an idea to kick this up as I felt her body quake, growing tighter and tighter.

I lifted both her legs over my shoulders, her whole upper body off the ground as I dug my hands into her hips. I gripped them hard before slamming in and out of her over and over as I had complete control of her body. Her head fell back, screaming my name as she clenched down so hard on my dick that I had a hard time pulling out.

I felt her gush all over my dick, the feeling so warm and wet, so deliriously good that I moaned out my own release. Stuffing her full of my cum as my wolf purred in the back of my head. Mate. My mate.

Yep, she was not ready for me to say that word. Hell, even I think I’m not ready to say that word, even if the meaning was carved into my heart. She got along with my sister, could take care of herself, filled my heart with joy, and fucked like she was made for it. Only I didn’t want to scare her off. So, I pushed that word aside and focused on the time we were spending together now. We would have all the time to figure out that shit. Also, I had this feeling that I wasn’t the only one tip-toeing that line.

While I have definitely shared a woman in the bedroom with my chosen brothers, I did not know how far they wanted to

take this. I was in for the long haul with this woman, so I was more than willing to wait. To take it slow and build up to it.

I would keep this secret in my heart. Just me and my wolf knowing until it was the right time to confess and, hopefully, get a confession back.

I slumped over to the side, crashing into the sand as it felt like she had taken all of my energy. Was that a siren thing?

“No. That’s just a great sex thing,” she giggled as she turned towards me, all flushed and smiling. I guess I said that out loud. Oops.

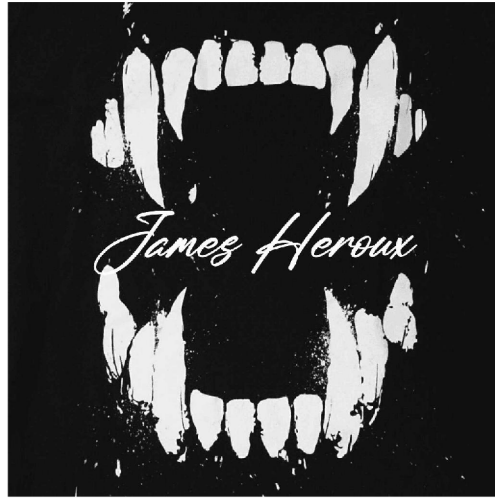
I was about to ask her if she wanted to take a dip to wash off when my phone rang. I contemplated letting it go to voicemail, but I ultimately picked it up when I saw it was Rabid. “What’s up?”

“We have our meeting. You and I will head inland to meet with Killian and the buyer tomorrow.” He took a deep breath before saying, “Tell her. Also, Bricks made dinner.” He hung up, not the one for idle chit-chat.

I relayed the message, and Celine’s eyes darkened for a second. She looked back out at the ocean and then back to me, eyes crystal clear as she smiled. “Ready? I have now worked up an appetite.”

I chuckled, thinking the same thing. “Sure. Let’s clean up and head back.” I just hoped this meeting would get us the information we needed.

CHAPTER 13



“SIRE, ARE YOU SURE that you want to go to this meeting?” Cain’s concern was loud and clear, but it didn’t matter. None of it did.

As soon as I was released from that hell hole of a prison, I knew what I was going to do. I was determined to build my family name back up in the vampire ranks, show all those twisty old fuckers that the name Heroux was still the powerhouse that it was. That this name that has lasted for over a thousand years was still as strong as it was back then, and, to do that, I needed money. A lot of it.

I didn’t give a fuck how I got the damn money, I just knew I needed it, and I needed it fast.

When it was my last day in prison, I heard whispers about how the Rodriguez clan had gotten soft. That they were rubbing elbows with all the elites, even human politicians. In my mind, that weakness was my opportunity.

I hired a couple of well-trained mercenaries with a grudge against them, people who knew their security, and took out the whole family in one night. Making an almost vacuum in the cartel world, and I had the upfront funds left by my parents to make it happen. I did the math, and within one year, I would make back all the funds I invested ten times, and that was the kind of growth I needed.

“It has been past the twenty-four-hour mark, and the craving is down to a dull throb.” I put out my arms, waiting for Cain as he shuffled over and slipped my hands through my Armani woven shirt. Luxury was the only thing that would settle on this skin from now on. I would not settle for less. I yanked at the cuffs as he swung around to my front and buttoned my shirt. “Plus, I can handle a simple meet and greet with a couple of wolves.”

I thought about it for a second, settling on how I was going to react now that my senses were heightened from the bloodlust. “In fact, it might do me some good. Fill my nostrils with those mongrel’s decrepit scents. Then, maybe, I will get over this bloodlust faster.” Cain was done and went to go get my suit jacket as I put on my diamond blood drop cufflinks.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I could see how stunning I was. My alabaster skin, partnered with my ashy hair and dark eyes, called to be looked at and adored. My shirt pulled around my broad shoulders, ripped arms, and stomach. The only good thing about prison was there was nothing to do other than fight and get ripped. I was in a state of physical perfection, which

meant the world was my oyster. People only feared or fawned over the beautiful, and I enjoyed both.

“I just worry about if you catch that woman’s scent again...” He hesitated, the fear he felt for me wafted in the air, and I sucked the smell in, enjoying its tangy scent.

“That won’t happen. I will be with Killian and the wolves on a private hotel veranda. There is no chance that I will catch her scent unless she is very close.” I smiled in the mirror at myself, tonguing my sharp pearly fangs. “And if she is, then I will obtain her, and it would be a moot point as I would have my prey.” Just mentioning that siren caused goosebumps to erupt across my skin. The urge to hunt, find, and devour was strong, but I was stronger. I wouldn’t fuck this up a second time. I rolled my neck, letting go of that need coursing in my veins, controlling the lust for that splash of ocean in my mouth.

Soon. I will have it soon enough.

I turned around, arms wide open, and Cain nodded in appreciation. “You look perfect, sire. The vision of poise and power.”

“I know, right?” I looked over my shoulder at the mirror, flexing my body to see the fabric ripple. I turned around and walked out of my room at a clipped pace. “Let’s go, Cain. I want to be sitting like I own the place before they even step into the hotel.”

“Yes, sire. I will get the Bentley.” He scurried off towards the garage building off the side of the house.

“No, Cain. I want to take the Rolls Royce. I enjoy the look on people’s faces when the doors open.”

He called, “Yes, sire.”



As soon as we rolled up to the hotel, people were gawking at my car, and I let that easy, carefree smile I had cultivated over the years take over my face. As soon as my foot hit the marble floor, the people in the lobby scurried around. The manager immediately scurried up to me and asked if I needed anything before I went up to my suite.

“Did you complete the requirement I had for the veranda?” This was a human-run hotel, but they catered to all different kinds of species. Since this was a day meeting, and I had sun aversion issues, I requested that the top of the veranda was to be covered. I wanted to be able to sit in the open space but not get cooked by the sun. That would be very agitating.

He assured us he would take care of it and walked us over to the private elevator. He took us up to the room and unlocked the door. “Please let me know if you have anything else you want, Mr. Heroux.” I flicked my hand at him as I walked out to check out the veranda.

I closed my eyes and smiled as a cool breeze blew by, and yet I didn't feel a drop of UV rays hit my precious skin. I wanted to show these stinky low lives that I was the one in the position of power, the one who could afford all of this for just a simple meet and greet. If they were as smart as Killian said, they would realize the message I was sending. If I could do all this at the drop of a hat, then think of all the money I could spend to annihilate them if shit goes wrong.

I sucked in a long deep breath of freedom, basking in it before I heard the disruptive thunder of motorcycle mufflers rumbling down the street, and I grimaced. Why do they have to be so loud? All of them are obnoxious.

I heard a knock at the door, and Cain went to go answer it. I watched as a large bulky man, partnered with a very attractive dirty blonde, rolled up in front of the hotel. They both looked around, waving the valet off as they parked their crotch carriers in the front on the sidewalk. Fucking vagabonds.

"Heroux," I heard Killian say a few steps behind me. I turned around and saw him mildly dressed up. He at least had a blue button-down and was wearing the skull cufflinks that I gave to him. It was less out of gift-giving and more that I couldn't stand his grubby lowlife outfit in my presence. He would look better if that leather cut was also off his back, although, apparently, that was what made these men. This vest was made of patchwork that looked like a child did it.

"Killian. What do we know about these two?" He looked over the railing at the two men I motioned to who had just entered

the lobby.

“That is Rabid, the president of the Moon Raiders, and Duce, his VP.” I wrinkled my nose at those ridiculous names. What was wrong with the ones they were born with? Was it more for street cred or an alias to hide behind?

“And why do they have those hideous names?” I felt like it was just one of the fowl layers that make up the males they are.

“Duce is short for Seduce because he is a pretty boy who could pick up any woman, and even some men, too.” I let out a big exhale as I sat down, crossed my leg over the other, and flicked my fingers at Cain to bring me something to drink.

I motioned to the seat next to me. “And the other?”

Killian sat down, ensuring his seat was under the shade, before looking up at me. “His name is Rabid because he rarely wolfs out. For, when he does, he cannot control himself, and he tears everything he can sink his teeth into apart.”

Cain set down a glass of piping hot O-negative in front of me. I picked it up and mumbled over the rim, “Fuck me. What I do for money,” then took a sip. I closed my eyes, enjoying the delicious taste of the fresh blood that the hotel staff provided.

Killian looked at the door, expecting them to show up soon. “Let me take care of most of the conversation. I know how to deal with these two.”

I lifted my brow at him over my cup, sipped another delicious gulp before I set it down, and leaned forward. “So, you think I

can't handle myself against some street urchins?"

Killian started to backtrack. "No, no. That's not what I meant. What I meant to say was that they shouldn't take up any of your precious time or for you to waste any of yours on these lower beings." I saw him fumble with the corner of his hideous jacket, and I settled back in my chair. "They just want to see that you are real. A lot of these types can't imagine the kind of money you have and are skeptical."

I lifted my hands around me. "Well, this should be able to speak for itself."

We both turned our heads at the knock on the door, and Cain waited for me to nod my head at him to answer the door.

I knew when they stepped over the threshold because I could immediately smell their stench. I looked at Killian, who was unphased, but I guess that's what happens when you deal with these kinds of people every day. You get accustomed to living in shit. I shuttered before I held my breath and started to breathe out my nose. I was going to keep this up for as long as possible so I didn't have to smell anything from them.

I heard the large one's big clunky feet stomping his way over to the veranda, the other lighter but just as clumsy. It was like they were cavemen, and I resisted the urge to tell them to turn around and take off their shoes at the door.

The big one with the serious face was the first to speak as he nodded towards my companion. "Killian...and?" He looked at me, expecting me to answer, but I turned to look at Killian expectantly. I thought he wanted to handle this.

“Let’s just call him Mr. X right now. As you can see,” he lifted his hands to motion around him, “He is the one you wanted to sit down face to face with. To make sure he was even real and that the money I was offering was real.” Killian turned on his bad man charm with the perpetual sneer on his face, and I almost laughed at all the posturing.

Killian motioned to the seats and introduced us. “Mr. X, this is Rabid, the President and head man in charge of the Moon Raiders, and this guy,” he pointed to Duce, “is his second in command, Duce.”

Both of them slowly sat down, facing Killian, but their eyes kept flicking to me. They realized who the real threat was at the table. Maybe they weren’t so dumb after all.

“So, look. The job is simple. We need you to provide protection for our transportation guys from our main hub here and follow them up the coast as they make their drops along the way.” Killian rattled off while I kept drinking my blood.

The pretty one looked at my cup, his lips attempting to curl as he lifted his eyes back to me and smiled. What a well-trained little puppy. Maybe I should get one after I collect my prey. They always tell you to get an animal to keep the home a happy and calm place.

“Then you come back and wait until we have more to do it all over again.” The leader paid attention to Killian, asking all the questions.

“Do you need us to ride in the vehicles or alongside them? When will we be getting paid, and how much along the way?”

Killian opened his mouth, but this big dog kept going. “Also, are we providing the hardware to your men, or are they already coming packed? We don’t like working with people who can’t afford their own heat. Those types tend to turn on ya for a buck.”

I lifted my cup to take a sip, but I had to admit it was a good assessment. Killian only had so many loyal men; the rest were bought with the money I funded him with. Killian’s chest puffed out, his ego taking a shot as he clenched his teeth. “I will have all of that detail for you on the day of the run.”

Rabid’s frown deepened, and I felt like Killian was already losing our best footmen. “If it bothers you so much, I can make sure that you are well equipped with high-end spelled Kevlar so you don’t have to worry so much.” Regular Kevlar was good for bullets, but spelled Kevlar was much harder to find and made it so that you were practically impenetrable. I would be burning through my money, but it felt like it was for a good cause in the long run.

Killian glared at me, practically yelling at me with his eyes that he had this conversation and I didn’t need to step in. I tsked at him before returning my attention to the workers. My father always said you needed to pay the working man enough to get him to shut the fuck up.

“Does that suffice for you?”

The leader, Rabid, turned my way as he slowly nodded. “Will we have to pay you for it?”

This time, I laughed. “No. No. I will pay for it. Just let me know the number of men, and I will have the gear waiting for you at the drop.” I folded my hands, placing them in my lap with ease as the three other men at the table looked like they were on edge. Or maybe that was just how living as a common criminal was, always thinking the next shoe was going to drop. It was men like me, men in power, that didn’t worry about the shoes dropping on us. We were the ones that pointed the shoes in the right direction.

Killian took this moment to answer his other questions, putting him and his buddy at ease. After a few tiffs, and a few nasty comments about some past discretion, an agreement was brokered.

Rabid all followed Killian as he stood up and stuck out his hand. “Then we have come to an agreement. I will text you the location in two days, and then I will need you to roll out. Be prepared.” Rabid shook his hand first, while the VP, Duce, took his sweet ass time getting up, and I followed his lead.

Right at that moment, a large gust of wind came barreling through the veranda so hard you could hear the flapping of the awning tugging on the metal poles. I closed my eyes to enjoy its turbulent nature, to feel it rattle my clothes as I stood still and powerful in its wake. Then I smelt it.

It was light and faint, covered with their dirty dog scent, but it was there. My siren.

My eyes bulged as I gripped onto the table, nails screeching along painfully as my mouth foamed at the taste of her scent

swirling in my mouth. Killian's mouth dropped open, fear-laced eyes wide as he turned to gape at Cain in concern. Cain stepped towards me, his eyes assessing the situation at lightning speed while he figured out the best course of action.

"Is he okay?" the pretty boy who held the scent of my siren on him asked. I growled out at him. How dare he have her. How dare he get so close that he held her scent. I wanted to carve up his insides just for looking at her.

It took all the concentration, all the will in my body, to stay still and not tear into the wolf in front of me. For one lucid second, I pulled up memories from my time in prison. Showing myself what happened, the situations I was in, and my promise that I would never go there again. I felt the muscles in my shoulders lax as I took big breaths in and out.

"He is fine," Killian's astonished voice said. "He is sensitive to scents, and the wind must've brought in something that pissed him off." I hated his reason, but at the same time, it was the only one that didn't make me seem crazy, so I nodded.

"Go. I'm. Fine." I croaked out, but I stood and smiled as best I could.

Cain came up to the two wolves' sides and ushered them out the door, Killian on their heels as they kept looking back at me with questions burning in their eyes.

Once the door closed, I ground my teeth together, trying my best to not run after them. Demanding that they tell me where she was and to hand her over. I had a sneaking suspicion that it wouldn't go over well.

As soon as Killian and Cain came back, I was breathing heavily through my nose. “Cain. I need you to watch their compound but stay far away. Don’t get caught. Also, tail anyone that has a blonde girl with short hair.” Cain nodded, not asking a single question as he understood the assignment.

I turned to Killian. “If we went to war with those wolves, would we win?”

His brows pinched before he answered, “It would be an even fight, even with the mercenaries.”

I growled out. “I want your men ready at all times, waiting for my signal to strike, because if I don’t get my siren by the time they do the pick-up, then we are going to take over the compound and get my prey back.” I marched right up into his face, fangs bared as I felt a craziness take over my face. “Do you understand?”

Killian gulped, eyes widening as he bowed his head. “Yes. It will be done.”

I will make sure that you are mine Siren, no matter where you think you can hide.

CHAPTER 14



I SAW RABID AND Duce off this morning. I spent the night in Duce's room and continued with some of our fun. Our rounds on that bed should be illegal, but I was surprised when he wanted to cuddle at the end. I didn't mind it so much since, like Gears, he was a human-sized heater, and I was able to sleep peacefully for the second time in my life.

Far too soon, I felt him kissing along my back and neck, whispering sweet things before he went into the shower. It was something I wasn't used to. I was the 'love 'em and leave 'em girl' type, but something inside of me had changed. It almost felt biological, and I was lying here trying to figure it out.

When we fucked on the beach, it was amazing, and I loved it. Being so close to the ocean made my body sing and feel energized, but something happened with Duce. Now that I was

able to think back on it, I remember feeling this sense of playful sweetness that reminded me of the waves of the ocean. It filled up my body, making me feel connected to him in a way much deeper than just having sex.

I got up, deciding I was overthinking all of this, and I just needed some coffee. It was just sex, girl, not some earth-shattering, biological, made-for-each-other type of connection. You felt this way with Gears, too, so it had to be just sex. They were just really good at sex, or I have had a string of bad sex with men.

I walked down into the kitchen and saw Rabid already at the table, looking at his tablet. I went through the double doors, grabbed two cups, and filled them up before I walked over and set one in front of him.

His head looked up in surprise as I shrugged, “I figured you liked it black, but I could be wrong.” I waited a second as he looked down at the mug in front of him and back up to me.

“Yes. I do.” He said as he picked it up and took a sip, the tips of his mouth lifting. “Thank you.” I attempted not to smile, making it less of a deal that, for once, he was actually being nice to me as I pulled a chair out in front of him and sat down. His eyes flicked around the room, trying to find another person to talk to, but when he found no one, he settled for me. “What are you doing up?”

I gave him the partial truth, “I’m an early riser. This is my normal time to get up.” It was at that moment that Duce came in. His steps quickened. His arms circled me from behind as he

nuzzled into my neck, taking a big whiff before laying a sweet kiss on me that made me shiver.

“Morning, Cupcake. Morning, Rabid.” Rabid’s whole face shut down, and he was suddenly very interested in his tablet.

It took only two seconds for him to bark out, “We need to go. Get your ass outside.” Rabid then picked up his mug and stormed out of the room.

Duce whispered to himself, “Good morning, Duce. Why, you look spectacular today.”

I stood up and cupped his face, squeezing a little before I said, “Yes, you do look spectacular today.” I gave him a small kiss, and while I went around him to follow Rabid, I smacked him on the ass. “Now, go get ‘em, tiger.”

He rubbed his ass as he looked up at me with shock and a twinkle of humor in his eyes. “Well, now I know how that feels. I don’t hate it as much as I thought I would.”

We laughed on our way out the front door, and all the guys were there, circling around Rabid as he gave them all jobs to do or things to watch out for. Duce gave me a little kiss on the cheek before he hopped down the steps and swung his leg over his bike, starting his bike before Rabid.

“Now who is the late one, asshole?”

All of us stood on the porch, watching Rabid glare at Duce as he started his engine and took off, Duce waving at us before facing forward. We all stayed standing like that until we

couldn't see them anymore. Each guy peeled off in their own time until it was just me. All but one.

I felt his solid protective chest hit my back, and I leaned into it. *They will come back soon, and then we can plan. Everything will be okay.*

A small smile lifted across my face, appreciating what he was trying to do. I tipped my head back as far as it could go and looked up at Bricks. "Well, that might be so, but now what am I going to do? I don't have Duce to keep me busy or Rabid to tell me to do something. Gears is off doing... whatever he does, and you can't pay me to be with Dino."

He looked off into the distance for a second before smiling. *It sounds like you need to focus on something instead of letting your mind wander. I can help you with that.*

He backed up slowly, giving me enough warning to get steady before turning around and heading for the door. I watched his large body move with grace and light steps until he stopped at the door and turned to the side.

Are you coming?



At first, I was hoping he would be able to give me that ride I was itching for. The tension between us was thick whenever he was in the room, and the need to take things to another level

was beginning to get unbearable. It was like that time in the booth was a taste, just a tease, of what I could have, and I wanted more.

I followed behind him like a good girl, only to be bummed that he took me into the personal gym I peeped on him in the other day. He told me to go get some clothes I could move in, and I was so thankful that Emma let me borrow a couple of pairs of leggings. I took one of Duce's shirts and tied it in a knot at my stomach, and boom, I was ready for a workout.

Let's warm up first.

I bit my lip as my eyes were glued to his ass as he walked towards the center of the mat in gray sweatpants that curved around that ass tightly. He was wearing one of those extra opened-armed white tanks, letting those chest muscles bulge out with each breath. I imagined sliding my hands along the curve, gripping it with my hands as I pulled him onto me. Then my mind went to having his cock in my mouth, my hands tugging on his cheeks to get him deeper down my throat. To feel those rapid moans at what my mouth could do to him.

I licked my lips, lost in my vivid imagination, until I heard something drop in front of me, and I focused on what was going on. What was up with me? Being around these guys was doing something to me biologically. This was the only answer for how horny I was all the time around them. I looked down and saw two thick, braided ropes.

Since it looked like you were in a world of your own, I decided against calisthenics and gave you the heavy ropes. Let's see a hundred whips on each hand, and then we will add kicks to it.

I picked up the ropes, thinking this would be easy, but noticed that there was a dark line weaved into the ropes. I looked closer and saw that it was a type of metal. My competitive side reared its ugly head, and I picked up both ropes. "Bring it on, big boy. I can do whatever you throw my way."

Bricks decided that I needed to be put through the wringer, and after the ropes, with and without the kicks, he had me doing large sets of burpees, medicine ball tosses, and every variation of pull-ups you could think of. I had not sweated so much since my first week in CIA training, and even then, they didn't work me this hard.

I was pleasantly surprised by Bricks. Even with my obsessive competitiveness and my rude razzing, he kept up with me. Trading barbs with me, egging me on, always offering a sliver of support when I gritted my teeth to finish. He was the perfect workout buddy.

By the time I felt my muscles telling me to give up, he had stopped me. It was time to cool down and stretch. I almost never stretched after a workout. It always felt like unnecessary steps, but this time I needed it.

We sat down in front of each other, our legs spread out as the soles of our feet touched. He put out his hands, and I rested mine in his as he pulled me forward, only going so far until my body gave some pullback.

Tell me something about yourself.

I blew out a laugh. “Me?” I almost moaned as he tugged me, stretching just the right spot. “Oh, I’m not that interesting.”

I looked up and saw him smile at me with sad eyes and that didn’t sit right with me. I think he knew it, too, because he kept doing it. Finally, after a few more tries, I let up. “I like chocolate.”

He had this cute laugh that was all exaggerated breaths, and I smiled back up at him. “No, really. Like, I enjoy chocolate much more than anything else. If I had my way, I would be a big girl with chocolate stains down the front of all my shirts. Gobbling it up for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.”

Got it. So, I need to keep chocolate on me at all times.

I sighed into the mat. “Oh, god. Don’t do that or else I will never leave your side.”

Perfect.

I kicked at his leg softly, enough to let him know he was being silly, and he grinned at me. It was the first time he had a boyish playfulness brighten up his face, and I couldn’t stop staring at it. I watched his eyes soften and relax, openly staring back at me as I looked into his dark eyes. They were two pools of molten dark chocolate that were staring into my soul, and I almost fell into them. I steadied myself as I came up with something to distract me.

“What about you? If you’re going to keep this up, we should answer-for-answer. It’s only fair.” I clucked my tongue,

expecting him to fight me, but instead, it looked like he was considering it.

Fine. What's your question?

I put my finger on my chin, pretending to think really hard. "What tangible item matters to you the most that you know shouldn't?"

His eyes twinkled with mirth as he motioned to stretch our left hand over to our right side. *You just come out swinging, don't you?* He puffed out a laugh, and I smiled widely, batting my eyes as I shrugged my shoulders.

"If I'm going to get questions, I'm going to get some good ones in. I'm competitive like that." I then winked at him to know I still thought it was for fun, but you could still win at fun.

A set of brass knuckles.

When my face showed my shock, he elaborated. *Rabid gave them to me when I joined the Moon Raiders.* That was unexpectedly sweet but also spoke volumes about his loyalty to this club and his leader.

When you're not off killing people, what do you like to do?

I let out a small laugh. "You would be surprised how little time I spend actually killing people. There is a lot of recon and leg work that goes into all of it that takes most of my time, but back to your question." We moved from our right to our left, this time stretching our right arm over our heads. "I would say that I enjoy... movies."

When he lifted an eyebrow at me, I felt compelled to explain, and I blurted out, “I love a good happy ending. I don’t see that a lot in real life, but for a few hours, I can pretend that they do happen.”

We both fell silent, stretching to the front without saying anything. Well, he wasn’t projecting his thoughts, and I kept my mouth shut because I felt a little exposed from that answer. I was to blame for saying it, but I also blamed his calm and inviting eyes. They gave me this sense of safety I had never experienced before.

I enjoy movies, too. It’s one activity that I don’t have to try too hard to communicate with people. I knew what he was trying to do, and I gave him a small smile. *Anyways, it’s your question.*

He sat up and stretched his left arm in front of his chest, pulling on his left shoulder with his right hand. I followed, but my eyes caught on the thick scar that was along his neck, the one that was more primate than all the others. It looked nasty, like it was made in a hurry, and the assailant was clumsy yet close. “You don’t have to answer this, but...how did you get that scar on your neck?”

He froze for a second. Using his right-hand fingers to touch the scar as his eyes lost their focus. I didn’t like that face he made. A far-off, sad look that spoke of gut-wrenching pain and eternal sadness. I immediately regretted it. “Never mind, I-”

My father.

I stopped talking, wanting to feel what he had to say as he focused back on me.

My father did this to me. He had an episode one night and thought he needed to sacrifice me to our wolf ancestors for a better life.

I saw his hand shake and his eyes shift, not wanting to look me in the eyes. It broke my heart. I didn't want to see my strong and safe mountain man crumble like this. I got up, crawled over to him, and sat down in his lap, wrapping my arms around his neck and hugging him.

I buried my face into his neck, feeling the rawness of his admission as I gave one of my own. One that I kept buried deep down in the cracks of my heart. "I know how it feels to be unloved by a parent. To feel like you meant nothing to them. Expendable." I squeezed him even harder as I felt him shift to try and look at me. "It's one of the worst feelings in the world, but it's not everything that makes you up. Just one layer in the onion we call our lives. We just need to keep going to the next layer."

I could feel a silent laugh from his vocal cords. *Don't onions make you cry when you peel them?*

This time, I did pull back, seeing his eyes crinkle at the ends as appreciation shined, making his dark eyes look like two drops of perfect milk chocolate. "Only if you let them." I took one hand and ran it through his hair, watching my fingers slice through his long locks. "Plus, who's to say a little self-induced cry isn't okay."

His hand cupped my face, bringing my eyes back to his. *I'm going to kiss you now.*

A grin broke across my face. "I don't think I'll mind that."

He pulled my face down and started off slow and sweet. His soft lips molded to mine as they traveled inch by inch. Making sure he savored every piece of this kiss. I relaxed in his arms, letting the kiss take over my senses.

I could feel unspoken words of gratitude and longing. I could smell his woody, musky scent filling my nostrils. Filling me with peace. I felt his tongue swipe out on my body lip, inviting me to open up to him further.

I gripped the back of his head as I started to feel a tingly feeling down below, wanting to get as close to his body as possible. To fall into him and not know where he started and I ended. The kiss grew more urgent, more possessive, as he tightened his grip on my waist. I couldn't help the moan that spilled out of my mouth as his tongue and teeth began to explore.

His hands shoved up my shirt, untying the twisted knot in the front of my shirt. As soon as the shirt broke loose, I felt him push me back, gently laying me down on the mat as our lips continued exploring.

I arched my back up off the mat, craving the feeling of our chests rubbing together, lighting me up on the inside. For a second, fresh ocean air surrounded us, whipping around us as the energizing and excited feeling of the sea crashed into me, lighting up my whole body with this amazing aqua glow. A

low growl rumbled from him, vibrating up my hands on his chest as he pushed me further onto the floor, my legs naturally wrapping around his body.

He tore his lips from mine, traveling down the column of my throat, nipping and licking wherever he could. I felt him graze his teeth against the crook of my neck. The want to sink his fangs into my flesh, to claim me in the most carnal way, vibrated off him in waves. I felt slightly delirious, pleasure taking over my brain as I opened my neck to him, making it easier for him to do what I knew he wanted.

My breathing came out at a rapid pace as he hovered over my neck. I felt his hot breath glide across my flesh and bent up towards him. I wanted this. I wanted him to bite down and take it. Take me.

Suddenly, he scrambled up. His eyes shifted into a wolf's eyes, neon yellow, and tracked my movements like prey. He lifted his hands as he backed away from me. I stood up slowly, not wanting to aggravate him.

I'm sorry.

That was all he said before he bolted out the door, leaving me to wonder what I did wrong.



Since Bricks practically ran away from me, leaving me all hot and bothered, I felt like I needed to stay in the gym. I needed to work off this desire, try to exhaust my body so I didn't go hunt for Bricks to finish what he started.

I started to run through some fighting sequences on the mat, but my mind kept drifting. I tried to think about what I possibly did to make him so frightened. To leave the room like I had the plague. Then, because I was thinking about what we were doing, my body started to get hot again, and the cycle continued.

"Great, so now you are invading this space, too." I turned my head and saw Dino leaning against the door frame in just shorts. His toned and tan body was on full display, and that did not help with my body's current state. If I wasn't going to get sex, then I damn well wanted to fight.

I stopped my drills and turned to face him. "What the fuck is your problem with me?" He stood up and walked a few paces.

"What makes you think I give a fuck about you?" his snarky voice gritted out, causing me to clench my teeth.

The laugh that busted from my mouth was cruel and sharp. "Are you kidding me? Okay, sure. I will let you play the dumb idiot if you want."

He closed the distance between us as he stomped over to me, getting in my face. "What the fuck did you say?"

I got right up into his face, showing him no fear at the fact that he towered over me. "You heard me. You can't admit you have

a problem with me, and that's a coward's way of handling himself.”

“Coward. Coward?!” he bellowed, and I just smirked at him like the evil villain I felt like.

His body was vibrating with rage, so much so I wanted to touch it, to see if it burned, but I kept my hands to myself as I motioned to the mat. “Or you could work out your shit with me like a fucking man.”

The air in the room stopped at my words, his eyes looking at the mat and then back at me. I could see the indecision in his eyes, like he thought just because I was a girl that he would do too much damage to me. That was amusing.

I sauntered over to the center of the mat, swaying my hips before I twirled around and caught his eyes watching it. I smiled, and he growled, his face morphing into anger as he knew I had caught him. I got into a fighting stance, stuck out my hand, and motioned for him to come at me. “Just remember, I am an assassin. I could easily kill you if I wanted to.”

That taunt shifted all of his hesitations away, and he stalked his way over to the other side of me, lifting up his hands. “Don't come crying to me if you get hurt, you hear? You asked for this.”

I grinned with all my teeth. “You make me cry? Don't make me laugh.” Then we lunged for each other.

He immediately went for a right hook, so I dodged it by going underneath him, sliding behind him easily, and giving him a one-two punch in the kidneys. He growled as he whipped around, instantly going for a lunge with his left, and I kicked at his right leg, immediately causing him to take a knee.

I celebrated a little too early as my laugh was cut off as he tackled me from the waist to the ground. I let my body react as my legs wrapped around his chest, and I threw myself to the side, rolling us so that when I got up on my knees, he was underneath me.

My punches rained down on him as his forearms were lifted, protecting that angry face. He surprised me when he opened up, letting me hit him twice in the face before his hand struck out and grabbed me by my throat and threw me off him.

I recovered mid-air, landing on my feet as I slightly slid off the mat. He rose up slowly and menacingly, the air around him practically crackling with his anger, and I couldn't stop watching his body move. His muscles were so toned the grooves were like major indents, his chest and back muscles ripped as he heaved out a labored breath.

You would think that guy throwing me off him violently wouldn't be so damn sexy, but it was. I liked it much more than I thought I would. It felt like the crashing violence of the tides when a storm hit. The overwhelming thrashing that the ocean put you through as it tumbled you underneath its unforgiving waves. I wanted more.

I wanted to see blood and then lick it off his skin, savoring the mark I had made. I didn't want this man to be sweet and kind to me. I wanted the dirty and raw. I wanted to drink down the pain so much that it turned into pleasure. Something must be wrong with me. It might be because my mommy doesn't love me. Who knows.

"I'm not going to be so nice anymore." His threat lingered in the air as his purple eyes flashed neon for a second.

"I don't want you to. I want you to give me what you got. All that piss and vinegar in your veins must come out sometime." That apparently put him over the edge, and he charged at me.

I had two options, try to dodge it or meet it. I knew I wanted to see it, to prove to him that I wasn't spooked that easily. That I had steel running through my veins, and no amount of his acid tongue would melt it.

At the last second, I saw an opening, and I lunged toward him, but instead of smashing into each other in the same manner, I jumped, wrapping my arms and legs around him as we collided. That brought him off balance as he stumbled around until he tried to smash my back into the wall.

I'll admit, it hurt. He did it again, lifting up his body and smashing mine against the brick wall, but I didn't let up. In fact, I circled my arms tighter as my shoulder went underneath his chin, and I tried to cut off his breathing.

He bellowed out, trying to use his own voice to build up his stamina as he started to get tired, but I wasn't having it. I smashed my lips to his, swallowing down that bellow like it

was water. He stopped moving for a millisecond before he pressed me against the wall again and he kissed me back.

All that lust and desire from before came rushing back into my body, taking over my mind until I was only thinking of one thing. One thing that I wanted the most and was going to fucking get it this time.

I bit his lip hard, spilling the blood that I wanted before in a different way, and he moaned out. His hand fisted my hair, forcibly pulling my head back. Rage and violence were still working in his eyes, but so was lust. He wanted this. He wanted my body.

I gave him a lazy victory grin as I licked at the blood on my lips, “Are you going to run away from this, too? Who am I kidding, of course, you will.”

His hand circled around my throat, his eyes glaring at me like he was trying to burn me with them right where I was. “Who says I’m running?” The hate and heat mingled around in his eyes before his hand tightened around my throat, pulling my face forward as he slammed his mouth onto mine.

It was all malice and fire between us. No nice, sweet kisses, no soft lips or lingering touches. We were grabbing at each other, digging our nails into each other just to see how much damage we could inflict.

He yanked on my hair, so I raked my nails down his chest. When he bit on my lip, I lunged for his throat, licking and biting my way around his neck as I felt him grow harder and harder between us.

We finally made it to the floor, both our hair in disarray and a few cuts and bruises, but we still kept at it. Finally, he wrestled me to the floor and positioned himself between my thighs. My need was on display, soaking straight through my leggings.

He took a big sniff of the air, pushing down his shorts as his cock sprang out in all its long and thick glory. I almost wanted to give it a lick along its length just to see if it would grow any more. Then I saw him looking down at me with a jackal of a smile. “Looks like someone likes it rough and dirty, or are you going to back out like a coward?”

I lifted my hips and growled back at him, “I can handle more than you got.”

He lunged for me, getting right up into my face, “More than I got, eh? You want fucking more?” His hands went down to my waist, his touch searing me with his fingertips as he gripped both sides of my pants and ripped them down my legs. He pushed two fingers inside me, and we both groaned.

He bent down further, his mouth tugging on my earlobes with his teeth as he said, “More. You want more. What if I don’t want to give you more?”

I yanked my head to the side, ripping my earlobe from his teeth, the pain a delicious contrast to what his fingers were doing down below, and I felt myself clench down on him. “Then don’t,” I said with a lot more fire than my body wanted me to say. My body was desperate for him to finish what he started, but my mind was, like, fuck you, motherfucker.

“Then get up and walk out of here with your dick tucked between your legs like we both know you would.” His nostrils flared for a second, his eyes looking down at me like I was the bane of his existence, but I still saw the heat, the passion in them, so I followed with, “Or you can give me what we both want right now. Meeting me in the middle as equals. No strings, no catch afterward. Just this.”

I expected him to answer me, to say something snarky back. I got my answer as he shoved his cock into my wet and waiting pussy. My nails dug into his back as I needed to hang on to something. The feel of him filling me up made me gasp, and his mouth found mine to silence me. For a few seconds, we were just on the floor, fully connected, as he kissed me with all the passion that I saw in those eyes a moment ago. Then he picked up the pace.

He lifted up, arms extended with his palms on the floor as he thrust into me so hard I had to dig my heels into the mat to keep from moving. The only sounds in the room were the slapping of our skin and the whispered moans on our lips as he took me.

“Fuck, why do you have to feel like this?” His words were like a desperate plea to the gods, and I responded by licking up his forearm, tracing his veins with my tongue.

“Fuck!” he yelled as he pushed up onto his knees, his hands sinking into my thighs as he pistoned in and out of me with fervor. He was like an animal, fucking me so hard that my thighs started to shake. It felt so fucking good.

“Yes, Dino. Fuck me harder. Fuck this hole like it’s your last. Rip me apart.” He growled, and this time, it sounded more like a wolf than before. He moved hard and fast, fucking me just like I asked as his hands shoved my thighs open as far as they could go without breaking.

My back bent, and my eyes rolled into the back of my head as he hit the spot that had me going over the deep end. He must’ve known it would happen because one of his hands went to my clit, pinching it with two fingers as he flicked the top as fast as he could. Pleasure raced up and down my body before my toes curled, and I cried out my release.

The second my cum came, it was like a trigger for him, and so did he. His cum filled me up as he kept pumping, kept going until my body was so full it started to dribble out.

We both slumped onto the floor. My whole body was singing with satisfaction as my muscles were utterly fatigued and my skin was drenched in sweat. Now that was a fucking workout.

I was still panting, catching my breath from what we had done, when he suddenly got up. Mumbled something about being sorry and then darted out of the room. I was beginning to think that this room and I were not meant to be since men kept fleeing from me.

I took a couple of breaths before I slowly got up. A wonderful soreness of having exquisite sex was there, and I had a hard time hating it. Even if Dino was a dick, even if he hated who I was or what I was about, the cold stone fact was he wanted

me. He wanted me badly, and I kept that with me, even if this was to never happen again.

I looked at my ripped leggings. Well, really, Emma's ripped leggings, and I made a mental note to apologize and get her more when I got a chance. I picked up my shreds of fabric, my shirt was still on, and since it was Duce's, it was already a little on the long side, only going halfway down my ass, but that would be enough to get me back to his room for a proper shower.

I made my way down the hallway and into Duce's room without incident since two out of the three men were currently avoiding me. I threw the ripped leggings into the corner of the room, along with the shirt I borrowed, and I heard a buzzing sound.

I checked underneath Duce's mattress where I left my phone, and I saw one text in my inbox. It was from Ken, and all it had was the envelope emoji, telling me that the information I requested was on the shared server.

I texted back a thumbs up. I was tempted to log in and open up the file, but I needed a shower first, so I threw my phone on the bed and walked into the bathroom to clean myself off, still having a hard time being mad about what went down. Something must be wrong with me.

CHAPTER 15



AFTER MY SHOWER, I felt rejuvenated and healed from my earlier activities. As a siren, cuts and bruises tended to heal rather quickly, especially if I had water on them. Anything more than that, though, I would need medical care. I recovered quicker than a human but not as quick as a vampire. Those fuckers were more the type that you needed to straight-up kill if you wanted to stop them.

I peeked out the window in Duce's room that showed the front of the house. I didn't see Rabid's cherry red bike or Duce's frost blue one. I was just about to turn away when I saw Dino stomp his way down the steps, heading in the direction of the pool house at an angry quick clip.

I'm guessing Gears was at the machine shop that he ran, and I had no idea where Bricks was, but if he was still avoiding me,

it would be the perfect time to dive into their personal files. I swiped my phone from the bed and sat down, getting comfortable before I dove in.

A piece of me felt guilty after hearing Duce's story, though I reminded myself that this was business. I just needed to know who I was working with, nothing else. I won't judge them for their past, only their present and Dino was doing a fuck all job at it, so I was confident it wouldn't get any worse.

I clicked on the world icon that looked like it would be the internet but was really a private link to my department's intranet. As soon as I logged in, I went to my file section, and I had five shiny new files waiting for me with the names I gave them.

I went to Duce's first. Since he had already told me some, I knew I could skip a bit. I clicked it open and jumped right in. I saw his real name was Carter Davison, was twenty-nine years old, Vice President and Co-founder of the Moon Raiders. Has a sister, Emma Davison, twenty-five years old. His mother died after she gave birth to Emma, and that was when his father's mental health declined. It looked like the mother was keeping the father afloat, as when I looked into her record, she had two medical instances that looked like it was abuse.

The rest was a much more clinical version of what Duce told me. His father was a drunk and would take the money he earned and spend almost all of it at the local bar and on lottery tickets. What was really telling was that not a single neighbor

had ever made a report about his father or the kids. His school record was dismal, but that was to be expected.

The next part was exactly as he said. His father sold him and his sister to slave traders for a gambling debt. Then a month went by, and they escaped with Remington Castro, aka Rabid. The three of them have stuck together since then.

I clicked on Rabid's file, curious as to how his story started. Remington Castro, thirty-one years old, founder of the Moon Raiders. He also had an unstable marker on his file, which kinda made me laugh. There was nothing that I had seen from him that I would label unstable, in fact, I would say he was a control freak.

It looked like he was raised in a small but loving wolf pack in the deep south of Virginia. It's a pack that kept to themselves and would spend half their time in wolf form and half in human form. This made their wolves slightly more powerful than others since they were so in-tune with them, but it also made them desirable.

When Rabid was around six, a large group of traders raided their pack. They killed the adults, skinning them for their magical fur, and enslaved the children. It said that they made the children watch what they did to their parents, which broke many of the children.

I was gripping my phone so hard, pissed for those children that had to see such horrors at such a young age. I felt my skin ripple as my anger flooded, but I kept reading.

From then on, it looked like they kept all the children, selling them off to whoever was the highest bidder, all except for Rabid. The day they skinned his parents, his wolf went crazy and killed one of the traders, and he stayed as a wolf for one whole year.

It was hard for me not to root for that little boy, his wolf taking over to reap vengeance for his parents the only way it knew how. I wanted to find these men and kill them myself, but I kept reading.

Apparently, he did not shift back into a boy until year two, but he became their whipping boy. They kept him caged and would abuse him whenever they felt like it. I could imagine fuckers like that abusing him in the worst ways since they thought he had no value, since they thought he was broken and of no use for them other than to kick around.

We got to the part where Duce and his sister arrived, and, even on paper, in the most clinical way you could say it, those two woke something up in Rabid. When Duce told me about him fighting to stay with his sister, how he cried, kicked, and begged, I bet that set Rabid off. Taking him back to the time when he felt the same way and no one did anything.

In the file, it skips all that and says that when the three of them escaped, they had opened up all the cages with the other kids and set the place on fire with the traders in it. Only one of them made it out to tell the cops his story. His account said that a voracious beast came into the main room and tore up the

traders one by one. That no amount of tranquilizers or gunshots had taken him down, that he barely got out.

It is noted that, a few days later, that same trader was found dead, ripped to shreds in the woods with small bloody footprints leaving the scene. I sat back, looking out the window as satisfaction filled me. He got them. He got them all for what they did, and his wolf made sure it was in the most bloody and painful way possible.

I moved on to Bricks' file. Sad to see that it was precisely what he said, but the details were so much worse. His file read, Bricks aka Jacob Bushmill, thirty years old, Enforcer for the MC Moon Raiders.

He grew up in a very religious home where his parents believed in a wolf god that was the start of werewolves and needed to be worshiped constantly. They also lived in a small pack, one that sounded more like a cult than anything.

One day, his mother got wolfsbane poisoning and died. His father seemed to take this as a sign that his god wasn't pleased with him, asking everyone if they knew what kind of offering he should make to gain back his favor.

It looks like he came up with an answer of his own because, one day, he tied Bricks up, took him to some sacred rock they worship around, and tried to slit his throat. Since he was a werewolf, it didn't kill him, and when his father walked away, he ran away to the streets.

He was a street kid for a couple of years before he met up with Rabid and Duce and joined up with them. He had a few

medical records that explained that what his father had done to his vocal cords had damaged them permanently. He could still talk, but it was so soft and low that they advised learning sign language.

I felt a single tear roll down my cheek as I thought of my own mother. She wasn't the best, far from it. She was toxic, mean, and I was an overall chore for her, but she never tried to kill me. She may have wished I was never born, but she didn't end my life. Just more left me alone because I was no longer useful, and she no longer cared.

I swiped at the tear and continued. I still had two more to go, and with how this was all going, I really didn't have any hope for a good story for any of them.

I hesitated over Dino's, thinking about who he was, but I needed to know. I clicked and opened the file. Dino aka Antonio Rodriguez, twenty-nine years old, Treasurer for the Moon Raiders.

My eyes widened when I saw his real last name. Surely, he couldn't be part of the Rodriguez clan that just got slaughtered. I tried to recall that file from that job, and I remember it saying that the main family was all human, but they had supernaturals working for them. They were known for how much of a tight-knit family they were... could he be?

I looked down and read as fast as I could. It looked like he was, in fact, part of the Rodriguez drug cartel clan on his mother's side and was one of the lower-tiered families, and this was where it took a dark turn.

It looked like the head family, made up of the boss, his wife and children, had decided early on that they needed the strength of the supernatural community, only they couldn't trust them. *Familia lo es todo*. Family is everything was their motto, and they found themselves a solution.

The boss had ordered all of his sisters and brothers to marry someone from the supernatural communities and to breed with them to make the workers that they needed. Soon, each family became its own sub-family, all working for the boss.

Dino was a part of the werewolf side, and they were usually tasked with a lot of the grunt work. I guess he didn't like that, and, at the age of ten, he started his own underground casino with his two brothers and two sisters.

They were making a lot of money, and the boss got wind of it somehow. It was said he was furious, feeling like it was the deepest betrayal to steal from their own family, and so he decided to steal their lives in return.

He massacred the whole family but kept the youngest girl, Adalena. It was said he knew that he was going to need to replenish the werewolf house, and he kept her as his insurance. Somehow, Dino got away and crossed the border into the United States.

It looked like he bounced from city to city, using different names in each until he settled with the Moon Raiders. It was said that he tried to cheat Duce in a game of cards, and when Duce caught him, he roped him into being in charge of the Moon Raiders books and never left.

My mind was reeling with what these guys had been through, what had made them into the men they are today, and, more importantly, what they had survived. This world was not a nice one. Each of their lives was a prime example of how hard life could really be. How horrible any being could be to another.

One more. I just had one more.

I held my breath and clicked on Gears' file. His file read, Gears AKA Mayson Smith, twenty-seven years old, Road Captain for the Mood Raiders. I was surprised to see his file consisted of one page. One page was all the team could dig up on him and any pseudo names.

I looked at his write-up, which said that he was an orphan at birth, dropped off at the doorsteps of an orphanage. He had quite a few write-ups and warnings in his orphanage file, but it seemed like he was never the instigator. It had a couple of notes inside that said he was a difficult child, and they tried several medications with no correct one.

He left the orphanage at seventeen and joined up with the Moon Raiders when they found him at a bar fighting robots for money. They took him on as a mechanic at first, and then he worked his way up to being Road Captain because of his smarts and strategic mindset.

With Gears' file, it was more about what wasn't there than what was. There was no mention of parents, no adoption, no one to even pretend to love him since it seemed like the kids were picking on him all his life, and the adults allowed it to happen. He was alone from the get-go. On top of being a little

particular, he had both kids and adults make him feel like he didn't belong, and he knew how they felt.

I put my phone down and sat back, thinking about everything I had just read. I know that I was supposed to look at it objectively, that everyone had a sad story. Though, for some reason, all of them pulled at my heartstrings. Yanking me to see them, really see them, other than the sexy bad boy leaders of the Moon Raiders.

They all had their own hardships and battles that they had to overcome at such young ages, ages where you should only have to worry about silly things like kissing girls and who you were going to take to the dance. If she even liked you or where the next party was going to be. These men didn't get to have that.

They had to grow up far too fast, be in charge of themselves and others' well beings far too young. It was sad, but it was also a beautiful story of how strong they each were. How they survived together and were now thriving, even with their obstacles in life.

It all made sense now. Why two men with such opposites in personalities would stay together and create a group known for protection. How Duce's carefree attitude and Rabid's staunchness would work as the boss and right-hand man. How Brick's strength and perseverance would make him the Enforcer. How Dino's mind for money and understanding the criminal world would give them an advantage over others. How Gears was able to use his unique mind would be a benefit

to a group like this. How they could all find each other, broken and beaten, and build each other up to be more.

In a weird way, I was a little jealous of that. The closest thing I had was Glenn and Ken, but they both are a part of my job. Rarely do we get to see each other in person. We just hang with each other and enjoy each other's company. I never had a mother who loved me for just being me. She wanted the princess, her line to continue, her descendant of greatness, and when it was brought to light that this wouldn't be me, she ignored me.

I was a waste. Baggage. Some annoying piece of lint she wanted to flick away but couldn't.

I felt fresh tears run down my face, and my cheeks immediately heated with embarrassment. I didn't do this kind of thing. I didn't cry about things that would never change. I didn't cry about the life of a siren princess that I dreamed of but never got; it was never mine in the first place. I shoved the palms of my hands into my eyes, pressing hard as I willed the water to stop, to just let me be, but it kept coming. It escaped from my palms, running down my arms in tracks.

Stop. I told myself. *Stop crying. You're being an idiot and an even worse assassin. Just stop. It's just a job, and your life is fine.* I had a fulfilling career that I loved, and that was all I needed. All I should ever have wanted.

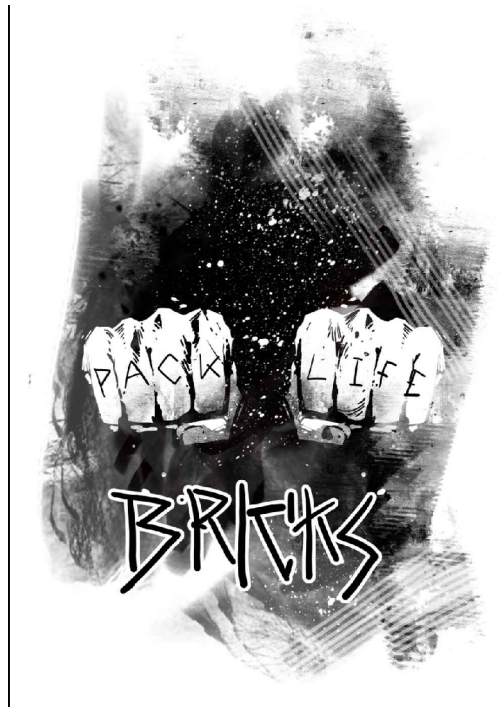
No, Celine. You didn't yearn for a family. For someplace to call your own. Didn't ache for someone, anyone, to just love

me for me. Accepting all my flaws and imperfections. To tell me that I was enough just as I was.

I heard a faint rumble in the background and knew my time was up. Assassins didn't get to wallow in self-pity. If they did, it was most definitely not on a job. I swatted the last tears off my face as I took a deep breath and forced a smile instead.

This was who I was and all I'll ever get. I didn't deserve more than that.

CHAPTER 16



I ALMOST BIT HER. I almost fucking bit her.

The pounding of the steady stream of hot water on my back was the only balm to my circle of thoughts.

How could I have let it get that far? What the fuck was I thinking? I slammed my fist into the tiles, trying to calm myself with the dull ache.

I wasn't thinking. That was the only answer. I was so wrapped up in feelings that I let go of my control and let my wolf take over for a second. That was all it took, one fucking second. If I didn't react as fast as I did, then she would've been bit, and then she would have hated me forever.

My wolf kept circling in my head, sending me pictures of how much she would've loved the bite. That she was practically

begging us to do it, and he couldn't fathom why I left right when he was about to claim her as his.

And that was the fucking point. She wasn't mine. My heart squeezed at that thought, hating it more than anything, so I amended it to, not yet. She wasn't mine *yet*.

When Duce and Rabid left this morning, she looked a little lost, and I felt for her. I'm sure she was used to being the one in the middle of everything, the one that would've left to get the intel, and I guessed that it would be hard for her to just putz around the house waiting for them to come back. I thought she would appreciate a distraction.

When she caught me working out the other day, she seemed to be impressed with the equipment and layout of the place. Her eyes had looked around in appreciation, which made me think that she would enjoy having a workout buddy. I know I did.

At first, it was easy. We had gotten into a groove so quickly. I had never meshed with someone so well before. It was like we were on the same wavelength. Then I remembered that she kinda was with me. I didn't need to stop and think about hand signals or repeating myself slowly to make sure the person understood. I just had to put those word vibes out there, and she would easily pick them up.

Every once in a while, my gaze would snag on her ass as she bent over, zeroing in on the lucky drop of sweat that got to slide down the valley of her gorgeous breasts and find its home. Everything about this woman and what she did was

sexy. She made it difficult not to find something about her that would make me instantly hard.

It was like that the first night, too. She was like this enigma that moved, and I followed. The first night, I was upset that Gears got to sleep with her next to him. I wanted that more than anything, but I guess that's why Rabid didn't want me to. Then, last night, she got to sleep with Duce, and I knew that there was little actual sleeping going on.

Instead of getting jealous of Duce, I wished I was in his shoes. Having her in my arms all night, the scent of her lingering in my bed, having her curl up against me in the morning to chase away the chill. I wanted it so bad that I almost went out of my room and walked over to his.

I was surprised that my wolf and I were not opposed to sharing her with my brothers-in-arms. I knew all of us were broken in our own way, having given up on love and settled for scraps of the feeling. Satisfied with the taste. Only now that I have had Celine, had my mouth on her and tasted her core, I never wanted another to even come near me. I just wanted her.

My wolf kept telling me to go back down there. To apologize and to make it right. Although I knew what he wanted me to do, I just couldn't do it. Signing her up for this life was too much for me to ask. I needed to be okay with how it was now.

But you want more.

My wolf always made it difficult if it wanted something. If I wanted something. Always trying to find ways to get it for me, but I couldn't tie her to me like that without telling her the

repercussions. Without explaining that if I bit her, that would be it. She would be mine, and I would be hers. We would be mates and forever tied together.

My wolf kept calling out, *Mate. Mate. Mate. Mate.* It was hurting my fucking head to keep him in check when he was pushing against me so loudly. I turned off the water and took a deep breath before I got out and got dressed.

A piece of me wanted to go downstairs, find her, and apologize profusely. Tell her that it wasn't because of her, that it was all my fault. Then I would remember how her body felt when I spotted her or the sweet smell of her sweat or the cute puff of air she let out when she worked herself hard, and my wolf came right back to the forefront, demanding we finish the job we started.

No, I needed to keep my distance from her right now. I needed to get this situation with my wolf figured out before I even attempted to be around her. My cock throbbed to be inside her. My body begged me to reconsider, tempting me to just go down and take her, the risk of the bite be damned, but I needed to be the stronger one here.

I looked out the window, seeing Gears heading to the shop, and that gave me an idea. It was an easy way to get out of the house and keep my mind and hands busy. Then, once I was entirely myself, I could go apologize. Beg her to forgive me and to maybe try again. This time, I would make sure to keep myself in check.

Now that I had a plan, I swung my door open and walked carefully down the hallway and to the front door. I paused when I heard fighting, but then I heard Celine's breathing and Dino's cussing, and I got the feeling they were fighting something out. Good for her. It would be a lot better for her if those two started to get along. Every time he said a snide comment or talked to her in the wrong way, my wolf and I both got angry. My wolf wanted to bite his face off, but I made sure to keep my reactions on the inside. Not letting Rabid or Dino know how much it bothered me.

I followed Gears, kicking up dirt as I quickly made my way to his shop. Gears was one of the men that I felt understood me the most. Both of us kept quiet and to ourselves most of the time for different reasons. I did it because I no longer had a voice, but he did it because his mind was always thinking, always on overdrive. He didn't want to say anything he thought in case it was wrong or too much or not enough. He was always thinking so much all the time, so when I saw them together that first night, I hoped that he wouldn't ruin it, like he always did, with his thoughts.

I had selfish reasons for watching, too. I liked seeing her on display, watching her coax him and control the situation. I liked to watch her tits rise and fall. Her back bent when she was being fucked in the right spot. The silent scream she gave when she was getting close to cumming. I enjoyed watching all of that more than either of them knew, though what made me appreciate and respect her more was the fact that she didn't shame or treat Gears differently when he confessed to his

disability. In fact, she was so fucking perfect that she made way for both of them to enjoy it. I know he had never had a woman do that for him.

He and I were the same like that. Broken in a way that you could easily see, that it couldn't be ignored or hidden, and it made it that much more obvious when a woman didn't like it. They would pretend they wouldn't hear us or see the signals I gave them. They would just fuck us fast and quick to get it over with, entertaining us because we were part of an MC gang. It made it hard to enjoy any of it. I had started to pretend that I had cum and then finished myself off in the shower. It didn't make me feel good and made it so I was particular about who I slept with.

Since both of us were busy with our duties to the club, we both purposely did not partake in a lot of the partying. Then she ran into the booth, and I felt something shift when I looked at her crystal blue eyes. I had the feeling that Gears also felt the same way. I had been catching him watching her with less of a critical eye and more of an interested one. One that spoke of how he might also want to make a claim on her. That's why I needed to talk to him. To sort this out before anything happened accidentally.

I got to the open garage door, heard some banging in the back, and went straight there. I nodded to the boy, Billy, who was cleaning some parts. He was a good boy, always wanting to do whatever he could to help, as he wanted to be a prospect when he turned eighteen.

I saw Gears' ashtray on the rolling work cart, three cigarette buds all set at a perfect ninety-degree angle against the lip of the bowl. I hadn't even seen the top of his head before I heard him say, "Hey, Bricks. What brought you here?"

I sat down on the seat of some bike he had when he stood up, cigarette on his bottom lip, and looked at me with those emerald, green eyes that caught everything.

I lifted my hand and signed to him, *It's about Celine*. Gears nodded as his cigarette bobbed up and down. I formed the words with my hands slowly so he could get each word.

We were working out, trying to get her mind off what was going on, and it went fine up until the end. I ran my hand through my hair before continuing, I almost bit her. Gears' eyes went wide as the cigarette dropped out of his mouth. He tried to catch it, but it was already long gone.

He straightened up, "Did you?"

I shook my head and signed, *No, I stopped myself and then ran out of the room as fast as I could.* He blew out a breath as he looked away for a second then looked back when I signed, *I think she's my mate.*

Gears just stood there looking at me, no expression, no words, just stared at me for a full minute. I wanted to ask him what he was thinking but knew better. He would tell me once he figured it all out in his head. At the moment, I bet he was running through several different scenarios, trying to figure out which one would be the best outcome for the club. I wanted that, too, but I also just wanted advice from a friend.

Gears did the last thing I thought he would do. I watched as a big, slow smile crept along his face, his eyes shining a few shades lighter as the ideas in his head made him happy. “I think you’re onto something, Bricks. I have a feeling that she might be more than just the assassin that we had to partner up with for a job.”

Then he looked in the direction of the house like he could see through walls and mumbled to himself, “But what if she isn’t ready? She doesn’t seem like the type to let you in easily... but maybe it will just take more of us to get through to her, not give her a chance to build up her walls. Some of us take it down brick by brick, while others just make sure any that she builds on the other side doesn’t get built. Yeah. This could work, but we need time.”

Gears stared at the floor, his eyes flicking back and forth at a rapid pace as he was lost in his thoughts, letting his mind run wild with possibilities. I snapped my fingers, reminding him that I was here, and he turned back around. “Sorry, man. Sorry, but I think you did the right thing. I don’t know if she is far enough in to be able to make that kind of commitment, but I think she would be open to it. We just need more time to get to know each other.”

I nodded, liking his plan already since it seemed that he also wanted to keep her. I knocked on the bike, waiting for his attention before I signed. *What about the others?*

He shoved his hand into his pocket to take out another cigarette and lit it up before he talked out of the side of his

mouth. “Duce is already on our side right now, so that only leaves Rabid and Dino.”

Only? I signed as I gave him a look, letting him know that I knew those two would be the hardest.

He shrugged. “They might not be her mates like you, Duce, and I, but we still need to convince them that she is good for this club, that she would be an asset, and it was better to have her here than without. Once we do that, then we can tell her about it all. Up until then, we need to keep this to ourselves. I don’t want to spook her.”

I nodded again. *Agreed*, I signed. Feeling better about the whole situation already. *I’m glad that I came and talked to you.*

Gears nodded, his typically stoic face back on, though his words were a touch lighter than they normally were, “I’m glad you came to me, too, Brother.” He clapped my shoulder, squeezing it before letting go. “Who would’ve thought that you and I would find a mate, let alone one so perfect for us?”

I shrugged as I signed, *Not me. I thought I was only going to only have your four ugly mugs for the rest of my life.*

Gears laughed at that, picking up the cigarette from before and setting it in the ashtray, perfectly perpendicular to the rest of them. “Yeah, I didn’t either, but she sure is beautiful, right?”

I smiled up at him, signing slowly as I exaggerated each syllable. *She is gorgeous.* I paused before I followed with, *Let’s not fuck it up.*

He smirked as he sat back down to tinker on the bike again.
“Agreed.”

I stayed, shooting the shit with him for a little bit until I heard the familiar roar of two bikes, and I knew Rabid and Duce were back, and that was my cue to go back to the house. I rubbed my hand over my heart; a dull ache started as I hoped that Celine wasn't too angry with me.



As soon as Rabid swung his leg over his bike, he told us to all meet him in the war room. Something must've happened because Duce looked like he wanted to murder someone. His hands were balled into fists as he was looking at the ground. I could tell he was trying and failing to get his anger in check, which made me even more curious.

I guess Rabid had also called out to Celine because, right as I turned the corner, she was walking down the hallway. Our eyes met, and, for a second, I could see the raw feeling in them, then she shut them down like shutters. Closing me off to seeing in and looking away.

I was stunned still, not expecting to be gutted so easily, but I was. My heart twisted up inside as guilt flooded me. I knew it was the right thing to do at the time, but it didn't help to have my wolf in the background growling at me. *How could I have*

treated our mate like that? How could you have run out on her?

She moved to go into the room, passing by me to get there, when I noticed something was off. Her face was flush, and her eyes were glossy. My hand struck out before I knew what I was doing, gripping her biceps before she went into the room.

What's wrong?

She took a long inhale before looking up at me. “Nothing. I’m perfectly fine. Is something wrong with you?”

I could tell she was deflecting, feeling the muscles move as she clenched her fist and yanked her arm back. “Even if I told you, it wouldn’t matter, would it? You would just run away.”

She walked into the room with her head held high as she left me there, gutted. I deserved that. I did, even if I had to, for her sake. Then why did my stomach muscles seize up and my heart feel so heavy I wanted to topple over?

“Bricks?” I turned and saw Rabid at the door, everyone else seated, Celine’s back to me. I nodded, sluggishly working my way into my seat as nausea crept up my throat.

“Okay,” Rabid started as he shut the door and strode to his seat. “We are set up to do this in two days. He is going to text me their warehouse location, and we are to go.”

Dino puffed out as he leaned back in his chair, “God damn, he just wants us to sing and dance for him at the snap of his fingers?”

Duce shrugged as he folded his arms on the table. “I don’t know if it’s that. My guess is it has more to do with trust than just being an overall prick.”

“Did you meet the backer?” Celine’s voice was all business as she looked at Rabid.

Rabid slowly nodded, and I already knew from his face she wasn’t going to like his answer. “We did, but we didn’t get his name.”

Celine immediately went still. Not a hair on her head moved, and her face went cold, impassive, but her eyes were a different story. They drilled into Rabid’s, the blue that was usually vivid and bright darkened to an ice blue. The air around her grew thick with violence and rage. Everything about her made us all in the room tense up or lean back, not wanting to get in the way of this deadly assassin in front of us. She was showing us exactly who we were messing with in all her fearsome glory. It was both exhilarating and frightening.

Anyone that crossed this woman wasn’t long for this world.

“Celine,” Duce started, keeping his voice soft and calm, although we all heard the plea for her to listen to him. She faced him slowly, giving him the same look she just gave Rabid, and he winced.

“We both felt like if we pushed them for his name, they would’ve been suspicious, and that would ruin what we were trying to do.” Duce’s eyes begged her to believe them, to believe him.

When she still hadn't said anything, Rabid sat back, unfazed, as he threw out, "But something weird did happen with the buyer. We were trying to leave when a large gust of wind blew through, and his eyes suddenly went red, and he started to freak out."

I thought that was odd until I noticed Celine whip her head toward him. "Did he have ashy blonde hair and a tattoo of two vampire fang holes on his neck?" All Rabid did was nod, and she slumped back into her seat, the two of them leaving the rest of us in the dark.

Duce looked like he also knew what they were talking about, and Dino spat out, "And what the fuck does that mean? Who the fuck is this guy?"

The three of them turned towards him, but Celine was the first to speak. "That would be the vampire that went into a bloodlust at the club," she flicked her eyes towards me, "the night we met."

My blood ran cold. I now knew why Duce was so pissed. That fucker had a taste of our girl's blood and went into a frenzy over it. I even got a few calls from people at the bar asking if we had seen her and who was the girl we left with. I covered my tracks, telling them it was a hang around from our club, but if he smelled her on one of them, then he would guess she was here.

I knocked on the table to get their attention as I signed quickly.
Did he ask you anything about her?

Rabid shook his head. “No. He looked like he was barely keeping a lid on it and only answered in short, clipped words.”

“What are we going to do?” Gears’ passive voice asked, his face not showing what he was thinking, but I knew it had to be more along the lines of *what are we going to do to help Celine*.

Rabid rested his chin on his hands as he thought for a second and said, “We are going stick to the plan. I have a feeling this vampire is not going to make his move before then. He still needs us to take the shipment.” He took a deep breath. “Killian was also twitchy about something. On edge. I think this drop needs to pan out, or he will be in trouble.”

“If that’s the case, then I think you need more firepower here on the premises.” Celine’s voice was firm, letting us know that this could get dicey if we didn’t prepare.

Rabid nodded. “And your recommendation?”

Gone was her assassin coldness as she perked up, eyes shining again as she talked about something she was into. “If I were you, I would stock up on UV bullets, as many as you can get. I would get a couple of machine guns for the gate and a few well-placed stash sheds along the back, just in case someone tried to come that way. I see you have cameras, except from what I saw coming in, you have a few blind spots that you need to take care of.” She tapped her chin. “I would also set some timed explosives at key entry points. It causes groups entering to disperse, making them easier to take down once separated.”

Gears spoke up, “Now, I would love to do all that, but I don’t have all that equipment on hand. The only thing I could get done today would be setting up the extra cameras. We only have a few boxes of UV ammunition, and that’s not enough for a war if it breaks out.”

Rabid opened his mouth, but Celine beat him to the punch. “I have everything else.” The whole table was silent as we all turned to her, mouths open as she smiled. “I have a weapons house that is not far from here. I could pop over there, grab what we need, and be back in a couple of hours, tops.”

“I think it’s for the best if you lay low...” Rabid said, even as his face looked like he wanted those guns.

She raised an eyebrow at him while his eyes narrowed on hers, almost like they were having their own conversation, until she said, “I will be more than safe, I promise. If you’re that worried, then pick two of the guys to go with me. That way we have both the front, back, and scents covered.” Then she cooed out, “Like you said, he needs you for now, so let’s use that to our advantage.”

Rabid’s eyes flared, turning yellow for a second before his whole body tightened, and he swore, “Fuck, all right. You guys will go first thing tomorrow.” She perked up, smiling, until he said, “You’ll take Dino and Gears with you.” She looked at Gears first and smiled, he winked at her, but that was all that was done, and she seemed happy with that. Then she frowned as she glared at Dino, who gave it right back to her.

Gears' eyes ping-ponged between them before letting out a tired sigh and mumbling out, "This will be interesting."

CHAPTER 17



I HAD WOKEN UP early and started tinkering with one of my projects. There was something about taking an object apart and putting it back together screw by screw that was soothing to me. Helped me think, to focus.

Today, Dino and I were going with Celine to go to her weapon stash. When she told us about it, at first, I was excited to go. If she was carrying such big and expensive gear, I wanted to see what else she had in that treasure trove. Then I remembered her situation with that vampire.

My wolf inside growled at that thought, telling me he would rip him apart limb from limb if he tried to take her from us. I felt his anger fill my body, and I clenched the screwdriver in my fist.

He was already obsessed with her. Whenever he saw her, he kept pushing me to go to her side, to smell her fresh sweet and salty scent. He wanted to invite her back to our bed since her scent was starting to fade from our pillow. While her voice had calmed my mind, her smell had calmed my wolf.

I heard a knock at the bottom of my stairs as a familiar rumble of a voice drifted up, “Are you awake?”

I smiled at Rabid’s hesitation. It was something you almost never heard from our stern leader. “Come on up,” I called out.

Since I was the last to move into the house, I got this sizeable three-wall loft. I didn’t mind, as I enjoyed the openness of the room. It didn’t stifle me, but that also meant that I didn’t have a door, so the guys all made it a point to knock down at the bottom of the stairs before they came up.

Rabid’s solid footsteps pounded towards me in the background as I finished screwing in the last screw. There. Perfect.

“Is that another one of your killbots?”

His voice held notes of interest as he shuffled through my mess to get a better look.

“Yeah. Some kid is paying me top dollar to make one for him to enter into a contest.” It was good side money for some of the more expensive parts I didn’t want Dino to know about. He would just badger me, asking if it was “needed” versus what I wanted.

“And you’re okay with that? Don’t you want to enter it yourself?” I smirked to myself before swiveling around to face

him. Good old dependable Rabid. Collector of broken souls he desperately wanted to repair. It made me sometimes wonder when he would turn that interest inward.

“What would I do with a first-place trophy in robotic mechanics? Nothing. I just like building them. That’s all.” I didn’t want to say it was a calming technique for my sometimes chaotic life.

He gave me the side eye as he observed the robot. Trying to keep his face neutral as he asked, “So, about the job today... do you have any objectives? Holes you see? Problems you expect to arise?” Rabid was a good leader. He was smart, strong, and capable. He also knew how to ask for help and who he should ask it from.

He and I had done this dance from the beginning when I first started. After joining the Moon Raiders, I observed all the comings and goings for the first six months and gave him a full report on the things I would change to make the place safer for everyone. He appreciated my psychotic attention to detail and the efforts I made for the community. Knowing he could trust me for the honest truth, he made me Road Captain.

I rattled off to him like always. “I mean, of course. There’s about a sixty-two percent chance that the vampire is watching us somehow. Then, if he is, it’s an eighty-seven percent chance that he would follow us. Then another secret two percent chance he will bring others with him and try to kidnap Celine-”

“Then why did you agree to this crazy idea?!” His voice cracked at the end as his eyes widened with each percentage I laid out.

I shrugged my shoulders as I said, “I am pretty confident in her skills. She is The Songbird, after all, and two... I want to check out her stash. The potential benefits outweigh the risks since it’s just the three of us. It’s highly likely in the worst case scenario that at least one of us, if not two, could make it out of the worst case situation.”

He leaned back onto my dresser hard as he crossed his arms and looked at the floor. “I wish I had your faith.”

I perked up. “Oh, it’s not faith.” When Dino mentioned her assassin name, I did some research. Looked at some of the recorded files of her assassinations. All the scenes were brutal and, yet, still clean. Sharp precision and deep, calculated cuts were a testament to her strength and skill. An S lightly carved in the back of their necks, her calling card. “I have seen her work, and someone like that will have some backup if things get dicey. I’m sure of it.”

He nodded, but I could tell that he still wasn’t sure. Our leader had a tendency to be overprotective of all of us. We are, after all, his band of misfits. Rabid was a collector of broken and discarded beings, always wanting to show us that it didn’t matter that we didn’t fit the mold. He was a big brother to all of us, always looking to protect and help us, yet he never turned any of that effort around into himself.

I turned around and faced him fully. “So, what are you really trying to get at here?” I picked up a rag and started to rub off the grease with it.

Rabid turned his head away from me, pursing his lips as he collected his thoughts. He finally whispered, “Can she be trusted?”

I threw the towel towards the hamper in the corner, about to finish the conversation, when I saw it missed the basket and was lying on the floor. My chest seized up as I immediately got up and scurried towards the towel. I picked it up and dropped it in the basket, letting out a small sign of relief. As I turned around, Rabid was looking at me, a small smile on his face and a twinkle of laughter in his eye.

I knew he was laughing at me and my neurotic tendencies, so I crossed my arms and let a smile grace my face before I taunted him, “What does your wolf say?”

His whole face shut down, growing deeper than ever before, but I could see the ripple against his skin, indicating his wolf wanted to come out. Awoken by even the thought of her. The fact that it was just a body reaction and not a fierce growl also was an indicator of how his wolf felt towards her.

So, it looks like it's Bricks, Duce, Rabid, and me that all feel the same, and that made me wonder... was all of Dino's anger just misplaced for something else...? I will need to keep an eye on those two on this trip. See if what I had been thinking since she first busted into our conference room was true.

“Don’t work yourself up about it. I will handle it, whatever comes our way. I have already thought of six different contingency plans.” I saw his chest rise and fall with a big sigh as he took my words to heart.

“Fine. I trust you, and I know that you think things through,” He raised his eyebrow at me, “Maybe a little too much, but it makes you who you are, and I’m glad for it. The plan is that while you three are gone, I will talk to the rest of the club about what we are doing, who Celine is, and her part in all this.” He kicked off the dresser, and I winced as I noticed it moved a centimeter to the right. I’ll need to fix that.

His hand landed on my shoulder and squeezed, “You get what we need and then come back, all of you, you hear me?”

I nodded. “You got it, Prez.”

I will make sure our mate makes it back safe and sound, even if you don’t want to admit it.



It was Rabid’s turn to make breakfast while the rest of us talked around the table. Celine seemed to be in a chipper mood when she and Duce came in laughing as she said morning to the room. I switched my gaze to the guys and saw Dino turn

away from her obviously but then tried to sneak glances before his fist tightened, and he turned away again.

I almost wanted to smirk at him, but Bricks just looked so pitiful that it took all the fun out of it. He looked at her with this plea full of longing. I almost tried to get his attention to tell him to quit it, but Celine did a superb job ignoring both of them. I knew what happened to Bricks, but what was wrong with Dino? It was like he constantly had a war inside his own head.

She let go of Duce's arm and approached the seat next to me. I stiffened, not knowing why she was coming over to me. I looked up at Duce, wondering if he would help a brother out and call her back to him, but he looked at my face, grinned, and sat down next to Bricks. I don't know what he was thinking. I did much better at a distance with women. That first night was a fluke, and, if I was really honest, it was more me reacting to her.

"Morning, Gears. Are you ready to delve into my lair?" She put her hands together and wiggled the fingers like she was some creepy witch. The curve of my lips was not because it was funny, more so because I thought she was incredibly cute. I saw her files and knew how dangerous she was, and, yet... she never gave off that I'm-dead-inside-because-I-kill-people vibe.

The only time she was on the scary side was when Rabid and Duce didn't get the name of the backer like they agreed to. I wonder if that's something she was particular about.

“Yes. Speaking of which, where is this ‘lair’?”

She immediately stiffened as she put her hands in her lap, her voice the opposite of her body language, light and carefree. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll drive you guys there.”

All of us stopped what we were doing and turned towards her as Duce asked, “Cupcake, you don’t want us to think that you don’t trust us, do you?”

At that moment, the door to the kitchen swung open, and Rabid came out, both hands holding a glass pan. He huffs out as he makes his way over to the table. “If you are the type that wants hot sauce with your egg casserole, you’re going to need to get it yourself.”

He set the pan down, and Celine immediately got up, pointing around the table at the rest of us that were still watching her. “Anyone want hot sauce? I got it-”

Duce spoke up, tone serious, “Celine.” She stopped in her tracks and whipped around.

“Fine. Fine. Fine.” She threw up her arms before crossing them. I would be lying if I said I didn’t see the swell of her breasts over her arms, and I definitely thought back to when my hands were all over her body, looking up at them. She looked around and found a pen on the side table next to the couch. She stomped over to Dino and grabbed his arm. “Here is the address.” He hesitated, looking up at her in shock, as she wrote with wicked speed, four numbers and a street name.

When he finally realized what she was doing, he yanked his arm away as she finished the last letter. “Hey!” It was too late as a line ran down his arm at the last letter. “Why did you write this on me?!”

She shrugged as she threw the pen onto the table. “I didn’t see any paper, and I assumed that I would be riding with Gears. You’re the odd man out, so you need the address in case we get split up.” She winked at me, and I felt the side of my mouth lift. “Now, I was serious about liking hot sauce, sooo, I will be back.” She pointed at Dino, “You can share with the group,” then turned around and disappeared through the swinging doors.

I felt worried eyes on me, and I looked up to see Rabid’s gaze drilling into mine. I shrugged it off as I leaned into the table to look at the address on Dino’s arm. Dino was grumbling, pointing at the address on his arm, pissed that she thought his body was like paper, yet he didn’t wipe it off. Bricks pulled out his phone instantly and googled the address, turning to me, and signed that it was a townhouse in the city. Duce was laughing at Dino, saying he was jealous of him because he got a one-of-a-kind tattoo from his Cupcake.

Everyone looked more alive at that moment than they had for the past few years, and I couldn’t help but think that, even with all of the worry and trouble she brought, she also made us all come alive again, and I was having a hard time seeing that as a bad thing.



It was a different feeling having Celine's slender arms wrapped around me, fingers digging into me as she held onto my torso while we were sailing down the freeway. I could feel my wolf stirring inside, excited and soothed that she was near us. I could feel him sending heat towards my back to make sure she didn't get cold.

When we stopped at a light at the off-ramp, she whispered to me, "This is the warmest and most comfortable motorcycle ride I have ever been on. I don't think I can go back to not having my heater." I hid my smile as I kept my face forward, but I felt my wolf puff up his chest and strut around, proud that his mate was comfortable and warm.

I looked at Dino, who slid next to me, idling on his bike as we waited for the light to change. Even with his helmet on, I could feel his eyes staring at her, but as soon as either of us turned his way, he would face forward.

It took me a while to like Dino, to understand him. I would watch him, analyze him, and quickly come to the conclusion that I should just stay out of his way and leave him alone. I didn't want to be caught in his crosshairs as his fury was on fire, and his anger scorched the ground he walked on. Then one night, the five of us all got drunk. We had a hard job that caused casualties, and we really just wanted to wallow in our sorrows, but Rabid wouldn't let us do that alone.

We all bunkered down into that pool hall, locked the door, and drank until we were all silly and couldn't see straight. It was then that I found Dino in the bathroom, clutching the sink, as his teeth clenched and a single tear dropped from his eye. He looked up as soon as I hiccupped, and I thought he was going to punch me, instead, he told me his story. Then I knew, I understood where all that fire came from, and I had tolerance and compassion for his pissy attitude.

The light changed, and we zoomed off, going into the direction of the swanky part of the city. I figured that it would be something like that. I was picturing some high rise or some building that she owned, but when we rolled up to a small townhouse squeezed between two buildings that towered over it, I was, again, surprised by her.

As soon as I kicked the stand out, she hopped off. I instantly missed having her pressed up against me. As soon as she left, I felt a shift in me. Almost like my body was off kilter. I felt my anxiety come back in full force. My wolf started pacing back and forth in my head, making noises in the background.

I looked up at the red brick, black-shingled, two-story townhouse with a black rod iron gate surrounding a small green yard in the front. As she skipped up the steps onto her wooden patio, Dino scrambled off his bike and towards her, telling her to wait for us, but I was in no hurry.

I looked around for a second. I noticed the construction crew fixing some of the infrastructure in the building next to us. I noticed a few people on the other side of the street sitting in

front of a coffee shop. I saw a prissy old lady clutch her pearls as she passed by me, walking her dog. I even noted some of the parked cars that were close to us, but the one that caught my eye was the one that just parked down the street, facing us, with blacked-out windows.

My wolf growled, and I let him know that I saw it and that we would keep an eye on that car, but we first needed to join the others. Maybe convince them to go faster to get out of here quicker.

I stuck my hands in my pockets as Celine called, “G! Are you coming in?”

G? Did she already give me a nickname? A piece of my heart turned into goo as my feet moved towards her like she had an invisible leash that she yanked on, and I wore it willingly. Man, I was in trouble.

I made my way up the steps and noticed that the door had no door handle, just a black pad in place of it. I lifted my eyebrow in question at her.

“To keep the little rascals out.” She smiled brightly as she waved me in, making me think that she had to deal with that more than not.

I walked into a pitch-black house, bumping into Dino before she shut the door and turned on the lights. I was impressed to see that, on the inside, it was quite homey. There was a sitting room to the left, a hallway, and stairs that led up to the second floor. The only indication that this was not your average home was the metal shields that covered each entry point.

I walked up closer, seeing the specific sheen that said this was tungsten shields. I heard her say behind me, “Yeah, I keep the house on lockdown when I’m not here. I can open up the windows. Just give me-”

“Don’t.” My mind immediately went to that blacked-out car on the street. “Keep them up. We shouldn’t be long anyways.” Celine eyed me suspiciously as Dino turned around.

“So, where are they? This house doesn’t look like it could handle much machinery.” She narrowed her eyes at me, almost like she was telling me she was watching me, before she motioned down the hallway.

“Over this way.” She took the lead and brought us to the kitchen. It was a state-of-the-art kitchen with shiny appliances that barely looked used. I wondered how many times she had used this house. If she doesn’t live here, where does she live?

She went to the pantry door and opened it wide as she moved a few boxes. Dino looked like he was about to yell at her, and I gripped his arm and pointed at the boxes, showing him that she was moving them around into a pattern from shortest to biggest. As soon as the smallest box was put in place, I heard a series of clicks, locks overturning, and a whooshing sound came as a door slid open to an elevator.

She looked back at us with a smirk. I’m sure seeing our stunned faces as this was straight out of a spy movie. It was fascinating and exciting, my human side enthralled by all of the new tech I was getting the opportunity to ogle. My wolf didn’t care in the slightest.

She walked in, waving us in like little kids about to ride an elevator for the first time. “Come on. This is just the door. Wait until you see what I got down below.” We hurried to shuffle forward, boxing her in between us, and I saw her lip move slightly, almost like she was biting it from the inside. A hopeful thought took over my brain, maybe she was just as affected by this mate thing as we are. Maybe she felt this pull to us, too. Wouldn’t that just make this whole thing a lot easier.

She took a deep breath before she bent forward and pressed the down button. The door slammed shut, and a voice came through.

“Access Code.”

She rolled her eyes at the ceiling. “1569837558.” *What the hell kind of access code was that?* I was starting to get the feeling there was more to Celine than her just being a world-class assassin.

The elevator started to descend, and both Dino and I stiffened. “Oh, relax. If I wanted to kill you, it would’ve been sooner, not in some stupid elevator shaft.” She laughed it off, but the way Dino’s eyes met mine, he didn’t know if that was entirely true.

It felt like a long way down, much farther than a basement, when the elevator finally jerked to a stop and the door slid open. Celine walked out first and turned around with her arms wide open. “Well, boys, let’s go shopping.”

Both Dino and I stepped out, and our jaws dropped. I didn't realize how much my earlier words were true as this could definitely be defined as a lair.

She flipped on a breaker, and the whole place lit up. Light by light, it showed rows and rows of weapons. She started down the main hallway, pointing down each aisle like she was some librarian showing us how the books were cataloged.

“Down this way are all the items to fight mages. There are anti-magic shields, magic piercing bullets, and magic corrupting spelled weapons.” She pointed to the other side. “Down here are the spelled weapons against Fae/wild magic, then down here,” she paused as she pointed down a different aisle, “down here are the weapons laced with wolfsbane, magically impenetrable nets, and tranquilizer weapons for shifters.”

Both of us paused in that aisle. Dino looked down it like she was going to end up using those weapons on us someday, while I was just interested in the mechanics. She quickly continued to the other side. “And this one is the vampire aisle. I have UV-coated ammo, guns that shoot out a burst of sunlight, and crossbows that come with rosewood stakes.” She leaned up against the metal shelving unit, looked at a silver knife, and snagged it off the rack. She looked down the aisle, expecting us to go down for some gear, and yet I noticed there was quite a lot of space behind her.

My curiosity got the best of me as I asked, “What's back there?”

Her smile widened as she kicked off and went into the pitch-black space. “Now, this is where all the big toys are.” I heard the click of a switch, and floodlights came on, highlighting a Humvee, a Camaro, and two superbikes. I was so blinded by these vehicles that I almost missed the rocket launcher and military-grade sniper rifles that were hanging on the wall. This whole place was a treasure trove of high-quality weapons that even criminals would have a hard time getting their hands on.

I felt her presence behind me, watching me, before she placed her lips right above my ear. “Do you like it? I promised to show you all the fun stuff.”

I heard Dino rummaging through the vampire aisle, but I couldn't hold my tongue as I blurted out, “Why do you have all this stuff?” I looked around again. “How do you have all this stuff?”

Before she could answer me, her phone went off, beeping an alarm, and she pulled it up for both of us to see. As soon as she clicked on something, a video feed popped up, and I saw a man in a suit jacket walking the perimeter. “Friends of yours?” I asked because I didn't know if she knew who that was.

“Nope, but it looks like it could be someone from that blacked-out SUV that followed us.” She said it so nonchalantly that I almost thought she was joking. She sighed as she followed with, “I guess it's time to call in a favor.” She looked up at me, almost like she just remembered that I was next to her. “Did you pick out what you wanted? We will be leaving soon.”

Dino rounded the corner from the aisle he was in, grinning ear to ear with a few AK-47s in his hands, several boxes of bullets, and a pistol. “Can we take all of this? Also, I saw a couple of UV grenades...” Celine just laughed.

“Yep. We can take all of that. Why don’t you load it into one of the cars? We are going to leave out the back way.” He eyed her up and down before turning to me.

I nodded as I added, “Put it into the Humvee. We will need the extra protection just in case.” He went in that direction and plopped all his goodies in the vehicle. She turned back to me, putting her hand on my arm, and I felt my wolf sigh as my skin rippled from where she touched me. “Do you know who those men are?”

I shook my head. “From what I can see, I don’t think they are here for us...” I wanted to tell her that we wouldn’t let anything happen to her. That she was safe with us. Then I looked around the room at all the military-grade weapons and state-of-the-art underground buildings and knew that it was more like we were safe with her.

She nodded. “That’s not good. You think the backer?” I nodded, smiling that we were both thinking the same thing. She grumbled, “Goddamn vampire is ruining everything. What a dick.”

Dino made his way back over to us, and she pointed back to the aisle, “Why don’t you get some more bullets and guns. Also, at the end of the row are a few throwing knives I would need.” When he gave her a look, she just batted her eyes.

“Please? Gears and I need to figure out the exit strategy.” He huffed when he quickly went back down the aisle, which just told me that he didn’t mind at all.

“I don’t think we can leave the way we came, are you okay if I call someone to take your bikes back to the compound?”

I didn’t know if I wanted some rando touching our bikes, and I knew Dino would have a fit. “Is there a way that we can leave with our bikes? We hate to part with them.”

She thought about it for a second. “I was thinking of calling in a favor with a local tow truck company, and it will look like you’re just getting towed while we get out of here. What do you think?”

That could work, and since they were a tow company, they would know how to do it without messing up the bikes. Plus, since it was a company, we could keep them accountable. “If you trust them, then I think that’s a good idea.”

We both looked over at Dino carrying the last load into the back. My eyes drifted over to the rocket launchers and sniper rifles. I wanted to bring those, too, badly. I mean, when was I ever going to get another chance to see and take apart machinery like that?

I swiveled to head to the vehicle when I saw Celine smiling at me. She walked up slowly, reminding me of a cat with a canary as her chest met mine, and she whispered in my ear, “If you want them, you can take them.” I let out a ragged breath, having more to do with her delicious body up against mine

than anything. “It would be a shame for you to leave those behind when you want them so badly.”

I gulped, looking down at her smiling smile, and something took over my senses as I broke. I glided my hand behind her head and smashed our lips together. I was like a starved man, kissing her like I wasn't going to get my shot again. I drank in her cool lips and beachy scent as I pressed harder into her, grabbing her face with both hands now. My wolf purred, telling me that I was finally doing what he wanted to do all day.

She made this cute mew sound as her hands gripped onto my shirt, pulling me into her as much as I was pulling her to me. Signaling to me that she was enjoying the kiss much more than I thought she would. I pulled away slowly, knowing logically that we needed to get out of here but having a hard time not dragging her into one of those aisles and having some time exploring her body.

She licked her lips as she looked at me. “You always surprise me.” I didn't know if that was a good thing or not, but when she reached up and set a small peck against my collarbone, I almost melted. Yep, I was a goner to this woman.

We heard a clearing of a throat, and both looked over to see Dino staring at us. I expected his normal angry response. Maybe a thinly veiled threat sent her way, or even a clenching of his teeth, but, instead, he looked at us with confusion before he called out, “Are you guys ready?”

She nodded. “Let’s face the music.” She turned towards me, hand extended, and, for once, I was not shy or hesitant or overthinking it. I grabbed her hand and let her guide me over to the vehicle.

We got to the driver’s side, and she opened the door, pulled the keys out of the handle, and passed them to me. “You’re driving.” When my eyes widened, she winked at me. “Dino and I need to be ready to defend while you focus on driving. Just in case.”

This woman was perfect for guys like us. Beautiful, smart, and deadly.

Dino cursed, suddenly scrambling to get out of the vehicle. Both Celine and I looked at each other in question before staring back behind us. We saw Dino snatch one of the rocket launchers and run back to his seat. When he caught us looking at him, he shrugged. “What?” His eyes drilled into Celine. “You said we could take whatever we wanted.”

Celine chuckled, turning back around, “You’re right.” She motioned for me to start the car as a sneaky smile graced her lips, “But I would’ve taken the one with the grenade launcher on it.” Dino looked crushed as he glanced back longingly with sad puppy dog eyes while Celine and I laughed.

CHAPTER 18



I WAS STILL REELING from the kiss that Gears gave me. I had been purposely keeping everything with these men light, fun, and non-threatening. I didn't want them to be nervous around me being an assassin. I wanted to look like I was an asset. A partner.

The drive to be seen that way did confuse me, though. I had never been one to want to be around others for an extended amount of time, and yet I felt this pull to each of these men. Even with the asshole Dino was, I still felt this connection, this drive to understand him, all of them. This need went so deep I felt it down into each cell in my body. I was so used to working alone in the field, to only relying on myself, but having Dino and Gears in my weapons bunker brought me joy. I was even having a hard time caring that there were men outside the house coming for me.

Gears started up the Humvee, and I pointed to the launch pad that would take us up to the garage hidden in the back of the house. I pulled out my phone and made a call to the tow company for their bikes while Gears explained the situation to Dino. He complained for about a second about having his bike in other people's hands, but when I explained that I had an in with the owner of the company, he backed off. The owner's daughter was caught up in a fae trafficking ring a few years back, and I helped her escape and returned her to him. This had him always up to do me some weird favors.

“So, an assassin can do some good in the world?” Dino's skeptical tone had me want to turn around and yell at him, but I think that was what he wanted. He wanted me to be the worst towards him, and I just didn't understand why.

Instead, I took a different approach. “If you look at the kills that I have done, then you must know that I have taken out a lot of people that do very bad things. I would even say that most of my work is taking out the garbage people in this world.”

He looked at me through the rearview mirror, his eyes softening before he looked away and grumbled something under his breath that I couldn't hear.

“Back to the situation at hand...” Gears' calm, even voice called out, “I only saw one car out front, but what do you want to do if they have another in the back waiting?” The lift stopped as we entered my makeshift garage.

I popped the glovebox and pulled out two pistols and handed one behind me to Dino. “Then we’ll take care of them. Right, Dino?”

I heard him pull back the slide, both clicks echoing in the car. “Right. We got this, Gears. Just get us home.”

“All right.” Gears focused on the wheel before I hit the garage door clicker in the car, and it slowly opened. We crept out, all of us looking for anyone suspicious. As soon as we pulled out onto the street, we heard a loud screeching of tires from down the road. Gears quickly reacted, “Hold on tight,” and he slammed on the gas.

Both Dino and I turned around to see the black SUV with blacked-out windows racing to catch up with us. Could they be any more obvious? I immediately stuck out my arm, aimed my gun at the windshield, and shot two bullets.

“What are you-” Dino started, but I shook my head as I saw the damage it did.

“Just as I thought.” Dino swiveled back around and looked at the car still charging with a fully functioning windshield.

He turned around, and we both said at the same time, “Bulletproof.” He smiled briefly until he looked down and immediately wiped that grin off. Oh, well, sometimes you win, and sometimes you don’t.

Gears jerked us around a bit, swirling around corners, ducking through alleyways, and slamming through side streets, but the SUV seemed to find us. I saw we were on the outskirts of

downtown and realized there was a mage shop not too far from here, and I got an idea.

Most mage shops didn't like to be tracked and would have a natural barrier around them that would cloak it from eyes not looking for it. So, for example, if a client wanted to find it, you would see it clear as day. However, if you were just passing by, walking a dog, it would look like whatever they cloaked it as. If we parked behind the shop, it would conceal us enough to get the drop on them.

"Turn left." Gears immediately did what I asked as Dino's head popped back up between us.

"Where are we going?"

I looked at Gears, hoping he would understand what I was thinking. "Have you ever been to Magic Magic Poof?"

"The mage shop?" His question turned into a smile as soon as the words came out. "No, but tell me, as I would really like to go now."

I smiled as I gave him directions, and Dino's face turned to me and then back to Gears. "What are you two planning?"

"We'll tell you later. We are almost there." I pointed to a small side street. "Turn into there and the parking lot is to your right." He turned and saw the red brick wall where I told him to turn, Gears' eyes flicked to mine before he gunned it, Dino screamed in the background that he was going to slam into the wall, and I smiled like a loon.

As soon as it got to the point that he should've killed us, the brick wall shimmered, and he went right into the parking lot. "Park behind the building, wait for ten minutes, then go forward, and it will dump us onto the freeway. They got a permit for it since they are so busy during the weekend."

"What the fuck?" Dino gasped as he looked around, eyes wide as he thought we were going to be in a deadly crash with a brick wall.

Gears idled behind the store as I instructed, and I let him explain as I looked out for the owners. Sometimes, they were cool about this kind of stuff, and sometimes, they were just cranky and made people leave. The one thing you didn't want to do was go head-to-head with a mage who was cranky. That's how people get turned into toads and shit.

"Most mage shops have a cloaking spell around them. This one seems to be higher-end since it also encompassed the parking lot." He looked at me this time, and I winked at him.

"They have some higher-end clientele and like to keep that as private as they can," I supplied as I kept an eye on the door. "We only need to be here for about ten minutes. Really lose them before we head on our way."

We all stayed quiet for a full minute until Dino asked, "So, are we storing all these in the shop until you figure out a place?" He pointed behind him, and Gears nodded.

"Yeah. I was thinking I would figure out the best place before the pack run tomorrow."

“Pack run?” I knew that shifters sometimes held activities that they would do as a pack, but I never thought I would be able to see it with my own eyes.

Gears smiled at me. “Yep. We will all get together at about six pm, shift, and do a run together, usually patrolling the whole compound. It bonds us with our wolves, and as a pack, so we do it about once a month.”

Dino tilted his head towards Gears as he glared at him. “It’s just a bunch of rowdy wolves running around and getting messy. I’m sure it’s not something you would be interested in... so you can stay at the house if that weirds you out.”

“Are you kidding me?!” My voice squeaked at the end in excitement. I have not had a lot of interactions with any supers and their culture outside of reading about it, training with a select few, and killing them. This was a rare opportunity for me. “I’m excited to see how it all works. I have always been fascinated with pack life.” They both gave me an odd look, like I was being weird, so I forced myself to calm down, shoulders relaxed, as I let my excitement fall from my face.

They just didn’t get it. When you’ve lived with a mother like mine, and a colony of people who are willing to let you go just as easily, the thought of having a whole group of people you considered family was so foreign to me. I wanted to see how it all worked.

Gears cleared his throat. “As long as you’re safe, it shouldn’t be a problem. We usually have a couple of members who don’t shift and still run with the group, so you can follow them.”

“That sounds good, but I can probably keep up with you guys. I have trained for long-distance running.” I didn’t want to be left behind as I was observing their rituals. A cruel chuckle came from the back seat, and I couldn’t hold my tongue. “What’s your problem now?”

“I bet you that there is no way you can keep up with us for even a mile.” Dino smirked with disbelief, thinking that this ended the conversation, but he was so wrong. I don’t give up that easily.

“What are the stakes?” He sputtered for a second, obviously not thinking I would take it this far.

Gears smiled as he chimed in, “What do you want?”

I tapped my finger on my chin, pretending to think really hard about it. “Since this is just between Mr. Smiles and me... If I win, I want you to breakdance at the get-together.” I crossed my arms as I smiled at Dino and puffed out my chest.

His eyes narrowed on me. “Fine.” His eyes lit up brilliantly as he smiled with all his teeth, and I got nervous. “If I win, then you have to strip dance for us.”

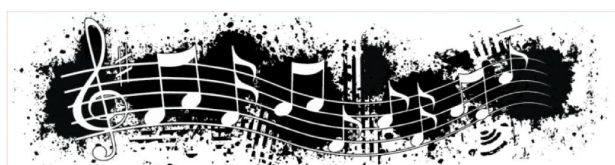
I was slightly shocked by his request, but as soon as that smile turned smug and sure, I stuck out my hand to shake on it. “Deal.” He immediately grabbed mine and squeezed hard.

“Deal.”

Gears shook his head, about to say something, when I saw the mage owner open their door and look straight at us. “Okay, boys, I think it’s time to get out of here.” Gears started for the

exit just as the owner took a few steps towards us, and I waved at him.

Gears followed my directions as we made our exit and were deposited onto an on-ramp for the freeway. No black SUV in sight. We all breathed a little easier the farther we got from the city, finally relaxing as we exited the freeway and headed for the compound.



As soon as we arrived, we immediately headed for Gears' shop to unload. I hopped out and shut the door when I saw Rabid, Bricks, and Duce making their way over to us. "Looks like the cavalry is here," I said as I went to the back of the vehicle.

"Good. Then we can get this all unloaded in one swoop," Dino explained as he picked up a few rifles and followed Gears inside.

I turned and saw Rabid leading the pack with a frown on his face as he stomped his way up to me. "What is all this?" He motioned to the Humvee, and I winced.

"Well... you see-" I started, but Gears interrupted just in time.

"We ran into some trouble, but, luckily, Celine had a whole underground bunker full of stuff, and we were able to get away

in this bad boy.” He tapped his hand against the vehicle. “It drives like a beauty. Much safer than bikes out in the open.” I knew what he was trying to do, and I wanted to give him a big kiss right on his lips for it.

Rabid’s eyes widened when he said we were in some trouble, his gaze snapping to me. I immediately put my hands up, expecting him to start yelling at me for getting his men in a sticky situation. Except instead, his eyes roamed all over my body, searching for something. When he was done, he glared at all three of us and gruffly said, “We will be talking about what happened later. Bricks, Duce, help get these weapons wherever Gears wants them.”

Duce swaggered up to me, putting his arm around my waist as he whistled, “Damn, Cupcake, you weren’t lying when you said you had a stash. Each sweet layer is just getting sweeter and sweeter. When am I going to get the glass you promised?”

That’s when I punched him in the gut. He doubled over, clutching at his gut, as I bent over at my waist and whispered in his ear, “All you need to do is ask, Pumpkin, and I will rain down glass like there’s no tomorrow.”

I gave him a smack on his bent-over ass before he looked up at me and gave me a wobbly smile as he winced. “That’s my girl.”

After all the guys put the weapons away, the tow truck arrived and dropped off Dino and Gears’ bikes, and Gears moved the Humvee into the garage. By the time we got all of that done, it

was dinner time. Apparently, Brick's made some homemade pizza while we were out, and we had pizza and beer.

It was a pretty low-key night, with us telling three of them the whole story while we ate and drank. Rabid was huffing and puffing for most of the night, which was to be expected. Bricks surprisingly asked a lot of questions about the house and what I had, then tried to pry out why I would need so much stuff. I played it off that I was just over-prepared, which isn't technically a lie. Duce balanced himself between complimenting my savviness and laughing at Dino. For the most part, it was one of the most normal nights of my life.

As the night wound down, Gears told me that he needed to work on the cameras and weapons placement plan and would be getting in late, so I could have his room to sleep in. I thanked him, telling everyone 'goodnight' before I climbed up the stairs.

Just as I rested my head on the pillow, smiling as I thought about my day, I heard a buzz from my phone. My smile fell away as I grabbed my phone and looked at the text message.

Progress?

Just that single text from Glenn popped the bubble I had been living in, and reality came crashing down on me. I sat up and I set the phone down between my legs. My eyes traveled around the room, smiling at Gears' piles and organized mess. This was all temporary.

I snatched my phone back up, my thumbs flying as I texted him back before I chucked the phone at the wall.

Almost.

He knew when I said almost that it meant less than three days. That was all I was giving myself. If everything was to go right and Rabid got the call tomorrow, then this should be all wrapped up in three days. Then I go back to my awesome and amazing life... alone.

I laid back down, pulling the blanket up around my shoulders, tightening it as a shiver went down my back, and I became cold down to my bones.

I was good alone. That's how I do my best work. I don't need anyone else but myself.

There was a dull ache in my chest that wouldn't go away, so I just kept repeating those words over and over in my head. It continued until my eyes closed and darkness took over my brain, but the ache never lessened, no matter how many times I said those words.



I woke up smiling into a heater that smelled like the woods on the first day of a morning dew, fresh, crisp, and clean with a hint of pine. Arms circled around me in a vice, and it was hard for me to want to leave. I took another sniff, smiling when I

opened my eyes and saw Gears knocked out. He didn't come to bed until the early morning, and I knew he needed his sleep. I tried to wiggle out of his arms slowly, but they just tightened. Well, this was an awkward situation. I had an idea and grabbed my pillow and rubbed my hair and face all over it. Then I threaded it through his arms between us and moved down while his arms tightened over my pillow. The real test was when he buried his nose into the pillow and didn't wake up.

I slipped down the end of the bed, making sure I landed lightly on my toes and padded my way across his room. I looked back and smiled. For a second I thought about how I was going to miss this, and then shook my head. I shouldn't waste time thinking about such things.

Just like most mornings, all the guys were still sleeping, all except the one that was in the kitchen cooking up a storm. I peeked in and saw Mr. Cranky Pants mulling around the kitchen, cursing up a storm. I had to cover my mouth to keep myself from laughing so hard.

Suddenly, there was a thud that sounded before one of the kitchen doors swung open with a knife embedded into it. My eyes were wide in shock, but my mouth curved up into an excited smile as I heard him yell, "Which one of you fuckers is out their making fun of me?"

I grabbed the knife and yanked it out as I slid into the kitchen with a grin. "I wasn't making fun of you. In fact, I was having a grand old time hearing you curse at..." I looked down at the saucepan full of red liquid, "your sauce."

He was holding a wooden stirring spoon and started to stir again while he glared at me. “Well, you can just see your way out.”

I wasn’t deterred as I crept closer to the stove. “You know, I’m a great taste tester.”

He paused his stirring for a second, looking at his sauce before shaking his head. “No. You will taste it when everyone else does.”

I stuck my bottom lip out and pouted as I cocked my hip. “Awww.” I let my shoulders sink and slowly turned away, looking sad and pathetic. *I hope this works.*

Right before my hand touched the door, he called out, “Look, if you need something to do, you can cut up the tortillas. We are going to need a lot, and I need to keep stirring.”

I turned around and beamed at him, making my way over to the spot that had the corn tortillas, a cutting board, and a large chef’s knife. Before I even picked up the knife, he called out, “Cut them into fours and use all three bags.”

I looked again at how much he wanted me to cut, and I felt like it was the bacon situation all over again. I trusted his judgment and twisted open the first bag, grabbing a small stack before I cut them into fours.

We stayed like that for a while, just prepping and cooking in silence, until he mumbled out, “I’m sorry if I hurt you.”

I swear, if I didn’t have the abilities I had, then I wouldn’t have been able to hear him, and that would’ve been a shame. I

smiled to myself as I kept cutting. “Don’t worry about it. I liked it.”

I heard a clicking sound followed by a “Shit!” I looked up to see the wooden spoon on the floor and a big red splotch on his shirt. He quickly threw the spoon in the sink and looked down at the stain on his shirt. “Fuck,” he looked at the ceiling as he clutched at his shirt, “This was fucking new, too.”

I set down my knife and made my way over to him. “Do you guys have white vinegar?”

He looked at me like I sprouted five heads but pointed at the cabinet underneath the sink. “In there, but why-.”

He stopped mid-sentence as my hand slid up his sides and tugged on his shirt, trying to get it off. “Come on. Take it off. I am excellent at taking out stains.”

He finally let me tug the shirt over his head, and I immediately headed for the sink, pulling out the white vinegar, and found a small ceramic bowl. Time was of the essence with this kind of thing. I ran the water, putting dishwasher soap on first, circling it around until I got a good lather, and washed it out. Then I took the white vinegar, poured it into the bowl with some water, and sunk the spot with the stain into the bowl. “We are going to need to let this soak for about ten to twenty minutes. Then the stain should lift.”

I turned and was met with a solid, stunning, naked male chest. The definition of his muscles were impressive this close, and I wanted to trace the lines with my tongue. I was in my own little daze of sluttiness when his voice breathed out, “How did

you know to do that? I can't envision someone like you cooking enough to know how to get stains out."

"Blood." I looked up, expecting to see his growly self. Instead, it was passive, almost like he didn't know how to proceed with the conversation. "I get enough blood out from clothes that I am a stain pro." I smiled so wide all my teeth were on display. I then turned around and went back to my station, leaving the stunned man and his delectable body.

"I'm almost done with the tortillas. By the way, what are we making?" He took his sauce off the heat and set it to the side before he pulled out two large cookie sheets.

"We're making Chilaquiles." I had never had this dish before, but with all the ingredients he had already cut up, I had a feeling my hot sauce-lovin' ass was going to enjoy it. He brought over the sheets. "Put all the cut tortillas here. I will have both of us cook them." I did as he asked, making two piles of tortillas on each sheet as he pulled out two more pans and filled them with cooking oil as he turned up the heat.

I brought them over, and he took his sheet. "All you need to do is put a handful of the cut-up tortillas in and flip them continuously until they brown, then take them out for them to cool and repeat."

I nodded. "You got it, Boss." We worked like this in silence again, but it was fine with me. I enjoyed this kind of repetitive work because, in the end, you got to see the fruits of your labor.

Once I was about halfway, I snuck a crispy chip and shoved it into my mouth. It was the perfect combination of fried crunchy deliciousness that tempted you to take another and another. I reached for another, and he smacked my hand.

I looked up at him, mouth wide open as I tugged my hand back. He didn't take his eyes off his cooking chips, but I saw the wiry smile on his face. "My mom used to do that to me."

Both of us stiffened at his admission. It was small, just a slip of the tongue, but I knew the significance. I remembered what I had read and what had happened to his family. I wondered if he was happy with how it all ended for them?

There was an instant rage that filled the room fast, like a sinking ship. I felt the vibrations of not only his explosive anger but also his wolf inside of him chomping his jaw, mimicking his human side at the memories that flooded him.

The only thing that snapped me out of this overwhelming feeling was the burning smell, and I looked at his pan. The tortillas were turning an ugly shade of black and dark brown, burning all the way through, but he was staring straight, lost in his own thoughts. I didn't want him to snap out of it and be embarrassed, so I quickly scooped them out and placed them on my sheet.

He snapped out of it as soon as I pulled my arm across his face, placing the burnt ones on my sheet. He looked down at his pan and then over to my sheet, connecting the dots as his face flushed. He gritted his teeth, and anger flared into his eyes, but, for once, the anger didn't seem to be pointed at me.

He opened his mouth, ready to spew some kind of venom to ease the sting of embarrassment I was sure he felt, but I beat him to it.

“Don’t worry! I like them burnt.” I plucked one off the sheet and stuck it into my mouth. I regretted it instantly when it turned to straight-up ash, but I made the motions of chewing to keep up the facade. “See.” I almost puked. “It’s perfect! Thank you.”

The scrutiny in his eyes was overwhelming, but I didn’t waver. I went to grab another one to double down on my lie when he leaned over and stopped my hand, his face inches away from mine as he said, “Then save them for later.”

On the inside, I was screaming no, wishing I could scrape my tongue with a knife, but I smiled and nodded. “Great idea.”

I turned to grab another handful of tortillas when I thought I heard him take a sniff of my hair, but as soon as I turned my head, he was already putting a new batch of tortillas into his own pan. I must’ve been wrong.

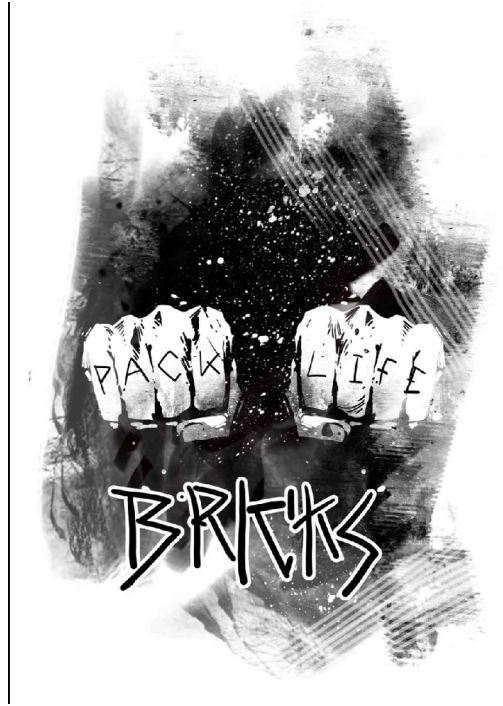
We worked quickly after that and finished in no time. After that, he showed me how he spread all the chips out, spread cheese, red sauce, and avocado chunks all over. Then he quickly cooked some sunny-side-up eggs and put them on top.

By the time we brought out the two trays filled to the brim with its mouthwatering ingredients, all the guys were sitting around the table looking just as starved as I felt.

We sat down and ate it all up, family style, scooping up heaps onto each of our plates and chowing down on its eggy, cheesy, crunchy goodness. I even told Dino that this meal had made it to my top five best breakfast dishes, but I wouldn't tell him the actual rank. He growled at my refusal, but I just leaned back and enjoyed my full belly and the sounds of Duce and Dino fighting over the last scraps.

Man, I'm going to miss this.

CHAPTER 19



AS SOON AS BREAKFAST was done, and everyone started to pick up their plates, we heard a familiar voice call from the front door.

“It’s me! I’m coming in! I have my eyes covered so I don’t see any swinging dicks in the hallway!”

Duce’s chair scraped against the hardwood as he shot up at Emma’s voice and yelled back. “That was only one time seven years ago. When are you going to let that go?”

Emma whipped around the corner, her eyes still covered, but I could see her looking through the slits of her fingers. When she saw Celine sitting there, smiling wide, she dropped her hand from her eyes and waved. “Oh! Hey, girl!”

Celine lifted her own hand and wiggled her fingers towards Emma. “Hey, Emma. Now what was this about dicks

swinging?”

The whole room groaned as Emma’s lips turned up with a devious glint to her eyes. “Well, you see, it all started with my craving for some popcorn. I came here, planning to raid their cabinets, when all of a sudden, they all walked in through the front door naked and sweaty.” She started to make gagging noises as Celine’s eyes flared with heat.

When Emma saw she wasn’t getting the reaction she wanted, she lamented, “These guys are like big annoying overprotective brother pests. I don’t want to see that shit. That’s like seeing old people fuck.” She pushed Dino out of his seat and turned fully towards Celine. “Like, you know that shit exists, that it’s life, but you don’t want to see the show. Grody.”

“I don’t know.” Celine looked around at all of us as she bit her lip. “I might watch that show.”

Emma’s head fell back as she cackled. “Yeah, you’re the wrong audience for this story. That gives you one negative point, but since you are at a hundred already, it’s not that much of a drop.” Celine stuck out her lip, making a sad face at Emma.

I watched as everyone shifted closer to Celine, all of us drawn to her, compelled to make that frown go away. It made me sure that Celine was our mate, even if some of them didn’t know it yet. Only our mate could make a simple pretend sad face that had us compelled to change it.

“Buuuuttt,” Emma sang out as she leaned towards Celine, “you can climb back up if you spend the day with me.”

“Emma-”

“Sister-”

“Hey! Demon baby-”

The vocal ones of our group started as Gears, and I kept quiet, trying to see how this was going to play out. When Emma was involved, it was always a toss-up on who won.

“No. No. No!” She popped up, pointing at all of us as she turned in a circle. “You all have had her for quite some time. I need a girlfriend.” When Rabid opened his mouth, she made a shutting mouth motion with her hands. “One that is not part of your club and, in turn, ready to tattle on me at the first drop to gain favor with you all. Celine here is her own woman, working here like a...” Emma tapped her chin before her eyes lit up, “A consultant! Yeah!”

This whole time, Celine was just watching Emma in fascination, smiling and giggling at everything she was saying, not refuting a single sentence. Maybe Emma was right, and she needed a little girls’ time.

“Anyways,” Emma grabbed Celine’s hand, dragged her up out of her chair, and started walking out of the room, “We are going to hang out. No boys allowed!”

Dino threw up his hand, looking at Rabid, who was looking at the floor in confusion. Duce was sputtering, “What-... I mean, Emma-... g-get back here!”

Celine just turned towards all of us, saluted, and waved. “See ya later for the pack run, boys!” That stopped Duce in his tracks, letting the girls go with a sad puppy dog face. I looked over at Gears, who was smiling during the whole exchange. I tried to think about why the hell he was smiling when we should be hanging around her more, making her understand that she was meant to be with us, and then it hit me. Celine had already charmed one of the hardest people to get along with on this compound. If she could do that, then the rest of the club, and eventually Rabid, would crumble, and then we would have a shot at keeping her.

I picked up my hands, Gears’ eyes tracking my slightest movement as I signed, *Well, it looks like she made a new friend. That could be dangerous.*

Duce blew out an exasperated sigh. “I just don’t know if it’s a good thing or not. Emma’s got a lot of dirt on us.”

Everyone, including me, looked at the door they had left through. Wondering if Emma was going to be the little sister that was an angel or the little demon we all knew she could be.

I picked up my hands again. *Celine could teach Emma a lot of... deadly and sneaky stuff.* Duce sagged back into his seat. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as his hands scrubbed his face.

“Damn it! Those two are dangerous together.” All of us nodded in agreement, realizing we had just sent a tornado to hang out with a volcano.



I was doing my pre-pack run job of patrolling in the forest, checking to see if there were any beer bottles or sharp objects left out here by accident. We didn't want any of the young pups to get hurt just because they weren't looking.

I looked up at the sky, tracking that it was about three in the afternoon, and I was already on the other side of the compound, almost halfway done. I started on the prospect side, knowing that this would be the most trashed as I took a few of them with me and made them pick it all up, but now I was on the back side of the family area, and I knew it would be mostly picked up of anything dangerous.

“Awe, come on, you have to tell me! Do you like one of them?”

That was Emma's voice in the distance. My feet moved in that direction subconsciously as I heard more.

“I don't know if I should be answering that question.” I heard Celine giggle as she responded.

I made sure my feet were silent when I broke through a thicket of bushes and was right behind Emma's house. I looked up and saw one of her windows open as the girls talked in her bedroom.

“Then what if I take off my sister’s hat and put on my girlfriend’s hat? Then would you tell me?” I held my breath, waiting to hear her answer.

Celine kinda mumbled, “What if I like more than one?”

“What! You like more than one of those doofuses?” I was this close to launching through the window and strangling Emma. When I first met Emma, she was such a sweet little girl, then. After everything that happened with Killian, shit just went south, and she returned with a bitter edge and a sharper tongue. We all still loved Emma to pieces as the strong, capable woman she had grown up to be. However, sometimes, she could also be that annoying little sister who needed her mouth taped shut.

“Yeah, but I wouldn’t worry too much about it. We are just having fun with each other.” My heart immediately took a nosedive into the dirt, and my shoulders slumped. Is that all we are to her? Just something fun to fill her time?

Emma puffed out real fast, “Girl, I have seen how you look at those boys. I highly doubt it’s just a good time.” Yeah, you tell her, Emma. “You don’t think that you could ever become something more to them? Something like a mate? I would love to have you as a sister-in-law! Your way cooler than any of the bimbos they have fucked around with before.” My teeth clenched at Emma’s use of “bimbos” and “they” in the same sentence.

I never brought anyone home, let alone introduced them to Emma. As I waited to hear Celine’s response, my heart

pumped rapidly, and my hands began to sweat as it felt like I waited for an eternity for her to answer.

In the most overly cheerful voice, I heard, “No. I’m not made to be anyone’s mate. You see, I’m broken. I’m a siren whose song sings to no one.”

“Wait, wait, what?” Emma asked. I was starting to feel like a creeper just crouching here underneath her windowsill, overhearing a conversation that was not meant for my ears.

“Just what I said. My song is broken, and I am not able to find a mate because of it. Did you need help putting that away?” Again, her voice was nonchalant and carefree, but I was totally confused. Her song sings to me, and I know her song sings for Gears and Duce.

“No, I don’t. Celine-” Emma started, but Celine interrupted.

“Emma, it’s fine. I have lived with it ever since I turned eighteen and couldn’t find anyone at my singing ceremony. It’s one of the reasons I do what I do, and one of the reasons I even got the job.” A big Emma-filled sigh came out from above me, and I told myself to think thin, think thin. I didn’t want her to see me.

“We are all broken here.” Emma paused as she moved something. “All of us here are broken, unwanted, unloved people. Some of us were traded to slavers by our families, some of us loved someone their pack did not agree with, and some of us were just weird or abnormal to pack society. Rabid made a sanctuary for those who don’t fit the mold and are on the unique side of things.” My chest puffed up in pride at

Emma's evaluation, and she was right. Rabid did gravitate towards people that were just as fucked in the head as the rest of us.

"Rabid sounds like a good man." Celine's voice said, but I could tell her mind was on something else.

Emma confirmed, "Yes, he is. All five of them are some of the best guys I have ever known, so please, don't hurt them, Celine."

My jaw dropped, and I felt, *Awe, Emma.*

"Wait. Did you hear that?" I could tell by the volume of her voice she was coming over to the windowsill. Shit! Did I say that loud enough for her to feel it? Well, that's new and frustrating for me. I needed to get out of here before they found me.

I slowly crept my way around to the side of her house as I heard feet shuffling, hoping that I was fast enough to get away because I did not want to get caught spying on their girl time together. Emma would roast me over a fire.

"I thought I heard something....," I turned the corner just as I heard her open the window further to look outside.

I knew this was my moment to disappear unseen, and I snuck away, going deeper into the forest to cover myself, but I kept thinking about what she said. How she thought she was too broken to have a mate. I hated that fake cheery voice that she gave, it made me grind my teeth and want to hit something.

How could she not feel it? How could she not see how she makes us all come alive? How she made me feel whole and not broken? How she could hear me as no other person had been able to do. My memory suddenly flashed back to us in the gym and her expression when I ran away. Confused, disappointed, and yet, understanding, like she expected that kind of reaction.

After what I just heard her say, that brought on a new layer of shame to my reaction. My wolf scratched at my chest, letting me know that he was sad we hurt his mate. That he never wanted to do that. He was pushing me to go back, scoop her up into our arms, and nuzzle her until she forgave us.

My hand rubbed at my chest, trying to ease the throb underneath. I needed to show her that not only did her voice call to me, it called to my wolf. I needed to convince her that she was capable of calling a mate to her.

An idea started to take root, and I smiled. Yes. I knew what I needed to do. I just needed to wait until the pack run and show her how much she affected my wolf and me.



The whole crew gathered around our house. Gears, Dino, Duce, Rabid, and I were all on the porch, waiting for Rabid to

do his leader thing before we all shifted. I caught sight of Celine in the crowd with Emma, and I called for her.

Temptress, come up here. We don't want you to be surrounded by shifting wolves without protection.

She looked up at me and nodded as she smiled. She whispered to Emma, who rolled her eyes but motioned for her to go. As she weaved through the crowd, I couldn't help but be in awe of her stunning beauty in the sunset. She had a warm glow to her skin. Her blonde hair sparkled even as it was getting dark, being a beacon of light for my eyes. Her ocean-blue eyes tracked the people around her, but as soon as they collided with mine, I was struck stiff by the sheer magnitude.

When her small smirk graced her lips, I couldn't help but feel like she was crazy to think that she couldn't find a mate. That someone wouldn't want to fall down at her feet, begging for any scraps of love she had to give.

She worked her way up the steps, and I had to make a conscious effort to keep my arms at my side. I looked around and saw that I wasn't the only one. Gears, who usually scanned the group, had his eyes glued to her, watching her every movement. Dino was stealing glances as he scowled out to the side, and Duce had already taken a step towards her, putting his hand out to help her up the last step. The only one who wasn't looking at her was Rabid, but it was obvious to me from his clenched hands and tight jaw that he was desperately trying to not look at her.

I heard the porch creak as Rabid took a step forward, and his booming voice called out, “Is everyone here?” There was a resounding yes from the crowd, and he smiled. “I think everyone knows the rules: no running out of boundaries, no all-out brawls, and no kills. This is not only the opportunity for all of us to become further in tune with our wolves but also to bond as a pack.”

Everyone nodded, used to hearing this from him. “This pack run, we have a guest with us,” he turned towards Celine, who stood up straight and smiled out to everyone. “Once we all shift, I am going to have you all sniff her before the run, so your wolf knows that she is not a danger to you and our pack.” He nodded to Celine, and she gave him a thumbs-up. There were a few chuckles from the crowd as I noticed he worked hard not to give in to his own.

Rabid will stand next to you as each wolf comes up to sniff you.

Celine nodded in acknowledgment but whispered out the side of her mouth, “What if his wolf doesn’t like me?”

I smiled and shook my head as I faced her like I would if I was actually talking to her. *He hardly ever shifts. His wolf is volatile, unstable. Whatever happened when he was a kid broke something in his wolf, and now whenever he lets his wolf out, he freaks out and kills someone. Then shifts back to let Rabid deal with the mess.* It’s one of the reasons he had such rigid militant control over his wolf. He was so scared to hurt someone again that he kept himself in check, on a tight leash.

Celine looked at Rabid talking to some of the older members, joking with a few of them, and she frowned as she said under her breath, “That’s unfair. It’s not his fault.”

Something about how she said that hit me funny, and I tried to ask her about it. *What do you mean-*

“The moon is rising, so it’s time!” Rabid growled out, and a few of the prospects howled in the air. Rabid then turned to Celine and put his hand out. “Stand next to me so that we give them all room to shift.”

Celine turned and put her hand on my bicep, squeezing it lightly as she whispered just to me, “Can’t wait to see your wolf, Mountain Man.” My heart did a flip in my chest, and I could feel my wolf busting at the seams, wanting to strut in front of his mate and show her his fine silvery fur.

As soon as Celine was secure next to Rabid, he let out a loud howl, signaling our time to shift. I felt the magic of my wolf take over, gently putting me into the backseat as my body started to shift. Bones started to break and shape as fur grew from each follicle, I could feel it all, but the magic from my wolf made it so it was painless.

As soon as my wolf was in full control, he bobbed and weaved his way over to Celine. My wolf looked up at her as her eyes widened, and then as she scanned the whole crowd. “Wow.” I heard her breathe out in astonishment, and my wolf couldn’t hold back any longer. He immediately licked at her fingers, and she let out a small gasp as she looked at me. “Oh, my... is that Bricks?” She crouched down and gently ran her fingers

through my fur. Oh man, that felt good. So good, in fact, that my wolf pushed into her hand harder, practically begging her to do it more. She giggled as she sunk both her hands in and nuzzled my neck. “Your fur is so soft.”

I could feel my tongue loll out, my wolf enjoying all of this attention from his mate, when he looked up at Rabid, who was frowning at us. “We need others to get her scent, Bricks.” When I didn’t make any move to leave, he slammed me with, “It’s for her safety.” My wolf immediately stiffened with her arms still around me, exploring, and whined as we backed away.

“Awe, I think you made him sad.” She turned to look up at Rabid, who was looking at the sky in a please-help-me kind of way.

As soon as I was out of the way, a light brown wolf shot forward and tackled Celine. She landed on her back with a “whoomph.” My wolf was about to go into full kill mode until it saw it was Duce licking Celine’s face all over. She was laughing as she batted him away. “Eww, gross, Duce!” She started to shove him away, and he playfully nipped at her hands until she sat up, fists on her hips as she scolded him. “Hey! No bitey bitey. That’s for the bedroom only!” That made his wolf move forward again, and, this time, Rabid grabbed him by the back of the neck and hauled him off her.

“That’s enough of that.”

Celine turned towards the all-black wolf that was behind her, sniffing at her lightly before sitting down and watching her.

When she went to pet him, he snapped at her, and she scrunched her face up. “Oh! This one has to be Dino. Well then, fine. I bet your fur isn’t soft anyways.”

She turned away from him, ready to talk to someone else, when Dino moved his head into the crook of her neck and licked at it before pulling back and running off. I looked at Celine, who had a big smile splashed across her cheery face. “Where is Gears?”

Suddenly, a gray wolf with white down his nose and white paws came closer, yipping to let her know that he was there. When her eyes looked at him, she gasped. “Oh, my god, you’re so beautiful!” Gears looked down, not meeting her eyes as he pawed the ground. She crawled over to him, resting her hand on his head, and whispered in his ear. His ears perked up before he licked the side of her face and then bound off after Dino.

Rabid then pointed at Duce to get going. His wolf whined again but followed after Dino and Gears to the point where the packs started. Rabid then helped Celine up and motioned for wolves to come up and smell her. Luckily no one’s wolf had any issues with her. In fact, a few of the prospect’s wolves tried to lick her wrist, but Rabid would yank it away and tell them to get going.

As soon as they were done, and it was just the three of us, we walked over to the starting point. “Bricks, can you follow the rear this time? I will go in the front with Duce, Dino, and Gears will take care of the middle. Got it?” I barked in

response, and Rabid nodded. He looked at Celine for a second, his eyes softening just a hint, until he barked out, “Stay safe,” then turned around and jogged up to the front of the line.

Celine let out a big sigh, “It’s for the better,” before turning to me and smiling. “I guess it’s just you and me to bring in the rear.” She stretched out a little bit as I sat down and watched.

She bent over to touch her toes, and I couldn’t help but think, *Fuck, I want to bite down on that ass so hard.* She jogged in place for a second before turning to me.

Movement off to the side caught our attention as the pack headed out, and she took off. “Come on, Bricks! Let’s run with the wolves!” She laughed as she ran after the others.

It was freeing to see her like this, the wind in her face, hair flying everywhere as she laughed. She jumped over rocks and bobbed out of the way of trees until I noticed that she was trying to make the same moves that the wolves in front of us were making. It made my heart swell with pride that my mate was running right next to me, being free in the place that made me feel whole.

When the wolves would start howling in a pack, she would stop to howl and then start running again. I saw her use a little bit of her water magic to help her keep up and propel her forward. Seeing her face turn red and her breathing grow labored as she kept up with us was enchanting. It was astonishing that she wasn’t much farther behind.

My wolf was riveted, running alongside our mate. Excitement and joy filled his soul. This had been the most he had ever felt

before. That gave me an idea, and I shared it with my wolf, showing him the spot I wanted to take her, seeing if he would go for it. He immediately agreed and started to nip at her heels, wanting her to stop running as he agreed with the plan I had come up with.

She slowed down. “What’s going on, Bricks?” My wolf started to move in the direction I showed him, barking at her to follow. When she still didn’t move, he circled his body around her and lightly pushed her. She laughed, “Okay, okay. I’ll come with you. I didn’t know you were so pushy, Bricks.” My wolf led her to the spot I found when I first came here.

She inhaled sharply as she saw it. There was a long thick creek that zigzagged down the middle, a large flat rock that went straight up, casting a shadow over the middle of the creek, making it the perfect place to sit and watch the forest. It wasn’t much, but something about the moonlight that reflected off the creek, and the light gray stone of the rock, made this place light up like it was magical.

It’s the spot I used to come to when I felt frustrated with my inadequacies. I would sit on the main rock and watch the water burble down the creek. Watching the cool liquid skate over the rocks, wood, and dirt. Over time, seeing that water slowly changed its imperfections into a working part of the creek. It helped me realize that my disability was what I made of it. I pushed my wolf to lead her up the rock and have her sit down. She followed, and even when we pawed at the stone to sit, she did, still looking out at everything.

“It feels magical. Like you can feel the time it took to make this.” She turned towards me and dug her face into my fur as she mumbled, “Thank you. This is beautiful.”

My wolf really liked that, showing me that he wanted to rut into her and bite her right here and now. Claim her for the world to see. I knew she wasn't ready for something like that after I overheard that conversation with Emma and reined him back. Telling him it wasn't the right time.

He then showed me how I ruined it when I ran last time, and he didn't want to do that again. He was tugging at the reins so hard, harder than he ever had before, and I was straining to keep his wants at bay.

Luckily, there was a rustle behind us, and he turned around, growling at the threat, until a familiar gray and white wolf peaked his head out of a bush and came out slowly.

Gears.

My wolf relaxed, seeing who it was and knowing he wasn't a threat as he sat down. Celine called out, “Oh, is that Gears?” As he padded closer, she put out her hand, and he licked it a few times before he sat on her other side.

“Wow, this is perfect. It's like having two incredibly soft fluffy heaters next to me.” She looped her arm around me as she nuzzled into Gears, and I heard him whine.

“Yeah, I'm not as strong as the others when it comes to that, baby.” Gears' voice caused Celine to squeak and lean back

into me as a fully shifted, naked Gears was right next to her, smirking.

She recovered fast as she looked him up and down, licked her lips, and smirked back. “Well, fancy meeting you here.” Then it was like she realized what he said and switched topics. “What do you mean not as strong as the others?”

Gears looked at her hand that was currently burrowed into my fur, her fingertips making small circles that felt like heaven. If I were a cat, I would be purring something fierce right now.

“Oh, is this too much?” She lifted her hand, and my wolf growled at Gears. This was all his fault for ruining this for me.

Gears shifted forward, crossing in front of her to pause her hand. “I think if you move it, he’s going to kill me.” When she rolled her eyes at him, he laid his lips at the base of her neck. I heard a light sucking as she grabbed onto my fur and gasped.

“What was tha-,” she started, and he chuckled against her skin.

“That’s how it feels like when you take those wonderfully exploratory fingers and sink them into our fur.” I saw his hand dip between her thighs, running his palm against her as she let out an excited sound. “These guys are much stronger in their willpower,” his excited eyes narrowed on mine, telling me that he had a plan.

His lips moved to her ear. “But I think you’re the type that, if we get something started, you want to finish it... am I right, baby?”

She nodded before she looked at me, a burning appetite entering her eyes as she called to me, “Do you want to join us, Mountain Man?”

Before I could do anything, Gears lifted her up, settling her between his legs, her back to his front, as he yanked off her leggings. “Oh, baby, he is going to join us.” He winked at me over her shoulder, and she moved her hands backward, taking hold of his head and turning it towards her lips.

Watching them eat each other up, lick by bite, was tantalizing. It was hard to pull my eyes away as he dipped his hand underneath her shirt and cupped her breast, rubbing circles around her nipples. I should’ve shifted, I should’ve already joined, but I lost my head for a moment, just bathing in her beauty as Gears worked her up. With each sigh, each moan, each twitch of her skin, I wanted to memorize it all. So, when his legs circled underneath hers and spread them out tight, I couldn’t think of anything else but licking up at that delicious pink center that was begging for me.

Before I knew what I was doing, I moved forward and licked at her center, lapping up at her wetness like it was the elixir of life. She was still kissing Gears, but as soon as she felt my licks, she let out a low and throaty moan, begging me to keep going.

I pulled away for a second and placed my hand on her thighs to keep those fleshy lips wide open for me when I noticed they weren’t my hands holding her thighs; they were my paws.

I guess I took a second too long, and she tore herself away from Gears. “Mountain Man, I’m going to-”

Everything stopped as she and Gears looked down at me in surprise, at me still in my wolf form, my wolf vibrating with excitement at seeing his mate so aroused, pushing me to keep going. “Well, that was a first for me.” I bent my head down in shame when she followed with, “But that felt so damn good.” When I lifted my head up, she smiled down at me as she settled back into Gears. “Just make sure you shift before any penis action starts.”

She winked at me before she turned back to Gears, and my wolf pushed me forward. I told him he got to have a few more licks before I took over. I didn’t want to overdo this newness for her. My wolf chose to use his tongue on her clit, licking at it like he was drinking water, and her moans came faster.

I chose to shift right in the middle, my paws turning into hands that dug into her thighs. I flattened my tongue to make it fat as I put my nose on her clit, shaking my head side to side. I felt the muscles in her legs clench up as she broke from Gears’ lips and yelled, “Fuck. Yes. God. Yes.”

I moved my hand away from her thighs and pushed two fingers into her channel, curling them up to hit that spot that I knew would make her squeal. She opened her mouth, and, this time, I dove in for the kiss, swallowing her cries down as I held onto her neck, stroking it with my thumb. I kept pumping my fingers in and out of her, the wet sounds echoing into the

forest, but I knew she needed just the right push to go over the edge.

Apparently, Gears had the same thought and snaked his hand down, rubbing her clit in circles. I felt her walls clench down on my fingers as one of her hands slid behind my head and gripped my hair as she cried out her release.

As soon as she let go of my hair and slumped against Gears with a pleasure-filled sigh, I lifted my hand to my mouth. Her hooded eyes tracked the movement as I lifted them, sniffed at them to smell her delicious scent, to fill my nostrils of her, before I stuck them into my mouth and sucked.

Mmmmm, fuck, that's the good stuff right there, my little temptress. You can make a man into a beast with just one lick.

She surged forward, hand going around my neck as she captured my lips, her tongue spearing her way through as she licked herself up. She pulled away, slightly breathless. “And you both can turn a girl ravenous with just your tongue and hands. I want more. I want you both.”

She ran her hand down my chest, her piercing blue eyes pulling me deeper into their depths. As soon as she wrapped her fingers around my cock, I knew I was a goner. I would do anything she said at that moment. She could tell me to get up and quack like a duck, and I would. Anything for my beautiful and sexy mate.

She looked back at Gears, who was watching our mate in all her glory. “Are you game?”

He ran a hand up her back slowly, making her shiver as he smiled. “Always.”

She ripped off her shirt and sports bra, immediately dropping to all fours, sticking her ass high up in the air as she wrapped her lips around my cock. I hissed out at her tongue licking my cock from the inside of her hot, wet mouth, working her saliva up and down until I was covered in it.

I watched as Gears grabbed her hips, but instead of sinking himself inside of her already dripping pussy, he pulled her cheeks apart and licked at her puckered hole. She moaned around my cock, making me feel every vibration from her mouth. I looked up at the forest trees as I let out a silent cry.

Oh, fuck, Temptress. Fuck, you suck cock so well. I want to fuck you forever.

She popped off my cock, licking at the side as she said against my skin, “Me too, Mountain Man. Me too.”

It was at that point that Gears sat up and stuck his cock into her pussy. She moaned out as he pumped hard a few times, lathering his cock up before he pulled out and positioned himself at her puckered hole. “Baby, I’m going to need you to hum for me, keep me focused.” She nodded before she started to create her magical melody. It was soothing and exciting at the same time, the magic of her song making me crave her even more.

When he finally pushed past that ring of muscle, I lifted her up by the chin and kissed her, squeezing her throat a little so she

had something else to focus on, all while she kept up her humming.

A large sigh escaped her as he fully seated himself. Grabbing her by the torso, he lifted her up, his chest to her back. “I think it’s time for both of us to show you how amazing we think you are. How much you drive us crazy, and how downright and utterly sexy you are.”

He looked at me, gave me a slight nod to come over, and I did. I laid down, letting her and Gears move on top of me as I held my cock up, positioned myself at her entrance, and looked up at her. *You want us, Temptress? You want both of our cocks?*

Her eyes were bright with excitement as she stopped her humming and answered me. “Yes. I want you both more than you know.” Then she sank down onto my cock, fully encasing me with her wet and waiting center.

We all groaned, each feeling the other as we shifted into a comfortable position. Gears pulled back, and I felt his cock as he slid back in through that thin inner wall between us, causing her to tighten up, squeezing my cock in a vice grip. It was fucking amazing.

She resumed humming, and I saw Gears focus as he pumped in and out of her, working her ass, making her pant. I began to move in time with him, both of us entering her at the same time, which turned her completely wild. Her eyes glazed over as she cried out praise to each of us.

“Yes. Fuck, yes, Gears. Fuck that tight little ass like you own it.” Her words made him groan.

“Oh, God, Bricks. Oh, oh, oh. Yes. Fucking take that pussy. Harder. Harder.” She was driving both of us insane, driving us to enter her body hard and fast like she wanted. “Fuck. Fuck. I’m getting close. Fuck. I’m going to cum.”

I felt this rising need to bite her, to grab onto some part of her flesh with my teeth. Gears saved me in that moment by grabbing onto her hair and yanking her back. It reminded me that this was for her to feel good and wasn’t the time to give her a mate mark.

I looked up, seeing her breasts pushed into my face, and I latched onto one of her nipples and bit down. She screamed and screamed out to the sky as she exploded around me.

It felt so good that my muscles clenched, and I dug my hands into her thighs as my release shot up into her. Not even a second later did I hear Gears moan out, “Oh, fuck,” as he shoved himself into her ass fully.

We were all panting hard, trying to catch our breath, and I couldn’t keep the smile off my face. Celine looked down at me, cupped my face gently, and gave me the sweetest kiss. I felt her hand tremble as she broke away and smiled at me.

Gears bent over, lavishing her shoulders and neck with soft kisses. I watched her close her eyes slowly, enjoying all the treatment between the two of us, and my heart filled with joy. Our mate was letting us in, bit by bit.

Gears spoke up first. “That was amazing, Celine.” He pulled out of her gently, turned her face to kiss her fully, resting his

head on hers for a second before he said he would collect her clothes.

She put her hands on my chest as she lifted herself up. I watched as my cum slid down her thigh and put my hands behind my head, enjoying the view.

Celine opened her mouth to say something when we heard a large and ferocious roar echoing around the forest.

All of us looked in the direction it came from and paused until a clear voice rang out. “Bricks! Gears! We need you!”

All of us sprang into action. Celine yanked her shirt over her head, already putting one leg into her leggings when Gears yelled, “Go! I’ll stay with her, and we will catch up.”

I looked at Celine, and she threw her chin in that direction. “Go. We’re right behind you.”

That was all I needed. I turned and raced through the trees, running so fast they were all just green and brown blurs racing around me.

I heard another growl before I saw some of our people along the edge of a clearing. I quickly pushed through to see a massive auburn-brown wolf throwing Duce to the side to get to this panther that was backed into a corner. Rabid. Rabid had shifted into his wolf. This was not good.

Dino limped over to me, naked and fuming. “Fucking panther shifter jumped in front of one of the pups, scared it half to death. Rabid saw the whole thing and just went ballistic. Duce and I have been trying to calm him down, as it seems the

panther shifter doesn't know how to turn into its human form and keeps growling at David. Which, you know, just starts him off again." He ran his hand into his hair, stressed and barely keeping it together.

I put my hands up and signed, *Did you guys try to take him down together?*

Dino shook his head as he watched my fingers. "No. Your wolf is the only one big enough to try that without getting yourself killed."

I was about to relieve Duce when Gears and Celine showed up. "Shit!" Gears said as he saw what was going on. He turned to Dino. "How long has he been like this?"

"Not long. Maybe ten minutes. Bricks is going to tackle him, see if we can force him to calm down or try to knock him out and drag him back home." Dino shrugged, but I could see Celine looking at him like he was crazy.

She took a few steps and said, "Before we go down that crazy road, why don't we try something else." All three of us tried to grab her arm to yank her back, but she effortlessly dodged us as she kept walking forward.

I went after her, but she used her siren water magic and easily skated across the clearing and put herself right in front of Rabid's wolf.

Duce shifted upon seeing her, calling out to her, "Celine get back! Go back!"

She ignored him, just like she did us, and started to talk to him. “Well, aren’t you pretty. I love the shade of your fur.” Rabid’s wolf turned towards her, growling before snapping his jaws at her. My heart was beating a mile a minute as I kept my eyes on Rabid. The second he looked like he was going to go after her, I would take him down, hard.

“That wasn’t nice!” She called out as she dodged his attack with little effort. When she started to talk to him again, and she got the same response, I noticed that she was slowly moving him away from the panther shifter, making sure his attention was all on her.

“This was a nice game of scary wolf and water nymph, though I think it’s time to calm this beast down, don’t you think?” As she spoke, there was a shift in the air, and you could tell she had turned on her magic. Even though it wasn’t geared towards me, I felt the pull of her magic and was compelled to focus on her as well.

Then she started soft, humming lightly as Rabid’s paws stopped pounding on the ground. When her singing grew a little louder, more powerful, you could see that Rabid only had eyes for her. It wasn’t in a prey vs. predator type of way either. Gone were his snapping jaws and angry roars. His wolf was the most docile I had ever seen him.

Gears was the first one to wake up from the shocking scene in front of us, motioning to Celine to take him in the direction of our house. She changed paths and walked back that way, Rabid following, while Gears went to talk to members who

had stuck around, telling them to head home for the night, that we would take care of this.

I picked Duce up off the ground, helping him stand up as he whispered, “How the hell is she doing that?”

I shrugged, not knowing myself as I looked at her. I could see in her eyes how determined she was to help him. She waved at us to go before them, keeping her eyes locked on his as he followed her like a puppy dog.

Always the devil’s advocate, Dino whispered, “I thought she couldn’t spell us while we were in our wolf form?”

Gears was the one to speak up first. “She’s not. Rabid is not how Billy looked. Remember the little demonstration? Billy looked like a person with no soul, just following orders with no expression or thought. Rabid, right here, definitely has a mind of his own. She is just singing her song to soothe and keep him focused on her. That way, we can all get out of here in one piece.” He looked back at the panther shifter, who looked ready to bolt. “I’m going to take care of that. You guys make sure she can keep it up and get him to the house. As soon as he gets to the barrier, it will force him to shift back.”

As a fail-safe, we long ago had a mage put up a huge magical circle around the house, making it so that if Rabid ever got out of control, we could force him to shift back by keeping him close enough to the house.

Following, I watched Celine guide Rabid through the whole forest, not once letting up on her song until she got to the

porch steps, and he hit the circle ten feet away, collapsing instantly.

She slumped against the stairs, rubbing her throat, but her raspy voice asked, “Is he going to be okay?”

Dino stood behind her, watching me pick Rabid’s huge ass up, and moved towards the house. “Yeah,” he said, “he’s going to be a little pissed tomorrow, but he will be fine.” I heard him mumble over some other words before he scolded her, “Now, go get some sleep, maybe some salt water, too.” Celine croaked out a laugh as she said okay.

As I put Rabid to bed, I looked down at him and thought about everything Celine had done. How she couldn’t be more perfect for all of us in this house, even Rabid. No one had ever been able to do that with him, *no one*.

Maybe she wasn’t as broken as she thought. Maybe she just hadn’t sung to her right mates, but she was now, and we were all listening.

CHAPTER 20



WE SHOULD'VE TAKEN TWO cars. It was cramped as fuck with Bricks, Rabid, Duce, and Celine all in the same SUV. Especially Celine, since, for some reason, I couldn't get her scent out of my head. The whole car was filling up with the ocean breeze with a slight hint of honeysuckle, and I was fighting in between gagging and never wanting to leave the vehicle.

When Rabid finally woke up in the morning, he came into the living room, head down, and apologized several times. He kept going on and on about how he was going to work harder to keep his wolf at bay when Duce spoke up, saying that it wasn't much work once Celine came to the rescue. It was funny to see this big, muscular, tattooed man who I have respected above all for years, turn wholly red and bashful as he thanked Celine.

She shrugged it off, acting as if it wasn't a big deal that it was. Her exact words were, "No biggie, Boss Man. We all lose it a time or two." I don't think she realized how much work it was when Rabid wolfed out. He had only done it a handful of times since I'd known him, and some of those times, we did it on purpose to get the point across to others that wanted to test our strength. It usually took Bricks taking the brunt of his blows as a wolf while the rest of us worked out a way to knock him out and bring him home before he woke up.

In true Celine fashion, she did point a question at Rabid. "Has Killian contacted you for the drop yet?"

All of a sudden, the bashful, apologetic Rabid was wiped off his face, and he turned into the fierce and stern Rabid, leader of the Moon Raiders. "Yes. While I was out, he texted a location and time for tonight."

Celine clapped and rubbed her hands together, her eyes glowing with a brutal excitement that reminded me of what she did for a living. "So, it's planning time!" Rabid laid out a plan that we mostly agreed with, Celine making a few tweaks in order to play her part, and we got ready.

And now, here we were, on this bumpy car ride, with Celine's thigh rubbing up against mine, mercilessly reminding me of what her body felt like. I was rough and angry, and I fucking loved it. All brutal bruising hands instead of soft caresses, teeth that bit instead of nibbled, our bodies fucking so hard we saw stars. I knew that I would be that way, not able to keep my rage at her at bay, and I prepared myself to get the blow black

after, sealing that door shut for good. The part I didn't realize, what freaked me out the most, was that she liked it, too. With that little admission, she made a crack in my armor, and I couldn't take it, so I bolted.

I thought if I pushed her enough, she would back off, keep her distance just to get the job done. In the span of a few days, I had seen her calm Gears, bring life back into Brick's eyes, reel Duce in, and tame Rabid's beast. I'm beginning to realize that I was the one who didn't know who I was dealing with.

"Well, I guess it's time to mic up and get ready." Duce shoved his hand into the backpack that Gears gave him before we left, pulling out little Bluetooth mics and handing them to each of us.

Celine examined it for a second, pushing some of the buttons to figure out what all the settings were. The plan was that Rabid would stay with the car and be the lookout on the street. Bricks was going to go around the perimeter and take care of anyone he found. Duce, Celine, and I were going to go into the warehouse. We would take care of the guys inside guarding the drugs and set up the explosives. Once we set them off, we would tell everyone, and we'd all meet at the car to jet off.

Celine's plan was to make sure a few of the dead bodies had an S carved into the back of their necks, her calling card, so that they would think someone hired her to do this, and Rabid would call Killian to complain that the building was on fire when we got there. Effectively getting rid of the drugs and our problem at the same time.

Duce put his hand up to his ear as he covered his mouth, “One, two, one, two. Do you hear me? Rodger.”

The rest of us rolled our eyes at him until we heard that sweet feminine voice respond, “Rodger that, Pumpkin. You looked especially plump and orange today. Rodger.”

Duce smiled wide as he replied, “Is that you, Cupcake? That glass filled humor is starting to show. Rodger.” Bricks turned around from the front seat and signed, *Oh, don't start this up.* Duce signed back, *shut up*, and kept going.

They went back and forth a few times, making other digs at each other until Rabid called out, “Shhh. GPS says we are almost there.”

We all grew still, watching out the blacked-out windows for any kind of security that they had on the premises.

There was a regular chain link fence that surrounded the property with only one guy waving us towards him. I thought that this wasn't enough until I saw him holding an AR as we slowed up next to him. So, it looked like they were going for more firepower than manpower. Interesting. It made me think that this place wasn't a money-maker. This was probably just the first stop. This was the distribution warehouse.

This macabre-looking Fanger stepped up to the window. “Name?” Celine tapped on my leg, and I looked up as she motioned for me to change seats with her. The dead-eyed look she gave me after I took a beat to think about it made me change my mind real quick. She easily slid over my lap, her

ass cheeks grazing my dick. and I had to bite the inside of my mouth to keep me sane.

“Rabid with the Moon Raiders.” Rabid’s voice rang clear, but I watched in horror as Celine rolled down her window. The Fanger jumped, yanking his gun up, and putting it in her face. I heard a growl, but I realized it was me who growled when his eyes flicked to mine for a second.

“Hi. Don’t worry about me. Just listen to me. I have something very important to tell you.” As soon as she said the first syllable, I felt the magic in the air. I heard the slight melody of her words as she used her magic, calling anyone to fall into her voice just to hear more.

I saw his eyes glaze over, and his hands dropped from the AR, letting it dangle off him as he looked at her with lovesick eyes. It was gross. I wanted to hurl as well as punch this fucker in the face.

She then very cheerfully said, “Take out the silver knife in your pocket and stab yourself in the chest.”

“Celine-,” Rabid warned before the guy dug around in the pocket of his pants, pulled out a silver knife, and stabbed himself right through the heart with a smile on his lips. He toppled over and was completely still on the ground.

Rabid stepped out, checked his pulse, then turned around and pointed to the body, looking all kinds of furious. “That was not the plan, Celine. We made a very-”

Celine climbed out, put her gloves on as she casually removed the knife, turned his head, and started to carve into his neck an S, her Songbird calling card. All of this was done leisurely before she stood straight and waved her hands in the air. “Yes. Yes. I know the plans. But, really, did you want to worry about this fucker all the way out here while we start chaos in there?” She pointed to a large, red-brick building, looking like it was built a hundred years ago, as she laughed. “Yeah, No. I think I would rather get rid of the guy now. It will make for an easier way out, a better risk ratio, and, plus, I enjoyed him saying I was weird.”

They both got back into the car as Duce and I called out similar sentiments about the situation.

“I’m glad that fucker’s dead.”

“Good riddance to this ball buster.”

Bricks just glared at the corpse on the ground like he could reanimate it and kill it all over again.

She smiled as she casually said, “Plus, I made sure his death didn’t make any noise. We can still creep up on the others.” I had to admit that when she got like this, I was having a hard time keeping my dick from going straight up. Rabid grumbled under his breath about following the plan but continued down the dirt path.

Rabid parked right in front of the warehouse as two beefy-looking vampires sauntered up to the car. The one with a full mane of hair called out, “Get out. We need to check you first, and then we can take you inside.”

We all climbed out, ready for them to frisk us for wires, which was expected. We all lined up, knowing that after they did this, and their backs were turned, we would take them out. When the bald one stepped in front of Celine and gave her a lewd smile as he licked his lips, he murmured, "I'm going to check this one. Hands up, honey, I need to check you. All over."

My wolf started to growl, telling me to kill this fucker now before he laid a single hand on our woman. My skin was vibrating with the need to do something, to hurt him, badly. I didn't get my chance to do anything because Duce had slit his throat and stabbed the long-haired one, while Bricks grabbed the bald one's head and twisted it off in one motion. Blood and gore sprayed around, Bricks covered in it, as he smiled down at the body dropping to the ground.

Celine scoffed and crossed her arms in front of her chest as she whisper-yelled, "Bricks! I'm not opposed to the killing," she kicked at the still body before her, "but the plan was to make any bodies that were not going to be burned inside look like I did it with a knife to the heart and an S carved into the neck. Now people are going to think The Songbird starts ripping heads off!" She pointed to the head in his hand that was dripping crimson on the floor. "That's not my MO."

He shrugged, dropped the head, and stepped over the body as he brought his red-stained hands up to sign, *No one touches you. No one.*

She smiled up at him, lifting her hand to his cheek and wiping off a few stray specks of blood before pulling his head down

to hers and giving him a sweet soft kiss. “Thanks, Mountain Man.”

Duce pointed down at the body he took care of. “Hey! That’s not fair. I followed the rules and everything, and yet he gets a kiss!” She stomped her way over to him, grabbed his head roughly, and kissed him like his life depended on it. I watched as his hands roamed all over her body, immediately wanting to take this kiss further, pouting when she pulled away, all while this ugly emotion started to fill my body. Jealousy. I was jealous that I was a few seconds too late in killing those fuckers and maybe getting a kiss of my own.

I shook my head, shaking those thoughts out as I felt like I was losing it. I looked at Rabid, who seemed to be in the same boat as me, his hands in fists at his sides as he kept himself still, watching those two get the kisses he secretly wanted. We were all so incredibly fucked.

Rabid quickly barked out, “Let’s go. We only have so much time.” He turned towards the car and started pulling out some of the ARs we had brought. “Bricks, you circle the warehouse, and make sure no one gets out or in from this point on.”

Bricks nodded, grabbed the rifle, winked at Celine, and turned to explore the perimeter. “Duce, Celine, and Dino, here,” he handed each of us a Glock, “you guys gut out the inside.” He turned to me. “Dino, you have the explosives?” I opened my cut, showing the four sticky explosives that I swiped from Celine’s weapon trove.

“Yep.”

“Good. Then let’s go. The sooner we get this done, the faster we can get home. I don’t like leaving Gears there all by himself.” He looked off towards the way we came in like he could see our compound from here.

“He had a whole arsenal at his beck and call, as well as a military grade Humvee,” Celine said as she tucked the Glock behind her back, “and he is smart as a whip. He will be fine until we come back.” She put her hand on his shoulder and gave him a small squeeze before letting go and turning towards Duce and I. “Ready?”

We both nodded, and she looked up at Rabid. “Wish us luck.” Then she turned and walked off towards the warehouse.

Duce and I ran to catch up with her as I heard Rabid whisper behind me, “Good luck.”



As the three of us reached the door, Celine turned to us, instructing us both in a hushed tone. “Okay. As soon as we go in, I’m going to head for the rafters, going to the other side of the warehouse quickly to take care of any of the men in the back. You two make your way to the center with the drugs but be on guard, they will most likely have some guys guarding it.”

I rolled my eyes, tightening my fingers around the handle of the Glock as I gritted out, “Yeah, we know.”

She growled at me, getting in my face, poking her finger into my chest as she snapped out, “I know you know that, but I need you to understand that I might be dealing with my own problems and won’t be able to have your back. I need you to be smart about this.”

Duce came up beside her, snaking a hand around her waist as he whispered lovingly in her ear, “I know you’re worried about us, Cupcake, but we got this. Promise.”

She rolled her eyes at us, the frown that marred her face before turning into a small smile. I knew he said the right thing, while I said the wrong thing. It shouldn’t matter, I shouldn’t care, yet I did. A part of me also wanted to ease her fears.

“Let’s go,” I spat out, angry at my own shortcomings as my hand circled around the handle, and we went inside.

We were lucky that no one was near the door, but that was probably the job for the two guys we took care of outside. The warehouse looked like any other, one large floor with crates stacked everywhere on top of each other, so high you couldn’t see over them. The lighting seemed to be coming from the center of the room, casting shadows all over, giving this place an ominous feel.

There were a few deep laughs that echoed from far away, and we all turned towards the sound. “I guess we do have a couple of guests to deal with,” Duce whispered. When Celine didn’t respond with a normal comeback, we both looked at her to

find only air where she once was. We both looked around, going into panic mode until we heard a small sound above us.

“Pssst. Pssst. Up here.” We both looked up and saw a slight shadow move in the rafters. Celine. I was about to yell at her to get back down here as she needed to take one of the explosives and set it on the other side where she was going. I opened my cut to see that one of the explosives was already missing. Well, shit, she nabbed that while I wasn’t paying attention, and she was already doing her part of the job.

I quickly took one out and placed it near the door. We wanted to make sure that most of the building went up in flames and decided to put one in the front, one in the back, and two wherever the drugs were.

As I stood up, Duce turned to me and clapped my shoulder. “I guess we need to get going. I would like for us to be done before Celine gets back. Show her that we are good at what we do.”

I shoved him to go forward. “Come on.”

He laughed, and we both readied our Glocks as we wound around the crates slowly. We heard that laughter again and paused, our backs against the crates as we tried to hear how close it was.

Duce leaned in real close, whispering in my ear like we weren’t doing anything important. “So, what’s your deal with our girl?”

I turned and scowled at him, keeping my voice low as I responded, “Is that really important right now?”

Duce looked around, shrugged, and nodded. I clenched my jaw, thinking we had more important things to do than talk about this, but I had a feeling he wouldn't let it go. “Our girl? When was she ever mine or yours? She is just here to complete a job, and then she's gone.”

He rolled his stupid eyes at me before looking at me like I was a child. “Naw. She is ours. I have seen the way you look at her-”

“Oh, you mean with contempt and annoyance. Yes. You are right. Sign me up for commitment. Pendejo.” I blew out a breath at that last part, wanting him to hear that he made me so mad that I was now reverting to my mother tongue.

He chuckled lightly. “Yeah, we're keeping her. This job is just the reel, but, in the end, she is going to stay, and that's that. Plus, who else is going to take all your piss and vinegar and turn it into sugar and spice as she does? Not me, man, that's for sure.” He kicked off the crate, ready to advance again as he left me in the dust to think about all that.

I went after him quickly. “What makes you think that the others will want her to stay? That she will want to stay?” I was desperately trying to prove him wrong, to make him see that she was just going to leave us. She was not going to leave her fancy assassin life to slum it with some bikers. Even if she was starting to grow on me. I needed him to understand so we didn't end up being the chumps in the end.

Duce eyed around the next crate, seeing if it was clear, and covered me as I slipped by in front of him. “The others are already half in love with her, so that’s not going to be a problem. I mean, hell, did you see her calm down Rabid’s wolf last night?! If that’s not a sign that she is perfect for us, then I don’t know what is.” He paused before he continued, “As for her staying, well, we are just going to need to convince her to stay, but I think, between the five of us, we can keep a lady like her on her toes. Not let it get boring.”

Before I even thought about it, I blurted out, “What makes you think she even wants all five of us?”

This time, he covered his mouth at his own laugh before settling down against a crate before we took another turn. “Are you kidding? That woman looks at us all like we are each a different chocolate bar that she wants to take a bite out of. I mean, it’s obvious that I’m the milk chocolate with hazelnut, the kind you want to eat up all day.” He preened at his own analogy, and I almost punched him in his pretty boy face right there.

“Bricks is that milk and white chocolate mix, it surprises you with how much you like it.” Then he just kept rattling on, “Gears is the milk chocolate with nuts... you get it? Cuz he works with nuts and bolts.” He pretended to slap his knee at his own stupid joke. He straightened up really quick as he lifted a finger. “Rabid is the dark chocolate. It’s serious and sometimes looks down on the milk chocolates with its healthy antioxidants and shit.” He thinned his lips at that, and then he looked at me and smiled wide. “And you... you are that bitter

eighty percent cacao shit. That stuff that doesn't even taste like chocolate, but it is still part of the group, for some reason. Yeah, that's you."

That was it. I punched him right in the gut and covered his mouth tightly, letting him have a moment to compose himself before I let go. When he straightened up, I whispered, "Are you ready now?"

He nodded his head. "I was just answering *your* stupid questions."

I hit him, pointed upward to show him that we were getting closer to the light source, and he quieted up. I was in the lead, and I pointed my gun as I turned the corner, keeping my eyes sharp for any movement as we turned the corner, and then I saw it. In the center was a huge table with bricks and bricks of drugs stacked up so high that I knew this was the fucking motherload.

We both scanned the room, not seeing anyone else around, and I lowered my gun. "Well, that was easy." I went to the table, opened up my cut, and pulled out the two remaining sticky explosives then stuck them underneath the table.

"Yeah," Duce's unease filtered out, "a little too easy."

As I looked at the table, a piece of me wished I could be here to see it all when it blew to smithereens. Drugs essentially killed my family, or, really, the greed that came with selling drugs, and I detested them with my whole being. All I saw in front of me was a lot of dead bodies that it took to make all of this filth.

I felt a breeze of air pass me, and I knew we were too late. I felt the barrel of a gun hit the back of my head as a cruel voice sneered, “See, Yank. I told you there was something fishy about these boys. I told Killian not to use them, but he insisted, and now I just caught them trying to light up our stuff. What do we do to people who try to fuck our shit up, Yank?”

A slimy peep of a voice sounded next to me, and I turned slightly to see a vampire with a silencer barrel right up to Duce’s head. “We blow their brains out to ensure they don’t see the light of day again. That’s what we do, Hamish.”

“Drop the guns, boys.” Both of us dropped our weapons, knowing they had us. Fuck. This was not good.

I felt the gun push into the back of my head harder, almost like he was going to pull the trigger, and then it pulled back. “On the other hand, Yank, if we shoot them now, then their gunk is going to get all over our pretty drugs, and we can’t have that.”

Yank squeaked out, “Nope. That’s just unsanitary.”

Hamish bit out, “Turn around, slowly.” We both did, eyeing each other, trying to figure out how we were going to get out of this, but nothing was coming to mind. We looked at the two vampires that had us on the ropes, saw they had Fanger cuts, and grimaced. I was going to die by a fucking Fanger. That’s the fucking worst.

“Now, switch sides. Nice and slow, like your fucking a virgin, all right.” They both snickered at their stupid joke as they kept their guns up.

The one called Hamish tilted his head as he licked his fangs. “Now, where were we... oh, yes,” he pushed the gun against my forehead, “we were here.”

This was it. This was the day I was going to fucking die. I escaped death once, and I knew that was my one and only shot. I knew that I wasn't going to be gifted another. It's why I was such an asshole all the time. Why I always had a wall up, only letting in the people I knew wouldn't lead me to my death. It's why I always pushed Celine so hard. In my mind, the best case scenario was that she would break our hearts, the worst case, she would be our deaths, but I didn't have Celine to blame for this. This one was on me.

I let my mind think about that time in the gym, how it could've been different. I would still be the one that was more up for the rough stuff, but I almost envisioned drinking down her scent, running my hands all over her body slowly, and digging them into pressure points to get different senses going. I could show her what the height of pleasure and pain could feel like and give her the aftercare she deserved. I felt ashamed for leaving her on the floor of the room.

I was about to close my eyes when I saw a familiar shape move in the background, vibrating bright blue eyes that were wide and angry. Celine.

I felt the magic in the air shift, almost like all the moisture was sucked out as she ran towards us, sliding underneath the table of drugs like a slip and slide, only to pop up right behind Yank and Hamish.

Like a snake, she struck out at Yank first, a thin blade slicing right through his neck. His hand immediately dropped his gun and went to his neck, clutching at the blood that was pouring out like a waterfall.

Hamish turned his head to look, and Celine got right in his face, calling out with her melody-laced voice, “You will take that gun, point it to your head, and shoot as many times as you can.” His eyes glazed over, taking on that vacant doll face as he carried out her words. He pointed the gun up to his chin and hesitated. Celine wasted no time getting right up to his ear, singing out, “Shoot. Shoot. Shoot. Now!”

His finger pulled the trigger three times, the bullet erupting his head like a fucking piñata, spreading all of his brain matter across the drugs like he didn’t want, and I smiled.

I heard two shots next to me, looking over to see Duce finishing off Yank before looking up at Celine. “Cupcake, you are going to get all the orgasms tonight. All of them. So many you won’t know what to do with them.”

A creepy assassin’s smile slid across her face as she looked at the two dead vampires on the floor. She turned towards Hamish and stomped on his balls a few times as she growled, “Don’t. Fucking. Touch. My. Wolves.”

Duce looked at me and smiled wide as he mouthed *my wolves* like it was proof of everything he had said earlier. I didn’t have the energy to fight with him, still in shock that I had escaped death a second time, and, this time, it was because of the deadly beauty in front of me.

She straightened up, ran a hand through her hair, and looked at us with a normal smile on her face. “Are you guys ready to get out of here? I’m done with my part.” Duce and I nodded.

Duce grabbed her arm and yanked her into his chest, taking in a deep whiff of her hair and a handful of her ass. “Have I told you how sexy you are when you kill people?”

She looked up, smiling brightly at him. “Not today.”

“Well, then...” He kept her in his arms, telling her in detail how divine she looked, taking down those two assholes, and leaving me trailing behind.

Even I had to admit that maybe she wasn’t going to be the death of us. Maybe she was going to be our avenging angel.

CHAPTER 21



AS I WAS SITTING in the car, Rabid raced down the freeway. I was still shaken by what had just happened. I could hear Rabid on the phone with Killian in the background, playing the “you set me up” card, but my hands were shaking so hard I had to keep them fisted in my lap.

They almost died. Duce and Dino. Their brains were almost splattering against the cold hard concrete floor of that dingy, disgusting warehouse. I can’t stop playing it over and over in my mind. If I had been a second or two later, it would’ve been too late. There would’ve been nothing I could do.

I knew that I was starting to like these guys. I knew that it was a little bit deeper than just a fuck like I kept telling myself. However, to be this shaken up? This meant it was much, much worse than that.

“No, you fucked up, blood bag. I’m not going to send my men in to go investigate your fucking warehouse. That’s your dog shit bag to pick up. If I knew you were going to be this unorganized, I wouldn’t have signed the Moon Raiders up for this. Fuck, Killian.” Rabid’s angry voice in the background was convincing, I almost wanted to cheer him on, but all I wanted to focus on were the two bodies sitting next to me.

Dino was looking out the window, his mind lost in thought, which was completely understandable, and Duce was currently sniffing my neck and rubbing circles on my back. It was like he could feel my distress even though I was trying to keep a lid on it.

It didn’t help that Bricks kept looking back at me, asking me if I was okay with his non-verbal communication. I thought he would be satisfied when I nodded and smiled at him, but it was almost like he could tell I was lying and frowned at me. Even Rabid, on the phone screaming at Killian, kept looking at me through the rearview mirror. Shit. I needed to pull it together.

Just breathe, Celine. It’s not that big of a deal. You were there. You took care of those pieces of shit vampires.

I felt Duce nuzzle me next to my ear as he softly said, “Will you stay in my room tonight?”

This was my moment to be normal, to act like nothing was wrong. I turned towards him, smiling wide as I cupped his cheek. “Of course. I still need to cash in on that orgasm promise for saving your life.”

I felt Dino stiffen behind me, and I almost felt bad for saying it, but when Duce's face lit up and he gave me a huge kiss, I knew that was more of a him thing than anything.

“All we saw was the S carved in the neck of the guy at the gate and saw the building burning. I think you know what that S means, and I don't want an elite assassin on my tail. Figure it out, Killian.” Rabid hung up the phone and immediately called, “What the fuck do you mean saved your life? What the fuck happened in there?”

I was surprised when Dino cut in quickly, “Duce and I got ourselves caught up by some Fangers, and Celine took them out.” I mean, he left out quite a bit of detail, but that was the gist of it. Then Duce had to chime in.

“Yeah. We had guns to our heads and everything. I thought we were both goners, then Celine slid into action, literally. Like a fucking superhero and shit, popped up between the two fuckers, slit the weaker one's throat, and siren-songed the other one to blow his own brains out.” He was so animated as he was telling the story. Even I was captivated. “I, of course, helped my savior out by finishing off the weaker one, and then she cursed out the dead man while stomping his balls, saying, “Leave. My-” I put my hand over his mouth before he could finish.

“No need to thank me, just doing my job, okay, Pumpkin?” I turned to him and gave him a look that said you better shut up now, or I'm finding another bed to sleep in, and he shut his mouth real quick.

When I said that, it was in the heat of the moment. I was coming down from a killing high, just finishing up murdering three other guys playing cards in the back of the building, when I heard their situation over the comms. I focused only on the threatening voices. Getting to them was first priority, and I barely reached them in time. Everything happened so fast, the need to keep them alive took over, and I didn't get to make the kills slowly and painfully, to get out any of the vengeance that filled my veins when I first showed up. So, I just did and said the first thing that I felt at that moment.

All of the emotion that I'd been feeling since I killed those two Fangers was telling me that I was a liar. That I meant every word I said and would do it again because these men were mine. My wolves.

Celine

I could feel Bricks call, and I looked up, both him and Rabid looking at me like they didn't know whether to hug me or yell at me. I would prefer the former.

Rabid took a big breath. "Look, Celine, thank you for being there for Dino and Duce. It would..." He looked away from the rearview mirror as he softened his voice. "It would cripple the club if we lost these two. We owe you a debt of thanks."

Bricks wouldn't stop staring at me, looking at me like I was the most amazing person in the world. "Stop it," I whispered as I looked him in the eye. He smiled and kept staring.

Why would I do that when looking at you is much more preferable? You are a beauty among a pack of wild and broken

*beasts, and yet you never run. Just face everything head-on.
I'm so proud of you, Temptress.*

My heart swelled at his words, making breathing in this car full of big, burly men difficult. Duce grabbed my hand and said, between his kisses on my knuckles. “Let’s have a barbeque tomorrow. We can celebrate a job well done and give Celine a big thank you for saving our butts.”

Rabid took a second to think but easily said, “Sure. I think that’s a great idea, Duce.”



Once we got to the house, we were all dead tired, but we still sat around the “church” table and went through all the details.

Bricks went first, letting everyone know he took out two guys who were hiding in the bushes outside on the side of the building. He made sure to cut their heads off and placed them near the back exit, knowing we were going to put one of the explosives there. He stayed outside until he saw us leave and then caught up with us before we all walked to the car. Rabid was in the car watching out and staying in contact with Gears. When it was our turn, I let the guys mainly tell it, plus Duce was good at it.

I saw respect in everyone's eyes as they voiced their gratitude, which made me feel awkward. I liked it better when Dino looked at me with disdain, when Rabid kept his distance, when Gears and Bricks would silently have conversations about me, and when Duce would just look at me with sex on his mind. That was safe. Making sure we were not too close. Now I could see the acceptance in their eyes... and something else. Something that I lost faith in a long time ago.

I didn't like seeing that change, so I took the coward's way out as I stood up and stretched, seeing their wandering eyes with a smirk. "Well, that was all kinds of exciting. You boys sure do know how to show a girl a good time, but I think I'm going to hit the hay." When they started to get up, I waved them down. "Don't get up. I'm just going to shower off and then hit the hay. You guys stay up and celebrate. You got Killian back for his past misdeeds, stopped his operation, and got out of doing his dirty work."

What about what you needed to find out?

Bricks called out without moving his lips, and I opened my mouth to answer when Duce called out, "Hey! I'm onto you two!" His finger bounced between Bricks and me. "When we are all here together, no doing your little mind vocal trick. The rest of the class would like to know."

Bricks smiled, lifted his hands, and signed what he asked me before motioning towards me to continue. "I found out enough, and I know what he looks like, so I can work backwards from there. Nothing else left for you all to worry

about.” I winked as I turned around, even as my heart was dropping at the thought of leaving tomorrow. I had no other excuse to stay.

Duce suddenly shot up out of his seat, his voice was steady, but the vibrations around him screamed desperation. “The barbeque tomorrow.” When I paused and gave him a questioning look, he clarified, “Do you need clothes for it? I’m sure Emma wouldn’t mind lending you some again.”

My heart tugged at the thought of Emma, the only girl that has ever been my friend. It would be nice to see her one last time before I left. Maybe give her my number to stay in touch and talk dirty books with. I nodded. “That’s a great idea. I will see her in the morning.”

I turned as I felt water behind my eyes, trying to break free. My fucking body was betraying me at the most inopportune time. I briskly walked away, waving behind myself as they all mumbled their good nights.

I refused to cry. I was not going to be a blubbering mess. I have gone through worse heartache than this. I had a mother who never loved me. This was nothing.

I made my way to Duce’s room, stripped off my clothes, and immediately went into the shower. I dipped my head under the scalding water, my body easing at the lightly pounding heat on its already worn muscles, and I sighed.

This was the right choice. I could barely feel the water tracking down my face from my eyes. With blurry vision, I grabbed the soap and lathered up, telling myself that

everything was going to be fine. That I didn't need anyone. Like always.



As I finished my shower, I was wholly composed, ready to face any one of them now that I had built myself back up. I wrapped the towel around me and walked out into the room and sat on the bed.

I listened out for footsteps before I pulled out my work phone from underneath his bed where I had placed it. I saw one text message from Glenn, *Update?*

I knew I was going to need to give him something this time. I quickly replied with a description of the vampire I knew was blood-crazed and put a money emoji, so he knew it was the backer, and left it at that. Once I got out of here, we could meet up and strategize a plan to take out that fucker. Although, for now, this would get Glenn off my back. Plus, he won't see this until tomorrow. I looked at the clock and realized he would be asleep already.

I didn't know how they would feel if they learned that the assassin they knew as The Songbird was actually employed by the government, trained, and hired to take down criminals. That the reason this all happened in the first place was because I killed the head of the Rodriguez family. What would Dino

think of that? He didn't seem to be close with his extended family, since they were the ones who killed his immediate one, but you never know when you're faced with the facts.

I heard boots hit the wood floor outside the door, shoved my phone underneath the mattress, and splayed my hands on the ground, stretching, just as Duce opened the door. He crossed his arms and leaned against the doorway. "Well, don't you look as yummy as a cupcake that just came from the oven?"

I squinched up my nose. "Without any frosting? Yuck!"

He laughed as he came in and shut the door. "I will take you however I can get you. Frosted, unfrosted, cooked, uncooked... hell, even glass filled."

He sat down next to me on the bed, his hands grabbing my legs, effectively pushing me back as he lifted them onto his lap. His fingers rubbed circles along my calves as a devious smile crawled up along his mouth. "I'm here to fulfill my promise, but if I knew that you would look this delicious and ready, I would've been here sooner." His hands slid their way up my legs as his eyes heated up. "You've got me all hot and bothered just thinking about how I'm going to dirty you up."

I closed my eyes, my body lighting up at his touch, when he paused. My eyes flew open to watch him examine the red spots on his sleeve before noticing more down the front of his shirt. "How about I hit the shower first? I don't want to wear these fuckers while I'm worshiping you."

I lifted my hand, cupped his cheek, and kissed his lips softly as I breathed out, "I don't care. A little blood doesn't scare me,

but if you would prefer to, then I don't mind sitting here thinking about all the things you're going to do to me to make me cum." I licked at his lips, and he groaned out in pain.

"Fuck. Okay. I will be so fast. Like, I mean so fast!" He tore off his clothes right in front of me as he darted into the bathroom, and I chuckled. He was adorable.

As soon as the shower sounded, I heard a knock at the door. I got up, tightened my towel, and opened the door to see Dino standing there, looking all freshly showered and combing a hand through his hair.

"Hey," I said, wondering what he wanted to tell me that made him look like that.

"Hey," he responded, making an effort to put his hands to his side as he looked down at me. His eyes widened as he saw me in a towel. "Oh, were you getting ready to-"

"Nope. Just finished." I crossed my arms, looking at him expectedly. His eyes shifted around, looking like he was at a loss for words and still had something to say. I decided to take pity on him as I opened my arms and moved to the side. "Want to come in?"

He seemed to mull that over for a second, looking in the room. "Duce?"

I smiled. "He's in the shower." Dino nodded as he took a few slow steps into the room. As soon as the door was cleared, I closed it, letting him know there was no backing out of what he wanted to say now.

I walked over to the bed and sat down, my towel riding up my thigh, his eyes immediately tracking the movement. I smirked as I turned and patted the spot next to me. “Come and sit down.”

He quickly sat down, took a deep breath, and faced me. “I wanted to tell you I’m sorry.” I tilted my head as my eyebrows furrowed, confused at this personality change.

He pursed his lips at my obvious confusion and took a deep breath. “Look. For that time in the gym, I shouldn’t have been so... vulgar with you. I regr-”

I lifted my hand as my body heated up, and I felt my pulse beat rapidly. “So help everyone in this house, if you say that you regret what happened, I think I will finish the damn job those Fanger’s couldn’t.” I couldn’t believe him. He wanted to fucking apologize for the time that we had amazing hate sex? Are you fucking kidding me? It was so hot that I could still feel the ghost of his strong hands digging into my body.

His eyes grew impossibly wide. “But-”

I sprung up, vibrating with my unrelenting rage. I moved in front of his sitting form, bending over to get into his face, coming at him from a position of power so he fully understood what I was about to say. “Don’t you dare apologize for something that I thoroughly enjoyed.” When he opened his mouth again, I covered it with my hand, pushing him roughly onto the bed and climbing on top of him. “That’s right. I fucking loved it. I enjoyed your hate-filled gaze and your bruising hands. I enjoyed the push and pull of our anger

battling until we both couldn't stand it anymore and had to tear the clothes off each other literally.”

I scraped my nails down his shirt, ensuring he felt it enough to remember. “I don't ever want you to cheapen the absolute carnal pleasure we create with our emotions at their highest. You want to apologize, and I,” I leaned down and captured his bottom lip between my teeth, biting it hard enough for him to moan, “I want to repeat it.”

I could feel his body tremble as he bit the inside of his lip, trying to keep himself at bay. “It doesn't always have to be that way.”

His admission shocked me, and I pushed up, sitting on him as he propped himself up on his elbows. “You're right,” I admitted, “It doesn't always have to be that way, though I'm not scared if it is. I don't want you to be embarrassed or to think that I don't like it myself because,” I ground my bare pussy against the bulge in his pants with a devilish smile, “I definitely like it. More than you could possibly know.”

He surged up, grabbing my neck greedily, pulling me as his mouth smashed into mine. My hands dug into his sides, nails digging in for that pinch of pain as I moved back and forth against him. In one move, he flipped me, pinned my hands above my head, and moved his knee between my legs. My towel in the danger zone for falling open.

He smiled one of those dirty smiles, the one that said he was going to enjoy himself just as much as I would, and bent down. I sucked in a gulp of breath as his teeth scraped along

the valley of my breasts, grabbing onto the tucked piece of towel and giving it a good yank. Letting the towel fall open, his eyes feasted on me.

He kept a tight grip on my wrists with one hand as he bent down and wrapped his lips around my nipple. My breathing grew rapid as he lapped at it, giving that pebbled nub all the attention it could take. His eyes flicked up as soon as his teeth closed around it, and he gave it a sharp tug.

I gasped as my back bent and my body yanked against his restraint. His hand tightened, even though I wasn't trying to escape. "You're not going anywhere." His breathy words sailed across my tender flesh, making me crave more of his sweet and painful pleasure.

His knee came up farther, splitting my legs apart as it rubbed against my mound while he switched to the next breast, giving it the same treatment. Every time he yanked on my nipple, I wanted to give him what he gave. I wanted to bite down on his collarbone, I wanted to run my nails down his back, I wanted to squeeze the head of his cock, but his damn hand on my wrists kept reminding me that he wanted to show me what he could do. I let out a small whine, one that made his head snap up, his eyes searching mine before they turned molten.

"Isn't that just one of the most beautiful sounds, her begging without words for more?" Both of us stopped as we heard Duce behind us. He was in the doorway of the bathroom, dripping wet and looking so damn sexy in just a towel wrapped loosely around his hips. Looking so tasty, he

deserved to be in a men's cologne campaign. I would buy it. I would buy fucking cases of it if I got to have a life-size cutout for being such a loyal customer, of course.

“Oh, don't stop on my account. I am thoroughly enjoying the show. Plus, I promised my cupcake all the orgasms tonight. Since she saved both our lives, I feel like you should carry half the load anyways.” His smile was his typical Duce mischievousness, and I couldn't help but give him an air kiss to let him know I appreciated it and was all up for whatever he had in mind.

He glided over to the other side of the bed, sat next to my head, and caressed my hair before bending over and inhaling deeply. “God, smelling you is better than any drug in the world and a thousand times more potent. I don't think I will ever get over your sweet and salty ocean breeze smell. It calms and energizes me even though it makes me want to be lazy as I sit here and smell you all day.”

“Well, that sounds like I need to bottle that shit and sell it.” I laughed, making a joke, but as Dino's hands on my wrists turned more punishing, and Duce paused to release a low growl, I could tell that the joke didn't work for this crowd.

Dino grabbed my chin, turning my face towards him as he gruffly said, “Bottle it all you want, but you won't be selling it to anyone but us.” His fingers tightened to the point of being painful as his voice took a dark turn. “Got it, Killer?”

Ooohhh, I liked that nickname. I felt it down to my bones. I wiggled underneath him, rubbing myself against him as I

winked at him. “Got it.” I turned my head towards Duce and stuck out my bottom lip. “Now, can we get to the orgasms you promised?”

Duce surged forward in response, his lips gliding along mine in a slow and sensual way that reminded me how good he was at all of this. As soon as his tongue swiped out, coaxing me to let him in, I opened wide. He smiled against my lips before exploring like he hadn’t been there before, and I moaned.

His hand circled around my throat, the pads of his digits pressing in lightly, reminding me that his desire could be just as powerful as Dino’s anger. I felt his hand let go of my wrists, essentially letting me free, but before I could do anything about it, he traveled down my chest with mashed kisses, giving me the contrast between soft and hard.

Duce pulled away from my lips, with me still chasing him, as he trailed down my neck, his hands cupping my breasts that were already tender from Dino before, and bit my lip. My legs were pushed up, and, before I could complain, I heard a loud smack, delicious pain radiating from my ass straight to my pussy, causing my desire to leak out. “Aaahhh,” I cried, but then I got another smack as Duce pinched my nipple, and I felt my walls clench, begging for something to hold on to.

“God, fuck.” I cried out. Duce smiled against my neck as Dino let out a deep chuckle.

“Oh, Killer, we’ll have you screaming our names real soon if you are this ready.”

I egged them both on with a smile. “If you’re doing it right, I won’t be able to scream.”

Dino paused, looking down at me like I was the devil incarnate, while Duce chuckled against my neck. “You are fucking perfect for us. Did you know that, Cupcake? I couldn’t even make a person as perfect as you are if God gave me the tools and said to have at it.”

I snaked my hand underneath his towel, grabbing his hard cock as I brought one of his hands up to my mouth. “You’re right,” I licked at the digit as I gave him a stroke, and his eyes closed for a second. “You couldn’t make me even if you had the blueprints. Keep your eyes open, Pumpkin. I want you to see it all.”

I sucked his finger into my mouth as I pumped his cock, his eyes tracking every moment, watching with a salivating hunger as I showed him what I could do.

I gasped around his finger as I felt Dino holding my hips still as his tongue speared into my weeping cunt. My hips wanted to lift, but since he had a firm grip, I couldn’t do anything but let him do what he wanted. I tried to focus on Duce while Dino was licking me like he was cleaning off a caramel-covered spoon.

Duce’s eyes wandered down to Dino, watching what he was doing and how my body was reacting. “You’re fucking beautiful. Each sigh you take, each move of your hips, each tightening of your muscles drives me wild. You are such a

good girl. Letting us have our fill of you.” He kissed my nipple, and I gasped. “Such a good, good girl.”

It was intoxicating having these men shower me with pleasure, attention, and praise. I could already feel my first orgasm building beneath my belly, churning and rolling around for the right kind of release. Suddenly, I smelled the ocean air, and two sensations took over my body, the crashing violence of waves coursing through my veins, and the fun playfulness of the water skating along my skin. Both sensations wreaked havoc on my body in the best of ways, reminding me of two of my favorite things about the sea.

I don't know how Dino knew, but he shoved three fingers into my channel at once as he sucked on my clit like a vacuum, and I clenched down on him. “Oh, fuck, I'm cumming. I'm cumming.” Dino pumped his fingers faster, pushing and licking in time to Duce sucking on my nipple, and I fell over the edge hard.

“One.” I breathed out as I slumped onto the bed, my hand still on Duce's cock. I turned around, crawling right up to his cock. I looked up at him, the head of his cock resting on my lips as I whispered, “Fuck, I am damn thirsty for this cock right here.” Licked at his tip when I saw the pre-cum leaking out at the tip, and his hips jerked as he gave a closed-mouth groan.

I wanted to see this man break above me. I wanted all of his practiced moves and words to go out the door as if he couldn't help himself.

Dino grabbed at my hips, smacking my ass until the last few stung, and I knew my ass cheeks were bright red. I took Duce inside my mouth, lavishing him with my tongue as I worked my mouth to lubricate him from tip to base. Duce's breathing grew labored as I ran the tip of my tongue between his slit and then trailed it down his shaft, following a long thick vein like a map.

As soon as I worked Duce in deep, having him cry out more praise for me, Dino slammed his cock into me. This forced me to take Duce deeper, and his garbled cries let me know that he liked it, a lot. Dino did it again, pulling out until he was almost out of me completely and then thrusting so deep inside me that I jerked forward and took Duce in more.

My eyes flicked up to see Duce with his head rolled up to the sky, cursing Dino and praising me at the same time as his hand tentatively held onto my head. I think Dino and I had the same idea because he took that as Duce wanting more, and he picked up the pace. Same pressure of thrusts but faster and faster with each snap of his hips.

As I balanced on one hand, I took the other and placed it on Duce's hand on my head, pushing his hand into my hair harder, letting him know I wanted him to really let go. Duce immediately took the hint and put both hands on either side of my head, and started to thrust himself even deeper. I opened my mouth wider, letting all the saliva drip out and make a mess as he pumped so hard that you could hear me choking on his cock.

Dino laughed out behind me as his hand found my swollen clit and rubbed it so hard I screamed around Duce's cock as I saw stars. My second release gushed around Dino's cock, and he growled out in satisfaction. Duce was starting to convulse, his thrusts turning erratic as he roared out his release. I kept sucking him down, slurping up his cum like it was my favorite drink and his cock was my straw. As he finished, I licked up his length, swirling my tongue around the head of his cock to get every last drop before I released him.

He crashed onto the bed, gasping out, "Holy fuck, Celine. That mouth of yours is fucking illegal. Shit." He closed his eyes, trying to catch his breath, and I smiled wide.

"Two."

Duce smiled at my count and pretended to tip a hat to Dino. "Finish our girl out. She at least needs three before she crashes tonight."

While he was still inside of me, Dino grabbed onto my hair and yanked me upright. I cried out, but when my pussy clenched down on him, he knew I liked it. "You are such a dirty, dirty girl, Killer, but Duce is right. Your fucking body should be illegal. I have almost cum each time, but I was waiting for this. Waiting to have my wicked way with your used-up body. Are you ready, Killer?"

I nodded as far as I could with the tight grip he had on my hair, and he started to piston in and out of me. His other hand holding my hips, controlling my movements as he fucked me.

With Duce in front of me, he was getting quite a show as his eyes were glued to my bouncing tits and dripping pussy.

Dino let go of my hair and hips, moving that bruising grip to my tits as he grabbed them tightly and fucked me into oblivion. My pants barely made it past my lips as he fucked me hard and fast. “Yes,” I cried. “Harder. Faster.”

I felt the bed dip in front of me, and I saw Duce lay down beneath me, his hands trailing up my quivering thighs as he pulled my pussy lips apart to see my soaked fleshy center.

“Now,” Duce said, and Dino pulled out of my pussy as Duce’s lips found my engorged clit, and he licked circles. I cried out at the crashing waves of pleasure that hit my body, sailing up and down, but they weren’t done with me yet.

Dino whispered darkly in my ear, “Now, here is your pain to go with that pleasure.” He positioned his cock between my cheeks, only giving me a second to realize what he was going to do before he pushed himself through my puckered hole, seating himself fully, and I screamed at the top of my lungs.

The pain was sharp, but Duce’s licks and sucks soothed it as soon as it came. My body was lit up from the inside as Dino fucked my ass in the best of ways, taking me higher and higher as Duce gave me so much pleasure my toes curled into the bed.

I let them take over, my body spent from all the sensations firing off. I felt Dino holding my torso while Duce’s hands cupped my thighs, both of them keeping me from falling.

I heard Dino start up behind me. “Fuck. Fuck. This ass is so fucking tight, Killer. It’s sucking my cock in so good.” I felt Duce hum along my clit, the vibrations sending me over the edge as my last orgasm tore out of me.

I screamed out each of their names as I saw stars and felt my release shoot out of me. I was about to be embarrassed since Duce was down there, but he pushed his face up further, making sure he was covered in my cum.

With the last of my strength, I called out, “Cum, Dino, fucking cum in my ass. Fill me up.” Dino grunted out like he was in pain as his fingers buried into my skin, and he growled out, slamming into me as his hot cum shot out, filling me just as I asked.

With all of us spent, we crashed onto the bed, gasping for breath, trying to regulate my rapidly beating heart. Dino’s arm snaked from behind me and circled my torso as he rested his head on my back, giving me small, sweet kisses in between his gulps of air. Duce crawled his way up to me, and I grabbed his glistening face, licking his lips open for a porno-style kiss, groaning in approval as I tasted myself all over.

Duce grabbed my face and stared deep into my eyes like he was about to tell me something important, like it was on the tip of his tongue. His eyes shuttered before they opened, and I could tell the moment was gone. He gave me a sweet kiss on the lips. “You are everything we could want and more, Cupcake.”

I replied with the only thing I could think of to lighten the mood and said, "Ditto."

He smiled and rested his head on my breasts, sighing into them as he whispered more praises against my skin.

I held both of them, and I knew that this was going to be so much harder than I thought because I was falling for them, bit by bit, and it was getting harder to keep up the facade.

CHAPTER 22



I USED TO PRIDE myself for my own self-control, on my strength that I built up in that cage so long ago as a little scared boy, then this woman shows up and shakes up all my carefully crafted resolve.

Not only did I wolf out in front of her, but she amazed me even more by calming my beast of a wolf with ease. It shouldn't have been possible, she shouldn't have been able to calm my wolf, and yet everything about her made him at ease. Even now, I can feel my wolf sitting in the center of my mind, happy with the fact that she was still in the house, safe and taken care of.

The worst part was that I knew why my wolf was able to take over, why he was strong enough at that moment to overcome all of the mental shackles that I had placed on him. Something

that I thought wasn't in the cards for me. It wasn't as noble as keeping the children safe from a panther shifter, no. It was because my wolf was desperate to protect his mate from someone he viewed as an intruder.

That smacked me over the head, realizing that Celine was my mate. It was something I was still trying to grasp.

My mind kept telling me it was impossible. That a wolf like mine didn't deserve to be blessed with a mate. I was a mangy, broken, deranged wolf and man. Beings like me didn't get the absolute blessings of having a mate to serve and protect. Men like me were meant for the outskirts of society. My mind replayed her being covered with blood when she got in the car, but her smile never dimmed. No, Celine didn't mind getting her hands dirty; that was her job, and she was good at it. So, why did I feel like she was of another higher class than me? Someone like me was not meant for someone like her.

I was prepared to let her go after our agreement, but seeing how the guys are all growing more and more attached to her, I realized it was not going to be so easy.

Celine was currently with Emma, preparing food with some of the other ladies of the crew. I almost laughed when Emma showed up this morning after breakfast, yanking Celine to her feet and telling her she was going to help. Celine tried to get out of it. She said how terrible she was at cooking, how she only knew how to make a few breakfast foods and mac and cheese from the box, yet Emma was not perturbed. She just shrugged and started calling her a sous chef.

I'll never forget how Celine's mouth dropped open, how she stammered out excuses to Emma's deaf ears, how her head jerked towards the five of us, looking for help and finding none. Duce got up, and rubbed her shoulders like he was giving a mini massage as he convinced her it would be good for her to get to know some people outside of us. That it would help so she would be more comfortable at the party. She reluctantly agreed, giving us all a suspicious look before following Emma out the door.

Duce waived excitedly, but his jolly face fell as soon as the door shut. "What the fuck are we going to do, guys?"

Bricks lifted his hands. *What do you mean? What's wrong?*

Surprisingly, Dino spoke up to answer, "How will we convince her to stay here with us?" That one sentence shocked the shit out of me. Didn't he want her out of here more than anyone? I guess saving his life changed something between them? *That and all the racket they made last night with Duce.*

Gears piped up, too. "We are also on a time crunch as I'm sure she's prepared herself to leave as soon as the party is done."

Duce sighed as he slumped onto the table. "That's why I called Emma this morning and *suggested* she take her today. It was surprisingly easy, which means Emma is totally in love with her, too. We need to come up with a plan, fast."

"You know she has a life that she probably wants to return to outside of this mission, right?" I knew that Duce was going to be pissy about what I said, but when all four of them turned to me with daggers in their eyes, I knew I was wrong.

Gears folded his hands together, elbows on the table as he asked harshly, “Are you going to be a hindrance in this endeavor, Rabid? Are you going to sit there and act like she doesn’t affect you as well?”

Dino snorted out as he raised an eyebrow like a cocky little shit. “Affect? You mean how she fucking owned your wolf in a way that no one else ever has?”

Duce added from his slumped form, flicking at something on the table. “Or how your eyes track everything that she does.”

I glanced at Bricks for help, but he shrugged his shoulders and nodded towards the others, letting me know he agreed with them.

I scrubbed my hands against my face, tired, confused, and slightly annoyed at the whole thing. “Look, I’m just trying to be realistic. Do you really think she’s going to want to give up a job she is obviously good at, one that has her jet-setting across the country, and I’m sure pays tons of money, for... for...”

“For what!?” Duce’s head snapped up, anger in his eyes as his chest puffed up, about to challenge me.

Dino focused on the table, his eyes narrowed as his hand on the table turned into a fist. Bricks looked off with a wistful expression, and Gears was still looking at me, his mouth turning up slightly on one side.

“I can only speak for myself, but I have no intention of preventing her from continuing her chosen profession.” Gears

stated as the rest of the group faced him. “The way I see it, it’s a benefit to the Moon Raiders to have such a well-renowned assassin in our ranks. It makes us look stronger, so much stronger that it will prevent a lot of problems when we grow bigger.”

Dino threw up his hands as he groaned out, “Bigger?”

Gears rolled his eyes towards Dino like they were having their own side conversation. “With the rate that Duce and Rabid bring in strays, this group has always been bound to grow much bigger.”

Duce let out an accusatory, “Hey!” While I glared at Gears. He made it seem like we didn’t think of the greater good for the Moon Raiders. There was strength in numbers, after all, and we didn’t take in anyone who we didn’t see potential in.

Gears dipped his head to Duce and me before continuing, “I don’t mean to offend. I’m just stating facts. It is bound to happen someday, that you’ll bring in some important person’s rejected child, and we will have to deal with those consequences. Bringing in Celine would make it so those *consequences* would think twice about messing with us, let alone us being able to handle it with minimal damage.”

While everything he said made sense, it also made the hair on my skin stand up. I stared at Gears, lowering my voice as I said, “It seems you have been thinking a lot about this scenario.”

He rested his hands on the table, looking me dead in the eye as he smiled, “Why wouldn’t I when we’re talking about my

mate?”

All my muscles seized up at his confirmed confession. The whole room grew silent for a second before all hell broke loose.

“Cupcake is my mate, too! Just because you said it first doesn’t mean you get to call first mate!”

“The little Killer is also my mate. What do you have to say about that?”

Bricks slammed his hand onto the table, and everyone looked at him as he signed quickly, *I knew she was my mate before any of you. I will challenge any of you for first mate if I need to.*

Gears was still looking at me with those calculating eyes, eyes that saw too much, as they all continued to bicker until he called out, “What about you, Rabid?”

I clenched my fist under the table when Duce yelled, “Of course, she’s his mate. His freaking wolf confirmed that our siren mate is the only one who could calm the beast inside.”

That may be true, but I wasn’t ready to say it out loud just yet. I barely realized it, and now these guys wanted me to declare it to the world when we didn’t even know if this was something that she wanted.

I didn’t want to admit to them the depths of my doubts, so I gave them a distraction. “Look, I’m just trying to be realistic. Have any of you thought about her in this situation? What are her feelings and thoughts? What if this,” I lifted my hands to

the whole area to emphasize my point, “Isn’t the life she wants for herself? Are you all prepared to try and force her by declaring you’re mates?”

As I expected, the guys all looked down at the table, really thinking about what I was saying. All of them except for Gears, who was still smiling at me.

I narrowed my eyes at him, wondering what the hell he was thinking when he said calmly, “I see that you have been giving this a lot of thought, too. While I do think that your questions have some validity to them,” everyone’s shoulders slumped just a tad more, “I think this barbeque gives us the perfect opportunity to observe and see if this life is something Celine could be a part of. See if she would be comfortable here.”

When I opened my mouth to argue, he sharply added, “Because that is what’s most important, right, Rabid? Our mate’s comfortability. The rest can be figured out, compromised, or changed, but having her be a part of this club, and have her be happy, is of the utmost importance. The only thing that would make us good mates, no matter how it goes, is to think of her happiness first. Right, Rabid?”

My perspective and strategic Road Captain was too savvy for his own good and backed me into a corner. I was forced to concede at this point. “Of course,” I gruffed out as I crossed my arms.

“Then it’s settled.” The smugness in Gears’ voice made my wolf growl in my head, even though I could feel he agreed with him. My wolf didn’t like his insolence to us as his alpha

but ultimately agreed with the outcome. It was a strange situation for all of us. “We are going to introduce Celine to the things in our life here and see if this is a place that she would be happy living in. After dinner, if we all agree that she would like it here, then I think Rabid should ask her if she would like to stay, being our Alpha and all.”

I swear, if I didn't value Gears as much as I did, I would be ripping him a new one right now. Everyone around the table agreed. Bricks even signed yes and said he wanted to show Celine a good time. Bricks, Duce, and Dino all got up and started to make plans of all the things they wanted to talk about or show Celine before the night ended.

When it was just Gears and I left at the table, I glared at him. “What do you think you're doing?”

He got up lazily, lifting his hands like he didn't do anything at all. “I don't know what you mean?” He turned, walking like he was heading to follow the others, when he paused at the hallway entrance. “I know you're scared, Rabid. I would be lying if I said a piece of me wasn't scared as well, but she's good for us. All of us. If I'm going to fight for something, it's going to be for a happy beginning for once. If anyone deserves some happiness in this life, it's all of us. Including her.” Then he left, leaving me to stew with his words knocking around in my head. Both the encouraging ones as well as his warning.

For once, he was going to fight for something, even if it was against me.



The BBQ was in full swing. The kids played in the playground with a few mothers watching as they talked. Off to the side were the grills, all set up with different kinds of meats. Crank even brought his smoker because he wanted just the right taste. He'd been watching some cooking shows lately that had him dying to try out some of the things he'd learned.

In the center was a whole host of folding tables lined up with rows of members, pledges, and their old ladies, all chowing down and having a good time.

Dino bought out a whole DJ set up, playing a steady stream of upbeat tunes to get everyone in the mood for a good time. There were a few couples up and dancing around. Later in the night, after the kids are all put to bed, things will get turned up a notch, getting a little rowdy, but this was my favorite part.

Where families felt free and happy. Kids were able to have fun with their friends in a safe and love-filled environment. A place parents were able to relax, able to have a community of people to help them with the stresses of raising happy children. A spot where teens and young adults didn't need to steal to eat or fight to stay alive. A place where the broken and discarded could feel valued. Looking out at all the joyful, relaxed faces brought me more peace than any riches we could've accumulated by taking on dirtier jobs like running skin or

drugs. Protection was at the core of our values. How we achieved that... that was up to me and the leadership of the Moon Raiders.

My hands were dirty from the day I got out of that cage, and I found they continued to get dirty the more I tried to protect those I cared for, but that was fine with me. In fact, that was okay with each and every Moon Raiders member because all we wanted was a good life. That's it, but a good life was only good if you knew what a shit life could provide.

I lifted the chilled bottle to my lips, letting the cool crisp beer slide down my throat as I thought about all of this. I heard a familiar laugh, one that had my ears bristling, and my wolf perked up. My eyes slid to the side, seeing that pretty little siren that had shaken up my carefully crafted world, and I wondered what kind of shit life she had to deal with to have chosen her profession.

She was currently stuck between Emma and Duce, both of them fighting over her like she was a bone, laughing as each of them literally tugged on her arms. I watched, entranced by her ethereal beauty as she closed her lids and laughed to the sky. Celine always had this magical aura swirling around her. When she walked, it was like she was walking on water, graceful and smooth. I remembered what the guys said about her using her water magic to slide into places fast, so I guess she really does walk on water.

When Emma won, *surprise, surprise*, I watched over my beer bottle I was drinking as Celine and Emma grabbed food. At

each station, there was a member's old lady, and at each and every station, they would stop and talk to Celine. She smiled, giggled, joked with the ladies, and they all seemed to look at her with appreciation or admiration. When she stopped at the end of the line for a slice of the chocolate cake Billy was tasked to serve everyone, she not only got the biggest slice, but poor Billy was bright red when she smiled her thanks at him. He kept sneaking glances at her when he thought no one was looking. Duce was right, that little boy was half in love. It was hard to blame him when I knew how he felt. Her natural aura would call any man to his knees.

As Emma and Celine worked their way through the throngs of people to find a seat, I saw her poke fun at some of the members. She smacked a prospect over the head for a cat call and offered to hold one of the new mom's babies in order to give them a second to eat. How did this woman, this elite assassin, find a way to fit in with regular lowbrow people? Who was she, really?

I stayed in my seat, like I always did, looking like I was surveying everything, but was really watching Celine, trying to find a situation that she couldn't handle. Something that made her not perfect.

After a while of talking with people at the tables, she excused herself and went towards the pool house. I finished my second beer and followed her. I wanted to see if maybe she was going to whisper how much she hated this place or try to escape out the back and leave without saying anything to us. I was convinced she would do something, but she didn't do either of

those things. She just went to the bathroom, nodding and saying hi to people on the way there.

In order to not get caught, I waited on the side of the building where the ladies' bathroom window was, just in case. I heard a few kids out back arguing, except I was trying to tail Celine, so I kept where I was. The kids could figure it out, right?

She was taking so long that I was about to go inside and see what was going on when I heard a familiar lyrical voice. It was coming from the back of the building where the kids were arguing. I peeked around the corner and saw her sitting next to a girl who was curled up against the wall crying.

“What those boys had said was mean and not true at all. Girls can definitely be strong. Some girls are strong physically, and some are strong emotionally. However the really strong ones have strong minds. They don't allow anything people say to affect them or make them think less of themselves. They just let it roll off their shoulders. That kind of strength is nothing that those boys are even capable of having.” The little girl's sobs slowed as she was talking, coming to a full stop when she finished.

The little girl with lopsided blonde pigtails and tear-stained cheeks lifted her head and gazed at Celine. “Are you one of those girls?” Her voice wobbled from crying. “The ones that let things roll off their back?”

Celine closed her eyes and rested her head on the wall with a sigh. A pained look flashed across her face before it cleared, and she peered down at the girl with a kind smile. “I want to

lie to you and tell you yes, but I feel like honesty would help you better.” She shifted to face her fully, bushing a few dirty blonde strands out of her face. “I am more of a mix of all three, and it depends on who I am with which strength I lean on.”

When her face crinkled in confusion, Celine tried to clarify. “So, with strangers, I have the strength of mind because they don’t matter, they are just strangers, and they don’t know me.” Celine tapped her finger on her chin in thought. “When I’m with the people who I work with, or on a job, I use my physical strength to show them I can take whatever they throw at me and...” she looked down at the girl, got a little closer to her, and whispered, “With boys, I use my emotional strength, not letting anything they say hurt me because they are never at my level.”

The girl worked her way up to sitting, crossing her legs and wiping her face with the palms of her hands. “Does that mean you use that kind of strength with your mate, too?”

Celine barked out a hollow and sad laugh, one that made me hate whatever the world had done to her to laugh that way. She looked down at the girl, reached out her hand as she took out the lopsided pigtail, the one those stupid boys yanked on, and fixed her hair as she continued. “Well, if it was possible for me to have a mate, I would hope that I wouldn’t need to be so strong with him. When I needed to be weak, he would be my strength, and I would do the same for him.”

My wolf howled in my head, hearing her answer and wanting to respond, to tell her that she didn't have one mate but five, and we would always give her strength. She could have anything she needed, anything from us. My fingers dug painfully into the brick wall, keeping me in place in order to not give away that I was listening to them.

“Oh, like how holding my mommy's hand helps me feel better when I'm sick?” I saw Celine tense up as soon as the girl said 'mommy'. A far-off look entered her eyes before she shook it off and gave the girl a small smile.

“Yes. Your mommy gives you strength when you're sick because she loves you.” The girl nodded, her hair finally fixed. Her head whipped around as Celine got up, putting her hand out to help the little girl. “Now, about those boys. Do you want to know how to set this all straight with them?”

The girl nodded like a bobblehead again, and Celine proceeded to teach her how to land a solid punch. I watched them practice until the little girl got the hang of it. Celine then told her to march straight up to the boy that pulled her hair and called her names and to punch him in the face.

“As soon as he is knocked over, you go straight to your parents and explain to them what he said and why you punched him. I'm sure they won't be too mad at you for defending yourself. If they are, just tell them to come talk to me.”

“Okay.” The girl took a determined breath before she narrowed her eyes and stomped off to get her revenge. I had to

admit, if the kid had come to me, I would've given the same advice. Not in the same way, but definitely the same outcome.

Celine was still turned away from my peeping eyes as she watched the girl. "I hope you're all right with the way I handled that, Rabid."

My whole body tensed, upset with getting caught, then remembering this was my crew and my compound. So I bucked up as I took a step out in the open. "It seemed like good advice."

She twisted around, smiling so brightly it almost blinded me. Her eyes sparkled that crystal blue shade that I couldn't get enough of, her hair blowing in the wind like she was a wind goddess. Her addictive ocean spray scent traveled to my nose, and I couldn't help the big breath I took, wanting that scent to last forever around me. "Well, if the shit hits the fan, I hope you remember that you said it was good advice."

My lips quivered as I wanted to laugh. "I said *seemed* like good advice."

She crossed her arms and rolled her eyes, but that blinding smile was still on display as she shrugged. "Couldn't be helped. Those boys were dicks and needed to be taught a lesson. Consider it a life lesson for them."

Now I laughed a big hearty laugh as I walked to her side, finding the pull to be next to her too tempting to resist anymore. We both observed as the little girl marched right up to the boy, tapped his shoulder, and punched him as soon as his face was fully on display. Celine let out a closed mouth

laugh as the boy fell like a brick, holding his cheek as he watched the little girl stomp to her parents, telling them with gusto what happened with her hands on her hips. I caught a twinkle of appreciation in that little boy's eyes and knew that a level-one crush had just been unlocked.

I don't know if it was seeing her getting along with everyone, the nagging from the guys earlier, or I was just all caught up in my feelings from the magic of the moment. Still, as we were both eyeing the aftermath of the situation, I blurted out, "Would you want to stay here... with us?"

She swiveled to face me, her eyes wide, and her mouth parted in shock. I turned toward her, shocked, my body shaking at my own words, but now that they were out, there was nothing else I could do but own up to them. I took a deep breath as I continued, "You could be a part of this club, this community. You could stay with us and-"

I was interrupted by a loud siren going off. We both turned towards the entrance just in time to see it explode as a black SUV came crashing through the fire. My whole being went on alert, a savage rage filling me, as I saw Killian hop out of the side door. He shot an AR into the sky, each pop causing me to inch closer and closer to shifting. "The day of reckoning has come for you, Moon Raiders! Now give us the siren woman!"

I glanced at Celine, seeing her whole body vibrate as her hands clenched into fists, her eyes burning with an azure fire as they narrowed on Killian. Gone was the bright smile and easy demeanor. In their place was a deadly aura that rose from

beneath her, promising brutal violence of the worst kind. “Get the kids out now. I’m going to be making a bloody fucking mess, and I would prefer they didn’t see that from me just yet.”

I saw moisture collect beneath her feet before she shot towards them. My own wolf rippled along my skin, wanting to break free, to roar out and fight alongside his mate. To make a bloody mess together. Only she was right, I needed to think of the club first, get the women and children into their bunkers we have all over the compound, and then use all that nice and shiny machinery she just gave us.

If those Fangers wanted a war, they just got one.

CHAPTER 23



HOW DARE HE. How fucking dare he come here and threaten these people, start a war with these people, just to get to me.

Logically, I knew Killian was doing it because of that vampire money bags, the one that got just a drop of my blood and went bananas. I still didn't know his name or why he absolutely went berserk on me when a blood lust tends to take weeks, if not months, to form, but I didn't have time to figure that all out now. I had some vampires to kill.

My blood was pumping hot and fast as my rage started to bleed out, watching all of the vampires pour through the front gate. I took out my silver blade from my bra at the center of my back and sliced through the first fucker's neck, blood spraying across my face as his head flew off and tumbled onto

the ground. I didn't stay and gloat as two more sped by me with vampire speed. Stopping my momentum forward, I hooked around, about to go after them, when an all-black wolf and a light brown wolf pounced on each of them, tearing into their necks and ripping their vocal cords out as soon as their screams tried to break free. Dino. Duce.

I smiled at them and shifted back around, gliding along the ground like I was on a water hoverboard, using my royal siren powers to let the water guide me.

What pissed me off more than having to fight these jerks was that I was finally having my moment with Rabid. Finally, connecting with him. Seeing if he wasn't just the serious leader he always was and finding that fun soft spot that I always hoped he had yet never got to see, and these fuckers ruined it!

My mind raced as I made a whip out of water and flicked my wrist at the nearest vampire, hearing it snap just like an actual whip right before it wrapped around his gun. I yanked it back towards me and grabbed the grip. I quickly turned it around and let off a stream of pops into his head at close range. His skull broke apart into pieces. Blood, brain, and skull shattered on the ground beneath him. Some of it landed on me, and I flicked it off. I already had blood on me from before, a little more wouldn't hurt.

I saw a flash of different color furs next to me; silver, brown, black, and gray-white wolves came up to my sides, growling out at the vampires approaching us from the front gates.

A stern calm voice broke through, "Let's make them pay for coming to our home." I glanced to my side, seeing Rabid with a Glock in his hand as he pulled back the slide, cocking it. As our eyes connected, the side of his mouth lifted. "Thanks for the UV bullets, by the way." I smiled at him, looking around his back as more wolves collected behind us.

I turned around, ready to slash out hard and fast, when Killian stepped to the side from around the car he was using to cover him as he yelled, "All you need to do is come with me, siren. I will deliver you to him, and then this will all go away. You could save so many people." His smile was like sludge as his eyes shifted.

"Yeah, I'll believe that when I'm dead. Having a choice of being his blood slave or the chance of dying here today... I feel like that's a no-brainer." A few people that gathered behind me laughed and clapped. My heart soared that these people wouldn't give me up. Even if they hadn't known me for long, their loyalty to their leaders was strong.

"Then I guess you condemn these people to die," Killian called out, cocksure and full of himself.

"We'll see if you're alive after I carve an S into the back of your pretty little neck." Killian's face pinched, his eyes growing rounder as he realized what I was alluding to. Who I was telling him I was. His head snapped up as he growled out, "Assassin."

"I see my reputation precedes me." I pointed to him, "Mark my words, Killian, if you don't leave right now, you will die

here today.”

His teeth clenched as he gripped his rifle hard, grinding his teeth and yelling, “If I don’t return with you, I’m dead. So either way, it looks like my last. I better make it count.”

He lifted his gun and shot one of the wolves. The people around him circled as Killian smiled. Something was wrong. I could feel it. I saw Gears’ wolf head over, shifting as he examined the wounded.

I looked over as Gears’ frantic voice called out, “The bullets are covered in a high dose of wolfsbane. Don’t get shot!”

The wolves all bared their teeth as they stepped back, while Rabid and I took one forward. A few other wolves that didn’t shift had some of the guns I had given them. Rabid lifted his UV bullet-loaded gun, and I had a silver dagger and my magic. We could do this. “I’ll take the ones on the right. You take the ones on the left?”

Rabid laughed for the second time I’ve ever heard it. “You got it, Little Siren.”

That was all it took for all hell to break loose as those in their human form with guns took off, going after any vampire. As soon as one of them shot and the UV-coated bullet hit one of them, you could see their veins light up bright red against their pale skin, almost like it was lighting them up from the inside. Long, red, wormlike lines covered their bodies, fangs out as they screamed from the burning pain of being cooked from the inside out. Then they would burst into a pile of ash.

Killian's eyes flew open, shock and anger warred in his gaze before he zeroed in on me from across the battlefield, and I smiled.

My gut told me to go for him and finish the snake off, but he darted onto Rabid's side just as another Fanger came at me, pulling my attention.

I quickly turned water into a dagger and sliced my way up this fucker's torso, speared my hand into his chest cavity. He snarled as my hand dove through all the slippery gunk in his chest. He lunged for my neck with his long, gleaming fangs, and I ducked to the side just in time, yanking my hand from his chest with the red prize jewel I was looking for. I brought his still-beating heart between us and watched as his face contorted in pain as I crushed it to dust. Damn, was that satisfying.

I heard a large crashing sound as Dino smashed the Humvee into the SUV, making it turn over and trap some vampires inside. Then Bricks flew over the back of the Humvee, shifting midair with a grenade and throwing it into the SUV before climbing back onto the Humvee, as Dino started to reverse. It didn't take long for the vehicle to explode, and Dino yelled out the window, "*Quémate en el infierno, puta!*"

It was so crazy, so over the top, that I almost pointed and laughed. I couldn't have felt more drawn to these men. All those feelings I had been suppressing were beginning to bubble over, no longer willing to be contained. Soon, I was going to be in real trouble.

It made me think about the question Rabid asked me before all of this started. The question that stunned me, should make me feel like I needed to run for the hills, but it didn't. As soon as the words left his mouth, my heart burst open with happiness. Happiness that felt foreign and weird but wonderful and warm at the same time.

I suddenly heard a few pain-filled howls and turned towards the sound. I saw two Fangers with blades taking turns cutting up a wolf as they taunted it. I could see smoke coming from the cuts, signaling that these blades were coated in wolfsbane.

I ran towards the group, my senses telling me that I was being watched, but I didn't have time to find those alert eyes and take care of them. I told myself, one problem at a time.

As soon as I was close enough, I threw the AR in my hands at one of the Fangers' faces, making him fall to the ground as I slipped up to the other, grabbing both sides of his face to make sure his eyes looked into mine as my powers flew out of my mouth.

"You will drop the knife and feed on the body that is on the floor." As soon as my magic took hold of him, I moved out of the way, and his eyes glazed over. I continued to whisper my deadly melody in his ear, "Don't you see it, see the body to feast on?" His friend shoved the gun away and looked up at his buddy.

"Hey, man, don't let that bitch take over you. Remember what the boss said! Think about what matters most to you, don't let her song take root." The panic in his voice cracked as his

friend took a step forward. He would've been right if I was just a normal siren. You could find a way to snap out of it if you thought hard enough, but I was no ordinary siren. I had royal blood running through my veins and the ocean in my DNA; no one could escape my thrall once I had them hooked.

I leaned down and whispered in his ear, "It's ripe for the picking. It's a delicious specimen, juicy and flavorful, and it's all yours. You can tear into it just like you've always wanted, drinking down every last drop like the fine wine it is." I could see the other Fanger freaking out as his friend grabbed his leg and dragged him closer to him, salivating at the mouth at what he desired.

"Keep a firm grip on your prey so it doesn't get away, and drink, drink, drink it all up. Rip into the heart first. A delicacy should always be savored." The vampire on the ground tried to crawl away, kicking at his friend. Only my puppet was strong and lunged for his friend, making a bloody mess as he carved into his chest, ripping the bones out like a madman to get to the heart.

He yanked out the heart, sat up, and right before sinking his fangs in, I whispered, "Once you have tasted your last drop, you will do the same to your own heart."

I stood up and turned away from the gruesome scene, knowing that my work was done and I could now focus on the wolf. To my surprise, there was Duce, naked, patching up the wolf with the wolfsbane cuts.

When I approached, I expected disgust or repulsion in his eyes at what I just did, what he had just witnessed. How brutal my powers could be in my hands. The hands of a killer. Instead, I staggered as his steel blue orbs connected with mine, pure lust and adoration shining as he smiled at me.

“There you go. The poison should stop spreading now that you have the antidote. Now go.” The wolf got up, stretched out for a second, before running towards a group of wolves and vampires fighting on the other side.

Duce stood up, his sweet smile and easy eyes drawing me towards him, and my body was weak to his call. His arms circled around my waist, bringing me in close as he gave me a kiss on my lips before hugging me, whispering in my ear, “Nothing you do will ever make me think differently of you. You will always be my glass filled cupcake. My dangerous, violent, cute, gorgeous, silly, sexy cupcake that makes me want to cuddle you while at the same time fuck you to the moon and back.”

I laughed in his arms, not realizing that I was gripping his shoulders tightly, so scared of what he was going to think of me at that moment. All of my fears washed away like the sand on the beach, gentle and calm, filling me with hope.

I saw movement in the forest behind us, and I slowly lowered my arms as Duce nuzzled into my neck. “Duce,” I called out, but he just complained.

“Awww, come on. I know we are in the middle of a battle, but I’m totally digging this half-naked hug. Maybe you should get

naked, too?”

I saw a flash of steel, and I pushed him to the ground with me before a pop sounded. I didn't take another second to think before I scrambled off the floor and went after the fucker that just tried to shoot my Duce, my sweet and devoted wolf that wanted to give me cuddles and sex. Oh, this vampire was going to die.

Going deeper into the forest, I heard a few sets of feet behind me, and, for some reason, I knew it was my wolves. I could feel it. I could feel each of their auras like they were my own, all except one.

They were covering my back, and I knew I could trust them to do the job justice. I focused on the vampire before me, running after him like a wolf myself. I could smell his fear. It was like an invisible trail of stench that called me to finish the job. To make sure he would never be able to try and hurt what was mine again.

As soon as I caught up and cornered the vampire, he slowly twisted around, and I saw it was Killian. I smiled up at him. My time had finally come.

“You know he is going to find you, right? He will lock you up and suck you dry like the blood bitch you are.” He thought his words would hurt me, but they meant nothing. Less than nothing because that would never happen. I would never allow it to happen. I heard a few growls behind me, and I smiled so wide that my cheeks ached as I straightened.

“I don’t think they’re going to like that.” I threw my thumb over my shoulder, hearing four distinct growls behind me, and a calm settled over me. I cocked my hip out and laughed at Killian, seeing his confidence waver by the second. “You picked the wrong pack to fuck with.”

“He won’t ever touch her!” Duce yelled as he moved up next to me.

Dino’s dark, angry voice rumbled, “Naw, we’ll just hunt him down and rip out all his teeth. Stick his head on a spike right next to yours at our gate. It’ll ward off all the other fucking idiots.”

I licked my lips, envisioning what he said as I rubbed my hands together. “Ooohhh, a real old-world tribute.”

The vibrations of Brick’s laughter surrounded me. *Oh, Temptress, you always have the funniest outlook on things.*

I giggled, letting him know I heard him and appreciated it.

Gears cleared his throat before rattling off the facts for Killian. “Your men are dead, your transportation is in flames, and you’re surrounded. You won’t be laying a finger on Celine.”

As I saw fear cross Killian’s face, I began to feel bad for him. He was really just a middleman wanting to get rich off that crazy asshole. Lifting my hands, I shrugged, deciding to give him a chance. “Look, Killian, it’s over for you. You got to know that. There are no other moves for you. Give up now, and I will make it a clean death,” I let my inner assassin take

over, my face falling as I let my eyes turn lifeless, “after you tell me his name, of course.”

Killian’s shoulders rose and fell as his breathing grew haggard. His eyes shifted around, trying to find that slim chance of an out, but I knew there wasn’t one. This was the end of the line for Killian.

His eyes snagged on something to the left before he faced me and let out a crazed laugh, his eyes going wild. “That is where you are wrong, wolf whore. I still have one more move.”

His hand with the gun lifted to his side, pointing into the woods, and my brows pinched. What the fuck was he up to?

A rustle came from the forest before Rabid broke into the clearing, right in the line where his gun was pointed. Killian laughed. “I might not win. However you’re going down, too, bitch.” Then he pulled the trigger.

It all happened so fast, in the blink of an eye, really. One minute, I had my four wolves behind me, feeling like I was on top of the world, and the next moment, my whole world got rocked.

I just reacted. My body and magic were already moving before I told it to do anything. It was like I subconsciously knew that I needed to save Rabid. I needed to keep him safe at all costs. It didn’t matter what happened to me. I didn’t care about any other move than getting to him, shielding him.

I pulled as much water magic as I could, collecting it faster than I ever had before and propelling myself towards Rabid

with a rush of water at my feet.

For a second, I thought about the others, knowing that they would disapprove, but that didn't matter. They needed him. They needed their steadfast and strong leader. The man who saved them all in one way or another. If I let him die because of me, I knew that something would be broken between all of us, and I refused to let anything else break in my world.

As I got closer, Rabid's shocked face was clear as day. His eyes flicked toward Killian, and the bullet that was covered in a deadly dose of wolfsbane making its way over to him. I saw when he connected the dots, when he realized what I was doing. Even if I didn't hear it, I saw the words forming on his lips, telling me to go away. All I did was smile, letting him know in the simplest and easiest way that I was okay with this. I accepted my fate as soon as Killian pulled the trigger.

I jumped at the last second, angling myself just right to ensure he didn't get hit. Pain rippled from my chest and I sighed in relief. I did it. Rabid was safe.

Instead of the forest ground that I expected to feel, I was shaking uncontrollably, almost like I was in the middle of an earthquake. I cracked my eyes open to see Rabid shaking, his skin rippling as his teeth elongated into fangs, and his hair started to grow. I felt his fingers carve into my arms, so I knew he was still part human.

"Rabid! Rabid! Don't shift! Keep yourself in control. You don't want to hurt Celine even more!" I heard Gears' voice

scream, panic and desperation peppered his usually calm and collected wolf. It sounded weird coming from him.

It looked like Bricks had his massive arms wrapped around Rabid's neck as Gears told him to calm down, to not shift, and the shaking subsided.

A finger traced down my cheek softly, and my face tilted towards its sweet call. "Cupcake, keep your eyes open. Please don't go to sleep. We got you. We are going to get help. Just stay with us. Please stay with us." I could feel the water tracking down Duce's face even though I wasn't touching him. Hear the despair and pain in his voice. It hurt my heart, and I wanted to confront him, except my arms wouldn't work.

I heard a loud, sorrowful roar, followed by bones crunching, and the wet sound of blood being spilled. I could feel my eyes growing heavier and heavier, even with Duce and Gears trying to wake me up. I felt my life force draining from me as hands were scrambling to stop the bleeding, desperately calling for an ambulance.

My mind suddenly became clear, so clear, that I almost wanted to hit myself over the head with it. As darkness took over my vision and I slumped against a hard body, I realized that I deeply cared for these men and did not want to part from them.

CHAPTER 24



THE FIRST THING I felt was annoyed at the beeping sound that was waking me up. It was going in time with my pulsing headache, which made matters worse. Flashes of Killian smiling, my panic, and Rabid looking like half-wolf, half-man entered my mind. *Oh, right. I was shot.* Before I cracked my eyes open, I took an inventory of my body.

Wiggled my toes, *check*. Shifting my legs, *check*. I took a deep breath, *oh, that hurt*. As soon as I inhaled and felt a soreness radiate from my chest, I grimaced. I settled back down and cracked my eyes open, seeing a large, slumped form beside me. I saw the tattoos on folded arms, a head full of honey-brown hair, and a deep grumble of a sign as the figure shifted towards me. I looked down, recognizing that familiar angular face. Rabid.

I smiled. Relief filled my soul as he lay there sleeping. Alive and well. I lifted my hand closest to him, not able to resist the magnetic pull to run my fingers lightly through his silky hair. I needed to feel him, to touch him, for my mind to connect that everything was all right.

My fingers had barely started to sink in when his eyes popped open, and he looked up at me, not moving at all, just staring. We stayed like that for a second, eyes taking our fill of each other before I came to my senses and yanked my hand back. “Sorry.”

He snapped out, grabbing my hand before I could slide it underneath the covers. “I don’t mind,” he rambled, holding my hand as he made small circles with his thumb. It was weird while at the same time comforting. Almost like my mind didn’t understand, but my body craved his touch, just like it did for the others. We stayed like that, him looking at me and me looking at our joined hands until I worked up the courage to talk.

“So, uh, what happened? Are the guys okay? How many casualties did we have?” His lips turned up into a lazy smile, making my cheeks redden and my whole body uneasy in a different kind of way. I squirmed under his solid gaze uncontrollably, and his eyes turned into a swirl of golden honey as his smile turned devious. I pulled my eyes away from his odd smile that was making my stomach flutter uncomfortably like a little schoolgirl. I glanced around the room for the first time and noticed the white walls, my arm

hooked up to machines, and I was on the most uncomfortable bed in the world. Yep. I was in the hospital. Yuck.

He began to rumble as I looked around. “We didn’t know anything about how sirens heal, so we brought you to the nearest hospital. They were all very fascinated with you because they have not had a lot of experience with sirens, let alone full-blooded ones with so much power.” I gazed at him, hearing the question in his voice that I didn’t want to answer, so I kept quiet until he continued. “They had to take the bullet out, which grazed your heart, by the way.”

His hand fisted my sheets until he relaxed. “The bullet was laced with a lethal dose of wolfsbane, so if you were a wolf, you would’ve died within seconds.” I nodded at that information, expecting it. Now I was more than happy that I jumped in front of that bullet. It would’ve for sure killed Rabid, sending the Moon Raiders into a downward spiral without their alpha. “They used a magic-infused healing water drip on your wound, and it started to heal up slowly.”

I nodded. “How long have I been here?”

“Only nine hours, twenty-three minutes, and fifteen seconds.” He rattled it off like he had been counting it in his head, but how could he when he was asleep? It seemed like he cared more than he should, I just didn’t get it. We both settled in an uncomfortable silence, the questions we really wanted to ask hanging in the air, unspoken.

“And everyone else? How is everyone else?” I shifted to sit up, his hand hovering over me to help. He sighed when I

glared at him, settling back in his chair next to my bed with a huff.

“So far, everyone is fine. We don’t have any casualties, maybe a few scars that some of the young pups are bragging about, but no one died.” I exhaled, my shoulders relaxed into the thin mattress and stiff springs.

“The guys?” Curious as to where they all were.

“They just left about an hour ago to make sure everything is back up, fully running, and secure before they come back to check on you.” It sounded logical, practical, which was something I had expected from Rabid and Gears but not the rest of them. He must’ve seen something in my face because he continued, “Yeah. We found out the hard way that my wolf would not let me leave your side.” He looked at the door, rubbing his neck as it turned red. “The second I tried to step outside this hospital, my wolf started to force me to shift, trying to take over to bring us back to you. Once we figured that out, the guys all told me to stay. And they all went back.”

My head jerked towards him as my mouth went dry. His wolf wouldn’t let him leave me? What was that about? What does that mean? Before I could verbalize any of that, he turned back to me. His expression was a mix of pain and wonderment. “Why, Celine?” He couldn’t mask the hurt and confusion in his voice as he asked, “Why did you jump in front of me?”

I tensed up for a second, not wanting to make this even more awkward. “I mean, someone had to make sure that idiot

vampire didn't get what he wanted, right?" I puffed out a laugh.

Rabid let out a frustrated breath as his features grew a little sad. "I should've expected your trademark response, making a joke to divert from the thing you don't want to discuss or keep hidden."

I folded my arms, wincing when they hit my chest, but raised my chin and looked down at him, "It's better than not answering at all like some people I know."

He tilted his head for a second, puffed out a laugh as he ran his hands over his face, and said, "Touché."

We both sat in silence again, tension building so high it was giving me a headache. I relented. "Look, the Moon Raiders need you. They need their leader," his mouth dropped open at my admission, "but more than that, you are the one that found them all, brought them to one spot and glued them all together. Giving everyone a sense of purpose in a world that told them they had none. That they were worthless and unimportant." I could see an unknown emotion entering his eye, so I fell on my default response to these kinds of touchy-feely situations. "Plus, I just kill people. It's not that big of a sacrifice."

His chair screeched back, and he surged forward so quickly that all I had time to do was take a breath as he boxed me in against the horrible hospital bed, his lips a single breath away from mine. "You are not an acceptable sacrifice. You mean so much more to us than that. So much more to *me*." Then he gave me the gentlest, sensual kiss of my lifetime.

It was soft and sweet. His lips lightly pressed against mine, his hand sinking into my hair as he caressed my head. When I took a breath, he was there, his tongue tenderly entering my mouth, pulling my lip softly as he controlled the strokes, telling me with his mouth just how much he had wanted to do this with me.

I was stunned. I mean, sure, I have definitely felt some tingles for him down in my lady parts. I admit I'd envisioned a time or two what it would be like to be with this serious wolf. Would his lovemaking be just like his attitude, or would it be the opposite of his personality? By the end of this job, I had figured that I wasn't going to find out, that he didn't see me that way. Even though I felt this desperate desire for him, I didn't want to push the issue since he seemed indifferent, but this kiss was proof that I was dead wrong.

By the time he pulled away, resting his forehead on mine, I was a puddle of goo in this bed. All my muscles were relaxed as my body was alert, craving more of those sensuous touches to take this up another heat level.

“Little Siren, I can feel your desire from here, and it smells divine.” He placed his nose at the top of my head and inhaled my scent. Seconds later, a rumble came from his throat, and his hands on the side of my head clenched. “Fuck, you smell even better up close. This is the sweetest torture I'm willing to endure.”

I couldn't help myself as I rubbed my thighs together and ran my hands up his chest. “You don't have to endure torture when

I am more than willing to give you what you want.” My body seemed like it was always ready around these men, always wanting their bodies on mine, touching me, loving on me. I liked all of their styles of affection and fucking, so much more than anyone else I have been with in the past. They erased all others from my memory, having me lust after these five men like I couldn’t get enough.

He groaned against my lips. “God, you’re killing me. I know I shouldn’t, that you need to heal, but this pull I’ve been feeling towards you, this invincible thread that connects us, is growing harder and harder to resist. The temptation to give in is great.”

His breathing labored as I pulled his shirt up, carving my way up his chest with my fingers, feeling every inch of his body I could get my hands on. “You are playing a dangerous game, Little Siren.”

His warning made me laugh as I turned my head and laid my lips on his taut forearm, creating a small trail before I gave him a little bite. I looked at him from my peripherals, giving him a foxy smirk as I said against his burning skin, “Or the right game. I don’t have a hole in my chest anymore, it’s just sore.” He cursed and tried to back away, but I caught his shoulders, holding them still. “I’m being honest with you so that you know that if I feel anything wrong, I will let you know... but I don’t want to stop.” I grabbed the hair on the back of his head and yanked his ear towards my lips. “I want you inside me, and I won’t take no for an answer, got it, *Alpha*.” I felt him tremble all over, his resolve cracking above

me, and all I needed to do was wait for it to erupt. I couldn't wait.

He pushed himself up and walked away. My mouth opened in protest, but he closed the door, locking it and pulling down the shade before returning to me. His eyes shined golden yellow for a second, narrowing on my laying form. I knew his wolf was saying hi. I almost wanted to wave at him, but with the severe look on Rabid's face, I decided not to.

"I am going to be gentle with you. I... I can't go full out with you on the mend and in the hospital. I would feel like a terrible ma... man." I got ready to protest when he yanked the thin sheet off me, his hands traveling up my bare legs. "Though that doesn't mean that you won't cum. That I won't stick my hard cock in that sweet cunt of yours."

It was my turn to gulp as my panting quickened from his words. I licked my lips, watching his face as it turned salacious. He swiftly reached over, laying the bed back using the controls. His hands continued to travel up my thighs, pushing the hospital gown up, and my thighs apart. He gasped, his eyes widening as his nostrils flared at my already-soaked pussy. What can I say, that kiss really worked a number on me.

I watched his fingers crawl up, peeling me apart slowly before he ran his nose against me. "Fuck. I want those wet juices all over my face. I want to drown in you. It would be the sweetest way to go out."

I couldn't help myself as I said in breathless anticipation. "I wouldn't let that happen. We're in a hospital. I'll have them

revive you just to do it again.”

He placed his lips around my clit, his nose glossy with my wetness, and he let out a close-mouthed growl, his lips vibrating around my clit as his shiny golden eyes watched me writhe in pleasure, alternating between keeping my eyes open and shutting them when the pleasure started to be too much.

He pulled away and blew across my center, his hot breath cooling once it met my sensitive skin. I cried out, wanting to yell for him to take it further, but his powerful chuckle made me wait. “You know you look so beautiful when you cry out. I can’t wait to see what you look like when you scream my name.” He tilted his head to the side like he remembered something, and his voice turned threatening. “When we get to do this again, and you’re at a hundred percent, I’m taking you to my room, and I promise you’ll scream my name louder than theirs.”

A shiver ran down my spine, and I licked my lips. “I think you guys are going to kill me with orgasms.”

He smiled as he dipped down again. “That’s the idea.”

He pushed my thighs wide, putting me on full display as he licked every inch of me. I gasped as he made figure eights with his tongue. Crying out when he pumped his digits in and out of me in time with his tongue flicking my clit. My hips began to thrust into his face as he buried his tongue next to his fingers, licking the rim and entering as his fingers dug in deep and tapped against that pleasure point that was so hard for other men to get.

I felt a heat build up, my body shaking with the need of a release. I grabbed onto his hair and shoved him into me. It felt electrifying to have an alpha like him let me do that to him, but he surprised me even more by pushing his whole self into me at the same time, using all of his force to push me over the edge as I came.

As I let out my shaky cry from my release, his messy, loud slurps egged me on, demanding me to keep going, to make this last all night long. To make it last forever.

I slumped back against the bed, watching as he got up to his knees and tore off his shirt, his face slick with my cum all over it, and he smiled down at me, somehow making himself look like the winner in this situation.

He unbuttoned his pants slowly, my eyes flicking down to see the hard bulge pop out, and I saw his king's crown piercing on his cock that curved up to the sky. With my eyes transfixed on him, I blurted out, "I can't wait to have that inside of me. I want to play with it with my tongue, I want it to run against my pussy walls. Damn, it's making me work up just looking at that accessorized cock."

He laughed as he grabbed it, stroking it slowly like he was putting it on further display for me. He didn't need to; I was already sold. "Little Siren, you know just the right things to say. Trust me, I will take you up on all that, but first, I want to do this." He ran it up and down my already sensitive pussy, smearing my cum around, getting his cock all wet as he let me

feel the smooth coolness of his metal piece hitting my hot skin.

“Are you ready for me, Little Siren? Are you ready for my cock?” He was a master at working me up. Between his dirty talk and his amazing cock, I was more than ready for round two. I nodded furiously, my tongue dry in my throat as I kept my eyes on his beautiful cock.

“Words, Siren. I’m going to need those lyrical words of yours.”

I put a little extra siren magic into my words as I rushed out, “I’m ready for your cock. I want it. I need it. I need you to fill me up, push me over the edge, and fill me with your cum.”

His eyes turned from his human’s honey brown to his wolf’s golden yellow, his cock settling right at my entrance as he fell over. He grabbed my gown with one hand and ripped it off my body. I cried out at the sudden air that hit my nipples, causing them to pebble hard.

His eyes were loaded with unsettled yearning, burning a trail down my body. A look that said he would never be completely sated, only satisfied for a time until his lust raged again.

I lifted my hand and cupped his face, my chest rising and falling, my nipples rubbing against his chest with each inhale. “Fuck me, make love to me, fill me up, do whatever you want. Do it so I can sate this all-consuming yearning for you.” It was at that moment with him that I realized I felt that way about all of them. This overwhelming need to be with them, to touch

them, smell them, to feel how they each remind me of a piece of the ocean. They called to my soul.

He blew a ragged breath out as he slowly pushed past my fleshy lips. My head fell back as I cried out at his entry. His giant, fat cock feeling so good as it slid inside me, inch by slow and agonizing inch. Feeling the cool metal carve its way up inside of me. I gripped the bed so hard that the springs creaked, and he mumbled under his breath, “Fucking careful. Slow. And. Fucking. Careful.”

I wanted him to go all out, to tip this bed over and fuck my brains out, though I also knew he was right, and I wasn't a hundred percent yet. I could feel the tension in his body, his arms, as he was trying to control himself, not put any pressure on my chest, and not rattle me too much and cause pain. It was sweet in the best of ways, and it gave me an idea.

As soon as he was fully seated, his eyes looked into mine like I was the most precious thing in the world to him. I gave a bashful smile that was part true and part act as I wrapped my legs around him and used all my weight to spin us.

His eyes widened as he scrambled to make sure I didn't strain myself, but he went with what I was doing, handling most of the heavy moving with his hands on my hips. I sat up and winked at him. “This way, you don't have to feel so pressured to not lay on my wound.”

I moved my hips automatically, and his hands clawed into my hips as he moaned out. I put my hands on his pecks, tweaking his nipple with my fingers, and his thighs shook. I started

slow, feeling the drag of his metal piercing slide in and out of me, driving me wild with the sensations along my walls. As I picked up the pace, fucking him in earnest, the little ball kept hitting the spot inside me that had me soaking his cock with my wetness.

His breathing became labored and ragged as he looked up at me, his eyes still in wolf form, tracking each movement like I was his prey. Watching my tits bounce as I rode him. I reached back around me and grabbed his balls as I kept up my thrusting, and he growled out his pleasure. One of his hands let go of my hips and flicked at my swollen, sensitive nub.

I let go of his balls as my thrusts grew wild, and I bucked against him, hard, my chest feeling tight and sore, but the need inside of me overshadowed the pain.

His hands moved to my tits, grabbing both of them to pull me down onto his cock, pinching my nipples while he pushed up into me like he couldn't get deep enough, and he desperately wanted to. His smooth metal balls hit that spot inside over and over again, making my eyes roll back into my head.

My orgasm coiled up inside of me, ready to burst at any second as both of us were panting for breath. He timed it perfectly as he shoved up into me and yanked on my nipples at the same time, and I clenched down on him, crying out to the ceiling. "Oh, yes, Rabid! I'm cumming. I'm cumming. Fffuuuuuccckkkk!"

He took that as a sign to push up into me harder and faster as he fucked me through my release. I went to cry out again when

he surged up, grabbed the back of my head, and pulled me into an all-lips and teeth kiss, fucking with our mouths. He moaned, his hands digging into my head as his cum splashed up inside me, filling me up just like I asked.

I sighed against him, all spent, when he slowed the kiss down, running his hands down my back and making me shiver. I smelled the ocean again, and yet this time, the sensations and feelings it gave me were so different from the others. The only sensation was that of security and safety, the same thing all sirens feel when with the ocean. That's how being in Rabid's arms made me feel... at home.

I rested my head against his shoulder, still connected together as he was sitting up with me in his lap. Both of us were trying to catch our breaths. Somewhere through it all, I removed the heat monitor, and the flat line sound began blaring.

A nurse knocked on the door, irritated. "Are you guys done yet? I would like to turn the monitor off."

Without releasing me, Rabid yanked the machine closer to us, pulling out the plug from the wall, but it still was blaring. "It has a backup battery," I told him, and he growled in frustration. I felt him fumble with the machine until he found the button and shut it off.

"Thank you," the annoyed nurse said, the clacking of her shoes telling me she was walking away, not wanting to deal with us any further. Both of us chuckled against each other, exhausted and, yet, never feeling better.

Rabid kissed my shoulder. “I want to stay like this, but I don’t think you will be okay with that forever.”

I nodded against him. “Right again.”

He let out one of those masculine, satisfied chuckles that made my heart fill up as he carefully scooted to the edge of the bed, digging his hands into my ass as he lifted me up and carried me to the bathroom.

He was sweet and gentle as he helped me shower. I could’ve told him I could manage on my own, but I felt like this was more for him than for me. I could see his satisfied smile as he cleaned me, took care of me, and I felt like there were definitely worse traits in the world than lots of aftercare.

He ran a wet cloth between my legs, and I almost convinced him for another round, but that damn man had the willpower of steel. He even washed my hair, taking care not to get it in my eyes, and brushed out all the knots. Once I was completely clean, he carried me to the bed and pulled out a small duffle bag.

“Here are some of Emma’s clothes. She says you owe her a whole new wardrobe, but she knows you’re good for it.” I smiled broadly, glad that Emma was still Emma, even if I was wounded and in the hospital.

“Oh, she gets more than a shopping trip. I think I will take her for nails, pedi’s, and a salon trip. We will make a girls’ day out of it.” I dug into the bag, searching for a bra first, when I felt my phone.

“Oh, and Duce said that your phone kept going off under his bed. He said it was a good hiding spot, but one of your customers is persistent in getting a hold of you.” He said this all with an easy smile, and I instantly felt bad. I mean, I didn’t lie to them, but I also didn’t tell the whole truth.

“Thank you.” It was all I could think to say as he nodded.

He got up and walked to the door. “I’m going to get you something proper to eat and drink. Then we will see if the doctor can come to check up on you to see when you can go home.”

I nodded, and his smile turned so bright it would blind a dead man. He walked out, promising to be back before he shut the door. Home. He said it, and I didn’t refuse it. What the fuck was all of that going to mean?

I put on a bra, shirt, and leggings, feeling a little more myself in normal clothes, when my phone buzzed. I opened it up and knew I was going to be in some big trouble. I had five missed calls, fifteen missed texts, and two voicemails waiting for me.

I checked the texts first, seeing that they were between both Ken and Glenn. Both of them were cryptic at first.

Talk.

Call.

Talk Now.

Now, C.

Status, Now.

About backer.

New info.

Important Info.

Emergency.

Problem.

Danger.

You are in Danger.

Call your mom.

Call your mom, now.

Last warning.

I didn't understand that last one until I saw that one of the calls missed was from my mother. Oh, shit. Glenn tried not to talk to her whenever possible, so this must be serious. I was about to call Glenn's number when a call came through. It was my mother.

I took a big breath of air before I answered it. "Hello?"

"Oh, my God, Celine. This is so like you. Purposely being a pain in my ass to get a hold of. You would think that with information like this, you would want to know it as soon as possible, but no. Not my daughter. Not the princess of sirens. She can't be bothered now that she is a policeman."

I ground my teeth together, familiar irritation filling my bones the longer she speaks. I reminded myself that she didn't know that I was in the hospital with a gunshot wound, and I took a

breath. “Mother. I’m sorry I couldn’t answer your call right away.”

“The queen,” she interrupted, *“You didn’t answer for your queen!”*

I closed my eyes and tried again. “I’m sorry I didn’t answer for my queen, Mother. It makes me the worst princess in the world.” I heard her sigh of agreement as she finally calmed down. Formalities like this made her more tolerable if I let go of my pride. “What could I possibly do for you?”

She let out a harsh laugh. *“For me, you blew that chance when you didn’t sing for your mate and produce siren royal heirs, but that’s not why I called. I am trying to get Glenn off my back as he is calling me nonstop. Did you know that? Can you get your boss to lose my number unless it is information that affects the siren community as a whole?”*

I rolled my eyes. “I will put in the request.”

“Anyways,” she continued like I didn’t say a word, *“It’s about that vampire that is after you.”* My back straightened as I gripped my phone harder.

“What do you mean? How do you know about him?”

She, again, scoffed, *“You always think everything has to do with you, but, really, it’s about me. Long story short is that I was a little wild in my youth, made friends in the wrong aristocratic crowd, and hooked up with James for a couple of months. He was bad news. He got hooked on my blood, and it drove him mad. So mad that he had some delusions about us*

and our relationship. That's when I called the CIA division when Glenn was a younger, hotter man, and he helped me put him behind bars, so James couldn't come after me. I returned to Siren Island and refused to leave to ensure I never saw him again."

I was breathing fast, connecting all the dots as she rattled off her story like it was some silly thing from her past.

"Anyways, it looks like he got out, and when he tasted your blood, he was reminded of me. I will say I am a little disappointed in you, Celine. What kind of a slut are you to give blood to some random vampire? Very unbecoming of a royal lady."

I hit my breaking point as I screamed into the phone, "Shut up! Just fucking shut up!" My mind raced with everything I had learned and everything I had experienced. If he was that old, he would be a very powerful vampire. Why did he not come for me yet? He had all that money and power, so why did he send Killian to do the dirty work?

"You little bitch! How dare you talk to me-"

"How dare I? How dare I, *Mother?!"* I could hear my voice shaking from all the white-hot rage I was feeling towards her. "You want to say that I'm a slut, except look at the mess you have put us both in? Because, what? You were a little lonely? A little wild and needed to blow off steam? So you fucking shacked up with a vampire and turned into a blood whore?! And you want to call me a waste? You want to call me a fucking slut? How pathetic."

“I told him you wouldn’t understand. That it wasn’t worth warning you. You are obviously going to need to learn the hard way, like always, Celine. What a siren princess you turned out to be.” Click. She hung up on me, leaving me reeling from the fact that I was in this situation because she was so careless, and now that I was in this situation, she wanted to blame me for getting his attention. A vampire that was locked up before I was born and got out just as I was on this job. My skin felt like it was on fire as rage raced up and down my whole body.

That was it. I was done. I was so fucking done with her. My veins filled with so much hate, so much pain. All my thoughts as a kid came swirling up inside of me. Everything she had ever said to me all came at me in a single ring of words circling round and round as I clenched my fists so hard they bled.

I no longer had a mother in this world. I was cutting off all ties to sirens and leaving that life in the past.

The door to my room slammed open as I saw Rabid in the doorway with a soda in his hand, crushed and spilling onto the floor. His eyes were human honey brown yet soaked in betrayal. “You’re...you’re a princess? Or are you the police? Isn’t that what your mother, *the queen*, said?”

His rigid posture, hate-filled gaze, and taut body were ready to fight. I couldn’t deal with it. I couldn’t deal with any of it anymore. “Get out,” I called out, feeling that cold detachment

settle on my face, the face I used when talking to strangers who knew me. He bristled at my tone.

“No, you need to-”

“Get. The. Fuck. Out.” I said once more, and he stepped back like I hit him, as I just stared at him with nothing on my face.

“Celine-”

I couldn't hold it in any longer as I screamed, “Get the fuck out now!” Yelling at him with my siren magic behind it. He flinched at my magic, feeling its effects as he immediately turned and walked out, slamming the door with him.

And now I was alone, like I always had been and always would be. I wasn't made for others. I wasn't made for things like love. My mother made sure of that. I was made because I could handle the shit the world had to give, and I threw it back at people.

My eyes caught onto a string hanging out of one of the drawers. It was a ruby red silk and looked odd in the white hospital room. I got off the bed and went for it, opening the drawer to push it back in when I saw a single rose lying in the empty drawer with a note.

In an elegant script, it read, *“Come to siren port at dusk, little royal. Or all your loved ones will be dead by morning. Love, James.”*

I crushed the note in my hand, feeling that hate and pain from minutes ago as I pictured him going after Duce with his perfect face and sly smile, Bricks with his soft heart and kind

eyes. Gears with his sharp wit and surprising gentleness, Dino with his wicked tongue and fast temper. And Rabid, even if he hated me, I still couldn't bear the thought of something happening to him, of James destroying the goodness in him that he worked so hard at.

I knew what my next steps were. I was going to kill James. I was going to get rid of him forever. My purpose in life now was to take the hate and pain and give it to someone else, and I think I found my next target.

I chucked the note on the ground, grabbed my phone, and left the hospital. I had somewhere to be at dusk.

CHAPTER 25



“COME ON, COME ON. Let’s go. I want to get there before she wakes up.” Duce was pushing Bricks out the door. “The doctor said it would be any time after the eight-hour mark, so let’s go. We are already late.” I wanted to tell him to calm down, but I also felt the same way. Anxious to see Celine open those beautiful aqua-filled eyes and smile. I wanted desperately to replace the last memory I had of her.

I will never forget the blood blooming like a red flower from her chest. Rabid was going so crazy, shifting in the middle of holding her. Bricks had to restrain him as I tried to calm him down. Dino ripped Killian apart in the most merciless way, tearing him limb from limb as he dug out his chest, ripping his rib bones out one by one while he was still conscious. Then there was Duce, completely distraught as his mate’s eyes kept rolling shut. Her head lolled behind her when she finally

succumbed and passed out. Her face pale, and her skin cold like she was dead.

I can't get that out of my head, her lifeless and cold. No more smiles, no more warmth, no more songs. Just emptiness where she used to be.

I didn't get to fall apart or take revenge. No, I was the responsible one. The one who came up with the contingency plan, and yet I failed us. Never in a million years did I think that it was possible for her to jump in front of a bullet for Rabid.

It was a strange thing to be thankful to her for saving my chosen brother but also be so mad at her for endangering her life. It made my emotions spiral, and I already wasn't good at handling strong emotions. I kept switching from being mad at her to wanting to snuggle and never letting her go. My mate. My wolf howled in my head. I'm sure he wasn't the only one doing that.

Bricks scrambled down the hallway, a blanket underneath his arms. As he saw my raised eyebrows, he lifted his hands. *Just wanting to make her comfortable. Those hospital beds are the worst, and this one is soft and fluffy.* He would know; he had probably been in more hospital beds in his life than any of us.

I nodded as he slipped past me out the door as Duce was arguing with Emma about her being allowed to go. "Emma! I don't have time for this. I will text you when we know when she can come home."

Emma growled as she folded her arms. “Fine. But if any of you know and I’m not notified immediately, I’m going to murder you all!”

Dino darted past the two of them as he chuckled, “I don’t think our mate would like it if you murdered us.” Emma’s mouth dropped open, looking at Dino’s back as he stepped out the door, then back over to Duce who smirked at her.

She moved to look at me. “Gears, tell me the truth.”

I shrugged my shoulders, unsure of what she wanted to hear. We didn’t need her to talk about it when we hadn’t even spoken to Celine. “We haven’t talked to her yet, so can you keep a lid on it?”

She stopped moving, her whole body rocked by the news. It took her a beat to get her wits about her and accept what we just told her. She rolled up her jaw off the ground, looking around with wide eyes shining with excitement. “So, I get a sister-in-law that I totally love?! Yes!!! The two of us will be against you all, and we will be unstoppable!”

She threw her fists in the air as she cackled to the sky. Duce motioned for us to go, giving her a small moment of victory as he whispered, “We better leave now before she decides she and Cupcake are going to go for world domination.”

I puffed out a laugh. Wouldn’t that be a sight?

We both turned as he shut the door, ready to go see Celine, when we all heard a rumble and looked at the gate to see Rabid coming in hot.

Oh, no. I had a bad feeling about this.

Dino and Bricks climbed out of the car when they saw us watching Rabid ride up to the front of the house. He jerked his bike to a stop, swung his leg over, and looked up. His eyes looked right through us, lost in his head, full of venomous rage. He walked up the steps to the patio, barreling through Duce and me as he entered the house, leaving the door wide open.

The four of us all gaped at each other for a second, stunned by his attitude, before we all moved at once into the house to figure out what the hell was wrong.

We heard Emma's voice, followed by an angry shout. Suddenly, Emma appeared in the foyer, shoving us out of the way, fuming as she went out the door, cursing under her breath about how Celine deserved better. Then she slammed the door.

Duce spun towards the hallway Emma just came from. His hands balled into fists, and his usual pretty boy charm was wiped away with fury as he stomped after Rabid. Fuck. This was not good.

The rest of us quickly followed Duce, who had already turned down the hallway to the living room. "Hey! What the fuck is your problem!?"

I stepped faster, seeing this as a ticking time bomb, and wanted to see if I could stop it before it erupted. As I got to the living room, I viewed Duce standing, facing Rabid, who was sitting at the head of the table, staring at his open beer that looked untouched. Rabid's voice has always been deep, but

this time, it sounded like darkness was being born. “Did any of you know?”

All of us looked around at each other, not knowing what the fuck he was saying, so I took a step forward. “Know what?”

He continued to stare at the beer, not looking at us as his hands tightened together, making his knuckles white. “Did you fucking know she was the siren princess?” He laughed, and it suddenly made the room colder. “Or maybe while you were fucking her, you learned she was a cop and didn’t want to say anything?”

He turned his head towards us. Shadows played along his face, making him look meaner than he really was. I focused on the little details as the others gasped. I saw the tremor underneath his left eye, which indicated he felt betrayed. I saw his teeth clench when he said princess but not when he said cop, realizing that he was more affected by the former than the latter. When he mentioned fucking her, it was more of a spat, which indicated that he felt duped. Connecting all those things, with his disheveled hair and clothes, I could see that my friend was more in pain than mad.

Dino surprised the shit out of all of us when he crossed his arms. “And? What does that matter?”

I moved to stand in front of him, not knowing how Rabid was going to take that, but he just got up from his seat and turned to us. “What do you mean?! She lied to us!”

Bricks clapped his hands for us to all look at him as he signed, *Not really. She just left out information that she didn’t think*

was important. If we asked her stuff, she answered.

I didn't know if that was the right approach as Rabid started to shake, his eyes narrowing. However, we were already down that road, so I put in my two cents. "If you honestly think about it, the cop part makes sense." I thought about that underground bunker she had and amended my words. "Well, maybe not a simple cop. She wouldn't have all those unmarked guns and weapons if she were a simple cop. She's definitely an assassin, we all saw her fight yesterday, and you don't get that good for no reason." I was lost in my thoughts, stringing all the lines together now, seeing all the connections now that I had something to go off of. "In fact, it's most likely that she's some kind of deep government assassin. I mean, think about all of The Songbird kills. All terrible criminals that got away with shit that even their royalty or councils couldn't control."

Rabid opened his mouth, but Duce cut in, "And who gives a fuck if she's a princess. She has been slummin it with us and never once complained or even hinted at being uncomfortable." His pinched mouth turned up as he followed with, "Plus, she fucks like a goddess, and that's higher than a princess." He turned around, giving us all a lewd smile. *Oh, Duce. Not now. Read the fucking room.*

"She also saved your life, man." Dino's unusually calm voice called out to Rabid, making him stiffen. "Out of any of us, you should be the one that cares the least about all that shit." I saw Rabid flinch at his words, and it all clicked. All of that only applied if he thought that he deserved her, and I knew with

Rabid, he didn't. It all made sense now. Why he didn't trust her. Why he kept his distance, even when he knew deep down that she was his mate. Why he kept pushing us to believe that she was just going to leave.

While this was all enlightening, I felt like I was still missing something. If she was awake and they talked, then why did it seem like he was working with half information? Why didn't she come here and explain it to the rest of us? She would've pushed him to bring her here and then dealt with the fall out. Our mate wasn't a coward, I knew that.

"How did you find all this out?" I knew my question hit a cord when he suddenly looked away, his hand picking at a notch in the table.

"I... I overheard her talking to her mother. The queen." He blew out a sigh, starting to calm down. "She sounds like a piece of work, by the way." He closed his eyes, and when he opened them, they shined a wolfish yellow. "I already hate that woman and want to tear her into pieces for the way she talked to her."

Duce scratched his head. "Okay, fine. So, you overheard it. When you brought it up with Celine, what did she say?"

This time, a flush crept up his face as his jaw set, not able to look any of us in the eye as he bit out in a rush, "I accused her of lying and she kicked me out."

Bricks made a fist with one hand as he punched his other palm, glaring at Rabid as he threatened him. My wolf growled in my head as he realized what he had just said. I flicked my

eyes around the room. Dino's eyes flared up, as Duce shook his head and looked at Rabid with half pity and half disgust. I think Bricks' sentiments reflected how all of us felt at the moment.

Dino growled out loud, before furiously stomping out down the hallway to the front door. "Hey!" Rabid called out, "Where do you think you're going?"

Dino flew back into the room, right up into Rabid's face, as he said in a deadly calm voice, "I'm going to go visit my little killer. Make sure she's patched up all nice and *beg* her to come home after the shit you just pulled. I'm half inclined to fucking beat your ass right now, only that would just waste more time." He left just as fast as he came and bolted for the door.

Bricks glared at Rabid as he backed up a couple of steps, signing to him, *She's more than just a title or a job. She's our mate, and she deserves men who love her.* He stuck his fingers out, emphasizing that last part, before he turned around and went after Dino.

Duce and I both stared at Rabid, whose shoulders were deflated as his sadness began to bleed out of him. Duce stepped up to him, put his hand on his shoulder and said, "In the end, none of that shit matters. She's meant for our wolves. Meant for us." Then he swiveled around and followed after the other two.

Rabid sank onto the table, both hands gripping the sides as he started to shake. I knew he was struggling, but I couldn't let him ruin this. I started to turn but left him with this, "They are

right, and you know it.” Then I whispered just enough for him to really hear it, “You can let yourself be happy. You can still be a serious, not-a-good-man leader of the Moon Raiders and still want to make a sweet life with your mate. You’re not alone. And now we need to ensure she’s not alone, either.”

I walked out of the room, catching up with the rest of the guys who had just started their bikes, waiting for me to join them. I hopped on, turned the engine over, and felt the calming rumble between my legs before I pushed the accelerator, and we all left to get our girl back.

As we were on the freeway, wind in our hair and our hearts leading us, I saw a familiar bike creeping up on our pack in the rearview mirror. I blinked a few times before I smiled, seeing Rabid racing up to us like the devil was on his tail to join us. I moved to the side, allowing him to saddle up next to me.

I looked over once he settled in. Gone was his anger-laced pain, and what replaced it was a stern look of determination. We were going to get our mate. We would need to have a long conversation, and apologies would need to be said, but this was far from the end of the road for us.



As soon as we got to the hospital, I could sense that something was wrong. The nurses were giving us worried looks, not

meeting our eyes, even though we had all been here before when we first brought her. I smelled the air, trying to figure out what the fuck was up when we entered her room and found two men in their looking through everything.

“Hey! Who the fuck are you?!” Dino pointed as he yelled and grabbed the younger-looking one, immediately putting him into a chokehold, while Bricks lumbered to the older one. The younger one crumbled, desperately scratching at Dino’s arm around his neck, gasping for breath. I sniffed the air, smelling that the one on the floor was a rat shifter.

The older one, who smelled fully human, seemed like he had some balls when he got into a fighting stance as he looked Bricks up and down and lifted an eyebrow. Before Bricks could do anything, Rabid came in, eyeing the younger one, whose eyes bulged like his head was being torn off.

“Let him go, Dino.”

Dino dropped him like a sack of potatoes, and he crumbled to the floor, gasping for breath as his fist hit the tile floor. The older one straightened up, seeing that we were not going to fight if we didn’t have to, and he chastised his younger companion. “That’s it, Ken, you’re going through training, and that’s that. No more excuses. We could’ve taken them if you had any combat skills.”

Ken, who was still on the floor, gasped out, “I told you. I’m not like Celine. I’m more delicate.” The older man rolled his eyes before he looked at us.

“Where is she?”

Duce, always the eloquent one, shoved his way forward and pointed a finger at him. “Wait, wait, wait. Who the fuck are you?” Then he turned to the guy on the floor, Ken. “And how do you know, cupcake?”

Ken, still on the floor, mouthed the word cupcake to the older guy. The older guy shrugged, turned back to us, and scoffed. “I guess you don’t know anything.” He moved to the side, trying to get around us, but Bricks walked in front of him, daring him to try and get past.

Rabid leaned against the wall, looking like he was perfectly at ease. “It would be wise to answer our question.”

The old guy faced him, not fazed by any of our tactics. “Look, it’s obvious that she used her real name with you all, which means that she has a high level of trust with you, but I’m not at liberty to talk about who we are and why we want to talk to Celine.”

Ken stood up, patted his clothes to get off any dirt, and something beeped. He pulled out his phone, clicked a few buttons, and hissed out, “Damn it! She manipulated the signal.” He yelled at the phone, “You’re being a very bad pretend sister!”

I tried to move closer to Ken, looking over his shoulder to see that he had a military-grade tracker up, but the red dot wasn’t moving. “Pretend sister?” Ken jerked away from me as I spoke.

“Do. I. Know. You?!” Ken cried out, shaking his shaggy brown hair around as he looked around the room expectedly.

His bright yellow-gold eyes dimmed, his shoulders slumping as he stuck out his lip in a pout as he moped. “Celine would’ve gotten the joke.”

The old guy with salt and pepper military cut hairstyle, a stance that said he was not a stranger to rigid training, and a keen assessing eye I typically see from higher-level military, rolled his dark brown eyes and threw his chin at the door. “Let’s go. There is nothing here that will tell us where she went. Plus, they know nothing.”

I felt compelled to speak up, to get my theory confirmed. “We already know you and Celine work for the government and that she’s a siren princess.”

The old guy froze in his tracks, as he turned to me with wide eyes and a stiff back. “She told you that?!”

I smirked at him. “No, we heard it from her mother, but you just confirmed it, so, thanks.”

Ken and his eyes met, doing the silent talking thing when he turned back to us. “So, her mother got ahold of her and told her about James, right?”

We all looked at Rabid. He looked to the ground, thinking about it before saying, “Yes. I think they fought about James. I think... I think he was the blood-lusted vampire, right?”

The old guy slowly nodded, still hesitant. “Yes. It’s my understanding that you helped her get out of that bar undetected. Thank you.” He paused, thinking hard before blowing out a breath and lowering his arms. “Look, James is

extremely dangerous, especially to Celine.” That got all of our attention.

He continued. “He got hooked on Celine’s mother’s blood a long time ago, and royal siren blood is five times stronger than a typical siren. He won’t stop hunting her until he has her. He’s a psycho vampire who believes that since he’s an old descendant of the first vampire, he’s immune to the rules. He will do whatever he can to get what he views as his.”

Rabid let out a growl at his choice of words, but the old guy didn’t let it phase him. “I know you guys were a kind of deterrent for him, but now that she’s out on her own, she’s in real trouble. I need to find her now. It’s why we’re looking all over this room, hoping she left a clue as to where she went.”

“She isn’t that dumb, Glenn. If she can manipulate the signal for the tracker on her phone, she wouldn’t-”

“What is this?” Dino asked as he stepped on a piece of paper underneath her bed. Glenn glared at Ken like this was all his fault. Ken took a big gulp before lifting his hands in an ‘oops’ gesture. Dino opened the crumpled-up paper and scanned the contents. His eyes widened as he shoved the paper at me but directed his words to Rabid. “Looks like you didn’t fuck this up for us forever. Even when she’s mad, she’s still defending us.”

I looked down at the paper, reading the swirling script. I resisted ripping the paper up, shoving it into Rabid hands before I did something stupid. Rabid, on the other hand, was fast and loose with his emotions right now, and after he read it,

he ripped it in half. He then threw the two pieces at Glenn like they were poisonous.

Glenn glared at Rabid before piecing them together and exhaling a tired, haggard breath. I looked at Glenn, an icy vengeance filling my veins as I thought about my mate going up against this fucker alone. “Do you know where the siren harbor is?”

Glenn looked at each of us, weighing out his options before he looked back at me. “I can get you in the right direction, but it’s covered by magical fog that wards people away from it.”

As Glenn found some paper and a pen and wrote down some coordinates, I glanced at Rabid. He smiled with all his teeth, appearing like a crazed man as his eyes shifted from the light brown to the sharp yellow. “My wolf is begging to go on the hunt and tear this fucker limb from limb.” The rest of us growled in unison, all of our wolves feeling the same way. They won’t be able to hide from us when we hunt as a pack.

As soon as Glenn handed me the paper, Rabid went to the bed, closed his eyes, and sniffed her fresh scent. His wolf was the best at tracking far distances with only a whiff of a scent, but we all did the same thing, ensuring we got our bases covered. His wolf rumbled out, “Mate,” then spun around and stalked off, finding a trail.

Ken’s eyes widened as he looked at Glenn. “Wait, what did he say?!”

After Bricks smelled the bed, he turned to Glenn and signed, *It was nice to meet her boss. I’m sure we will be seeing you*

again soon, then followed Rabid. Dino was his usual dickish self, and as soon as he grabbed her scent, he left the room, not saying anything while Ken explained what Bricks had just signed to Glenn. Sometimes, we forget that not everyone knows sign language. It's just second nature to us all now, except for our mate. She knew his words, whether he was signing or not. My heart tugged. We needed to find her.

Duce was at least normal, politely saying goodbye to both men as he followed. I smelled last; being the road captain, always bringing up the rear was a habit. I looked up at both men and nodded as I asked, "FBI, CIA, or Private?"

Glenn's lips went into a thin line, not giving away anything. I turned to Ken. We looked at each other for a second, like recognizing like, and he let out an exaggerated sigh. "CIA. Special Supernatural Unit."

Glenn growled out, "Ken!"

Ken threw up his arms as I smiled. I knew he would be the one to crack. "What!" he exclaimed, "They're her mates! She's just going to tell them eventually!"

Glenn's eyes flicked to me before shifting back to Ken. "We don't fucking know that, Ken!"

Ken rolled his eyes before looking at me. "You can go with your pack. I will explain to my very human boss that wolves don't fuck around and find out when it comes to mates."

I nodded in thanks. "See you both soon." I turned and followed my brothers. My blood started to pump as I heard

Rabid's loud roar outside. Looks like the hunt for our mate had begun.

Save us a piece of him, baby, because we're coming for you.

CHAPTER 26



NOW THAT I WAS almost to the shoreline, I felt a little bad about stealing this person's car. As I was leaving, a male and his pregnant wife exited their vehicle, still running, and went into the hospital. I'll admit that I was a little unstable after the call from my mother and the fight with Rabid. I callously watched them enter as I hurried into their car and took off.

What hit me now was when I was looking in the rearview mirror and saw a car seat. And now I was feeling guilty. I yanked open the glove compartment and threw out the contents until I got the registration. Finnigan Smithy. All right, Finnigan. You're going to win a brand-new car today.

I turned back on my phone, took a picture of his information, and sent it to Ken. Telling him to give him one of my cars and

to get him a new car seat before the baby was born. I got a text back immediately with him yelling at me. Telling me I was horrible for turning my phone off and for tricking his little system. I smiled at the message, feeling just the tiniest bit of myself returning to my heart.

My phone rang, and, for a blip of a second, I thought it was one of the guys. I hoped it was, but that was impossible. I didn't give them this number to reach me. In fact, there was no way for them to contact me if I didn't want them to... was that what I wanted?

The ringing brought me back, and I looked down, seeing it was Ken, and I put it on speaker. "Yes, Dear Brother. Have you called to scold me?"

"Yes!" Worry bled into his voice, and I felt that twinge of guilt. "If I didn't get that text full of your demands for some random person, I would've thought you would keep your phone off until you were done." I was about to answer when he just blubbered on, "Is there a reason that you want to face James on your own? Why wouldn't you let us help you?"

The whine in his voice almost got me, almost had me saying I was sorry, but then I heard a familiar disappointed voice on the line. "Give me the damn phone. Celine? Celine? Where the fuck are you?"

I stilled at his words, not because they were bad, but because they reminded me of the conversation with my mom. "You told her." It wasn't accusatory or full of blame, more just a soft statement of facts.

I listened as silence greeted me, and a long sigh sounded through the speaker. “I’m sorry, Cel. I was worried, and I knew she had more of the story than I did. I hoped that she would talk to you about it, since your life was in danger.”

I scoffed, turning down the small nondescript road that went to the siren cove on the coast. “Well, do you believe me now?” When I first came to him, I told him, how she was, how she didn’t really love me. How she really despised me. He told me that it wasn’t possible. That he was positive that she was one of those people that just didn’t know how to express their love. I think she wouldn’t have been able to hide it when he called her today. She wouldn’t have cared, either.

“I’m so sorry, Celine.” The shame in his voice came out, and he cleared his throat. “I thought...”

I knew he felt bad, and I really wasn’t looking to make him upset. “It’s fine, Glenn. I knew it. I really did, but, this time, I cracked, and I told her off. I didn’t think there is any going back from that with her.” I thought about it for a second, falling back on my humor, “Plus, she has a new princess now. I should see this as a renewed freedom!”

“Celine.” His voice sounded heavy and glum. Glenn was always good at seeing through my jokes and humor, but I didn’t need that right now. Right now, I need to focus on getting rid of a blood lusting vampire on my back and get my life back on track. Forget about those wolves that made your heart pound and your soul feel wanted.

Like he knew where my mind drifted, he said, “We met them, you know.” His words stilled my whole body as I gripped the steering wheel. “Interesting bunch. A lot of tattoos.”

I could hear the judgment in his voice, along with his concern, and I laughed. For once, I felt like a normal person bringing their boyfriends over for the first time, and I found it hilarious, even though thinking of them also made my heart yearn for them.

“They told us-,” I heard Ken in the background whispering furiously.

I turned off a small dirt trail and parked under the dark shade of the trees, jerking to a stop. The covering foliage encasing the car in darkness, the perfect setting for my current mood. I said forcefully, “They told you what, Glenn?”

He quickly back tracked “Look, they told us that they are going after you. I wanted to warn you. Let you know ahead of time to see if you want to see them or not.” I looked out the window like they would pop up right then and there, but I knew that it would take them a bit to get out here.

“Thanks for the warning. I’m parked now, so I have to go.” I grabbed the phone, ready to press the end call button when I heard his voice soften.

“Protect yourself. Cel.” He clicked off. I smirked down at my phone, stopping to realize that Glenn was the closest thing I would ever have to a parent, and knowing he believed in me was worth its weight in gold.

I got out of the car and was immediately hit with the smell of the ocean. I took a beat, just stood there and sniffed the air, letting my body take it all in. I felt some of the fresh salty sea particles swirling around me like an old friend. That was the thing about being a siren, no matter how long I went without or how much distance I put between myself and its salty waters, I still needed the ocean with every fiber of my being. Could I continue a life without it? Sure. Would I be living completely unsatisfied? Yes.

I took in my last lungful, pulled out the scalpel I snagged on my way out, and went to face an insane vampire with a blood problem.

I walked carefully through the fog to the shore, using the crashing of the waves as a calling beacon. When my feet started to sink into the sand, I knew I was here. Almost like it knew I was a siren, the fog parted, letting me see the crystal blue water I had an internal craving for.

I watched as it took seconds for the sun to set, for the golden beacon of sunlight that sparkled along the surface to disappear and make that clear ocean blue turn into a dark wavy abyss.

“You’re here on time. Good. I think you will make an excellent pet.”

I stiffened at the words a few steps behind me, the silky smooth voice that had a twinge of crazy, causing a shiver to run down my spine. I turned around slowly to see a wide-eyed, fangs out, vampire with a look in his eyes that let me know he

was barely holding onto the edge of sanity. My gut quickly began to sink.

“I am so glad that you are all right. When I heard that fucking imbecile shot you,” his voice shook as rage boiled over in his eyes, making them blood red for a second before he took a breath and their normal dark color returned. He flicked one of his fangs with his tongue, and he eyed me up and down. “Let’s just say that he is lucky those wolves took him out before I did. I would’ve skinned him alive, keeping him on a meat hook until the skin grew back again, then done it again, capturing his sweet cries of pain as tribute to you.” I mean I had to give it up to the crazy vampire, that was a pretty cool way to execute some punishment, but coming from him, it just seemed creepy.

“Killian seemed to be an idiot anyway. Good riddance.” I tried to sound like I was on his side, letting him think that he was getting through to me.

He smiled widely, and I couldn’t help but think that he was attractive. He had all the makings of a hot guy. The chiseled jaw, luscious obsidian hair that shined in the moonlight, the impeccable style in his all black suit ensemble, but the hit that there was something just off with him came out strong. Like he was a few marbles short of a set.

He zoomed up to me, and I sucked in a breath, trying to keep my cool in the situation, but I knew now that I might’ve bit off more than I could chew. “Shhhh.” His finger lifted to my lips, and I jerked back. “Don’t be frightened, little pet. You may

come from her blood, may have a few features from her, but you are a completely different kind of beast.” He leaned into me, whispering in my ear, “I have a feeling I’m going to like you even more.” He pulled back, grabbing the back of my head to meet our foreheads, and he stared into my eyes. “I think I could even love you. Would you like that, pet? For your master to love you?”

Oh shit. I think I made a mistake. I needed to come here with a full arsenal.

He sighed, “Oh, I know you would because I treat my pets the best. They get their own room, all the food they could want, and if they are good and obedient, they get lots of treats.” His hand slid down to the column of my throat, his eyes snagging on the pulsing vein as his thumb stroked it. “I’m a good owner.” Then he squeezed around my throat, cutting off my airway, as his eyes zeroed in on mine. “But don’t be mistaken, pet, I am your owner. I own every cell in this body, every follicle on this head. It is all mine. Mine to play with, mine to destroy, mine to take and do with as I please.” I knew struggling would make the asphyxiation worse, so I grabbed his forearm and squeezed, letting him know I needed air.

He dropped me immediately, and I crashed to the ground, coughing and gasping for breath as he clasped his hands behind his back and paced in front of me, continuing, “Oh, stop exaggerating. That was barely a love strangle, but don’t worry. You will be going through extensive training on my likes and dislikes.” He stopped and eyed me like I was dirt on his shoes. “Understand now that your wants mean nothing to

me. Your desires, your thoughts, your opinions. Nothing. Don't speak unless you are spoken to. I am a firm owner, so punishment is given freely, especially in the training period."

Holy shit, this guy was mad. He changed from one personality to the next in a matter of seconds. Also, there was no way in hell I was going to be "trained" by this man. I would rather slice my own throat open than have to deal with him for longer than a day... and my mother choose to be with this fucker? Did he just go too far one night, and she left? What the fuck happened between them.

"Before you can take on your pet role, we do need to dispose of the other, which is why I wanted to meet with you here today. You are going to take me onto the siren ferry, bring me to your mother, and I will dispose of her once and for all." He looked out onto the ocean wake, salivating at the idea. He blurred until he was in front of me, cupping my cheek. "It has to be this way, so we can be together, pet." He yanked his hand out of my hair. "Plus, that bitch deserves it. She deserves to be drained dry for all of her little followers to see how fake she is. How the all-powerful queen was just a bitch on my leash, my personal blood bag, the whore who got away!"

As much as I hated my mother, as much as a piece of me would like to see this psycho have at her, I couldn't. I couldn't in my right mind take him over for his revenge. Who says he would stop there? If he was on the island, who was to say that he wouldn't just attack the whole colony, having hundreds of siren blood bags.

“No.” I knew I was probably in for the fight of my life, and I had a high probability of dying - I wasn’t invincible - but I couldn’t let this man terrorize innocent people. As much as I wanted my mother to pay for her sins, I didn’t want it like this.

He slowly turned towards me, the moonlight at his back, making him look even more menacing under the shadows.

“What. Did. You. Say?”

I got up into a fighting stance. “You heard what I said, psycho. I’m not taking you anywhere, I’m not going to sing for the ferry, and I’m definitely not going to be your pet, or blood bag, or fuck toy.” I started to think, how was I going to get through this? Since he was a vampire, he had amazing speed... but if I was able to get him in a more enclosed space, I could counter his moves better. I knew of a small cove around the corner, and I moved my foot back, ready to turn around and make a run for it, trying to draw him in.

His whole body started to vibrate, his movements were jerky as he straightened. “I think you will change your mind after some punishments. I guess we are going to need to start training today.”

Before I got a chance to take more than three steps, he burst forward, coming at me at full speed. I knew it was too late to try and get him into the cove, he was just too fast, so I stood my ground. Waited for the right time to strike.

I felt the wind move as he tried to grab at me, and I ducked, moving to the side. I slid out the scalpel and sliced it through the air and into the crook of his neck. I pushed with all my

might, knowing that I would need to cut off the head for it to work, but it caught on the neck bone.

I let go and scrambled backward as he got up, turned to me with half of his neck sliced open, a waterfall of blood falling out onto the ground as he stood up. He watched me as he yanked the scalpel out and threw it into the ocean. He held onto his head as he moved to do his vampire run, but stopped. His eyes flew open as he stared at me and took a few steps at a normal speed. His mouth gargled with blood dripping out, “You bitch!”

That must’ve been too much blood loss for him to go hyper-speed, which was to my advantage. I took a few steps back, thinking of trying to find the scalpel again but not wanting to take my eyes off the threat still heading my way.

I saw his neck start to stitch back together slowly as he made his way over to me. “I filled myself up with blood before I got here so I wouldn’t be forced to take yours!” He screamed like this was all my fault, like a child that was saying I was ruining everything. The only thing he was missing was stomping around. He lowered both arms, his neck stitched enough to not have to hold it anymore as he straightened up.

“And now I’m going to need to feed. Know that this is your fault and your first lesson.” He stalked forward, knowing that he was stronger than me, and filled with confidence that he would win no matter what, but he forgot one thing. I was a siren royal, and that meant I had powers to defend myself.

I took a few steps back, making full contact with the ocean, calling it to me. I felt the ocean respond as it lapped at my legs, wanting to play and have fun. I raised my hands up, forming the water into a huge wave that rained down on him hard and fast.

He stood his ground, digging his heels in, and braced himself. He covered his head as the wave crashed down and popped it back up when it fell. "Is that all you got, pet?"

I growled out my frustration, cursing vampires for their stupid strength as I sent an onslaught of water attacks his way. I threw daggers that cut him, but he kept dodging the ones headed for his heart. I created snakes made of water and tried to squeeze the life out of him, but that was fruitless as he somehow would escape. I even tried to have them slither into his mouth, effectively trying to drown him, but, for some reason, right when we got to the point of death, my water would break away. I was starting to get really fucking frustrated.

I made a last-ditch effort, one that would for sure work, but I needed to get close to him to get the full effect. I used my water powers to push myself forward, grabbing his head with both sides to force him to look at me and only me as I pulled up as much siren magic as I had in my bones and sang like my life depended on it.

I felt him stiffen, his eyes glazing over as I captured him with my magic, and a sudden relief took over me. I got him. Now I could sing his happy ass to jail to never see the light of day

again. I was just about to speak the words to have him go to the car and buckle up when I felt his hands tighten on my biceps.

I looked down, seeing them squeeze, and gazed back up at him. Was he fighting my call? Impossible.

I saw a slight smile curve at his lips as one of his hands jerked from my arm and slammed into my throat, cutting off my song. As soon as it was cut, his eyes returned to their normal crazy self, but this time, they lit up with triumph. “I guess your mommy didn’t tell you, did she?”

I stiffened at that, wondering what the fuck my mother did now. “I guess she failed to tell you that because I had been so saturated by her blood, I continue to carry a small measure of it in my system. It’s just enough for me to survive your water attacks when I’m on the brink of death and make it so I can fight against your siren song.” My eyes widened as he clenched my neck, lifting me up high so my legs kicked in the air.

“Yes. Panic for me, little pet. No!” he yelled at himself before letting out a burst of laughter full of darkness and mayhem. He pulled me in closer. “No. I want you to beg me to take you. I want you to willingly break yourself for me. Tame that wildness inside of you, and succumb to me. I want you to want me to own you.”

He was now squeezing so hard that I knew it would leave a horrible mark as he lifted me up again. “Say it, pet! Beg!”

I could see black dots forming around my vision, knowing I was going to pass out soon and he would have me anyways, but I couldn't. I couldn't bring out the words. He didn't own what was already given away.

As soon as I let my hands drop, ready to succumb to the darkness, I heard a ferocious growl in the background. I heard James say, "What the fuc-" His words cut off as we both fell into the ocean, and he let go of my neck.

I could hear claws ripping and teeth mashing. A whole symphony of animalistic rage being taken out on James as his screams filled the air. My vision was still hazy, but I felt someone dragging me out of the ocean, a flash of gray and white fur appeared before it shifted into tan male yumminess.

Arms circled around me, curling me into a lap as a calm and soothing voice was talking to me over the sounds of James' death-filled pleas. "We are here, baby. I got you. Please, please, baby, stay with me." I felt water drop onto my neck, my skin sucking it up like it was a plant in the desert. "Yes. Soak up all the water, baby. Just hold on. It's almost over. We got you. I promise, we got you."

My vision started to come back, and I shifted my head to see a familiar set of four massive wolves ripping apart the remnants of James. I watched as the water kept rising and falling along the shore, the moonlight shining so bright I could see the tint of deep red the water had turned. By the time the wolves were finished, I had looked up at my socially awkward wolf and smiled.

He smiled back down at me, his eyes darkening as he traced the burning spot where James' hand was imprinted. Gears immediately scooped up the ocean water, dripping it along my neck, trying to speed up the healing process that the water gave us sirens. I guess they learned a little about that from the recent hospital run. It's not nearly as fast as vampire healing, but, within a few hours, I should only have a light bruise around my neck.

I turned and watched as each wolf shifted into the men I knew, all deliciously naked with a bit of blood around their mouths. It was a glorious sight knowing where that blood came from. I looked around them and saw a few bits floating out into the ocean.

Bricks came running up, his huge dick swinging in the wind, which was hard not to stare at, but his concerned eyes pulled me away, calling to me to soothe his worries.

Temptress! I was so worried about you. He pulled me carefully out of Gears' arms and into his own lap, his nose going into the crook of my neck, and I winced in pain. He yanked back, looking at my neck, and a deep rumble broke from his throat, his livid fury evident in his eyes at what James did to my neck. *If I could kill him again and lay his broken, bloody body at your feet, I would.* His arms tightened around me in a gentle kind of way, trying to make sure he didn't jostle me or make me uncomfortable. I kissed his neck, and he whined, wanting to take it further but knowing he shouldn't.

“My turn.” Dino approached me slowly and hesitantly, despite his words being rushed and harsh. I smiled when Bricks laid a kiss on my cheek and carefully handed me over. Dino lifted me up to him, and I instinctively wrapped my legs around his torso as he hugged me. His low whispers in my ear caused me to tremble, even though I didn’t know what he was saying, it sounded so nice. “*Lo siento. Lo siento, mi corazón. Nunca más estarás solo.*” I pet his head, letting him know that I was here, and everything was fine.

I felt arms circle around my back, kissing along my shoulder as Dino reluctantly gave me up. I turned to see my pretty boy, his icy steel eyes swirling with so many emotions that I cupped his face, trying to tell him that it was all okay. That he didn’t lose me. He sat down on the ground, bending his head to rest on my chest as he shook, the adrenaline of the fight wearing off. “I can’t lose you, Cupcake. I can’t. It’s not even possible at this point. If you left this world, I would die of heartbreak, I know it.” I pulled his face up to look at me, his eyes shining with unspilled tears. I bent down and kissed him softly. He moaned at the kiss, the same moan he gave me when I was clutching his cock, and I smiled. As we pulled apart, he added, “Plus, if you and I die, I don’t think the world is ready for an unchecked Emma.”

I laughed. I couldn’t help it, but since my throat was still scratchy, it came out like a hoarse cough. I grimaced at the pain. Everyone gave Duce a nasty look, but I waved them off, enjoying the chance to laugh after all the negativity lately. At that moment, I heard someone falling down in front of me, and

I turned around in Duce's arms to see Rabid on his knees with his head bowed.

"I'm so sorry, Celine. I was wrong to say those things like I did at the hospital. I should've just talked to you, asked you any of the questions I had instead of making horrible assumptions." I could feel his pain from here, pooling off him in waves. When I didn't move, he kept going. "If we didn't have that fight, if I was there when you found that note, we could've figured out a better way to handle this. A way that wouldn't have gotten you so hurt. That is on me. This," he motioned to the area around us, "is my fault, and I will never forgive myself for putting your life in danger."

I pushed on Duce's hands, which tightened on me, and I looked up at him. Behind him, all of the guys stood, making a statement. They were on my side. I smiled up at them and opened my mouth to tell them that it was okay when Duce stopped me with a kiss. I melted in his arms for a second before pulling away, looking at him in question. "What?" He smirked. "How else was I going to get you to stop trying to talk?" He ran a finger along my throat, the burning turning to an ache. "You still need some time to heal."

I shrugged and gave them two thumbs up as I pulled at his hands again. He let go, but it took a lot of effort on his part, mumbling under his breath that Gears had "loads" of more time holding me. I got on my knees and cupped Rabid's cheeks with both hands, lifting his head for him to look at me. I could see the pain in those honey eyes. The regret that he hurt me shined forward. His eyes flicked to the guys behind

him, and while I knew this apology was for me, I felt like a small part of it was also for them. For putting them all in this situation.

I smiled brightly, rubbing my thumb along his bottom lip. He rested his head in my hands, sighing into them, enjoying my touch. I pressed my cheek to his, my lips to his ear, and whispered, “I forgive you. Let’s go home.”

His arms immediately circled me, pulling me in close to him, chest to chest, as he blatantly sniffed me all over. He rubbed his face on my head, shoulders, and arms, getting to as much as he could while being extra careful with my neck.

I ran my hands through his hair, letting him rest his head on my shoulder, letting him soak up being happy for a second. I made a move to back away, and his face snapped up, his eyes going a familiar wolfish yellow as he gripped my arms and growled out, “Mate.”

It took me a second to process this before I shoved at him and screeched, “What!?”

CHAPTER 27



AS SOON AS GEARS saw me freak out, he scooped me up, told Bricks to take care of Rabid, as he took me back to the car that I had stolen. I stayed quiet, keeping all my screaming thoughts in my head.

What the fuck did he mean by that? Was it just his wolf saying that? Was that how they all felt? How do they know that I'm their mate? My head was spinning, and I couldn't seem to get it to stop.

Gears kissed my head as I opened the door and put me in the driver's seat. "Stay here, and don't move." I didn't move, not because he said so, but because my brain felt broken, just going on repeat. There was no way that I was their mate. Wolves found their wolfish girls and had little pups. Can a siren mate with another species? Yes, but it rarely happens,

and if they have kids, usually the other species' genes take over. It's why my mother was so hell-bent on sirens mating sirens.

I looked out the window and saw Gears jogging back to me with a water bottle. When did he leave me? Man, I was losing it.

He came around the open car door, smiling gently like I was a baby dear and was going to get spooked by him. "Here is some ocean water. Lucky, whoever you stole this from had some empty water bottles in the back. I filled up two since I learned that you heal better with water, but ocean water helps you the fastest." I nodded, knowing all this, but was still in a state of shock.

He grabbed one of the bottles and ran some of the water down my throat. "I have a feeling that you are going to want to be able to use these pipes for this conversation, so if you need me to get another water bottle, I will."

He made a move to turn, and my hand snapped out, grabbing his, not letting him go anywhere. He looked down, surprised, but then looked up at me with a smile worth a thousand watts. I swear, he could light up the galaxy with that secret smile he kept hidden. "While it fills me with joy that you don't want me to leave, I do need to tell the guys to head home and that I will ride next to you."

I told my hand to let go, to stop being such a weirdo. It wouldn't listen. In fact, it gripped him tighter. He chuckled under his breath, and I looked away, embarrassed by my

body's reaction, and he put both water bottles in his pants. *Wait, when did he get pants?* Then he picked me up.

“Okay, new plan. Do you think you would be okay riding with me?” I nodded. “Great. We don't need the car anyways, and we can worry about that later. Right now, we need to get you home and healed up to have this conversation all out on the table.”

I didn't want to wait anymore, and I whispered in a raspy voice, “You, too?”

He smirked as he kept his face forward, somehow knowing it would make me more uncomfortable if he looked at me. “Yes, Celine. We all feel the mate bond to you, but that's the thing about mate bonds outside of species... they can get a little lost in translation.”

When I gave him a pinched look, he continued bashfully, “When I first felt it, I did a little bit of research. I didn't want to alarm anyone if it wasn't a mate bond.” He straightened up as he heard the guys close by. “But we will get to talk about that soon. Let's just think about right now and getting home, okay?” I tapped on his chest, saying okay without words that I knew he would understand.

As we got closer, I could feel all of them watching me, waiting for something to happen. Gears brought the attention to himself. “Change of plans. We are going to leave the car, and she will ride back with us.”

Duce was the first to pipe up, “I feel a lot better about that. I didn't want you driving on your own, Cupcake. Who knows

what crazies are out there.” I looked over at him, giving him a small smile, knowing what he was doing but appreciating it all the same.

Temptress... would you like to ride with me? I looked at Bricks, who was signing, but since his fingers kept going, I guess he was telling Gears something else.

Gears nodded. “You’re right. I need to stay in the back. It would be better if she was with someone who could stay in the middle. Do you want to go with Bricks, baby?”

I nodded, and he carried me to my mountain man, who was preening at getting to have me with him. He set me down, and before I hopped on the bike, Gears halted me. “Let’s just put this on.” He poured more of the ocean water on my neck, all of the guys watching. I could feel their anger every time they looked at my neck, I wish it would go away faster. When Gears finished the first bottle, he turned to go away, and I grabbed the second bottle out of his pocket.

He was shocked at first, ready to grab it back, until he saw it was me and nodded. I swallowed, giving a low raspy whisper, “I will use it on the way.”

Come, Temptress. Climb on the back and hold on tight, okay? I went on my tip toes and kissed his chin, meaning it to be a small sign of thanks, his hand caught mine, and he kissed both of them as he stared into my eyes. His dark orbs captured me to fall into them.

There was a rumble of bikes starting, and that broke his spell. He pulled me over, climbing onto his bike, and turned it on as

he looked back at me. *Let's go, Temptress. We have a home waiting for us.* I smirked, my voice finally coming out in less of a whisper, "Let's go home."



It was a nice ride. I laid my head on Brick's large back the entire time, gripping his sides as I watched the landscape go by. It was oddly soothing. It was far from my first time on a bike, but it was a different experience when you were just a passenger. I didn't have to pay attention to other cars, I didn't have to watch the road or look out for flying debris. I could just sit and watch, letting my mind free of all of my worries as the world passed me by. It was poetic, really.

As soon as we parked in front of the house, I felt a sense of calm settle over my racing mind. When Bricks got off his bike, I swung my foot over and poured the second bottle of water along my neck. I could feel the ache turn dull, and I knew that my voice had gotten better, at least enough to talk.

"Man, I didn't know that not talking was going to be so annoying." There was a slight huskiness to my voice, but I could still talk, so I just left it at that.

"Really, I was starting to like it quite a lot." Dino's voice came out from beside me, and I turned towards him, glaring at him. He scoffed. "Oh, come on, Killer, let's get you in the house."

He put his hand on my back lightly, guiding me forward, and I smiled up at him sweetly, catching him off guard, and I threw my elbow into his side.

He bent over, clutching his side with an oomph. When his head snapped up, there was a twinge of fiery competition in his eyes. “That’s better. You were starting to worry me.”

I winked at him as he stood up straight and threw his chin at the door, “Go on now.”

I hesitated at the steps, knowing that there was no going back once I went through that door. I thought about it for a second and realized that I felt more alive this week, with these men, than I have in my whole life. If the worst was to keep it all the same, I could live with that... and if the best... if the best was something I thought lost to me forever, then getting it back would be a blessing, right?

I took a step forward, then another, and soon I was in the living room, sitting at the table where we had shared meals at. The perfect six-seater table that fit all of us together. While I was happy to be back here, there was an air of hesitation that wasn’t there before. Like no one knew where to start off.

Rabid cleared his throat and folded his hands together. “I understand we have a lot to talk about, but let’s start with the basics.” He looked up at me across the table. “Celine, I feel like it would be helpful to hear from you about what you do.”

I dipped my head, realizing that this would be the easy part, and I started to rattle it all off. “So, I never lied about being The Songbird, that is me... but it’s more like that was the

cover-up for my real job with the CIA.” I folded my arms and leaned back in the chair. “My job was to do field recon and to take out the targets handed to me. In reality, it was all the problem children of the higher-ups. If the vampire council couldn’t quell an uprising, they would tell us all the dirt they had on them and give us the okay to kill them. Same with all the political leaders of each species. I never did a job that they didn’t approve of. They were always bad guys that I did research on ahead of time, so I didn’t mind.”

Gears raised his hand, and I smiled at him, nodding my head to him to ask his question. He was adorable when he did shit like that. “How did you get into this position? We know you are a siren princess... so, how did royalty get into the assassin game?”

I sat up and uncrossed my arms just to cross them again, noticing my knee was bouncing. “Well... I guess it really started when I turned eighteen and had my mate ceremony.” The whole room went still. Not even a breath escaped their lips as they waited for me to continue. I sighed as I put my arms on the table and just spit it all out.

“So, all sirens grow up on siren Island. Which explained why James wanted to meet at the siren ferry because he wanted me to take him to my mother... that is beside the point.” I rolled my eyes at myself as I continued, “When you turn eighteen, there is a ceremony. All the single men on the island gather in an amphitheater, and all the women line up to sing. When a siren sings a song for her mate, it affects them differently than what you have seen.” I took a breath, looking at my clenched

hands. “They don’t turn into mindless drones like the others. The song turns... turns into a sort of mating call that only your mate is in tune with. It compels them to sway and move forward instead of staying stagnant.”

I let myself remember that day for a moment. The nervousness when I got up to the mic. The way I sang with desperation, not really in hopes of a mate, but more in hopes of finally making my mother proud. And then, sadly, to my soul’s shattering disappointment, I didn’t call anyone. The look on her face confirmed my fears. That I was worthless to her.

My emotions caught in my throat as I whispered, “I didn’t call to anyone.” I took a beat before I looked up at them with watery eyes and laughed without any joy. “My mother didn’t have any use for a princess that couldn’t continue her line with a siren royal child.”

I looked up, expecting pity or disgust, maybe even a little anger towards my mother, but all I saw was compassion and understanding. They looked at me like I was perfect, that nothing about what I said meant anything to them, and I didn’t realize until this moment how much I needed that. How much I needed someone to see me, the real me, broken pieces and all, and say that it didn’t matter. That they cared for me anyway.

It made me feel worse about one thing that I felt was an invasion of privacy that I needed to clear up with them now. “Before you say anything, I need to confess... I had files made up on each of you and read them a while ago.”

Each of them took it a little differently. Bricks and Duce, who already told me the main parts of their stories, didn't seem that affected, maybe a little embarrassed, but not really fazed. Then I had Gears, who shrugged. "Once I figured out that you were with the government, I figured you must've."

Dino asked in a low, accusing voice, "So, did you scout us ahead of time? Like at the club that you met Bricks and Duce in?"

I shook my head. "No. In fact, you guys were not even on my radar until that night because you had a meeting with Killian."

Their faces said that I had better start talking, so I rushed out, "Look. This all started because of me killing the head of the Rodriguez clan."

"What?!" Dino's head swiveled, and I felt the need to keep going before he went too far.

"Look, the government needed him out because he was trying to play the good guy with the humans when he was the main source of drugs in the United States. What we didn't know was that the rest of the family wasn't strong enough on their own and ended up being demolished." I peeked at Dino, letting a small shred of sympathy shine in my eyes, but he wasn't having any of it.

"Good fucking riddance if you ask me." He looked down at his hands. "If you read a file on me, then I'm guessing you know why I would hate my own family? Why I don't go by that name anymore?"

I nodded, sliding my hand across the table and laying it on top of his. He tried to pull away, but I wouldn't let him. "You're stronger than them. You always have been." His eyes grew wide as he stopped trying to pull away and turned to me slowly. "I saw the life drain from his eyes and, in the end, he was nothing. He didn't have any fight in him. You are different. You are a survivor."

"In fact, let me tell all of you this now. Nothing in your files made me fear you, dislike you or look down on you. The opposite, really. I saw your strength, your fight, and your survival. In this cruel world that only wants to prey on people, to exploit their weaknesses, and push out those that are different, you created a place for yourselves. It's not something to be sad over or pitied, it's something to cherish and protect."

I let go of Dino's hand, prepared to pull it back into my lap, but he turned his hand around and captured mine. Bringing my gaze up to his, I saw for the first time his amethyst-colored eyes glittered with an emotion other than anger and annoyance. "Try to sing. Try to compel me."

When I looked at him like he was mad, he just smiled, the expression looking out of place on his hard face. "What?! Are you mad?"

He pulled my hand in more, pulling me almost across the table. "Sing for me. Try to get me to be that compliant little doll that you make others into. I want to prove to you once and

for all that we are your mates because we all know you are ours.”

When I didn't say anything, I just looked into his face, searching for the trick, but there wasn't any. “Celine, we know you're our mate. I can feel it. My wolf can feel it.” He tapped the center of his chest where his heart was. “I tried not to, I tried to push you away, but I couldn't. And now that we're here,” he looked down at our joined hands, bent down, and kissed my knuckles as he flicked his eyes up and breathed against them, “I just want to stay by your side. All of us do.”

I looked up to see all of them nodding or smiling, all in agreement, and my heart swelled. They wanted me for me, broken pieces and all.

I turned to him again. “Look at me. Look in my eyes, and don't look away. It should only take a few seconds to set in.”

“But it won't.” His surety fueled my own as I focused on him and sang.

I sang out like I did that day at the ceremony all those years ago. I sang with all my might, trying to prove them wrong. When his eyes never went lifeless, when his eyes stayed clear and true, I smiled a true smile. My heart stopped beating for a few seconds as it filled with the one emotion I thought wasn't for me. Happiness.

I sprung up, grinning from ear to ear as I went to each of them, grabbing their faces and repeating the process. Each one of them continued to have clear eyes, eyes that shined up at me

with love. My breath caught in my throat as water filled my eyes.

When I finally got to Rabid, he was smiling back, already turning towards me. Before I started, he said, “Your siren song does compel me, but it doesn’t make me into some husk of a person, it calms me.” He slid his hands into mine. “Your siren song compels me to know that whatever state I’m in, I’m dealing with you, and the means I follow you. I follow what you want because you’re my mate and deserve everything you want in this world.”

I moved into his lap, sitting down as I looked deep into his eyes and sang. He closed them for a second, just listening to my voice, before opening those honey brow pools, swirling with pride as his eyes never left mine. When I saw them stay clear, I couldn’t help it anymore, and I surged forward, capturing his lips with mine.

His hands went straight for my ass, his fingers digging in like he couldn’t get enough. A growl erupted from his lips, and I smiled, knowing that I had caused my wolf to get a little out of control. “Do you believe us now?”

I pushed my hands into his silky hair, gripping it tightly before yanking it back, exposing his vulnerable neck to me. I ran my lips against the curve; a whimper caught in his throat as I ran my teeth against him. “Yes. I believe you, mate.” His hands gripped me hard when I bit down, showing him that I could handle his wolf side and embrace it.

His moan filled the room as the hardness between his thighs thickened, bulging out of his pants. I felt a set of hands circle behind me as lips touched the tip of my ear. “I think we need to take this somewhere a little more comfortable, don’t you think, Cupcake?”

Rabid growled again, tightening his grip on me, but I started to hum a tune, and he loosened his grip. I turned my face upward, kissing my pretty boy’s chin as I ground myself into Rabid.

Duce took his moment, yanked me away, and ran for his bedroom. “Now watch as the wolves come out to play, my dangerous mate.” I bounced as he ran, looking over his shoulder to see four sexy-as-sin mates barreling through the hallway with lust burning in their eyes.

“They’re gaining on you.” I let Duce know, but he just laughed as he started to jog down the hallway. He pushed through his door and slammed it shut, locking it before he threw me onto the bed.

“Pumpkin... I don’t think that’s very nice.” I pointed to the locked door. “I thought we were going to have an all-together party.” I sat there pouting at his smile as he started to strip in front of me.

“Oh, we are, I just want to heighten the mood.” Pounding started at the door as they all yelled at Duce. He looked up, hearing it crack, and then climbed his way over to me. “They will bust through that door soon, but not before I get to be the one that gets the first taste.”

He yanked my pants down as I tore my shirt over my head, not getting my clothes off fast enough. Duce hurried as he skidded kisses up my legs, alternating between soft kisses and small bites. “Gods, even your skin tastes like heaven or hell, depending on how you look at it.” I giggled until the pounding grew worse. “Don’t worry about them, Cupcake. Watch what I’m about to do to this pussy, and then we will see how much you hear that banging.”

His kisses grew harder the higher he got until, finally, he was inside my inner thigh, and he bit down and sucked. I blew a breath in and out, my excitement ramping up as the door frame splintered.

Duce seemed to know that he was under the gun and laid his tongue flat and wide, licking me from the bottom all the way up to my clit, flicking it at the end with the tip of his tongue. He did that a few times, making my hips jerk at the feel of him. Just as the door burst open, he made a circle with his mouth, wrapped it around my clit, and sucked. My thighs started to shake as I screamed. It came out broken and hoarse, but what he was doing to my body was amazing.

Dino grumbled beside me, “I can’t believe you started without us.”

Duce broke from my clit to say, “Payback is a bitch, right?” I yanked up my hand, putting it on his head and pushing him back to where he belonged. “Okay, okay. I’ll get back to it, pretty little mate.” I didn’t think I would ever get used to being called mate, but I was starting to like it.

He dove back in, causing me to go wild, when I felt two sets of hands grabbing her breasts. One side was a soft and gentle touch, while the other immediately found my nipple and pinched it. Brick's gentle hands cupped my heavy breasts and flicked his tongue out, flicking that hard nub with fervor. I bent back as Dino took the opportunity to circle his lips around my other breast, placing my nipple between his teeth and giving it a tug. I threw my head back, loving every sensation my three mates caused to race through my body, when I opened my eyes and saw Rabid standing at my head, his fat, pierced cock out and at attention, his eyes pleading with me.

I reached for him and kissed the tip of his cock, licked around the metal piece, causing his eyes to shutter. I opened my mouth, running my lips up and down against his shaft, adjusting for the metal, until a deep urging sound made it past his lips. I began to lick the sides like a popsicle, going around his shaft, circling up to the tip and flicking my tongue against the seam until he twitched furiously. I wanted this large, serious man to beg for more. To hear his growly voice grow soft like it couldn't take torture like this a second longer.

I was so focused on that, I was completely taken off guard when two fingers pushed past my fleshy gates and sunk into my pussy. I lifted my head and looked down, moaning out at the sight of Duce bent over, licking at me like I was his last meal, Dino and Bricks working me up with dueling sensations, and seeing Gears' eyes glow a neon green as he pumped his fingers in and out at a delicious pace, making my body quake at the pleasure that raced through my veins.

“Please, Little Siren. I want to sink deep in that hot sweet mouth more than anything right now.” I looked up at Rabid, whose pained expression and pulsing cock were just what I wanted to see. My desire grew from his words, Gears growling as my wetness soaked his fingers. Gears’ expert fingers curled in, and he tapped that pleasure spot, making my mouth fly open, and Rabid took that as an invitation.

His cock speared into my mouth with a cry. “Oh, fuck,” came out in a choppy breath as I opened my mouth wider, taking him in deeper and deeper. I wanted all of him, I wanted to feel that metal piece so far down my throat that he would lose all that careful control.

I heard zippers and a rustle of clothes being removed, and my pulse quickened. I widened my legs even further, making sure I was on full display for all of them, and I heard a few pleasure-filled curses.

“You know, Little Killer, your mouth full of cock is a glorious sight to see.” He ran his finger up and down my throat before gripping my chin and angling my face towards Rabid, making it so I could take him farther down my throat. I could feel Rabid growing more and more excited, his hands sliding along my scalp, holding my head in place as he pumped in deeper.

Dino started to kiss along my neck in time with Rabid’s thrusts, applying more pressure against the bulge in my throat, causing my hands to clench the bed sheets so hard that I could rip them. Rabid’s breathing came out erratic as Dino purred against my throat, “Let’s get him to cum with you.”

Like the rest of the guys took that as an order, they all began to work my body up like they had been controlling it this whole time. I felt Duce and Gears pull away, my pussy pulsing as it tried to grip onto something that wasn't there. I let out a demanding cry that was muffled by Rabid's cock, but they got the gist of it because they chuckled.

Don't worry, Temptress, they will not be gone for long. I don't think any of us could leave this body. He ran his hand from my neck down the center of my body before he slapped at my clit, causing my back to bend up as the euphoric slice of pain pulsed at my swollen nub.

Bricks then pulled my engorged lips apart as someone's cock speared inside of me. I let out a loud and long moan at the sharp entry, Rabid and Duce moaning at the same time, and I realized it was Duce's cock in my pussy.

"Fuck, Cupcake, I don't think I will ever not want to be inside of you. You hug my cock so good." His thrusts were deep and hard, taking his time as he flicked my clit. I felt Bricks slap his cock against my nipple, and I pushed my chest out farther, chasing that silky slap.

These men were doing such a good job at working me up, my body started to quake as my muscles grew tight, telling me I was going to cum soon, but before that, I needed Rabid to cum first.

I snaked my arms around Rabid's ass and pushed him inside my mouth as far as I could, choking on his cock as he made a strangling sound. "Little Siren, I don't want to hurt you." My

response to that was to dig my fingers into his taugth cheeks and push him into me again. His surprised cries of bliss were intoxicating, and I decided to take it a step further.

When I grabbed his ass a third time, he was ready and pushed himself further, too. What he did not expect was the finger I worked into his ass. He jerked deeper, filling my throat so far I gagged, and he roared out, not able to keep it in. He spilled himself into me, and I could feel his muscles tremble as I drank it down. He stilled inside of me, and I savored his release, licking around his cock until I let him go with a pop.

He staggered off the bed, collapsing into a chair like a man who was spent as Duce picked up the pace.

“Cupcake, keep your eyes up here. After that glorious show and the way this tight cunt is wrapped so tightly around my cock, I’m going to be cumming soon, and it’s all your fault.”

I licked my lips as I heard a few groans. “I will gladly accept my punishment.”

Duce gave me an evil grin as he huffed out, “Your wish is my command.” He picked up both legs, bending them back towards me as his thrusts turned rapid. the sound of our bodies slapping was music to my ears as he fucked me hard, taking a play out of Dino’s book.

I cried out, “Yes! Yes!” This time feeling two cocks rubbing along my bouncing breasts, more moans filling the room.

“More, more.” My cries turned into breathy pleas. So close. I’m so close.

I could feel my walls clenching around his cock, needing something to push me over.

“I got you, baby. I know what you need.” Gears’ sultry voice surprised me when he shoved two lubed up fingers into my ass. I screamed so hard my voice turned raspy, and I clenched down on Duce, exploding my release all over him.

He moaned out, “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!” His release filled me up, mingling with mine as it made a completely wet mess between us, and he slumped on top of me, my legs turning into jelly around him.

I kissed his shoulder, letting him know I enjoyed it, when he was ripped off me and tossed at the top of the bed. “Yeah, your time is up.” Dino’s hard voice reminded me that I had three other mates to take care of, and that got me excited all over again.

I flipped around and lifted myself up to my knees as I peered up at my three remaining mates. “I want to be completely full of my mates. I want to feel every hole filled, not able to think about anything but you. Can you do that for me?”

Dino laughed out viciously. “Oh, Little Killer, you’re not going to be able to walk tomorrow.”

Giving just as good as I got, I purred, “Jokes on you, that’s what I’m counting on.” I moved forward, leaning in like I was going to kiss Dino, when I missed his mouth and turned to Gears, landing my lips on his instead.

“You’re going to regret that, Little Killer.” Dino’s threat vibrated in the air, and I turned, resting my back against Brick’s front, feeling his throbbing cock between my cheeks. My arm stilled around Gears as he moved from my lips to my neck, peppering me with soft wet kisses.

I knew I had my desired effect when Dino’s eyes narrowed in hunger, and Duce said in awe, “Fuck, our mate is a goddess.” Rabid grumbled his agreement.

I lifted Brick’s hand and placed it on my breast, him cupping it without me even asking as I said in a cocky voice, “Regret? No. Your brutal desires only excite me. So, bring it.”

He climbed over towards me, Gears already kissing his way down to my hardened nipple, Bricks plucking on the other nipple as he was kneading my ass. Dino went right in my face, hovering above my lips, staring down at me with the calm of an ocean storm about to roll in.

“You think you can handle all of us, Killer? We shall see.” His fingers trailed down my fluttering stomach, cupping my mount. My body had a mind of its own as it swayed towards him, being pulled by his raw animal darkness.

He pushed my thighs to open, his fingers lightly trailing along my flesh, collecting some of the juices dripping out. “Mmmm, you and Duce made a pretty little mess here, mate.” He snapped out, gripping underneath my jawline instead of my neck, effectively controlling my head, as he whispered along my lips, “Bricks, you’re going to need to get your dick wet cuz I’m going to punish this pussy tonight.”

I felt Brick's light touch run down my back. *Is that what you want, mate? You can tell me if you want something different.* I smiled at Dino, which just pissed him off. "Yes, my mountain man. I want you to sink your cock into my cunt before you take my ass."

Dino was vibrating with fury at me taking this shred of control away, and I nipped at his bottom lip as I felt Bricks shift. As soon as he entered me, I bit Dino so hard that I broke the skin. Bricks' moans echoed in my mind as Dino moaned into my mouth, tightening his hold as the bite turned into a hard and fast make-out session.

Dino pulled me with him as he laid his back on the bed, our kiss never breaking as I leaned over. Bricks began to grunt as Gears' hands exploded my body, lighting me up everywhere he touched.

Like they timed it, Bricks pulled out as Dino speared in me, entering me rough and hard like he promised. Dino ran his hand through my hair before yanking my strands back, a delicious pain radiating from my scalp as I groaned.

Bricks positioned his cock between my ass cheeks, running his hard length up and down, teasing me before he pushed his way into my puckered hole. I gasped, my eyes flying open as he settled his large cock into my back entrance.

Are you okay, Temptress?

Bricks' concerned voice was sweet, but I couldn't think beyond both cocks inside of me, rubbing against that thin wall

that separated them. “Oh, fuck. Yes. So full. So full of your fat cocks.”

“Not yet, you’re not.” That cruel voice said below as he began to thrust up into me, making my mouth drop open in a silent cry. “Gears.”

Suddenly, my mouth was full again, the despicable man beneath me not giving me a second to think before more cocks were thrown at me. I loved it.

I locked around his cock, getting it nice and wet, unable to move my head with Dino’s firm grip on my hair. “Widen that mouth and keep it open as we find our rhythm.” His words were harsh and demanding, but the hitch in his breathing spoke a different story. He was much more affected than he led on.

I did as he said, stuck out my tongue in order to make the maximum amount of room as Gears’ cock slid in and out of my lips. “Baby, I have been dreaming of a mate my whole life, but you,” his hips jerked, going in deeper, and he moaned. “Ooohhh, fuck, but you are more than I could have ever dreamed up.”

Agreed. Bricks grunted as he slowly pulled out and slammed the hilt back into me.

“Oh, fuck, you drive me wild, Little Killer. No one could compare to your sassy mouth, tight body, and blood disposition. There is no one who could capture our hearts so thoroughly.”

Their admissions fueled my heart and sang to my soul. Bringing together the broken pieces and soldering them together. Making me whole and stronger. I could finally admit that I loved them. Each and everyone with every cell in my body.

Since I couldn't respond in a normal way, I decided to respond in a way they would all understand. I tightened my lips around Gears' cock and clenched down on both Dino and Bricks at the same time. Having a trio of guttural manly moans filling my ears was perfection, and I went over the edge with a pleasure so fierce that I squirted all over.

My moan was quickly filled with Gears' cum that I lapped up, cleaning his cock entirely before letting him crash onto the bed. Bricks followed closely behind, his vocal moans filling my mind and soul as he shot himself into me, coming so hard that when he pulled out, I could feel it dripping out.

He sat back, his satisfaction vibes settling on me. *There's nothing quite as beautiful as seeing my cum dripping from your ass, Temptress.* I looked back and smiled at him, blowing him a kiss as he settled back for the finale.

Dino suddenly jacked up, bringing me with him as we were now sitting, me in his lap as he twirled my hair around his finger. "You remember what I said, right?"

I gave him a wicked smile. "You can't break me, but you can try."

With that, he wrapped both hands into my hair, gripping tightly as he kissed my neck gently. His kiss was both a loving

declaration as well as a warning.

He let go of my hair, grabbed my waist, and pulled me off of him just to shove my face into the bed, ass on display for him.

“You asked for it.”

While keeping one hand on my back, pushing me into the bed, his cock slammed into me, pistoning in and out at such a rapid pace I didn't have time to cry out, didn't have time to do anything but feel his onslaught to my body. Let him take control and fill me to his delight.

His grunts filled my ears while he was wringing out the last bit of pleasure I had in me. His fingers found my sensitive nub, flicking and rubbing it until my orgasm crashed out, and I screamed.

He kept fucking me, even as I slumped in exhaustion, and he pulled out with a roar and sprayed himself all over my throbbing pussy and ass.

When Dino collapsed, it was like a signal to all the rest of them. They turned my tired body over and all cuddled into me, finding scraps of my skin to touch and love on.

“I love you, Little Siren.”

“I love you, Cupcake.”

“I love you, Killer.”

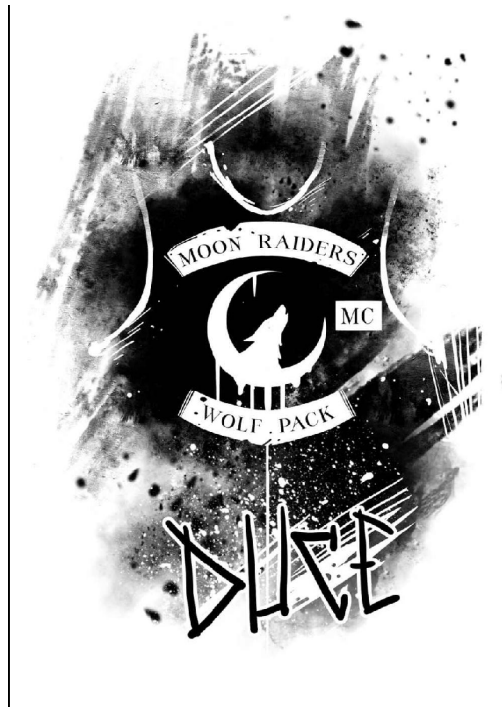
“I love you, baby.”

I love you, Temptress.

Then I felt all of them bite me. Rabid at my neck, Duce at my right wrist, Dino at my left wrist, Gears on my right inner thigh, and Bricks on my left inner thigh. As soon as the bites broke the skin, I felt my whole body shake as thick golden bonds formed between them and me. They were all lit up and beautiful, making my skin sing and glow. Then I felt it. I felt their love through the bonds they had just made with me. I felt how much they cared about my well-being and how much they craved my mind and body. I felt how each of them fit with me, us complementing each other in the best of ways. More than anything, I felt that this was destined. That I was always meant to have these men as my mates.

For the first time in a while, I let tears collect and spill over as I sobbed out how much I loved them all. For once, feeling safe and secure enough to let someone see all my broken pieces. All of my flaws, and to know that they would still be there tomorrow, and the next day, and the next. Until the end of our days because they were my mates. They were made for me, and I for them.

CHAPTER 28



ONE YEAR LATER

“Come on, Cupcake, let me have a little taste. It’s mean of you to hold out on me.” I watched Celine dance around the kitchen in a hurry, her face had sugar on it, and the counter looked like an absolute mess. It was adorable when she got like this.

Throw knives around, train some of the prospects, take on a man twice her size, not even a second thought for her. Doing something like cooking something from scratch, well, that was a little out of her wheelhouse, but she tackled the challenge like a beast. I reached for the bowl of freshly made buttercream. I just wanted a taste.

“No!” She smacked my hand out of the bowl, preventing me from even getting a scoop. “You asked me for a homemade birthday cake, and that’s what I’m going to make, god damn

it!” She crouched down for the sixth time, biting her thumb in that adorable way, as she looked in the oven window, watching it like it would magically get done faster.

There were a few cakes already in the trash as she wanted to make me the perfect one, but, really, if she had just put frosting on her nipples and laid out on the table for me, I would’ve called that the best birthday cake ever. Although, apparently, I’m wrong. It’s all because of this stupid, I mean, amazing, party that Celine demands to have for each of our birthdays.

When she learned that we didn’t celebrate Rabid’s birthday the week we first met her, she vowed to never let another of her mates’ birthdays go by uncelebrated. We quickly realized that parties tend to stress her out, so we asked her why she should make a fuss about something we never celebrated? She looked up at us with those big baby blues that made us melt like butter, blinking as they watered only for us, as she said, “Why wouldn’t I want to celebrate the day my mates were born? If you weren’t, I would be mateless and unhappy. You mean the world to me, and it’s one day that I can make everyone take notice and celebrate.”

All of us fell into a puddle of goo after that, telling her to do whatever she wanted. We never had someone care enough to celebrate us like that, and it made us feel... special. So, we put up with the pre-party craziness, it just meant that she cared.

In the past, we would have dinner that night and raise our beers to the birthday boy, and then that was that. No fuse, no

muss, but now it's grand, and she did everything to make you feel like you were the king that day. It's her birthday next month, and we all already have plans for that. It's going to be amazing, and I can't wait!

"A finger swipe won't ruin it!" I reached out again until I saw her rise up from the oven slowly, grabbing the chef's knife off the counter and pointing it at me with death in her eyes.

Her deep, cold voice that promised pain made a shiver run down my spine. "You touch it, you lose it."

I lifted my hands immediately, backing up in emphasis. "Okay, okay. I hear you loud and clear, Cupcake."

She put the knife down and gave me a smile. "Thank you, Pumpkin. If you need something to do, can you check with Rabid and Gears to make sure the front is set up? Oh, and see if Emma needs any help with the food?"

"Yes, ma'am." I saluted, came around the island, hugged her from behind, and gave her a kiss on her hair, causing her shoulders to slump against me with a sigh. "It's all going to be great," I promised, licking the shell of her ear, feeling her shiver in excitement. *Yes, now this was going in the right direction.*

"Nope!" She shoved me away just when it was starting to get good. "You can't sex trap me. Not right now. Not until the cake is done." She wiggled her finger at me, moving so her bottom was as far away from me as it could be.

I gave her an innocent look as I took a few steps towards her. “Sex trap? Whatever could you mean?” I ran a finger down her front, finding her nipple from memory and giving it a little tweak.

She bit her lip, swaying a bit my way as I began to make circles on both, causing them to harden through her shirt. She closed her eyes for a second, giving me my opportunity as I tugged her closer to me by the pebbled nubs. She hissed out as her eyes opened, the burning blues filled with a craving that only her mates could curb.

She bent her head towards me languishingly, like I was a puppet master, and she was hooked to my strings. Yes. Come to me, my cupcake. Give in to the dark side.

Just as my lips hovered over hers, about to take a taste of heaven, she shoved me and backed away with wide, accusing eyes and a gaping mouth as she whispered, “Sex trap.” She motioned to my whole body as she said it again. “Sex mother-fucking-trap.” She pointed at the door as she moved as far away from me as she could, her voice turning to steel as she stood straight. “Nope, go. Cake first, sex later.”

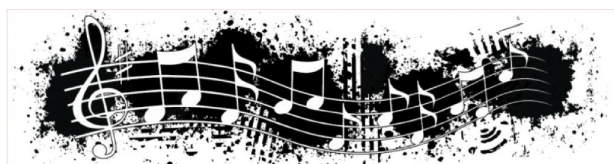
I made a step towards her, mouth open to try and convince her she would make the best cake if she was a little more filled with my cream, but she cut me off. “No, Duce.” Uh oh, she called me by my name. “Let me finish this. I want to get it perfect.”

I stopped, stuck my hands into my jeans, and backed off. “Okay, Cupcake, but know that I’m coming for you after that

damn cake is done.” My warning was made loud and clear.

She winked at me. “I’m counting on it.”

I left the room, determined to get rid of this half-boner I was sporting since I would need it for when I came back. I went to the door, and as soon as I opened it, I heard Emma yelling at someone. *Whelp, look at that, it’s instantly gone.*



I rolled my eyes as Dino drove through a parking lot like he was freaking off-roading. He was driving so crazy that even Bricks was holding on to the top of the vehicle to stop from being thrown about. Ever since that fight with the Fangers, Dino has pretty much claimed the Humvee as his. We tried to get Cupcake to take it back, telling her he was a danger to society, but she would just laugh and tell us he was safe in the vehicle. It was more our point that others weren’t safe, but she would smile and give Dino a kiss on the forehead.

Those two were like sticks of dynamite together. They were always either loving up on each other, or viciously fighting, and then loving up on each other. It was toxic in the best of ways, but I think that was what made us all a great unit able to help each other. I’ve learned over the past year that as individuals, we are all a little fucked up.

Anger, self-esteem, self-worth, and self-sabotage were some of the traits we had all been dealing with on the inside. When it was just us guys, we would just ignore it, or say that's life and keep going, but now, with Celine in our life, we wanted to do better. Be better. It was a work in progress, and hopefully, we would get there someday, but I was in no rush. I was enjoying the journey getting there.

Even with Bricks bouncing around, he was able to sign, *Do you think she will get mad at us for going behind her back like this?*

I needed to keep Dino's eyes on the road, so I answered first. "No. I don't think so. I think she will definitely be surprised, though." We had all planned to take Celine on a week-long trip to a private island for a vacation. We all asked Glenn, who said it was a long time coming and approved it. He was going to break it to her today at a party, so she couldn't say no. That woman could be a workaholic if you let her.

Bricks nodded as he signed. *I just don't want her to be mad, feeling like we are messing with her work.*

Dino decided to pipe up. "I think it's more Glenn fucking with her work than us. All we did was ask." His head turned to both of us as his eyes narrowed. "And that's how we are going to phrase it to her. Got it?" I guess he was a little worried, too, but I wasn't.

We had a little bit of a spat a while back when we started to do work for Glenn. After Celine moved in with us, it was a bit of a transition to have her still doing her work. She would leave

at a moment's notice and not come back for days sometimes, and it would freak us the fuck out, so she gave us Glenn's number just in case. Well, that turned into a calling fiasco with Glenn, as he was now fielding calls and texts from five worried mates. So, we came up with a plan.

She would be able to take one of us, only one, on each job. She even made a schedule, and we rotated who got to go with her. She sold it to Glenn that he was getting double the manpower for the price, and he agreed, but I think he was just glad to get us off his back.

Then on one of her working trips with Rabid, the guy they needed to kill got away, but they saved a brother and sister from his sadistic clutches. They needed somewhere to stay while Glenn and Ken tried to find their family, and Rabid immediately volunteered the Moon Raiders compound. It was safely guarded, tucked away, and we had the reputation to keep others away. Especially after that fight with the Fangers, no one messed with us.

Glenn agreed, and we took care of the two teens for a couple of weeks until they were reunited with their parents. Rabid then told Glenn that if that ever happened again, we would be available as a kind of safe house for these cases, for a hefty fee, of course. It was funny to think that we were killing people and saving people at the same time, but that sounded like us.

I was jerked forward as Dino parked. "All right. Ice run complete."

As soon as Dino got out, Bricks signed to me, *We made it alive. I think we need to see if Gears can put some kind of system on here to shut it down when he gets out of control.*

I reached forward, patting his shoulder. “Yes. Yes, we do.”

I got out of the Humvee, leaving Dino and Bricks to fill the ice tub because Cupcake should’ve been done with the cake by now, and I wanted some of that icing. *White cream is my favorite.*

I chuckled at my own joke as I walked through the door, and I saw my little cupcake about to head up the stairs to her room.

After she moved in, we quickly learned that she was going to need her own room. All of us knew that hers would need to be the biggest since we were going to spend most of our time in that room. I only went to my room if I needed clothes, or if her shower was taken and I couldn’t wait. This meant that we needed to redesign the set up.

We turned the home gym into Gears’ new room, and then knocked out the loft and expanded it to be its own wide open second floor. This room fit all of us more than comfortably after we had that custom double king bed made and put in before we enclosed the roof.

I quickly came up behind her, tucking my chin into her neck as I cooed, “So, can I get a little bit of that cream now?”

I felt her sigh into me, her hand running up my thigh as she replied in a husky voice, “Of course, birthday boy.”

I quickly turned her around. Her smile at seeing me made my heart stop. I thought I would eventually get used to it, but I wasn't. My mate's smile always stopped my breath and made me feel like I was coming back to life. I could feel my wolf whining in my head, wanting me to rut into her as fast as possible. He was always a little bit selfish like that, but that's why he had me.

I ran my hands down her sides, catching the button on her pants and popping it open, and I knelt down, sliding them down those deliciously soft thighs. She let her hand comb through my hair like I liked, looking up at her like the goddess divine she was.

I placed my lips right on the front of her thigh, my excitement heightening as she let out a small inhale. On my knees, I walked her backwards, pulling her hand down to sit on the steps. "Pumpkin, we can go up to the room if...."

I cut her off as I slid my hand up her thigh and cupped her naked mound. "Nope. I want you here and now. I want you on full display for me..." I gave her a saucy grin as I moved my face closer, laying a few kisses on the inside of her thigh. "And if anyone wants to join us after I've had my fill of your delectable cream, I wouldn't stop them. Sharing on your birthday is the best thing for friends to do."

She quickly took off her shirt and bra, leaving them on the floor as she nodded. Her elbows on the stairs stabilized her as she watched me, gulping as my breath got closer and closer to her glistening center. I closed my eyes and sucked in a big

whiff of her desire, moaning out as my wolf howled in my head. Now that's the good stuff.

I kissed along the seam of her folds, enjoying the tremor of her hips, wanting to chase after me when I pulled away.

I looked up at her, her eyes already hooded like two deep blue pools of desire looking back at me. Waiting for me. Wanting me. I kept my eyes on her as I pushed two fingers in, feeling her tight hole immediately expand as her wetness coated my fingers.

Her head fell back, pushing up her breasts naturally, giving me that glorious view of her perfect round globes heaving for me as she struggled to breathe. "Fuck, how do you get me going so fast." She whispered more to herself, but I felt compelled to answer.

I licked at her seam, and she cried out again. I placed my tongue along my fingers and used it to spear her channel with vigor, then I pulled my fingers out, using the lubrication to rub against her swollen nub.

Her hips started to buck. "Fuck. Duce. Gods. I want you."

I moved my fingers back down, shoving three inside of her at once, and she let out a long throaty moan. "Cupcake, but you have me." I loved teasing her, and I knew that would drive her crazy.

"Aaaaahhhhhgggg," she groaned out her frustration, unable to put it into words.

I heard a few boot steps behind us and a low growl. They are just on time. “Cupcake, I think we have company.” Her head popped up to see. “Let’s give them a show.” I dove into her, licking at her center with long fat licks as I continued fucking her with three fingers.

Her breathy gasps and moans could turn on the most celibate of men as she started to lose control. She gave up on holding herself up as she pushed her hips up, her desperate pants wanting more as she bent her back into the air.

“I can’t take it anymore.” I heard a hushed growl, and I looked up to see Dino already playing with those pert nipples, twisting and tweaking them, and she started to shake. That was fine. They could touch, but this orgasm was all mine to lap up and enjoy. I was the birthday boy, after all.

I took my other hand, pinched her swollen nub, and flicked my tongue across it, back and forth, back and forth, until her cries turned into screams. I felt her soft, drenched walls squeeze down on my fingers, making it hard to keep thrusting them into her, and so I curled them up to reach that pleasure point inside of her that made her wild.

I swear, if we didn’t soundproof the house, her screams would be heard throughout the whole compound, thinking we were harming our mate. “Oh, god, oh, god. Fuck. Yes. Fuck.”

As I felt her body coil up, muscles tightening all around, I moved my tongue down and flicked it against her puckered hole, probing it with my wet tongue as she cried out, “I’m cumming. Fuck. I’m cumming.”

I yanked my fingers out, positioning my open mouth right below her to catch each and every single drop of her sweet nectar. *This was mine, all mine*, I said in my head as I slurped it all up, making loud noises so the rest of them heard me. I heard my wolf growl in my head. *Mine. Mine. Mine.*

She finally slumped against the stairs, gasping before she rose up, cupped my face with both hands, and smashed her lips onto mine. She moaned out, whispering how good I tasted between each stroke. I swear this woman was like my drug. I couldn't get enough of her. I wanted to consume her whole.

Her sighs skidded across my skin, causing goosebumps to rise, and my desire for her ignited into a blazing inferno. I gripped her arms, and she let out a little whimper of pleasure that made my pulse beat rapidly.

Ever since the day that we told her we loved her, she has opened up, layer by layer. Letting us into that vulnerable gooey side of her. I loved her strong, tough side. It was one of the things that made me fall head over heels for her. She was a fierce, take no shit, could kill you seven different ways, badass, but opening up this side of her that let us take care of her, let us have these softened moments, has made me fall in love all over again.

I lifted her in my arms, going up the stairs. "Well, love, I think that we need to get another one of those out of you. What do you say we let the guys come and play with us this time." She lifted her head, balancing her chin on my shoulder as she looked down at all the starving men.

“Sure. It’s up to you, birthday boy.” She made it seem like it was for me, but I saw her lick her lips, her eyes flaring with lust as she looked down at them, probably drooling after her. I know I would be.

I heard the pounding of footsteps behind me. Normally, it would be a fight as to who got to carry her up the stairs, but since it was my birthday, they all knew that I was in charge today. I was giddy with the challenge, excited to see if they would all do what I said. She was really starting to make me love my birthday.

I turned around to face all of them, stopping them all in their tracks. All of them hungrily looked at the women in my arms, poised like they were about to grab her, barely keeping themselves at bay.

“Cupcake,” I sat her down, holding her so she got her balance first. I pulled her chin up to look at me and not focus on the savage pack next to us. “I want you to pick two of the guys, but the catch is... you’re going to be blindfolded.” I went to the drawer and pulled out a silk blindfold and tied it over her eyes. I looked at the guys. “If I were you, I would line up about now.”

As I was turning her in a circle, the guys all tore off their clothes and stood in a line. Dino was the first one to grumble, like I thought he would, so when I stopped her, I directed her to the other side. I could feel the rage he was spearing towards me with his eyes, but it was my birthday, so suck it.

I whispered in her ear, “Okay, Cupcake, the first one you touch will go in your pussy, and the second one you touch will go in your ass.” I rubbed my thumb over her bottom lip, tempted to take more. “I get this pretty little mouth.” Her hand went down, grabbing my cock firmly, and I bit my lip to keep myself from moaning.

“Oh, yes. I want to feel that grow in my mouth, making my throat bulge as I suck you down.” I couldn’t help the painful groan that fell out of my mouth.

“Oh, fuck, Celine. I’m going to need you to pick quickly.” She laughed as she wiggled her ass against my already stiff cock before stepping forward.

She did just what I hoped for and put on a show. She went to pick one, and just before her finger touched him, she moved over. She would dance and shimmy her way down the line, causing us all to fall under her spell, transfixed with her body, watching every move she made.

Finally, she put a finger on their two chests at the same time and called out over my shoulder, “Birthday boy, you get to pick where they go.”

I laughed as Gears and Rabid followed her like puppy dogs as she fell into my arms, and I tore the blindfold off her head.

“I think he cheated!” Dino cried out, eyes never leaving Celine’s body.

She turned around and shrugged her shoulders. “Birthday rules.”

I smiled widely at him as I flipped him off, but he just growled his threat. “Just you wait until it’s my birthday, bonito.”

Celine called out in that sweet voice she knows I like, “Pumpkin, how do you want me?” I turned to see her standing near the bed, giving her all my attention as she stood there in all her naked glory.

I surged forward, hand outstretched, as I caught her jaw and pulled myself to her for a kiss. We explored each other’s mouths, finding all the spots that made each other moan. Her kisses tasted like sex and honey, making me crave just kissing her until the end of time.

When we finally broke apart, I softly laid her down on the bed, putting her head off the side of the bed as I positioned myself above her. “Now, Cupcake, I don’t think it’s fair to leave those two out completely, so I’m going to find a way to include them. You trust me, right?”

She nodded right before her mouth went up, and she grabbed my balls in her mouth, sucking on them until I almost fell over. “Oh, fuck, don’t do that again or else I’m going to cum far faster than I want to.”

She giggled as she said she wouldn’t, and I motioned for Dino to come forward. “Now, I’m going to instruct Dino here to place his cock right here,” I pushed her tits together and stuck a finger in between, “when he is good and ready. Are you okay with that, Cupcake?”

“Mmmm,” she responded, and I looked up to see Dino’s eyes sparkling with excitement. See, I can make good decisions. I

placed my head on her lips, stroking them against my silky head as I coaxed her to open up slowly.

Her tongue snaked out as she licked my cock, and it jumped in my hand, more than ready to go where it wanted to since I started eating her out. “Open wide, Cupcake, and take this cock like a good girl.” She did as I asked, sticking her tongue out so I would have the most amount of room as I sunk into her mouth.

“Oooohhhh, fffuuuucckkk.” The moan slipped out as soon as I was fully in her mouth. I pulled out, and she used her tongue to lick me at the same time. I went back in, savoring the feel of her hot, wet mouth closing in around me.

She let me control it for a while. Letting me go at my own slow and torturous pace as I enjoyed myself. Dino chose that moment to start playing with her tight little nubs, lapping at them each time I was fully seated. She would start to moan as his tongue swirled faster, and the vibrations ricocheted pleasure up my cock.

Then my little mate got greedy, and her hands went to my ass. At first, she just squeezed it, grasping my ass and making everything feel so good. Then she started to push me in deeper, pulling me to cut off her airways for just a second with my cock. I watched her throat bulge as my cock slid down. Her moans pushed out as soon as I gave her room to breathe. It was another form of intoxication, her letting me have this power over her. Power over her breathing and her trust. I could

feel the animal inside me trying to come out, telling me to take her, rut in her so hard she would never forget my name.

I fell forward, clenching the bed as I continued to slide as deep as she would let me. When she let out a loud cry, I was about to pull out of her mouth, thinking I had done too much, when I looked up and saw Gears' lips around her clit, sucking and then blowing on it. Rabid pulled back his hand, his fingers completely drenched as he stuck them in his mouth and moaned. "Fuck, Little Siren, you fucking taste better with each day, making us addicts for you. We can't have enough."

Gears called out, his lips against her clit as he whispered, "I love watching you enjoy yourself. I love watching you enjoy how we push and pull your body, how you react so splendidly. We are all hooked on you."

"Obsessed," Dino roughly whispered.

"Captivated," I called out and looked up to see Bricks on the other side and signed, *Devoted*. After this past year, I already knew that she heard Bricks in her head, that he only signed to keep us in the loop, and I appreciated it. Sometimes, I was so jealous of their connection, but they both tried not to make it a big deal.

She responded by running her teeth lightly along my dick, and I pushed myself up as I pulled out and grabbed her face. "You little devil."

She giggled as she smiled up at me, "I love you all, too."

There was a round of growls, all of us getting closer than I think we wanted. “Are you warmed up, Cupcake? I think all of us will devour you, unable to help our animalistic appetite for your body.”

She gave a thumbs up and opened her mouth. I smiled as Rabid put a few pillows underneath her, and I watched him lube up his pierced cock, pushing two fingers in to widen her enough to fit him and his metal before probing at her back entrance. She gasped as soon as he drove past the ring of muscle, and then she let out a moan as he moved slowly in and out, working himself thoroughly. Gears climbed up next, positioning himself right at her cunt, and sank in just as Rabid was fully seated.

All three gasped or groaned, and I just simply enjoyed the view. Then Dino climbed on top, slapping his cock on her nipples, causing her to whimper. “You like that, dirty girl? I bet you do. I bet you like being filled and used. Us cumming all over you and in you. Are you going to help Bricks out? I think he wants to cum on your tits, too.”

Bricks came up to the side, and she immediately grabbed his cock out of his hands. “Of course, my mountain man. I want all of you. On me, in me. As long as it’s me.” He growled in response, his hand trailing up and down hers lightly as she stroked him.

Dino started to thrust between her tits, and I knew I needed to get going, or else I was going to be left out. She was open and ready for me as I sunk back into her mouth and cursed.

The only sounds you could hear were the moans and grunts of all of us moving, enjoying our mate to the fullest while she cried and shook with pleasure. You could feel the change in the room as we neared our release: when Bricks' face lifted to the ceiling, when Gears' breathing became erratic, when Dino started to curse, and when Rabid let out urgent grunts.

Soon, I was coming to the end of my rope, and as soon as she flicked her tongue against my head, my thrusts staggered as I spilled myself into her. She drank it down as fast as she could, but as I pulled out, I saw a tiny bit escape from the side of her mouth. So I used my dick to scoop it up, and she licked it right off. "Yummy."

I groaned, wholly spent as I crashed onto the floor, and Dino went at her like an animal before he too, shot out cum, angling it to cover her tits. He smeared his cum into her skin with his cock before falling over to the side, and covering his eyes with his hands, as he called out, "*Dios ayúdame.*"

Bricks was soon to fall after, his cum covering her arm, dripping down until she pulled it over to her mouth and licked it up while staring at him. He was shaking before he crumbled to the floor next to her.

She used all of her strength to prop herself up and watch as Gears and Rabid kept going. She started to hum a tune that seemed to spur Gears on. His fingers dug into her hips as he pounded into her, and she sobbed out, "Yes. Oh, fuck yes. Fuck me. Yes. Yes. Yes."

I could see her body getting tight, her muscles all clenched right before she screamed out her release, which triggered both men to grunt and still inside her before pulling out. Everyone crumbling into the bed exhausted...and we still had a party to host. Oopsy.

Bricks was the first to get up, scooping her into his arms as he nuzzled into her, giving her little love bites as he took her to the bathroom to clean her up. We all enjoyed giving her aftercare, but Bricks was always the first to call dibs if he could.

I heard her ask Bricks to stop and turn her around. She gave me a lazy, blissed-out smile as she said, “I hope you had fun, birthday boy, because this was just the intro...we still have a whole party for you.”

I kept it to myself that we should skip the party and hole up here for the next ten hours. I didn't want her to feel like all her efforts were a waste, so I smiled and nodded. “Thank you, Cupcake. I love you.”

“I love you, too.” She sighed into Bricks as he turned and took her into the bathroom.

I heard the running water before she let out the most adorable giggle and I knew I didn't want to miss any of that. I was the birthday boy after all.

I started to crawl my way over, determined to shower her with love and appreciation because this was by far the best birthday I'd ever had. I already couldn't wait to see if we could top it next year.

THE END

AUTHORS NOTE

First I want to thank YOU, the reader, for picking up this book and reading it. When I first thought up Celine, it started with the thought that she would be this badass woman who could help her wolf shifter mates with the only thing that she was not confident in, her voice. Her siren song. I wanted them to help each other realize that they all deserved love, even in a world that was determined to deprive them of it. Do you think I succeeded? I hope so.

I also wanted to thank the amazing authors that I am in this shared world with. They are some of the most amazing human beings and I am so happy to have met them and appreciate being apart of this with them.

All the Love,

Kira



Kira Stanley lives in Arizona with her husband and two little monster children. She graduated ASU with a degree in Fine Arts, so she is always interested in anything that other people make or can make. When she is not taking care of kids, or working, she is enjoying TV and movies to the fullest, quoting every line that can fit into her daily life. She loves strong women, funny characters, psychotically devoted men and a whole lot of story between the pages.

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