

FROM AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR
LULU WATERS



PEET

A REAPER ACADEMY BULLY ROMANCE

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For more information regarding the author and her books, visit her website:
www.authorluluwaters.com



To all the “little hellfires” who love being pets.

TRIGGER WARNINGS & TROPES



PET may contain triggers for some. These characters teeter on the edge of dark, and morally gray topics and scenes, please know this is NOT a clean, high school romance. Some of you will go in blind, but please remember this dark gray romance is a work of fiction. The author does not condone or support everything within these pages.

If you don't have any triggers, happy reading!!

If you do, please continue reading below.

TRIGGER WARNINGS-though all may not be listed as we all have different interpretations of what may or may not be triggers. I've listed the top triggers here.

- Abuse – Emotional, Physical, and Verbal.
- Assault – Physical.

- Anal Play.
- MM – Sword Crossing/Bi-Awakening – On Page.
- Bullying – Verbally and Physically.
- Degradation.
- High School – Underage Characters.
- Murder/Suicide Mentions.
- Primal Play – Rough DubCon.
- Punishment.
- Ritualistic Killings.
- Sexual Acts as Minors – On and Off Page.
- Sexual Coercion – Off Page.
- Sexually Explicit Scenes.

PET TROPES/CONTENT:

- Bi-Awakening.
- Frenemies-to-lovers.
- High School Bully.
- Mask Kink – Michael Myers/Jason Vorhees in particular.
- MFM / MMF / MM Scenes.
- Possessive/OTT MMC's.
- Revenge Hungry MC's.
- Secret Society.
- Told in Multiple POVs.
- Why Choose.

PET is set in the Reaper Academy world, introduced in VILE. All titles set in this world can be read as a standalone, but will make the most sense when you read in the order of their release.

See the back of this book for more information regarding the Reaper Academy World.

Welcome to Reaper Academy, we hope you enjoy your visit.

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Chapter 1

BILLIE LUCAS

I'm not the girl who gets nervous about going out with a guy, yet here I am sweating like a pig. It's been weeks since I've been out with anyone. Not that I haven't tried, but when your reputation takes a nosedive, you become a loner. Thanks to my mother, I'm now standing in front of my mirror, tugging nervously at the tight belly shirt I threw on while worrying what he might think.

He's from the valley—not my first choice, of course—but the only guy who's asked me out in what feels like weeks. At this point, I'd accept a date with the middle-aged man who works at the bowling alley. When I say I've experienced a dry spell, I literally mean the only person who's touched me between my legs in the last 49 days has been my own damn hand. Sad, but true.

Running my fingers through my long, curly red hair, I stare at my green eyes in the mirror and blow out a breath. I'm nervous about tonight. And knowing I'm going on a date with some guy from the valley makes things even worse.

How the hell did I go from being one of the *it* girls at Reaper to the girl everyone whispers about in the halls? Nobody talks to me anymore—not even Zeke. And Christian is still in juvie with an extended stay approved by his father—or at least that’s what I’ve heard. The only other person who gave a shit about my existence was Holden Van, but he’s happily married and off traveling somewhere with Everlee.

Speaking of Everlee, I can relate to how she felt coming to Reaper as a new student last year. I may not be new—just the opposite, actually—but I’m being treated like an outsider now. I could kill my mother for what she’s put me through. But then again, what she’s put me through is nothing compared to what she put Holden and Tiffany through. I can’t imagine thinking my own mother killed herself for all these years only to find out she had been murdered, and everyone you thought you could trust had lied to you.

My phone buzzes, pulling me from my thoughts and back into what I call reality. I glance down and see it’s a text from the guy I’m going out with tonight. I told him not to come to the door. Actually, I told him to park at the gates and text me when he gets here. If my uncle knew I was going out tonight—with a guy from the valley, of all places—he’d lock me in my room for a month.

My mother might not have been a perfect person, but I miss her terribly. I don’t care that she lied about how Mrs. Van died or that she conspired with Holden’s dad and Lauren’s, because at the end of the day, she’s still my mom, and I miss her so much.

ValleyBoy: At the gates, babe.

Gross. Why do guys call girls babe when they hardly know them? Like, I have a name, asshole. Instead of making him feel like a jackass, I text a quick reply, letting him know I'll be out in two minutes. It takes about that long to climb down from my second-story bedroom window, anyway. I haven't had to do this in a long time. When Mom wasn't in jail, she didn't seem to care where I went or who I was out with. She trusted me. My uncle clearly doesn't.

As I grunt and groan, scaling down the side of my stone house while getting scraped up against the rough exterior, I realize how messed up everything has become. Even though I'm allowed to stay in my own house and finish my senior year at Reaper, I'm forced to live here with the biggest asshole on the planet—my mother's brother. A man who is ruthless, cold, and downright fucking evil, if you ask me.

Actually, if I think about it, he fits right in among the rich and powerful dickwads of Reaper. I suppose this is where they grew up, so I'm not surprised in the least. Mom told me stories about their days as teenagers at Reaper Academy, and they were horrendous compared to what kids are doing these days.

If he knew what I was doing right now, tonight's vibes would drastically change. I've seen his anger before—felt it on my arm when he grabbed me, too. He doesn't like when you talk back to him.

And that's exactly why I'm scaling down the side of my fucking house right now. I hate how he's my legal guardian.

I'd rather be shoved into the state's foster system than live with this prick. But at least I'm still at home and around familiar surroundings.

The dew on the grass soaks my toes, freezing them almost instantly. I guess wearing open-toed heels to sneak across the yard at night wasn't my best outfit of choice, but it's too late to change. I'm shivering by the time I make it to this guy's car. What the hell is his name again?

He drives a black Mazda with red undercarriage lights like he's some kind of street racer. Christian would beat him; I have no doubt. Most of the guys from the valley try to copy the boys of Reaper, but of course, they can only work with whatever money they have. Christian's Audi would devour this Mazda and spit it out like it was an insult.

"What's up beautiful, you ready to go?" he asks with a smirk as I slide into the passenger seat.

My skirt hikes up, exposing more of my thighs than I wanted to on the first date. His wandering eyes make me shift uncomfortably as I tug at the tight material. I guess this is what I get for wearing something slutty—as my mother would say—though she'd never ask me to change.

"Where are we going?" I ask, turning my gaze forward.

"The movies," he answers as he pulls away from the gate.

I blow out a breath as I glance in the side mirror, watching the Lucas estate disappear into the darkness. Making it out unseen was easy. Getting back in might be more difficult. I'll

cross that bridge when I get to it, though. We drive to the theater in an awkward silence, even though I'm dying to ask him his name again. You might be wondering why I'm going out with a guy I hardly know, right? Like I said, I'm limited on options these days, and I really wanted out of the house and away from my uncle. Sometimes you deal with what you have available, ya know?

The last time I sat in this theater, I was here with my mom. We were watching the latest rom-com everyone said was "unlike all the rest," but in fact, was just like all the others. But when you think about it, it's nice to have a story you can rely on.

"Popcorn?" my date asks, tilting the bucket toward me.

Shaking my head, I watch as the guy literally acts like this is the most boring date he's ever been on. He's chewing with his mouth open, looking everywhere but at me, and hasn't tried to engage in any kind of conversation. I'd say this date is a dud!

The lights dim and the enormous screen finally cuts from the ads to the movie previews. At least now I won't have to deal with listening to this guy's chomping. But it's short-lived when he leans over and wraps an arm around my shoulders. Then he goes further and takes my hand, placing it in his lap. Is this guy serious right now?

I know I don't have the best reputation—having been Holden Van's booty call for two years—but I'm not a whore. He will never admit it, but it was more than a booty call, at least in the beginning it was. And I'm about to tell this dude

I'm not actually a slut when another hand entirely grabs me and pulls me up to my feet. My shriek echoes through the theater when I see Zeke is the one grabbing me.

My date launches out of his seat to stop this, but Zeke turns on him with a look to kill. "Sit the fuck down before I make you fucking sit down," he hisses through clenched teeth.

I hate how Zeke's temper has always turned me on. He and Christian are the worst—the biggest fucking assholes on this planet—but also sinfully hot. I'm mad he's interrupting my date, no matter how big of a perv my date is actually turning out to be. He has no right to be here!

And I tell him as much when we reach the lobby and I yank my arm from his grip. "Who the hell do you think you are, Zeke? I'm on a date!"

His hard glare pins me as he pushes his finger-length, unruly brunette locks from his forehead. "Don't fucking push me, Billie. You should fucking thank me for saving your ass."

I scoff, crossing my arms over my chest. This pompous motherfucker, am I right? He thinks he can walk in here and take me out of my date because... because why?!

"Go back to wherever it is you came from," I snap, turning on my heels and giving him my back.

But I don't get far when he grabs my arm again, spinning me around. "You're not this dumb, Billie. Don't you know all that guy wants is a piece of ass from you?"

I smirk, shrugging from his grip again. “As if that’s any of your goddamn business, Zeke. Now fuck off!”

A darkness morphs his expression as he grinds his teeth. “Billie, don’t go in—”

“Why do you even care?!” I shriek, throwing my hands up. “You haven’t talked to me in weeks!” Shoving him in his stupidly hard chest, tears fill my eyes. “I thought we were friends, Z.”

He looks down but doesn’t move. “We are friends, Billie, but you know how things can be.” Now he’s scratching the back of his neck, playing the coy hot guy again.

“Yeah, I know how things can be. Everyone hates me now, so you can’t ruin your reputation by being seen with someone like me, right?”

“That’s not it at all,” he says tightly, looking around to see who might be listening to us. “This has nothing to do with what happened last year, and everything to do with—”

Turning from me, he marches toward the exit and tries to get out of this conversation, but I don’t let him leave. “No, you can’t leave it there! What does it have to do with? Why did you stop talking to me? Why do you act like I don’t exist to you?”

He lets out a flustered groan, pinning me with a hard glare again. “Billie, this isn’t the time or place for this conversation right now.”

I guffaw. “Are you kidding me right now?! You barge in here like you own me, pulling me away from my date, and you don’t think it’s the time or place for this conversation?”

It’s written all over his face—he’s about to fucking blow, but he started this and I’m going to finish it. Pushing him in the chest, I rush up and get right in his face, forcing him to deal with me. I’ll make the biggest scene he’s ever seen right here and right now if he doesn’t talk to me, and he knows it.

Then he flips a switch, and playful, sweet-talking Zeke comes back to play. “There really isn’t anything to talk about, Billie. Why don’t you go back to your date, huh? Get fucked by a loser from the valley. It doesn’t matter to me.”

Walking around me, I stand here with my mouth open and my heart pounding as he walks out the front doors. No! He doesn’t get to come here and ruin my night. Turning, I rush out the front doors and find his matte black BMW parked at the curb. He’s about to take off, revving his expensive engine before I jump in the passenger seat.

He sighs. “What the fuck are you doing, Billie? Go back inside. Pretend like I never came here tonight.”

“Fuck you, Zeke,” I snap, slamming the door with me inside. “I’m not going anywhere until you tell me the real reason you came here tonight.”

Grinding his teeth, he leans back in his red leather seat and smirks over at me. “Because if I didn’t show up and take you away from that fuck, Christian would have killed him.”

Chapter 2

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

This goddamn ankle bracelet is driving me fucking mad. No amount of scratching with this pencil is helping at all. It could be worse, though. I could still be locked up in juvie with all the douchebags trying to have a pissing contest with me every damn day. My knuckles are so sore and jacked up from all of their jaws. Fighting is in my blood, but I got tired of it real quick and made a deal with my dad.

After he accepted, I got this ankle bracelet put on and now I'm doomed to house arrest for the rest of my sentence. I know I fucked up, but who the hell puts their kid in juvie for six months for racing their car? Okay, I didn't just race it—I fucking lost it. The Barrett brothers are not dudes you fuck with. Even my dad knows that and took the loss of his prized car very hard.

The sound of someone trying to video call me chirps through my room, distracting me from the intense itching of this heavy device around my ankle. But when I answer it, I groan with frustration when I see who it is.

“What the fuck do you want, Lacey?”

“I just wanted to see how you were doing,” she says timidly, tugging on her long blonde extensions. “Let me come over.”

Leaning back in my chair, I scratch my chin and shake my head. “Nah, I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

And it probably wouldn’t be. I picked up this underclassmen right before going into juvie, and I know she’s using me to fuck her way up the social ladder of Reaper. Normally, I’d let her come over so I could fuck her stupid, but Zeke should be back any second now with Billie.

“Please,” she begs. “Let me come over. You can spit on me, choke me out until you cum deep in my ass. I’ll let you—”

When I groan, she stops her words immediately. They definitely made my dick twitch with excitement, but we don’t have time for this right now. Plus, I don’t normally fuck the same girl more than once or twice—unless I’ve been ordered to—and I’ve had Lacey three times now.

“I only like begging when my dick is in your mouth. Don’t call me again, Lacey.” Hitting the end button, I lean back and grab my dick through my black basketball shorts. Fuck, I really need to get laid. But my dick will have to wait.

Billie’s decision to go out with a fuck from the valley put a kink in my plans for tonight. Here I was, minding my own business, when my buddy Sean sent me a screenshot from one of his social media accounts. My blood boiled when I read it and immediately sent Zeke to go save her dumbass. The prick

from the valley blasted it all over his page about how he's taking out the infamous Billie Lucas from Reaper, wondering if her carpet matches the drapes.

We might not be on talking terms with Billie right now, but she's one of us, and you don't fuck with a Reaper. Once I get this fucking ankle bracelet off, the prick is going to receive a nice message from yours truly—right in his stupid fucking face.

I'm about to go jerk off in the bathroom when my bedroom door finally whips open. Zeke appears first, pulling a very pissed off looking Billie in right behind him. She's always been one of the hottest girls at Reaper, and I'll even admit to having a crush on her back when we were sophomores. But I'm not that kid anymore.

“What the fuck is this, Christian?!” she yells, stomping toward me like the cute little hellfire she is.

Grinning, I lean back in my chair and let her approach me. I'll let her have the upper hand for now, but she better watch how she speaks to me. There isn't much else I enjoy more than putting a girl in her place, preferably beneath me, while she takes all ten inches of my thick cock.

“When did you get out of juvie, anyway? Why the hell did you send Zeke to ruin my date? What even gives you the right to—”

She keeps spewing question after question as I glance over at Zeke. He's closing my bedroom door with a smirk on his lips, and I know he came to play, too. We've been a team for as

long as I can remember, though we've never really put a girl in her place at the same time. Billie will be our first.

“Relax, baby girl, I can't exactly answer your questions when you're throwing a million at me, can I?” I ask with a playful smile on my lips.

I can't help the way my dick throbs when her eyes look at my lips, hunger burning there. Makes me wonder how her eyes will look when she swallows my cock and looks up at me while doing it.

She huffs out a breath, breaking the spell I've clearly put her under. “Why did you have Zeke interrupt my date?”

Instead of answering her, I grab my phone and bring up Sean's message, letting her see for herself. When she does, she curses and glares up at me.

“So you cock-blocked me?”

My brows shoot straight up. “You wanted to fuck this prick?”

She crosses her arms over her chest after she tosses my phone back into my lap. “Maybe I did. It's not really any of your business, is it?”

I glance at Zeke, watching him shake his head as his grin widens. Yeah, he wants to fill her smart mouth, too. And I'd love to watch it.

“It's my business when a douchebag from the valley tries to mess with one of our own,” I tell her, standing from my chair as I tower over her. She's so petite, looking up at me with big,

hopeful eyes. “If you wanted to get fucked, baby girl, all you had to do was call me.”

Her lips part as her gaze drops to my mouth again. I grin, knowing exactly how I’m affecting her right now. It’s no secret Billie loves a good fucking. Hell, she was Van’s booty call for how long? Yeah, this girl knows her way around a dick, all right.

“I’m nobody’s booty call anymore,” she whispers, sounding unsure of herself.

Grabbing her chin, I tilt her head back and search her painfully beautiful features. I love how her green eyes twinkle, waiting for me to kiss her. And I love how her cheeks turn a soft pink when she’s flustered and turned on.

“No? What about being someone’s pet?”

Zeke’s groan echoes behind me, making me grin. He likes the idea just as much as I do. Billie clearly has needs—ones I’m not willing to let her allow just anyone to fill. She’s a fucking gem in the rough. She’s a Reaper. We take care of our own. And even though I’m supposed to leave her alone, I realize it’s an impossible task. My father can go fuck himself.

Licking her plump lips, she blinks up at me. “Pet?” she whispers.

My smirk widens as I smear her saliva across her bottom lip, pulling her mouth open. “Yeah, little hellfire, a pet. *Our* pet,” I add, nodding in Zeke’s direction. “You can have either of us, or both of us, whenever you’d like. But we also get you

whenever *we* want, too. Nobody else can touch you.” I blow out a shaky breath, thinking about another guy touching her. “I will fucking kill anyone who even looks in your direction.”

She swallows hard, glancing at Zeke before holding my hard glare again. Then she laughs, stepping away from me. “You’re fucking insane, Christian. What happened to you in juvie? ‘Cause you’re talking crazy.”

Zeke steps up then, grabbing her arm and forcing her to look at him. “We’re not insane, Billie. This is why you’re here. We wanted to offer you this once in a lifetime opportunity before —”

She throws her head back and guffaws. “A once in a lifetime opportunity?! This is about me being your sex slave. This isn’t a job offer!” Then her expression falls and tears fill her eyes. “You fucking bastards. I know what you’re trying to do, and I won’t let you.”

“Billie—” I start, but she shoves us both out of the way and storms toward my bedroom door.

“How fucking dare you? Neither of you have given two shits about me since... since all of this bullshit has happened, but now that another guy shows interest in me—?” She shakes her head, letting out an incredulous laugh. “You can both get bent.”

Whipping open my door, it slams against the wall and she storms out in a fury.

“Well, that didn’t go as well as I had hoped,” I joke, turning my smirk on Zeke.

He laughs, shaking his head. “You don’t think she’s going to go fuck that kid from the valley now, do you?”

The veins on the side of my neck throb when I think about it, but shake my head. “Nah, I don’t think Billie’s that stupid. Keep an eye on her just in case, though.”

“With pleasure,” he says, heading out after her before she gets too far.

I’m about to go jerk off after seeing those pouty lips of hers when I’m interrupted again. My dad appears at my door, looking pissed off.

“What was that cunt doing in my house?” he asks, glancing in the direction Zeke and Billie disappeared to.

But his words have me fucking livid. “Don’t fucking call her that. She isn’t her mother.”

He scoffs. “Maybe not, but that’s not how this world works, does it? She’s guilty by association, and I don’t want her here again. Or around you. I’m already having a hell of a time keeping your name from being dragged through the mud. The board isn’t pleased with your very public actions.”

“As if I give a fuck—”

Does he honestly think I give two shits about his precious cargo company? I don’t. And I never will. In fact, I could give two shits about the society, too, but they’re going to be harder to get away from. When I graduate this year, I’m hoping to

move to Japan to break into the underground street racing world. And if that doesn't work out for me, I'll probably end up somewhere on a beach, getting fucking wasted and banging all the hot broads there on vacation. Either way, my life is going to be epic. You'll never see me wearing a suit or walking around like I have a giant rod stuck up my ass.

Shaking his head, he lets out a slew of curse words before pointing his finger at me. "Listen up, Christian... You can fight me all you want, but when you spilled your blood to accept your fate, you also accepted to do as you're told. Do I have to remind you what's at stake if you defy me?"

I grind my back teeth, feeling the vein in the side of my neck throb as I reply through clenched teeth. "No, sir."

"Good."

Before he can leave my room, I ask, "Where are my keys? I want them. This fucking thing comes off next week, and I'll need my car to get to school."

"Over my dead body. Since you lost my car to a race, your car is now mine. And until you can learn some responsibilities, the car stays with me."

Grinding my teeth, I hold my cool before I attack him. I've never been his son. I've only ever been an asset to him; an heir to his fortune and company, but I'm not the son he thought he was getting.

He turns to leave again, but I stop him once more for good measure. "Hey Dad?"

Turning, a gleam of hope dances across his face before I say, “Go fuck yourself.”

He walks away like he always does, waving his hand dismissively. I hate him. The motherfucker had this bracelet attached to my ankle so he could still hold control over me. I’m in fucking hell and he’s stolen my baby from me. The golden boy he wanted died when he started ignoring me. And when I got my first tattoo, he completely shunned me. After that, I did everything in my power to piss this motherfucker off.

Kicking my door shut, I move to my bathroom and yank my basketball shorts down, hoping to release the anger inside of me with images of Billie. Just thinking about wrapping my inked hand in her fiery red hair has my cock pounding. And the way she looked at me when I asked her about being our pet has me stroking hard and fast. A bead of pre-cum leaks from the tip, and I use it as lubrication before I spit on my shaft.

I squeeze my eyes shut and picture Billie riding me, throwing her red hair over her shoulder as her sexy little moans leave her perfect lips.

“Ah, shit,” I hiss out when I blow, covering my hand in my cum.

Reaching over, I grab a small wad of toilet paper and clean myself off before I turn on the shower. I pray Billie agrees to be our pet because I can’t keep jerking off like this anymore.

Chapter 3

BILLIE LUCAS

“Who the hell do you two think you are?!” I shout at Zeke as he pulls up to the gate at the end of my driveway. I’ve been huffing and puffing the entire way from Christian’s, letting him have it.

And when I finally get my thoughts together and say what I need to say, Zeke fucking laughs in my face. I’ve been laughed at nonstop since the moment my mother was arrested. I won’t let him do it, too.

“Fuck you, asshole,” I snap before jumping out of his BMW when he says nothing.

I’m huffing mad, stomping across the concrete as I approach the code box and punch in my numbers. The gate buzzes and slowly slides open before I rush through. All I can think about is how Christian asked me to be his—no, *their*—pet. I’ll admit the idea got me excited, especially since I’ve had a small crush on both of them for as long as I can remember. Since puberty probably? But I refuse to let them use me for their benefits and

not for something deeper. When I give myself to another guy, it will mean something.

I know I'm sounding totally contradictory right now, considering I was just out with that one guy from the valley in hopes of getting laid, but things are different starting now. And honestly, why would I give myself to Christian and Zeke when they've been nothing but jerks to me since everything went south?

"Billie, get back here," I hear Zeke shout after me.

Glancing over my shoulder, I find him standing beside his car as he rests both arms on the roof of his car. I hate how he makes me feel just by looking at him. His stupidly sharp jawline and high cheekbones should be illegal. And when he wears his hat backwards like that, it does unspeakable things to my panties.

"Fuck off, Zeke!" I shout back.

His chuckle echoes toward me as I keep walking away. He can yell at me all he wants, but I'm not the kind of girl who will stop to listen. If he wanted to say something, he had the entire drive here to do just that. Besides, why would I give him a chance to speak? He doesn't deserve to—

"Fucking stop, Billie!" he snaps as he grabs my arm and turns me toward him.

My head spins as I try to settle my gaze upon his handsome face, but a wave of his musky cologne wafts at me, and I let

out a moan. His lips twitch into a grin—the kind that’s halfway a smile, halfway a threat. Fuck, he heard me.

“If I tell you a secret, can you promise not to tell Christian I told you?” he asks softly.

I lick my lips, fully prepared to answer him verbally, but I can’t seem to breathe, so I nod instead. But he surprises me when he steps into my space, enveloping me in his powerful aura. My legs shake and a frigid chill raises the hairs on the back of my neck as if I’m being grabbed by icy fingers.

“Are you ready?” he whispers, sweeping his breath against my parted lips.

I’m shaking, peering up at him through my hooded gaze. “Ready for wh—”

His mouth captures the rest of my words, swallowing them as he plunges his tongue into my mouth. My moan reverberates off of his bottom lip as his warm fingers replace the ghost of icy ones from seconds ago.

Zeke Lungren is kissing me. His tongue is down my throat! And goddamnit, I don’t want him to stop. My hands tangle in his white tee, pulling him to me. His mouth alternates between my top and bottom lip until I’m breathless.

Then he steps back with that grin on his swollen lips again. “Damn, Billie...”

I need something to hold me up. My breaths are coming out so fast I’m making myself lightheaded. Or maybe it’s because all the blood is rushing between my damn legs.

“What was that for?” I ask on a breath, licking my lips to taste him one last time.

He runs a thumb over his bottom lip, letting out a soft groan I barely hear, but it’s loud enough to make me nearly collapse.

“Let’s just say I was testing you,” he says, circling me like a vulture. “And you passed with flying colors, Billie. I’ll pick you up in the morning.”

My head is spinning, revisiting everything that just happened as I watch him walk back to his BMW.

“Wait, what do you mean you’ll pick me up in the morning?” I shriek, but he keeps walking, getting in with a grin. “Zeke!!”

The roar of his engine dissipates in the cool, foggy night as I watch his taillights disappear. The memory of his lips on mine gives me a heady feeling, and I can’t seem to move from my spot. Why did Zeke kiss me? Sure, he said he was testing me, but I still have no idea what the hell he was testing me on.

Turning, I make my way up the long, winding driveway to the front doors. I thought about climbing back up the side of the house to my bedroom window, but I’m not thinking straight right now. But as soon as I step inside, I know I fucked up.

“Where the hell have you been?” my uncle greets me the second the door is open.

I give him a glare, wondering who the hell he thinks he is. Sure, he’s my legal guardian for now, but it doesn’t mean he can run me. As far as he’s concerned, he’s only here so I can

stay in my own house. I don't need him to be a fatherly figure. I never had one growing up, so I don't need one now.

“Went for a walk,” I answer dryly, closing the door behind me.

He snorts. “A walk? Dressed like a whore?”

Looking down at my belly shirt, skirt, and open-toe shoes, I understand where he's coming from, but screw him.

“Didn't think about changing,” I mumble.

He pulls his phone from inside his suit jacket, staring down at the bright screen when he says, “I've installed more security cameras throughout the estate. You will have a 9 p.m. curfew every single night, no questions asked. I will know where you are at all times. And you won't go for *walks* without permission. Do I make myself clear?”

“Crystal, but you're fucking mad if you think I'm going to follow any of that.” I shake my head, moving around him.

But I don't get far when he grabs my arm and pulls me to stand before him again. “You will follow them or we'll have a massive problem. Like it or not, little girl, I'm your legal guardian now, and you'll do everything I fucking say.”

I'm the one snorting now, crossing my arms over my chest. “You're new to this parenting thing, so I'll let this slide, but know I will *never* do anything you say. I'll be eighteen in a few months. You're too late to—”

Slap!

My cheek bursts into flames. This prick just slapped me! No, he didn't just slap me. He backhanded me across my fucking face. Pain reverberates across my flesh when I realize he's wearing a ring. I grab my cheek, glaring at him.

“Your mother let you run the roost around here for far too long. There's a new boss in town, and he doesn't like being talked back to. Get your ass upstairs and wipe that fucking makeup off of your face. You look like a cheap fucking whore.”

Tears blur my vision as I hold my glare on him. I'm enraged, beating at the cage I'm held captive in inside my brain. I want to attack this asshole, gouging out his fucking eyes like a raven, but he'll take me away from here, away from the only life I've known.

I only have to wait a few months before my eighteenth birthday—I can wait that long, right? As long as I keep my head down and follow his rules, he'll leave me be. Maybe Mom will know how to handle her brother when I go to visit her on Sunday during family visitation hours. And if not, I'm going to have to figure this out all on my own.

“You're excused,” he says tightly.

Without hesitation, I storm for the stairs and run up them two at a time. My face really stings, but I'm trying so hard not to burst into tears. I know if I start crying, it'll be the end for me. When I let my emotions take over, I lose all strength to stand up for myself. No, I need to take a deep breath and make it through this.

As I wash the makeup from my face, I take it easy on my cheek that's already wickedly tender to the touch. I've never been hit by a man before, and definitely not by someone who's supposed to be my protector. But then again, he's not here to protect *me* so much as he's here to protect my mother's wealth and name.

My phone buzzes on the counter beside me, pulling my attention to it. It's really late so I'm curious who it could be. Grabbing it, I feel my heart hammer when I see it's the guy I was on a date with tonight. I still have no idea what his damn name is.

ValleyBoy: I'm sorry about tonight. I wouldn't have asked you out on a date if I had known you were already with someone.

I snort, reading the message twice. It's taken him nearly two hours to text me after Zeke so rudely pulled me out of the theater. Not to mention, he didn't even try to come out and calm the situation down. But a wicked idea fills my head, and I text him back.

ME: I'm not with someone. He was being an overprotective jerk for no reason. Sorry about it. I'd like to have a re-do if you'll let me?

Boys are stupid, so it shouldn't take him more than a few seconds to reply with a yes. All we have to do is dangle our "goods" in front of them and they blindly accept.

ValleyBoy: What do you have in mind? :)

See what I mean? That was entirely too easy. I reply with a grin on my face, thinking about how this is going to royally piss Zeke and Christian off—good.

ME: Tomorrow night? Surprise me.

ValleyBoy: Can't wait. ;)

Okay, relax on the emojis, guy. I don't text him back, tossing my phone back on the counter before I get back to washing my face off. But I can't stop glancing down at my lips, remembering how Zeke tasted and felt. I let out a shaky breath, slipping a hand down between my cleavage. I can't help but wonder how his—*their*—hands might feel on me. I've never been with two guys at once, but the idea makes me buzz. And knowing it would be Christian and Zeke sends me into a frenzy. They've been special in my life for years, and I've secretly lusted for them more than once, though I never let anyone know.

Moving from the bathroom, I curl up into my bed and shut out the light before I slip my hand back down the front of my body and inside my black silk panties. Another shaky breath comes out as I brush two fingers over my clit and then further down through my shaved, wet pussy. This isn't the first time I've touched myself to thoughts of Zeke or Christian, but I've never thought about them both at the same time.

With one hand inside my panties and the other groping and teasing my nipples, I picture them both. Zeke's hand is groping my chest, getting me all hot and bothered while I remember his kiss, almost feeling it again right now.

Christian's hand is down my panties, driving me wild before he pushes two digits inside my juicy cunt.

My back arches from the bed as I let out a guttural moan, pushing my fingers inside of me as far as I can. I twist my nipple harder, imagining Zeke's mouth there instead, all while I finger-fuck myself harder and faster.

A full body flush consumes me as I arch my back again, allowing my body to climb to its climax. And when I come on my fingers, I moan out Christian's name. My pussy explodes, clamping around my fingers as I pulse over and over until I can't breathe. Then I collapse into the mattress with a giant grin on my face. Can you imagine what it's actually going to feel like when I submit to being their pet? But I'm going to make them hunt me down for it because I'm not an easy capture.

Chapter 4

ZEKE LUNGREN

I've had a raging boner ever since Billie moaned into my mouth last night when I kissed her. The fucked up part? I've jerked off five times between then and now, and I still can't fucking get it to go down. Billie is going to fucking destroy me if I can't have her. Destroy *us*.

We've wanted Billie since we were freshmen, but never acted on it until now. As far as she—or anyone else—is concerned, she's just our friend. But fuck, she's so much more to us than that. Watching her go through all these guys, and being Van's booty call for too long, has sent us into a fucking frenzy. No girl we ever fuck compares to the images we have in our head about Billie. At least not mine. I can't one hundred percent speak for Christian in that department, but I know he's obsessed with her, too.

Looking over at the clock, I realize I'm going to be late if I don't pick up the pace. I tighten the school-issued tie around my neck, slip into my loafers, and haul ass out of the estate. I'm lucky in the sense my parents are never around. Dad's

always overseas on business and Mom is... well, I'm not really sure what she does. All I know is my childhood nanny takes care of me while they're gone, and the woman worships the ground I walk on.

After the shitshow of events that took place in Reaper last year, I'm so glad my parents aren't in the middle of it. Whoever said high school has the worst cliques and circles clearly hasn't been around the rich elite pricks who seem to think they run an entire county.

"Good morning, Zeke! I've made your favorite breakfast," Farrah greets me the moment I step into the kitchen.

Farrah has been my nanny since I was in diapers. I see her as my mother more than my own. She's always been here for me, always making sure I have exactly what I need—including this delicious fucking breakfast laid out before me.

"French toast? Eggs Benedict? Bacon?!" I shriek, holding up a piece before I devour it. "How did I get so lucky?" I ask before giving her a kiss on the cheek.

"Good boys find all the luck. Do you have football practice after school today?"

Shoving another piece of bacon into my mouth, I glance over at her. "Yeah, about that... I'm not on the team anymore."

Her eyes widen in shock. "Since when? You love football."

"Yeah, not so much. I was only on the team to hang out with Christian and Holden. But now that Holden's graduated and

Christian can't be on the team because of being under house arrest, I really don't have a need to be on the team."

She pouts. "But you were so good at it."

I laugh. "Thanks for the vote of confidence, Farrah, but I was never going to do anything with it after high school, anyway."

"It's a shame, but I just want you to be happy with whatever you decide to do with your life," she admits, tossing an apple at me. "I know you're going to be late, so I'll pack this stuff up and you can eat it later."

I kiss her on the cheek again. "Thanks for being amazing, Farrah. I'll see you later."

Grabbing my keys from the hook, I saunter into the garage and find my beautiful matte black BMW waiting for me. I got this bad boy on my sixteenth birthday, racing Christian back to his place before we drank our asses off that night. We're not the smartest kids in the world, but we try.

When the engine roars to life, I can't help but grin as I back out of the seven-car garage. Billie better be ready when I get to her place. We have some things to discuss this morning. It fucking kills me to see our peers bullying the fuck out of her ever since her mom got arrested last year. I'd like to break all of their necks, but Christian told me to hold back. He has a plan he hasn't shared with me yet, but I trust him.

My boner comes back the second I pull into the Lucas Estate, finding her standing on the front steps of the massive

house. She's in her school-issued uniform, but her skirt is too high up, revealing the sexiest fucking legs I've ever seen. Those puppies are going to be wrapped around my hips before the end of the semester. She just doesn't know it yet.

I adjust in my seat, grabbing at my cock as she looks over at me with those sexy doe eyes of hers. Grabbing her leather bag at her feet, she hops over to my car and yanks the passenger side open.

“Tell me again why you're picking me up this morning? Aren't you going to knock your reputation down a few pegs by being seen with me?”

Grinning, I grab her leather bag and chuck it into the backseat. “Let me worry about my own reputation, babe. We need to talk.”

She crosses her arms, pushing her tits up like a fucking tease. *Fuck me*, I don't know how long I'll be able to keep my hands to myself. Last night's kiss was pushing it. And if Christian ever finds out about it, he'll flip out. Not that he'd be upset about it. He just doesn't want me to ruin this. I could push Billie away before we even get started with her.

“Talk about what?” she inquires, staring over at me.

I pull out of her driveway, heading toward school before I answer her. “For one, we need to talk about the proposition Christian gave you last night. And two, we need to talk about the rules.”

She snorts. “Rules? What the hell are you guys playing at here, Zeke? I’m not some toy you guys can play with and then throw away when you’re done using me.”

Looking over at her, I give her a sly, devilish smirk. “Baby, we have *no* intention of throwing you away because I don’t think we’ll ever be done with you.”

Her mouth parts as she gawks at me. “What do you guys want from me?” she whispers.

I’m not sure if I’m the person to answer this question, but I try anyway. “Everything.”

“Everything? Sounds like you have no idea what you’re talking about.”

This is exactly why Christian should be here explaining this shit to her. I’m not very good with words sometimes, and honestly, Billie makes me nervous as all hell. Just looking over at her right now has me wanting to veer off to the side of the road, pull my cock out while I grab the back of her neck, and push all the way into her sweet mouth. The only sound I want filling the cab of my car is her gagging on my dick.

“I think it’s quite comical you and Christian think you own me,” she sneers. “But you boys are about to have a rude awakening when I turn this *proposition* down real hard.”

Hearing her say the word hard has my cock throbbing. Yeah, baby, it’s hard as a fucking rock and I want to show you so goddamn bad.

“It’s funny how you think you’re in charge here, Billie, because *you’re* about to have a rude awakening when we *make* you accept our proposition.”

Her cheeks blush as she peers over at me, pulling her bottom lip between her teeth. She can try to pretend to be in charge all she wants, but look at her—she’s practically begging me to tell her what to do. Billie walks around like she’s a badass, but deep down, I know she’s a submissive, waiting for the right alpha-hole to come along and tell her what to do.

And lucky for her, she has two alpha-holes ready to control and fuck the hell out of her.

“Let’s get to the rules, shall we? Rule number one: no other guy can touch you. Ever. We will literally fucking beat them to—well, not death, but close—if they do. Rule number two: you will be available to mine and Christian’s every beck and call, no matter fucking what. Rule number three: your orgasms and pleasure now belong to us. If you give them away to yourself or anyone else, you’ll be sorry. Rule number four…”

Her scoff fills the car before she asks, “Who the fuck do you think you are?”

With a smirk, I say, “I’m the fucking devil, babe, and you’re about to see my wrath.”

Shifting gears, I speed along the winding mountain road until Reaper Academy comes into view. She can’t say anything as she holds on for dear life, gripping her seatbelt as if her life actually depends on it. As if I’d ever hurt her. Please.

I park among the other luxury cars sitting in the small student parking lot. Most of the kids live on campus in their dorms, leaving their expensive cars back at home. My dorm sits empty these days, mostly because it's boring as fuck on campus without Christian or Holden nearby. Christian won't be back on campus until the bracelet is off of his ankle, and Holden's gone-gone. I also can't come and go at all hours of the night, and that would put a hinder in messing with Billie. She has a dorm room here, too, but I have no idea why she's not using it. After her mom got arrested, everything seemed to change for her.

“May I get out?” she asks in a snarl. “Ya know, since I have rules to follow now...”

With a smirk, I reach over and grab her jaw, gently forcing her to look over at me. But the red mark on her right cheek I hadn't seen until now sticks out like a sore thumb. The veins on the side of my neck pulse as anger consumes my chest.

“Who the fuck did this to you, Billie?”

Her gaze dances across my face before she lets out a nervous giggle. “Nobody. I, um, tripped and—”

“If you say you tripped and fell into a door handle, I'm going to lose my shit. Who. The. Fuck. Touched. You?” I ask through clenched teeth, enunciating each word as the anger swirling inside of me only intensifies the longer she withholds the truth.

Her eyes drop as she licks her lips. “I talked back to my uncle last night. He got angry,” she whispers.

Motherfucker.

I see red—hot, boiling streaks of red. It doesn't matter how she talked back to him, no man should put aggressive hands on a woman. The only pain a woman should feel is the kind she enjoys—the kind only a real man can provide right before she has the most explosive orgasm she's ever had.

“Get to class, Billie,” I say sharply, letting go of her chin as I sit back in my seat and stare out the windshield.

“What are you going to do?” she whispers.

Nothing right now, but her uncle's days are numbered. Just wait until Christian hears about this.

“Not a thing, baby. Now get to fucking class.”

Grabbing her leather bag from the backseat, she hugs it to her chest and slowly gets out of my car. I know she's waiting for me to say something, but I've got nothing. My jaw is so tight I think I'm about to break a fucking tooth, and I don't want to blow my gasket on the wrong person.

When she slams the door shut, I reach over and tap Christian's name on the screen. The ringing echoes through the cab of the car before he picks up on the fourth ring.

“What's up, man?” he answers.

“We have a fucking problem, bro.”

Chapter 5

BILLIE LUCAS

Looking over my shoulder, I see Zeke still sitting in his car, and he's staring at me while his lips move. He's clearly on the phone with someone and part of me wishes I knew who he was talking to. I'll admit, a tinge of jealousy licks up my spine when I think about him talking to another girl.

But I ignore my crazy emotions, hike up my leather backpack and saunter into school like I have almost every day for the last three and a half years. The vibe is different now, though. I used to walk through these halls with my head held high, knowing I was the queen around here. Now? Not so much.

I'm almost to my first class when someone knocks into my shoulder really hard. I stumble forward, slamming into the stone wall with a grunt.

"Watch where you're going, bitch."

My mouth falls open as I turn, finding the culprit. Believe it or not, she's an underclassman who used to look up to me. I can't remember her name to save my life, but I remember seeing her at the cheerleader tryouts last year—the team I'm no longer on because they kicked me off.

Tears fill my gaze as I feel my cheeks inflame. And when I look around the hallway, everyone is staring at me with disgust or smirks on their faces. They hate me here.

Saying nothing, I turn and march into my classroom with my head down. A few tears slide down my heated cheeks, and I try not to bring attention to myself when I quickly wipe them away. I don't need these assholes seeing what they've done to me. I may try to seem like I have this hard exterior and nobody can hurt me, but it's nothing but a facade.

“Ms. Lucas,” the teacher says to get my attention.

As I turn to her, I see the scowl set on her face and know this isn't going to make me feel any better. I've clearly done something wrong *again*.

“Yes, Mrs. Slye?”

“I think you'd do well by reading the school's uniform policy again.” Her hard gaze drops to my shoulders before she scowls at me.

When I look down, I see my jacket buttons have disappeared, and my shoulder seam is torn wide open. I knew that bitch in the hall hit me really hard, but I didn't realize just how much.

“Go change, Ms. Lucas. I’ll mark you tardy for the day.” She points to the exit, clearly not giving me the opportunity to explain what happened.

“Sorry, ma’am,” I whisper as I turn and leave her class.

But as I enter the hallway again, all of my peers are still here and it almost looks like they’ve been waiting for me. They all point and laugh, and even a few throw things at me—wadded up notebook paper, pens, half-empty water bottles, basically anything they had in their hands. I keep my head down and push through all of them, finding the back exit.

Once I’m outside, away from those assholes, I let my sobs free. But my moment to purge is cut short when I turn the corner and interrupt a shocked-looking Lauren Fairfax and Henley Anderson. She looks like a deer in headlights and he looks like he’s glad I have finally caught them. Because they definitely have, and they were making out like their lives depended on it.

“Keep your mouth shut, Billie. Or this will go bad—”

“I won’t say a word,” I tell her, lying through my teeth. I’m not sure who I’m going to tell yet, but I’m going to tell someone! Seeing Lauren with a guy like Henley might take some of the shade off of me for a bit.

For now, I continue on to my old dorm room—the one my uncle won’t let me stay at anymore. Luckily for me, I have a few extra uniforms hanging in my closet. But as I cross campus and head into the dorm building, I’m slammed against the wall by one of the burly Lacrosse girls.

“Thought you weren’t staying here anymore,” she snaps, holding me against the wall with her forearm in my fucking throat.

I swallow hard and try to take a breath before I say, “Didn’t think it was any of your business.”

Grinning, she pushes her arm into my neck harder and makes me cough out. I don’t recall ever having anything to do with this bitch *or* any of the other bitches on the Lacrosse team, so what gives?

“Now that you’re a nobody and Van isn’t here to protect you, I’d watch your back.”

“I’m not sure why. I’ve done nothing wrong,” I reply as loudly as I can.

She grins and shakes her head. “Haven’t you heard? We all think you knew what your mom did, and you hid it because Van was showing you attention. The girl who was Van’s booty call longer than any girl before her. Until Everlee, anyway.”

I know what she’s doing, but it won’t work. These jerks can think what they want, but at the end of the day, I know the truth.

“You done?” I ask in a rush.

Holding me against the wall longer, she finally releases me and steps back, but not enough to give me the space to move around her. “I’d watch your back, slut. We wouldn’t want you to have a nasty accident and hurt yourself... Ya know, now that you don’t have anyone to defend you.”

As I massage my sore throat and take in several gasping breaths, I glare at her retreating back. What the hell has gotten into these fuckers?! Don't they know what they're doing is illegal? But who am I kidding? Every single cocksucker who attends this school comes from a rich mommy or daddy. Even if I were to press charges or get a restraining order, their parents would buy their way out of trouble.

Turning, I rush up the stairs to my old room as fast as I can. I want to cry and scream out my frustrations, but I know it won't help right now. My mind immediately thinks of Zeke sitting in his car, and I can't help but wonder if he'd have helped me if he had witnessed either incident. From what's happened until now, I'd say no. He hasn't done or said a single thing to stop the bullying I've been dealing with. And Christian hasn't been to school for obvious reasons, but I have a feeling he wouldn't have helped either.

I'm changing into a jacket that isn't torn when my phone buzzes on the dresser beside me. At first, I think it's Zeke wondering where the hell I am, but it's the guy from the valley instead. Weird.

ValleyBoy: What's up, cutie?

Frowning, I reply with a simple **nothing. What's up with you?** In which I get an immediate reply.

ValleyBoy: Bored. I ditched out on school today - math test I didn't want to take. You wanna hang out?

I think about all the kids here who hate my fucking guts and how a day off—well, the rest of the day off—from getting my

ass kicked sounds nice.

ME: Sure, why not? I'll sneak out. You pick me up at the end of the road?

ValleyBoy: See you in ten. ;)

Ditching my school-issued jacket, I step back into my closet and put on some street clothes—a tight black tank top, my favorite pair of distressed jean shorts, and a pair of baby pink Chucks. After I pull my hair from its low ponytail, I run my fingers through and then head out. I have to be careful sneaking off of campus. Any of these assholes would *love* to get me into trouble.

But after I pass the stone archway, I know I'm in the clear. I skip to the end of the road and find the guy from the valley waiting in his parked Mazda. For a second, I thought he might not show, and this was all a joke on me, but I'm glad to find him sitting here.

He jumps when I open the passenger door, hiding my snicker when I get in.

“Hey,” he greets, scanning me up and down with his gaze. “You, um, aren't wearing your uniform.”

Tossing my hair from my shoulder, I peer at him with my sexy eyes and ask, “Not today, but maybe next time. Do you like a girl in uniform?”

I can see his Adam's apple bob when he swallows, but he says nothing when he puts the car in drive and takes off away from Reaper Academy. We're headed down the hill toward the

valley, and I love how all the trees are changing their colors. Fall is my favorite time of the year—all the orange and yellow hues, the crisp air and signs of Halloween. It doesn't get much better than this.

“So, where are we going?” I ask.

He shrugs, throwing me a half-sided grin. “A place I can get us into without trouble.”

As if that answers what I asked. Why are guys so dumb? Just answer the fucking question!

“So...” I urge.

Laughing, he replies, “I thought we could go play some billiards down at Fat Jack's. Do you like playing pool?”

I shrug and nod at the same time. “Yeah, that sounds fun, actually.” And it really does. It's been a really, really long time since I've been on what feels like a normal date. Actually, most of the time, all Holden did was knock on his wall. Dating wasn't his thing. And any guy before him was the same.

Oh my God, I am a slut!

“How are you getting us into Fat Jack's, though?”

He throws me another grin. “Let's just say I know a guy.”

Here we go with the evasive answers again. I'll let it go for now, but if he keeps doing this shit all day, we're going to have a serious problem.

When we pull up to Fat Jack's, I notice how he parks near the back of the lot. I don't question him because if I get

another stupid answer, I might scream. Instead, we get out of the car and head for the front doors before the bouncer stands and stops us.

“Kids these days don’t even try to sneak in anymore? What is going on with this world?” the bouncer asks, shaking his head as he crosses his arms over his chest.

He’s *huge*. The guy could probably bench press five people at once. I’m pretty sure his arms are as big as my waist. I’m sweating, looking at Valley Boy to see what the hell he’s thinking. But then it all changes when the bouncer laughs and pulls my date in for a bro-hug.

“Nah, brother, I’m just fucking with you! Have a good time.”

“Jesus fuck,” I say under my breath as the Valley Boy leads me inside.

It takes a hot minute before my eyes adjust to the darkness of the bar, and when they finally do, I see an enormous area near the back with loads of pool tables.

“You want something to eat or drink?” the guy asks.

I nod. “Yeah, I’ll just have water for the moment. We can order food later.”

“No problem. Why don’t you grab us a table in the back and I’ll bring us some drinks?”

Moving away from him, I head to the back area and find the pool table I like the most. I mean, they might all look the

same, but the lighting over some of them is horseshit, but this one isn't.

I take a seat on the barstool nearest the pool table and look around, noticing a lot of older men drinking at the bar, but their eyes are on me. Shifting in my chair, I pull my gaze from them and continue looking around, but I glance back in their direction. Can they be any creepier?

My phone jingles with an incoming text and I'm not prepared for the message I find.

Zeke: Where the fuck are you?

Grinning, I glance at Valley Boy and back down at my phone.

ME: Wouldn't you like to know...

My heart plummets when I get an immediate reply, but it's his words that have it pounding.

Zeke: Yeah, I fucking would. Tell me where you are and I'll make this easy on you. But if I have to find you, you'll be begging for mercy.

Good lord. I'm not sure who the hell he thinks he is.

ME: I'm shaking in my little short shorts. Good luck finding me. And I beg no man.

After I hit send, I realize how big of a fucking liar I was. I beg no man? When I'm naked on my knees, staring up at a glorious cock, I beg with everything I have. Everyone has a

kink and mine just so happens to be cock praising. If a cock is involved, I'll beg until I can't speak anymore.

Zeke doesn't need to know that, though.

"Here ya go," the Valley Boy says, handing me a tall glass of ice water.

"I'm totally sorry, but what's your name?" I ask, sipping from the glass before I set it on the small table behind me.

He laughs. "I was wondering why you hadn't said it. It's Chris, but everyone calls me CJ."

I choke on air, wondering if the universe likes to fuck with me. How did I not remember that name? I mean, hello!

"Damn, you okay?"

Nodding, I clear my throat and wave my hand. "So sorry."

"No problem." He laughs. "You ready to rack up the balls?"

I guess we're getting right into it, huh? He moves to grab the triangle while I roll the balls toward him. After he racks them up, he comes around the table and hands me a cue with a smirk on his lips. He's a good-looking guy, obviously. I wouldn't have gone out with him otherwise. Yeah, yeah, I'm one of those girls.

"What do I do?" I ask, playing dumb in hopes he'll come up and show me what to do.

And he takes the bait, stepping up behind me as he guides me to the end of the table. His mouth is inches from my neck

as he gets closer. “It’s all about the aim and how hard you hit it,” he rasps, sending goosebumps down my arms.

“Is there such a thing as too hard?” I whisper back.

His light groan makes my nipples perk before he chuckles. “Nah, I don’t think there’s such a thing as too hard, but we can test that out.”

Damn, I’m more turned on than I should be right now. But who can blame me? It’s been months since I’ve been with a guy. Have I mentioned that before?

I’ve lost concentration on the pool cue as I watch CJ’s strong hand cover mine while he presses his entire front side to my back. Holding my breath, I clamp my thighs together and try to bring myself back down from outer fucking space.

“We can always start out nice and easy,” he whispers before planting a soft kiss just below my ear.

I moan at the same time I arch my back and press my ass into his crotch. His free hand finds my hip, gripping me tightly as he chuckles again. The guy clearly knows what he’s doing, doesn’t he?

The sound of someone clearing their throat catches my attention, and when I look over, I almost fucking have a heart attack. Zeke and Christian sit a few stools down, glaring over at me. How the hell did they find me? And how the hell is Christian out of his house? My gaze drops to find the ankle bracelet still attached. But when I look back up at them, I can see how livid they are. This isn’t going to be good.

Chapter 6

BILLIE LUCAS

I've never been so scared in my life. My hands are shaking, my mouth is dry, and I'm pretty sure my heart stopped beating for a split second.

They're looking at me like they want to devour me, and I don't know when I've ever wanted to be devoured more in my entire life. There is something about Christian and Zeke that leaves me in an uncomfortable state of mind. Seriously! Just look at them!

Christian sits there with his tattooed arms sticking out of his tight black tee that clings to his muscles, wearing his signature smirk. Then you have Zeke who's wearing his goddamn hat backwards again, looking like he's about to kill anyone who makes one wrong move. They're clear across the room and all you can feel is their powerful, fuck-you vibes.

"Hey, isn't that the guy who came and grabbed you from our date last night?" CJ asks as he steps away from me. "I don't want any trouble, okay? You said you weren't with him."

Glaring at the guys, I tell him, “I’m not dating him. Either of them. This is a public place. I’m sure they’re here to unwind.”

“In the middle of the school day?”

Fuck, why did he have to point that out? And why are they here? Now they’re messing with my personal life more than I want them to and it’s annoying with a capital A.

“Would you, um, mind giving me a second?”

He nods. “Yeah, I gotta take a piss, anyway.”

Real nice. But I walk away from him, heading straight for the guys with a pissed off expression. I hope they can see and feel the hostility pouring off of me.

“Ya know,” Christian starts, looking me up and down as he leans back, “You really shouldn’t be out in public wearing so little. I can see right through this shit.”

He grabs at my shirt when I stop right in front of him, swatting his hand away with a huff. “What the fuck are you doing here?” I ask in a rush, glancing over my shoulder to make sure CJ has disappeared.

But Christian loses his smirk and the room feels as though the temperature dropped twenty degrees. I shiver under his scrutinizing gaze as he leans forward, but doesn’t touch me again.

“We’re here because you’re breaking rule number one.” He nods to Zeke. “Looks like I’m gonna have to send Zeke in to break his fucking hands.”

The blood drains from my face before I laugh in his face. “You can’t be serious, right? I never agreed to anything. Those ridiculous rules don’t apply to—”

My words end the moment Christian grabs my jaw and pulls me to stand between his legs. I’m so fucking turned on I can hardly breathe, but I don’t want him to know that, so I close my mouth and pray he can’t see it. And right when I think I’m gathering my wits about me, I feel warmth behind me only to find Zeke closing me in, too.

“You might not have verbally agreed to anything, little hellfire, but we saw the way your eyes twinkled when I asked you to be our pet.” He lifts half of his mouth, driving me wild because all I want to do is taste his lips, too. “So, tell me... Do you want your collar now or later?”

Oh, fuck.

I’m pretty positive I just soaked my panties. My pussy is throbbing unlike I’ve ever felt before just thinking about wearing a collar placed around my neck by Christian.

Licking my lips, I ask in a whisper, “Is there a literal collar?”

His smile widens so much I can see all of his perfect pearly white teeth. Then he glances at Zeke before he leans in and presses his nose against mine.

“It even comes with a chain, baby,” he rasps against my lips.

I physically shudder, feeling my knees go weak as I let out a breathy moan. Picturing a collar around my neck as they chain and fuck me with control sends me into a fucking whirlwind.

But I'm still not giving in. They can't have me just yet, but I know I won't be able to hold off forever.

“Well, it's just a shame I belong to no man. And no man is ever going to chain me up like a fucking dog—”

His grip on my jaw tightens as he smirks. “We'll see about that, baby.”

Then he releases me, and Zeke steps back. I've never wanted to stay in a place more in my life. Feeling the lack of Zeke's body heat and Christian's hands on me leaves me shaky and needy as fuck. I'm not even sure I remember where the hell I am right now.

“Everything okay over here, Billie?”

Oh, right! I'm here with—what the fuck is his name again? CJ! Jesus, do you see what I mean? I have to get away from these guys if I'm ever going to have any self control.

“Y-yeah, it's f-fine,” I stutter out, glancing between Christian and Zeke as my nerves skyrocket through the old paneled ceiling tiles.

Zeke crosses his arms over his chest and leans against the railing, staring CJ down with a look to kill. I'm not sure what makes me more nervous—Zeke looking like he's going to attack, or the smirk on Christian's face that says he's enjoying this way too much.

But when CJ grabs my elbow and tries to pull me away from them, shit hits the fan. Christian's nice-guy demeanor flies out

the window as he launches from his stool and pushes past me. His chest bumps CJ's, knocking him away from me.

“Do we have a problem, bro?” CJ asks, trying to stand his ground.

My chest tightens as my gaze dances all over the room. This is not at all how this afternoon was supposed to go. I know how crazy Christian can be, and I want to tell CJ to run as fast and as far away from me as he can. But then there's the twisted side of me that wants to see a guy fight Christian for me.

When Christian doesn't say a word and simply stares CJ dead in the eyes with a crazy grin, I look to Zeke for help. But he won't be of any, will he? Still crossing his arms over his chest, he seems to enjoy the show a little too much.

“We actually have an enormous fucking problem, *bro*,” he replies, mimicking CJ.

CJ glances at me again with a question on his brow. I honestly don't know what to say here. I'm not with Christian or Zeke, but according to them, I might actually be. Apparently you don't have to give verbal consent anymore?

“Listen, man, I don't want any trouble. She told me she wasn't seeing anyone.” CJ throws me a go-to-hell look, and it clearly pisses the wrong person off.

Grabbing him around the throat, Christian rushes him back until they're in the pool table area. Then he lifts CJ clear off

the floor and body slams him onto the table. I let out a shriek, covering my mouth as Zeke wraps his arms around me.

“Hey, take that shit outside!” the bartender yells from across the room.

But Christian doesn't acknowledge him. He keeps a struggling CJ on the table, grinning down at him.

“The next time you even think about touching her, I'll skull fuck you.”

I swallow hard, freezing in my spot as I glare at Christian—who I never knew was this fucking powerful and scary. CJ clearly sees it too, turning ghostly white as he vigorously nods his head and holds his hands up in surrender.

“Tell all your friends. Billie Lucas is off fucking limits. Actually, stay the fuck away from Reaper altogether.”

“Y-yeah. No problem, man. Stay away. Got it,” CJ rushes out.

The main door of the bar flies wide open and several officers rush into the room, screaming for everyone to freeze. I let out another scream, sinking into Zeke's chest as he holds me tighter while we watch the storm surge all around us.

An officer rushes Christian, slamming him face down on the pool table before he cuffs his wrists behind his back. He's grinning the entire time, still holding CJ's terrified eyes as he's helped from the table.

“Christian, Christian, Christian,” the head officer sighs out as he approaches him. “I told you my men were going to fuck

you up if you ran again. This is three times now, kid.”

He laughs. “What can I say, ya know? I get a little stir crazy.”

The officer shakes his head. “Listen—you only have one week left with that thing on your ankle. Do me a solid and stop wasting my men’s time?”

I’m shaking as they pull Christian from the pool table area and back through the front doors like he’s a criminal. CJ is crying like a little bitch, telling the officer that Christian assaulted him, but they don’t seem to take him seriously. Money talks in this town and nobody fucks with anyone from Reaper.

Zeke leans in and whispers, “Let me get you out of here.”

I let him because I want out of here more than anything right now. Without a second glance back at CJ, I leave with Zeke in his matte black BMW. And the further we drive away, the more the adrenaline wears off and I remember what time it is.

“You can’t take me home,” I rush out.

His brows pinch together when he asks, “Well, where the fuck am I supposed to take you? ‘Cause I sure as hell ain’t going back to school.”

I shake my head. “Anywhere but those two places.”

Silence fills the cab of the car, but I can feel his glance on me. I’m waiting for him to ask more about the red mark on my cheek or what the deal with my uncle is, but he says nothing.

He simply drives away from everything, and I blow out a relieved breath on the open road.

After a hot minute, I tell him, “Thanks.”

“For what?” he asks with confusion written all over his face.

I’m distracted when he pulls off the main road and heads down the road to the lake where a lot of teens hang out during the summer months. I haven’t been back here in weeks because I feel like I’m not welcome anywhere. And God forbid if I actually showed up here without an invitation, right?

“For not taking me home.”

He parks his car in the empty lot, facing the calm lake that sits in the valley of two pine tree filled mountains. The fog has rolled in earlier than normal for the season, casting the mountains in its eerie blanket. But it’s so gorgeous. I could sit here for hours not saying a word, staring out at the mountains and the feeling of peace it gives me.

Zeke leans over and goes into his glove box, but I don’t miss how he lazily slid his hand over my bare knee on his way. He takes something out and shuts it, messing with whatever he grabbed in his lap. But when he brings a small pipe up to his lips and lights it, I know right away that he’s smoking marijuana.

It stinks at first, burning my nose, but it quickly grows on me. “You know that shit is illegal in this state, right?”

He pulls the pipe away from his lips and smirks at me. “For now, but the country is changing. Besides, this is medicine, babe... Get the fuck out of my car if you think this is a drug.”

I shut my mouth because I don't think it's a drug in the least. The amount of concrete evidence of marijuana helping *so* many people with ailments pharmaceutical companies can't touch is outstanding. But there's a fine line for me. There are the users who use it medicinally—needing to shut their brains down to sleep, gain their appetite back so they can eat, stop the tremors or seizures, assisting children with autism, alleviating chronic pain... it's endless. But then there are those users who use and abuse it, letting their lives go down the drain while they sit and get stoned in their parent's basement for the rest of their lives. Each to their own, but I definitely have my own beliefs surrounding the plant.

He finishes what he's smoking and shoves the contents back into the glove box. We stare out at the mountains together, not saying a word. The car reeks of pot, so I get out to breathe some fresh air. When you're not smoking the stuff, it smells awful.

Rounding the car, I lean against the hood of Zeke's BMW and cross my arms over my chest. The chilly nip in the air causes a slew of goosebumps to pepper my flesh. It would have been nice if I didn't wear next to nothing to meet up with CJ.

“Come here.”

I jump at the sound of Zeke's voice, completely unaware he joined me. He's sitting on the empty picnic table in the grassy area, patting the space between his legs on the bench. As enticing as it is to get warm, I know that's a trap.

His chuckle makes my goosebumps worse. "Don't be a stubborn girl and get over here. You'll freeze to death."

My feet move before my brain can comprehend what's happening. When I'm close enough, Zeke grabs my shirt and pulls me down between his legs. He opens his zip-up sweatshirt and wraps it around me, pulling me flush against his chest.

I'm shivering for an entirely different reason now. My nerves are rushing through me at an alarming rate, and I think I might throw up. But when his hands find the bare skin between my shorts and tank top, I hold my breath and pinch my knees together.

"Mmm," he groans out, sending me back into outer space.

I can only imagine what he'd sound like while I ride his cock, sinking all the way down until my pussy convulses. The animalistic sound guys make when I fuck them brings out the animal in *me*.

"Silky fucking smooth," he rasps.

"It's called lotion," I reply quietly, trying to find the strength in my lungs again.

His chuckle makes me tighten my knees, and when I peer over at him, his gaze flits between mine and he loses his smile.

We stare at each other for the longest moment, just memorizing and studying one another. I've never been this close to Zeke before. And fuck, he's gorgeous.

He's the perfect depiction of The Boy Next Door with his messy brunette hair, sharp jawline, killer smile, and soft gray eyes. And I've seen his body during football practice. He's packing some major muscles under all these clothes.

"I'm not wearing my hat, so don't look at my hair," he whispers.

I laugh, nudging him in the chest. "Please. As if anything could make you ugly."

"Oooh, are you saying I'm hot all the time? Are you flirting with me, Billie?"

With a scoff, I try to move away from him, but he grabs me around the waist and hauls me into his lap. My heart is about to beat out of my fucking chest right now. If I didn't have high blood pressure before, I definitely do now.

"Punishing you is going to be so much fun," he says with a grin.

But my brows pinch together as I study him. "Punish me? For what?"

"For breaking rule number one."

"You can't be serious, Z. Those rules are bogus, and we haven't even discussed what happens when I break them. We have a lot to—"

“You talk a lot. Did you know that?”

I seal my lips shut and stare out toward the lake, but Zeke turns my face with a finger on my chin. It’s been a rough day, and I can’t get into another heated conversation with him about anything or I might break.

“Hey,” he whispers.

Goddamn him and his soft, kind eyes. I crack, allowing my bottom lip to tremble as I try to look away from him again. But he’s not having it.

Turning serious, he grabs each side of my face and forces me to look at him. “You’re not going to be alone anymore, Billie. I’ve got you. *We* ’ve got you. You’re our girl now and—”

I scoff again, rolling my eyes. “Yeah? You’ve got me now? Where the fuck were you—or Christian—when our peers completely turned on me? I’ve had *nobody*, Zeke!”

I remove myself from his lap and he lets me go without a fight. He stands with me, squaring his shoulders as he looks out to the lake again.

“I’m not fucking proud of standing by letting them all fuck with you. It gutted me to watch you cry. It gutted me to watch them hurt you. I wanted to fucking kill them all.”

“Words mean nothing when your actions don’t support them. And now it’s too late,” I whisper.

He must hear the emotions in my voice because he turns, shakes his head, and marches straight toward me. I back away

until the small of my back hits the picnic table, halting me in my spot.

“It’s never too late, Billie. We will make them all pay for what they’ve done to you. We just needed time.”

But his words are confusing again. “What are you even talking about? You keep saying these cryptic things, but you never follow through with them.”

His gaze dances over my face, and he says nothing again. The guy is driving me nuts, but no matter how much I ask him to explain himself, I know he never will. Zeke will tell me what he wants me to know when he wants me to know it.

“Take me home,” I demand.

Hurt flashes through his eyes before he steps back from me, nodding toward his car. “Whatever you want, Billie.”

What I want is for him to talk to me—to tell me what the fuck is going on and why he and Christian want to make me their pet. I want everyone to leave me alone at school. And I want my old fucking life back, even the one where I knew I didn’t have a chance with either of them. But this isn’t a fairytale and wishes don’t come true.

Chapter 7

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

“**W**hat the fuck is going on, Christian?!” Dad’s voice barks through the hallway as he approaches my bedroom, nearly kicking my door from its hinges. “I was in the middle of a damn meeting when I got a call from the cops telling me you’ve fled the house again!”

Rolling my eyes, I lean back in my chair and turn my attention back to my TV while I play a game on my PlayStation 5. He’s never given a shit about me before now, so it’s a little too late to start playing “dad” now.

“I had something to take care of, but I’m back, aren’t I?”

His face is so red it looks like it’s about to burst off of his shoulders. “I swear to God, Christian! If your mother wouldn’t divorce me for it, I’d send your ass to military school.”

Laughing, I shake my head and focus on killing my enemy in my game. But it clearly pisses my dad off as he marches over and shuts the console off. I stare at the blank screen, refusing to look him in the eyes. He just keeps repeatedly

threatening my mother. It's the one weakness he knows I have; the fucking bastard.

“You're such an ungrateful little fucker, do you know that?”

“Yep,” I reply, popping the P. “I'm reminded all the time.”

He looks around the room, snickering in disgust. “Clean this fucking shit hole up. You have one week left on house arrest—try not to fuck that up, too.”

My door rattles when he slams it shut. I'd love to get up and bash his head in, but that would only send me straight back to juvie. I want to play with our little hellfire, and being stuck behind bars won't allow that. *One week*. One gruelling fucking week and my freedom is back.

For now, I grab my phone and text Zeke.

ME: Tell me you're still with our girl. I need a distraction.

His reply is almost immediate, making me grin from ear to ear.

ZEKE: She's right here. What kind of distraction? ;)

ME: Come over and I'll show you.

Tossing my phone on my desk, I put on something more comfortable—my favorite pair of American Eagle jeans and no shirt. I want to see her face when she comes in and finds me sitting here like this.

But we've got one little problem—my fucking dad. How do I get him out of the house before they get here? What does my

dad love more than his car? Work, of course.

Bridget answers after the third ring. “Veradin Leasing Corporation. How may I direct your call?”

This is almost too perfect. “Hey beautiful,” I say in greeting.

Her sweet giggle comes through the line, and I know I’ve got her. This might be messed up, but I fucked this lady against her desk within her first week working for my dad. It was easy. A little sweet talking and flattery, and the girl was wrapped around my finger. Anytime I needed to fuck with my dad, she was my way in.

“Christian,” she purrs my name the same way she does while she’s coming.

It’s cute, really. Women aren’t the only ones who can use their sex appeal to get what they want. This twenty-one-year-old never saw it coming. And she’ll never see it again. Now that Billie’s here, I don’t want anyone else. Who I fucked before her doesn’t exist to me.

“I need you to do me a favor, Bridget,” I tell her.

“Anything,” she says dreamily.

See what I mean? She’s my way in.

“Call my dad and say there’s an emergency at the office. He needs to come right away.”

After another bout of giggles, she agrees. “When will I see you again, Christian?”

God, she loves saying my name, doesn't she? "I'll see you soon, okay, beautiful?" My voice is flirty, but my face is as deadpan as it can get.

I wait and wait until I hear my dad's cell ringing down the hallway. My lungs hurt from holding my breath, trying like hell to hear him through my closed bedroom door. But it's not long before I hear his heavy footsteps storming down the hall toward me.

The door flies open, and I jump back. He looks flustered, huffing out hard breaths. "There's been an emergency at my office. I'm heading back in now, but I won't return until late because of the fucking afternoon traffic. Make good choices while I'm away, please and thank you," he reminds me in his stern, manly voice.

I'm fighting my grin, nodding as if I'm truly absorbing his words, but I think we both know I'm not. He turns and rushes out, slamming my door once again.

After looking at my phone to check the time, I wonder where Zeke is and what's taking so long. I haven't been able to stop thinking about making Billie sing for us since I saw the glimmer in her eyes when I mentioned giving her a collar. She obviously won't admit it to me yet, but she wants that fucking collar and the title that comes with it.

My door flies open and snaps me from my thoughts. But when I look up and see Billie storming for me like last time, I can't pull my eyes from her bouncing tits. Fuck, what I

wouldn't give to slap them and put them in my mouth. I'll motor boat the fuck out of her.

“Why the fuck am I back in your bedroom, Christian?” she demands. “I wanted to go home, you prick! Stop ordering my whereabouts! You think you can make me feel these sexual feelings toward you and then I'll jump into bed with you?! Get real, Chr—”

I bark out a laugh, cutting her off. “Who the fuck does she think she's talking to like that, Zeke?”

Jumping out of my chair, I circle her like a rabid vulture, sniffing her for good measure. Her back is straight as a rod, following me only with her eyes.

“I don't know, man, but I'd say she deserves a spanking,” Zeke says in a husky tone, telling me he wants this as bad as I do.

She sucks in a breath, turning her head slightly toward Zeke. I watch her cheeks turn pink and her bottom lip tremble. Our girl wants to be spanked, doesn't she? But does she deserve one?

“I agree, but she'll enjoy it too much.” Her head whips toward me, making me laugh before I add, “We don't want you to enjoy it after what you did today.”

“I've broken no rules. I haven't agreed to shit yet.”

Grinning, I share a glance with Zeke before I say, “Baby, you agreed the minute you shoved your tongue into Zeke's mouth, letting him swallow your moan.”

Her sexy green eyes widen at my revelation—the one she didn't know I knew about. Zeke tells me everything, and I'm fairly confident we both jerked off to the images in our head.

“That was the test,” she says under her breath.

“What test?” I ask, but she doesn't answer. “Fine, don't tell me. I'm not sure if we'll be able to fuck the brat out of you, but goddamn is it going to be fun trying.”

She snorts. “You keep assuming I'm going to fuck either of you. News flash, I hate you both.”

A glance at Zeke tells me there was hot air between them and not the kind we normally like. She's upset, and if I know Billie as much as I think I do, she won't come to us if she's pissed.

“Tell me how to fix that, little hellfire.” I sit back down in my chair, leaning back to look up at her.

She nervously looks down at her feet before glancing back up at me. “Well, you can start by telling me why you both completely ditched out on me. I thought we were friends.”

I should tell her I'm doing this for her own safety, but we're not there yet. She won't understand, and she'll have too many questions. She can't know why I've turned my back on her yet. I'm still putting all the pieces of the puzzle together, and I can't reveal it to her until her piece is ready to be placed.

So, I tell her, “Baby, we've been assholes because we both like you. And I told Zeke he couldn't have you until I'm out. We both get you.”

“And you think I’m going to believe that? It doesn’t explain why he’s been a dick! Zeke’s the nice one. He’s never treated me badly! Not once!” she yells with tears in her eyes.

I look to Zeke, hoping he can help me out here. I’m not good at lying to people I like. It’s a weird tick I have. And all these emotions are making me uncomfortable.

“The only way I knew how to stop wanting you was to push you away,” Zeke admits. “I knew I wouldn’t be able to hide my feelings while we were still close friends.”

She wipes at her eyes, glaring over at him. “And you thought this was better?”

I usually hate when girls cry, but Billie isn’t just any girl. I’d rather see tears streaming down her face for another reason, but we’ll get there. For now, I turn back around and slowly approach her.

“We need you to be tough for what we’re going to put you through, little hellfire,” I tell her.

“Wh-what are you going to put me through?”

Her tears are gone, and the pink flush is back in her cheeks. All I have to do is keep talking like this to her and she’ll be back on our hook.

“I could tell you, but I’d rather show you.” Moving around her, I reach up and tug on her shirt. “And it’s much easier when you’re naked and able to feel every single sensation.”

She laughs and shakes her head, and we’re losing her again.

“I just think it’s so funny how you think you can get me to do whatever you want. I’m not a puppet, Christian. I don’t have strings!” She throws her hands up before she turns for the exit.

But I can’t let her leave yet, so I rush around and block her. She slams into my bare chest, stepping back as if I’ve burned her.

“I’m sorry,” I apologize, truly meaning it. “I’m fucking sorry our school mates have been total cunts. I’m fucking sorry your mom got arrested, and the town turned on you. But I’m mostly sorry we blew you off, too. We don’t deserve you, we never have, but I want you to know we can try to be deserving.”

Whoa. Where the hell did that come from? I’m not this guy—the one who sounds like Prince fucking Charming. But I also need her to know how sincere I am; how sincere *we* are. There really is a method to our madness.

“What he said,” Zeke says, making all three of us burst out laughing.

She looks at us—really looks—and then she smiles the softest smile I’ve ever seen on her lips. No words need to be spoken to know she forgives us. But I have a feeling she’s going to make us work for this.

“Are we done here, then?” she asks with a gleam in her gaze, clearly trying to hide her grin.

Playful Billie is back and just the girl I’ve been missing. “Why? You think I’m going to let Zeke take you home? Nah,

babe, it's my turn to get a taste.”

Chapter 8

BILLIE LUCAS

My entire world spins when Christian grabs the back of my neck and roughly pulls me to his chest before his mouth slants over mine. I moan into his mouth just like I did with Zeke; I can't help myself! Have you seen these two guys? It's ridiculous how hot they are.

But Christian does something different, devouring my mouth in a way I didn't know I'd like. His tongue traces my lips before he bites the bottom, plunging back in before he sucks my tongue into his mouth.

He swallows my yelp when I feel Zeke step up behind me. My eyes roll back when he grasps my arms, caressing my bare flesh as he moves down and plays with the bottom hem. I can't stop what I do next, reaching out to grab the top of Christian's jeans to pull him even closer to me. Zeke's hands get stuck between us, but none of us seems to mind. And when Zeke kisses the top of my shoulder, I nearly fucking combust.

Two mouths on me, four hands tugging and grabbing. I've never been in a situation like this, and I've never felt this hot

in my life. My body sways between them, almost as if I'm trying to rub up against them more than I already am.

Christian breaks our kiss with a smirk, leaning back to look down at me. "Looks like you're agreeing all over again, little hellfire. Tell me you don't want this—" he trails off, slipping his forefinger beneath the strap of my tank top, adding, "Because we'll do everything to change your mind."

Jesus Christ.

Licking my lips, I peer up into his dark, hooded gaze. I want to deny them only because I want them to fight for me—fight for our friendship back, but ultimately, denying them isn't something I think I'm going to be able to do. I want them too much. I want *this* too much.

But I still have some strength left deep inside my psyche, so I say with a grin, "You're going to spend the rest of your life trying to convince me, and eventually you'll grow tired of it."

His smirk widens as he glances over my shoulder at Zeke, who's still right behind me. "We've got a fighter on our hands, Z."

Zeke chuckles, lowering his mouth back to my shoulder where I try with everything I have not to fucking shudder. "We like 'em feisty, don't we?"

Oh, God! I'm being as strong as I can, but if they keep this up, I'm a fucking goner. *Hold on, Billie, don't give in!*

But when the guys lock eyes and Christian asks him, "Do you want to taste her?" I'm not prepared for what happens

next.

Instead of Christian turning me so Zeke can kiss me, they kiss each other in a hot, open-mouthed exchange before *both* of their mouths find my flesh. Zeke kisses and sucks up the side of my neck while Christian nibbles and sucks my opposite jaw. And I'm pretty sure I've blasted off into outer fucking space. A throbbing explodes between my legs as I throw my head back and moan out, letting them taste and tease until we're all panting.

Christian takes his mouth away from me, making me whimper, before he grabs my chin and forces me to look him dead in the eyes. "You're going to be ours, Billie. We all know it. Come to the dark side now and we'll make it easy on you, but make us work for it...?"

"And we'll make this fucking hard, baby," Zeke rasps against my throat, finishing Christian's words.

Swallowing, I picture where they would actually be hard, not at all caring what they might do to me to make my situation *hard*. I don't think there will be a single thing they can do to "punish" me, but I could be wrong. Actually, the perfect punishment would be them not touching or kissing me anymore. Now *that* would be a fucking brutal punishment.

"I never take the easy way out," I whisper, pulling my gaze from Christian's as I stare down at his plump bottom lip. He tastes so damn good, and I want to taste him again.

Christian chuckles, shaking his head. "Little hellfire, you have *no* idea what's coming for you."

No, I clearly don't, but that's what's going to be fun about all of this. I need a good distraction from the shit show called my life. And if the distraction is from the two hottest guys on campus, I'll happily accept it.

"I should probably be taken home now, right?" I ask when Christian releases my chin.

But he shakes his head. "Oh no, baby, we're not done with you yet."

My nerves spike through me when Christian steps back and nods at Zeke. I'm moving before I know what's happening, being led to Christian's bed. No, no, no! I haven't agreed to anything!

"Don't worry—we won't hurt you," Zeke whispers as he helps me kneel on the bed.

He captures my arms behind me, arching my back and making my tits stick out. I'm not wearing a bra and my nipples are hard as fuck right now. There's no way they can't see how turned on I am.

Zeke crawls onto the bed behind me, keeping my arms captive while Christian grabs his phone and walks toward us. When I think he's about to record us, he smirks down at the screen before pulling his bottom lip into his mouth.

"This is what you do to me, little hellfire," Christian rasps as he steps up to the end of the bed, right in my space, as Zeke holds me there.

I tear my gaze from his, feeling my chest heave as I stare down at the screen. My pussy tightens as a full body flush envelopes me. Christian's pierced, thick cock is front and center on the video, and he's stroking himself slow and hard. I'm panting, wanting to rip my shirt off because the material is rubbing against my nipples in the wrong way.

"When Zeke told me how you kissed him back, this is what I did. I couldn't help myself, Billie," he whispers the last part.

I lock my gaze on the screen, watching him stroke himself until a bead of pre-cum coats the head. Knowing that my kink is cock praise, I'm dying a little inside to know I can't touch him like that yet. It's so hard not to give in and accept their offer. But this is exactly why they're doing this right now—they're trying to make me so weak, I have no choice but to accept.

Pulling my gaze from Christian's thick, pulsing cock, I stare right into his eyes and smile. "You gotta do better than that."

He lets out a single laugh, tossing his phone onto the bed beside me. My eyes betray me and slide down his shirtless torso, admiring all the inked artwork littering his flesh. I'm trying really hard not to think about my fingers digging into his ink as he fucks me, pushing me over the edge.

"We're just getting to know one another on a more personal level, little hellfire," Christian murmurs as he reaches down and hooks his thumbs in the top of his jeans. "But don't worry, there will be plenty of time to understand what we all like. For

now, I'm going to punish you for letting another guy touch you."

Punish me for letting another guy touch me? Who touched—*oh...* Shit, I forgot about CJ and our interrupted date at the pool hall. But I'm going to fight him on this, too.

"Listen, as much as you think I'm going to enjoy being punished, you have no right to do—"

My words are cut short the second Christian roughly grabs my jaw and pulls me to him. His forehead connects with mine, and I swallow nervously when his hard gaze challenges me.

"When someone who isn't me or Zeke touches you, I have every fucking right to unalive them and then remind you who you belong to," he says in a deep, tight voice.

I lick my lips again, fighting the dryness in my mouth when I try to say, "But I don't belong—"

"Then go."

Christian steps completely away from me, challenging me again, but this time he looks completely pissed the fuck off. He's tired of me fighting him and it's only been a few days. Stepping up to his door, he holds it open and nods his head out.

"Fucking go, Billie."

My heart drops into my stomach when Zeke releases my arms and moves away from me. And the look in Christian's eyes is final. They're done with me already?

I can feel the blood drain from my face as I move from the bed, swallowing the knot in my throat as I creep up to Christian. But before I actually leave, I freeze in my spot and peer up at him. He's looking anywhere but at me, his jaw tight.

His changing demeanor is quite alarming, and I have this uncontrollable urge to drop to my knees and beg him to forgive my stupid mouth. I can make this all better if he'll let me. His cock deep in my throat would be a start, right? But here I go again, letting a guy manipulate what I want. Holden used to do the same thing to me, too.

I swallow the words on my tongue, square my shoulders, and leave his room with my head held high. But as I walk out, I feel the loneliness seep into my bones, begging me to turn around and make this right. Even though they've offered me sex, they offered me so much more. Protection, for one. Except, they haven't been here to protect me until now, so why should I let them now?

Ignoring the gnawing in the back of my thoughts, I push forward and leave the Veradin estate with my dignity still intact. I don't stop the tears streaming down my face as I leave through the front door, though. I'm allowed to purge, right?

When I make it halfway down the driveway, wondering how the hell I'm getting home, my phone rings and startles the hell out of me. I don't recognize the number on the screen but answer anyway.

“Hello?”

“Hello, this is the Wright County Correctional Facility, calling on behalf of Lucille Lucas. Do you accept this call and the charges that may accrue?”

“Yes!” I shout, giddy as all hell to know I’m about to talk to my mom. I miss her so fucking much.

The line goes dead for a second before a beeping greets me, and then I hear her. “Billie baby? Are you there?”

“Mom!” I shriek. “How are you calling me right now?”

“I’ve been good, so I gained some phone time. How are you, my girl?”

It’s so great hearing her voice. Tears blur my vision for entirely different reasons now, but when I look back at the Veradin estate, the bad tears come back.

“I’m miserable, Mom,” I whisper, telling her the truth. “Everyone hates me. They blame me for what you did.”

She curses under her breath. “Baby, I’m so sorry. I’m going to make things better. You trust me, don’t you?”

Nodding, I remember she can’t see me. “Yeah, Mom, I do,” I answer truthfully, wiping the tears from my heated cheeks.

“Is Christian’s mother treating you well?” she inquires, confusing me.

“Christian’s mother? Why would she—”

“She’s your godmother, Billie. You were to go to the Veradin’s upon my arrest. Where the hell have you been staying?” Her voice rises, filled with panic.

And now I'm panicking, too. "I've been staying at home. Your brother has taken over everything. I thought you knew..."

"No, baby, he's not supposed to be there. You're supposed to be staying with the Veradin's."

Turning my gaze back to the estate, I wonder why I was pushed aside. Does Christian know about this? I have a feeling if he had, I'd be staying not only in his house, but in his bed. He probably doesn't have a clue, just like I don't.

"Where are you right now, Billie?"

I snap out of it, gripping my phone harder. "I'm at Christian's," I whisper. "Should I not go home?"

She sighs. "I just don't understand why you're not at the Veradins full time. Can you stay there tonight? I'll call the lawyers in the morning. I'm running out of time to do so now."

"Should I be afraid of him?"

"Let's just say he was kicked out of Reaper years ago for a reason. Keep your phone charged. I'll have my lawyer be in touch with you, okay?"

"Okay, Mom," I reply quietly as my heart hammers in my chest.

I knew there was something off about my uncle being here, but I couldn't figure it out. Now that my mom is acting like this, I'm terrified of going back there. But now I've burned my

bridge with Christian, and I refuse to go back in there with my tail between my legs.

There is only one other place I can stay tonight, but it means facing all the peers who hate me. I guess I'd rather face them assholes than my abusive uncle, though.

After ending the call with my mom, I turn right out of Christian's driveway and make my way up the looming hill toward Reaper Academy.

Chapter 9

ZEKE LUNGREN

“**W**hat the actual fuck, man? You just kicked her out! Isn’t that the opposite of what we’re trying to do?!” I ask, throwing my hands up.

He normally keeps me in the loop regarding his plans for Billie, but this shit came out of left field. We almost had her. She was silently begging us to fuck her. I could *smell* her arousal, and this fucker kicks her out.

“Relax, Z, she’ll be back,” he says so nonchalantly as he drops into his chair and grabs his PS5 controller.

But I don’t think she’ll be back. If there’s one thing I know about Billie, it’s that she’s stubborn as fuck. She won’t do what he clearly thinks she’s going to do. I’ve known her for a long time—since we were in grade school—and she hasn’t changed much.

“You can’t possibly know that. She needs us to protect—”

“Dude, she’ll be back!” he cuts me off, sounding so sure of himself.

I huff out a breath and slump down on the side of his bed. I'm stressed out about every little thing these days, and I have a pretty good idea it's because we're holding secrets and I haven't gotten laid in *months*. We've been holding out for Billie, so I'm like a tweaker waiting for his next fix.

Reaching into my pocket, I pull out my flat, black cigarette case that holds all my pre-rolled joints and put one in my mouth. I need to take the edge off before I flip out. After I light it, the smoke hits my lungs and instantly calms me.

Christian holds out his hand and I give him the joint. He takes a few small puffs and hands it back. I'm staring at the side of his face, willing him to fucking give a damn so we can go get our girl back.

But right when I'm about to say as much, his phone vibrates on the bed beside me. I toss it to him, waiting impatiently to hear who it is.

"Ah, shit. Perfect timing!" he cheers, typing back to whoever texted him first.

"What's perfect timing?"

He smirks. "The Halloween party up on the hill is next Friday night. And it's perfect timing because I'll have this fucker off by then." He wiggles his ankle and the thick bracelet attached to it.

I smirk back, asking, "What's your plan, Christian?"

"My plan is to give Billie a night she'll never forget. And I may or may not be taking a page from Holden's playbook."

I have no idea what he's talking about, but that's normal with Christian. He throws me a wink and then gets back to his game. I'm stoned as rocks, so I lay back on his bed and stare up at the ceiling, unable to stop thinking about how Billie reacted to the both of us. She's going to be perfect. I knew she would be.

After dazing out for who knows how long, I sit up and find Christian passed out in his chair. His game paused itself, filling the room with a repetitive jingle. It's annoying the fuck out of me. I shut off the console and then look at the clock, not realizing how long I'd been out. It's almost 2 am! And it's too far to drive home. I'm fucking wrecked. The academy, and my old room, are much closer.

As I make my way downstairs, I think I'm completely alone before I hear small whimpers coming from Mr. Veradin's study. A light streams out from the crack in the door. I should turn and leave right now, but I'm too fucking curious. Mrs. Veradin is a total MILF, so I won't lie and say I wouldn't like to see her tits—even if she's being fucked by Mr. Veradin's old ass.

But I'm not prepared to find the little sister of the Barrett brothers being nailed against his desk instead of his wife. She's haphazardly naked, throwing her head back and taking Mr. Veradin's cock like the greedy little slut she looks to be.

It might be hot as fuck, but what in the actual hell is going on?! As far as I knew, the Veradins were happily married, but this would say otherwise. What the hell is Mr. Veradin doing

with the likes of a Barrett, anyway? Maybe he's fucking her good so he can get his prized car back.

Pulling out my phone, I switch it to video mode and record what I can through the crack. Christian taught me to get evidence when it was obtainable because you never know when you can use it. But this evidence might be strictly mine because I don't know how to explain to Christian that his dad is cheating on his mom.

Their moans fill the foyer as I make my way to the front door, slipping out unheard. I'm still way too fucking high for this shit as I make my way down the front steps, eyeing my BMW across the driveway.

Starting my car, I back out and head up the mountain toward Reaper as "Idol" by Hollywood Undead plays through the speakers. But all I can think about is whether or not Billie made it home safely. Holy fuck—how the hell did I forget about her?!

I find her name on the touch screen dash, pressing the call button and not giving a flying fuck it's 2 am. She better answer or I'll drive to her place and wake the entire house if I have to.

"Hello?" she answers in a sexy, sleep-filled voice.

My dick notices, trying to come to life in my jeans this early in the morning.

"Where are you?" I ask instead, hoping like hell this half chubby fucks off.

“W-what?”

She’s confused, so I’ll reiterate my question. “Where. Are. You?”

“Zeke, it’s like... two o’clock in the fucking morning. I’m in bed.”

I’m relieved to hear it, but it still doesn’t answer my question. “You’re at home then?”

“No,” she answers quietly, and it makes me grip my steering wheel until my knuckles turn white.

“What do you mean no?” I ask, needing fucking more from her. I know it’s early as shit, but come on, throw me a fucking bone, right? “Tell me you didn’t walk all the way home...” Reaper is much closer to her, too.

“I’m in my dorm,” she whispers.

And it’s like music to my ears. “Don’t fall asleep.” I hang up on her and press the gas harder, zooming up the mountain road until Reaper’s intimidating stone towers are silhouettes in the night sky. I pull into my normal spot and jump out, making a run for the front doors of the dormitory.

I hate that she’s on the third floor, but it’s a nice distraction from the hard-on in my pants right now. I’m fucking out of breath by the time I reach the top. Billie’s room was moved up here after last year, stating she wanted to be away from everyone after everything. I don’t blame her. But it makes it hard to get to her now that I’ve taken over Holden’s old room.

Knocking a few times on her door, I try to catch my breath and impatiently wait for her to answer the door. I'm not ready for what I see when she opens it, though. Fucking Christ. She's ditched her short shorts and pink shoes, standing here in nothing but white panties and her black tank top. And her tits are perfect.

"Zeke? What the hell are you doing here?" she asks, poking her head into the hallway with concern etched on her brow.

I lean against her door, sticking my foot in the frame so she can't try to shut it on me and tell her, "I came to check on you."

Her face pinches together as she wobbles her head, clearly trying to reset her brain. "You're seriously checking on me at two o'clock in the morning?"

I'd like to tell her I'm here because I want to slip into bed with her and feel her warm, tight body snuggle up to mine while we fall asleep, but I know we're not there yet. She'll tell me to get bent, and I'm starting to think it's her favorite thing to tell me to do.

"Christian kicked you out, so I wanted to make sure you were safe."

She opens her arms, glaring at me. "I'm safe. Now, do you mind if I get back to sleep? Some of us actually want to graduate this year, and I can't do that if I'm exhausted and miss class."

Chuckling, I step further into her space, crossing my arms over my chest. “Not before I tell you how good you tasted earlier.”

A flush crawls up her neck into her cheeks as her mouth drops open. I watch her grip tighten on the door handle, her gaze clouding over with a heated gaze.

“So fucking good,” I whisper as I step into her.

She doesn’t move, allowing our chests to bump uglies as I stare down at her. God, she’s tiny, looking up at me with those green globes, fucking begging me to make a move.

But I won’t. Not yet.

“Just wanted to know you were safe, babe,” I tell her instead, backing away. “Sweet dreams, beautiful,” I call out over my shoulder.

Her audible disapproving sigh reaches my ears, making me grin as I keep my back to her and find my way to the staircase. Once I’m halfway down the first flight of stairs, I adjust my dick in my pants and curse under my breath. I could have her now if I wanted to. All I have to do is turn around and go back up to her room, tracing those pouty lips before they open and invite my cock in.

Damn it!

Christian would kill me. This isn’t in our plans, so I have to keep my hands to myself, even though it’s the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do. By the time I get to stick my dick in her, I’m going to be a one-pump-chump! And nobody wants that.

When I'm in my room, I flop down on my bed and stare up at the ceiling before I pull my phone out, texting Christian.

ME: You better fucking figure shit out soon, man. I have to fuck her. I have to fuck something...

It's pretty messed up when everyone else is getting laid more than I am. It's not like girls don't throw themselves at me, but... they're not Billie.

And there's something else I want to do with her, but I won't tell Christian about it yet. He'll think I'm nuts. They pushed the football gala out this year, happening this Friday night instead of last, and I want to ask Billie to come with me. I'm not on the team anymore, but that doesn't mean I can't support my Reapers. Besides, we enjoy showing off to the surrounding towns, and what better way than to have the hottest chicks on our arms? Reaper knows how to make 'em.

It's early so he won't be texting me back. Plugging my phone in, I smoke the rest of my joint from earlier and melt into bed until my eyelids grow heavy and sleep overtakes me.

Chapter 10

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

Fuck, my neck hurts. I twist and crack it as I sit up in my chair, cursing when I realize I fell asleep here again. I really have to stop doing that. The knot in my neck would agree.

“What time is it?” I grumble out, looking for my phone.

It’s on my bed where I should be. Flopping on top of the messed up comforter, I grab my phone and see I have a few texts. My eyes burn when the bright screen illuminates my tired face.

Zeke: You better fucking figure shit out soon, man. I have to fuck her. I have to fuck something...

Yeah, you and me both, brother. He’s not the only one sick and tired of jerking off all the time.

The next text surprises me, my brows pinching together as I open and read it.

Holden: Why is your dad calling me to come put you in your place? We’ll be back in Reaper this week. Stop

pissing him off, man. You're less than a week away from freedom. Don't fuck it up. I'm going to need your help.

My hand grips my phone so hard the screen warps beneath the pressure. Why the fuck *is* my dad calling Holden? What the shit...? Holden has nothing to do with any of this. But then again, my dad always favored him, always telling me I needed to be more like Holden. Now I understand why Van got so pissed when his own father said the same shit about Jett Hastings.

Ignoring both of them, I throw my phone beside me and stare up at the ceiling like I do almost every single day. I have to get out of these fucking walls. I'm going mad. But Holden's right—I have one fucking week until I'm free. I can do that. I've done it for this long already.

But goddamn, does it suck. I'm going stir crazy and there's nobody to mess with here. Instead of pouting, I roll out of bed and run my hands through my long, messy hair that my dad loves so much. I frosted the ends just to piss him off, but honestly, I dig the look. It gives me more of a punk-rock kind of look; just what I'm going for.

I'm almost to my bathroom when my bedroom door opens, but I'm not expecting *her* to be standing there.

“What the fuck are you doing here?”

Lacee saunters in like she owns the place, shutting my door behind her. I'll admit she looks fucking good right now. Starve a man from getting pussy and everyone starts looking good. I

wasn't banging Lacey because of anything else, though. I'm a vapid man. What else can I say? I'm an asshole.

"You've been ignoring and blowing me off, Christian. I want to know why," she demands, placing her hands on her hips.

Christ! Can I catch a damn break?!

"I thought we've been over this... you were my booty call. I fucked you a few times. Get over it."

She shakes her head, stomping toward me while she reaches down and pulls her shirt up and over her head. My eyes drop straight to her chest, watching her perfect tits bounce as she moves, her nipples hardening with each step. They're fucking nice. There's no denying that, but I glare up at her with a deadpan expression.

"I've seen those before. Next."

Her mouth falls agape before she shoves me in the chest. "Why are you being such an asshole, Christian?! We have something pretty great here! And your dad and my dad like each other. We run in the same circles. Why don't you want me?"

I grind my teeth, staring her dead in the eyes even though she's topless and I've been horny for days. "Because you're too easy. Because you're not the kind of girl I want anymore." And because your family isn't part of the society, so there is no way in hell we'd have a chance of being together.

Tears fill her eyes, but I feel nothing when she asks, "There's someone else?"

Shrugging, I cross my arms over my chest and lean against the wall. “That’s none of your business, is it?” When the hell did she become so possessive?

“Who is it?” she whispers, a single tear sliding down her cheek before she angrily wipes it away.

I blow out a breath, shaking my head. “You don’t honestly want me to answer that, do you? Because if I tell you, you’ll sit and dwell on it, making yourself sick, wondering why you weren’t good enough for me.”

She opens her mouth to speak but shuts it when I push away from the wall and get right in her space. Her heavy breathing picks up as I tower over her. Meant to intimidate her, it backfires, and she catches me by surprise.

Wrapping her arms around my neck, she pulls me down and kisses me. My hands go for her hips so I can push her away.

“What the fuck?!”

Our lips part with a pop as I whip my head over and find Billie standing in my door with a look of disgust written all over her face. Jesus Christ. This can’t get any worse, can it? I blow out a breath and lean back against the wall as Lacey quickly puts her shirt back on.

“Billie Lucas?” Lacey hisses at me in disgust, scrambling to cover her bare tits.

I let out a small laugh, grinning over at her. “Get the fuck out of my room, Lacey.”

She rushes past Billie, shouldering her on her way out. Billie scoffs and throws Lacey the bird, and I can't help but laugh louder at that one.

“What's up, little hellfire?” I ask, playing it off with a smirk on my lips.

She doesn't move besides her chest rising and falling like she's about to have a fucking panic attack. I find her gaze and hold my breath when I see the unshed tears there, but it's the anger and hurt that kicks me the hardest.

“Listen, Billie—”

“Shut the fuck up, Christian. I saw what I saw. You can shove your proposition up your ass.” She turns to leave, but I can't have that.

Rushing after her, I run into the hallway and grab her around the waist and haul her tight to my chest. She flails and kicks, screaming at me to release her. I love when she fights me as much as she does. There's nothing fucking hotter than a good chase.

“Chill the fuck out, Billie!” I snap, pulling her back into my bedroom before I kick the door shut behind us and toss her onto my bed.

She lands with a bounce, turning her hard glare on me. “You're exactly who I thought you were,” she snarls out as she slides off of my bed.

“You don't know shit,” I tell her as I step in her way.

With a huff, she glares up at me. “So, this proposition—your rules state no other guy can touch me, but you’re allowed to fuck whoever you want? Sounds fair,” she adds in a flat tone, shaking her head.

I grind my teeth hard, balling my fists at my side as I crack my neck. I’m going to pretend she didn’t just say that. What she needs is my fist in her red fucking locks, tugging her head back so she can look me dead in the eyes when I tell her to shut her fucking mouth. But I don’t do any of that.

“What the hell are you even doing here, Billie?” I ask, turning myself back into the asshole from last night—the one who kicked her out of my bedroom.

She lets out another huff, straightening her school-issued button up when her lips morph into a flat line. Okay, so she’s not going to tell me. This is the fun part.

I stretch and crack my neck again, maneuvering seductively until her eyes are skating over my bare chest. Her features soften the more she looks at me, probably forgetting why she’s upset with me in the first place. But then she whips her hard glare up at me.

“You can’t distract me with... with your... fuckery!” she rushes out, waving her hand in my general direction.

I snort, holding my tattooed arms wide open for her. “I’m not entirely sure what you mean, little hell—”

“Don’t call me that,” she demands, cutting me off.

Cocking a brow, I ask, “And why not? You seemed to like it yesterday when I had you—”

“Don’t fucking say that either. You can’t be all cute and sexy to get out of what I just walked into.”

“Yeah? And what do you think you just walked into?” I ask, crossing my arms over my chest.

God, she’s fucking sexy as hell when she’s angry. Her green eyes somehow get brighter when she’s pissed. Maybe I’ll keep her mad. Everyone knows hate sex is the best. I don’t need her to love me for what I want from her anyway.

She licks her lips, parting them before she tells me softly, “You were, um, finishing up with Lacee...?”

Now I’m smiling like the goddamn Cheshire Cat, feeling victorious as fuck. “You think I fucked her.” It’s not a question.

Her throat bobs when she swallows hard, following me with her eyes as I circle her. This is becoming a habit. “I’m sure she’s had better,” she says so quietly I almost didn’t hear her.

My grin is back when I stop behind her, telling myself not to burst out laughing or yank her head back. Better? There’s nobody better than me.

“We can eradicate those thoughts if you let me fuck you right here, right now,” I say in a husky voice, watching her back stiffen. “Let me prove to you that you’ll never have better.”

She says nothing at first, but when I circle back to her front, she finds her voice again. It's cute, really.

“You wish.”

I bite my bottom lip and look her up and down. “Yeah, little hellfire, I fucking do.”

But Zeke would obliterate me if he found out I had her without him. We made a rule stating we could fuck her individually all we wanted, but for the first time? The first time she belongs to us both. Things might be different if he crashed here last night. Dumb bastard.

Part of me wants her to know nothing happened between me and Lacee, but then that wouldn't be much fun. She's fucking livid and jealous right now, and I love it on her. I'll let her believe it for a bit longer.

Changing the subject, I ask, “What are you even doing here? Shouldn't you be in class right now?”

Her guilty eyes find mine when she turns around to face me. “It's not important. I think I'll leave now and—”

I block her when she moves toward my door. “Nah, little hellfire, you're going to tell me exactly why you're here.” Squaring my shoulders, I tower over her and add, “Or we can make this interesting and tie you to my bed, doing things to your body that will leave you begging me for more, until you tell me why you're here.”

When her breath hitches, I know I've pulled her back to me. It's only a matter of time before she's choking on my cock

while Zeke pounds into her cunt. She's going to scream, begging us for our cocks every second of the day. And if I have it my way, she'll never leave our beds or our cocks.

“What'll it be, little hellfire?”

Her gaze flits between mine, and I can tell she's totally contemplating my words. She *wants* me to tie her to my bed, doesn't she? Fuck, what I wouldn't give for that to happen. My hands ball at my sides, my heart pounds, waiting for her to say one fucking thing before I move.

“I, um, came here because I thought I left my phone and—”

Fucking liar. My hand wraps around her neck, turning and slamming her against my door as I step into her. She whimpers, parting her mouth as her right leg comes up around my hip. My free hand lifts her left leg so I can step between her legs and pin her against my door. And goddamnit, I'm having a hell of a time not shoving her school-issued skirt up her milky thighs.

“Ch-Christian,” she breathes my name out in a rush.

Leaning in, I press my forehead against her temple and say through clenched teeth, “I don't like liars, Billie.”

And I love how her body reacts to my words. Her thighs tighten around my hips and her breath rushes out in a silent moan, sweeping across my cheek. I can't help what I do next, praying Zeke forgives me.

My tongue licks up the throbbing vein on the side of her neck, feeling her completely giving herself over to me. And

fuck, she tastes like every dark dream I've ever had about her. My cock hardens in my jeans, throbbing and rubbing against the apex of her legs as I rock my hips into her.

Her hands claw at my biceps, pulling me to her as I switch from licking her to full on biting her. The sound of her moans and whimpers fills my room before I find her mouth, swallowing her sweet sounds. She plunges her tongue into my mouth, tasting every inch as I moan back into her.

My eyes roll back as I tighten my hold on her throat, hearing her moans turn to groans as she struggles to breathe. She doesn't stop me, though, and it somehow makes me harder than I already am.

Then she does something I wasn't expecting and grabs my hand from her thigh, pulling me between her legs. And when I slip up her skirt and pull her panties to the side, she bites my bottom lip when my knuckles brush against her wet pussy lips. She's fucking soaked, coating my fingers as I groan into her mouth.

I could easily pull my cock out and fuck her against my door, but I'm already pushing it too far by doing this. But I'm not about to stop until she's screaming into my mouth and coming on my fingers. I'm pretty sure Zeke will understand.

But when I push two fingers into her tight pussy and she lets out a strangled moan, I break from our kiss and bite her jaw.

"Goddamn that was hot, Billie," I rasp against her.

“Christian,” she says my name on a long breath, staring into my gaze with the heaviest eyes I’ve ever seen. “Make me cum.”

Growling against her, I bite down on her neck and finger-fuck her until her pussy juices leak all over my palm and wrist. Her little waist rocks as her legs hook around mine, fucking my fingers herself and pushing me to the edge.

My phone rings, pulling me from the moment when I recognize the ringtone I assigned to Zeke. Fuck, if he knew what I was doing right now, he’d flip out. But I can’t stop. I can smell her arousal as she rides my fingers, begging me for this. After all, we’re trying to get her to agree to being our pet, right?

“Oh God. Oh God!” she cries out, throwing her head back until it smacks into my door.

I want to tell her God isn’t here with us, but I don’t want to ruin the moment. Her pussy clamps around my fingers as she holds her breath, and I’m pretty sure she’s about to let go. Turning my hand, I hook my fingers and stroke her g-spot.

“Ah, fuck!” she screams, replacing it with desperate whimpers as her gaze finds mine.

“That’s it, little hellfire. Cum on my fingers like a good pet.”

Her eyes roll back and she holds her breath again. I’m not expecting what happens next. Her cunt squeezes my fingers like a fucking vise before my forearm gets soaked. I can feel

her pussy pulse with each spurt, and I finger-fuck her harder. She just squirted from my fingers? Fucking hell, I'm going to love making her our pet.

She collapses against me, completely spent, as I pull my fingers from her cunt and wrap her in my arms. I press a soft kiss to her temple as I carry her to my bed, laying her down beneath me.

“You have no idea what I'm going to make your body do, baby,” I rasp as I watch her eyes flutter shut.

Chapter 11

BILLIE LUCAS

When I wake, I wipe the sleep from my eyes and sit straight up, finding myself in Christian's bedroom. What the actual fuck?! He's not anywhere to be found when I look around, adjusting my skirt around my thighs. A blush crawls into my cheeks when I remember how Christian had me pinned up against his door while he fingered me until I not only came all over his hand, but squirted all over him. I haven't had an orgasm like that in forever, feeling almost embarrassed how my body betrayed me like that.

He's not supposed to know how much I want him. My pussy literally told him I'm their pet without having to use my words, because after this, there's no denying them anymore.

I slide from the bed and rush to the door to get the hell out of here, but the bathroom door whips open and my jaw literally hits the fucking floor. Christian stands there completely naked, only a towel on his head as he dries his hair. His eyes are covered, giving me a moment to gawk at the hottest guy I think I've ever seen.

His body reminds me of a Greek statue, much like how I remember Holden's body being, but Christian is bulkier and covered in tattoos. I can't pull my gaze from his long torso and his flexing abs, but then my eyes drop to his cock and my eyeballs almost fall out of my head.

Christian Veradin has a fucking piercing through the head of his cock. I can't stop staring at the metal barbell there, and when he moves I see two more on the underside of his shaft. I'm openly gawking, completely unashamed.

"Like what you see, little hellfire?"

My eyes whip up to find Christian watching me with a devilish smirk on his sexy lips. He's not trying to cover himself up at all, leaning against the bathroom door frame to give me a better look at him. My mouth is dry, feeling like a damn desert when I try to swallow.

"It feels the best in your ass," he tells me, giving me a mental visual that weakens my knees. "That tight little hole."

Reaching down, he strokes himself, and I watch his cock harden right before my eyes. I feel my asshole tighten as I clench my knees together and peer over at him. I'm speechless, unable to form words of any kind.

I originally came over here to tell him about what my mom told me regarding *his* mom being my godmother, but we all know how that worked out. Now I can't think about anything other than his cock or how his fingers alone made me feel. And his mouth? Fuck me sideways, okay? His mouth is my newest addiction.

He moves from the door frame and comes right for me, dropping the towel from his head before he steps over it. I step back, hitting my knees against his bed before I'm forced to sit. But when I realize his dick is right in front of me, I don't look back up at him. I wonder what he'll taste like when I bury his length deep in my mouth. Will it feel good—for both of us—when I flick my tongue over the piercings?

Placing a finger beneath my jaw, he tilts my head back and forces me to look up. He's smirking, looking down with heavy lids. "As much as I want you to squirt on my cock, little hellfire, we gotta wait."

I lick my lips and swallow hard before I ask, "Wait for what?"

His phone rings again, and he laughs. "For Zeke, baby. For Zeke..."

Stepping away, he grabs his phone, still standing completely nude, before he taps away at the screen. My gaze racks over his backside, admiring his plump ass cheeks and imagining my hands full of them while he pounds into me.

"Looks like our boy is wondering where our pet is," Christian says over his shoulder, turning toward me so I get an eyeful of his pierced cock again.

Oh, shit! What time is it?

I look around for my own phone, remembering I didn't bring it because I let it die last night and it's currently charging in my dorm back at Reaper. But the clock on his dresser tells me

it's just before lunch. I can still make it back in time to finish up the day, avoiding most of my bullies in the meantime. They always give me shit in the mornings, but I seem to have quiet afternoons. They must not be morning people, picking on me the most.

“I have to go!” I rush out, jumping up from his bed and pulling my eyes from his perfect, naked ass.

He doesn't stop me as I run out of his room, flying down the stairs toward the front door. But before I can get out free and clear, Mr. Veradin emerges from his office and stops me.

“Well, if it isn't the traitor's daughter in sheep's clothing.”

“I beg your pardon?” I ask, glaring at him. Nobody calls my mom a traitor! “You have no idea what you're talking about.”

He buttons up his expensive looking suit jacket with a smirk, walking toward me much the way Christian does when he's trying to intimidate me. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, does it?

“I know exactly what I'm talking about. Everyone in this town knows what the fuck I'm talking about. You and your family name aren't welcome here anymore. Do yourself a favor and get the fuck out of Reaper while you still can.”

He can try to bully me all he wants, but he has no idea how strong I can be. “I'm not going anywhere,” I reply through clenched teeth.

Smirking wider, he shakes his head and says, “It's your funeral, little girl.” And then he's gone, heading back into his

office before I can tell him to go fuck himself.

But I won't lie and say his words didn't affect me. Does everyone in this town *really* think that about me and my mom? That we're traitors? Not welcome in our hometown anymore? I don't like him or his words. I'm already dealing with enough as it is without a pompous asshole like him trying to control me. My uncle already tries to do that.

When I leave the Veradin estate, I don't bother ordering and waiting for an Uber. After what Mr. Veradin said to me, I decide to walk to Reaper Academy to clear my head. A grown ass man is trying to bully me out of my own town. It won't work, though. I won't let it.

I wonder what Christian will think about this when I tell him. *If* I tell him. I'm meant to be his pet, keeping his bed warm and his cock wet. I'm a means to an end. The same way I was for Holden. I'm the girl everyone fucks until they find the one they're going to marry. Christian probably won't even give a damn.

I'm almost at the academy when a car revs behind me. I move further toward the ditch, hoping they'll go around me, but the engine revs louder. When I glance over my shoulder, I find Zeke grinning at me through his windshield. *Great.* Another guy who's willing to use me to get what he wants before I'm thrown back to the wolves.

"Billie!" Zeke shouts when he rolls his window down. "Get in!"

But I ignore him, continuing my way up the hill. My thighs are going to burn once I reach the top, but I mostly blame Christian for that. I've been weak and shaky since he made me explode all over his fingers.

God, I *am* a pet! Look at me! Bitching about being the girl nobody actually wants but willing to spread my legs for them. I'm incorrigible, I know.

Zeke roars his engine, pulling in front of me to block my walking path. He rolls down the passenger window and gives me an icy glare.

"Get in the car, Billie. You don't want to see what I'll do if I have to get out."

And I can tell by the look in his eyes that he's not messing around. I wanted to fight, but I quickly lost it, hopping into the passenger seat with a humph. He whips the car around so fast my neck snaps and then we're zooming down the mountain road at dangerous speeds.

"Zeke," I warn, reaching over to grab his hand on the shifter.

"What were you doing at Christian's, Billie?"

I swallow hard, unsure what I should say here. They want me to be *their* pet, but this morning, I was definitely Christian's.

"Zeke, slow down," I demand.

He whips a hard glare at me, shifting to the next highest gear as his car roars. I'm terrified, about to pass out because his

eyes are on me and not on the road. But then he looks forward and pulls the hand brake, making his car slide sideways as we take a corner.

“You son of a bitch!” My scream fills the car as I hold on for dear life.

“I won’t ask you again, Bil—” He stops mid-sentence when the car fills with ringing and Christian’s name pops up on the screen.

This couldn’t be worse timing. I’m expecting Zeke to focus on driving, but he answers by pressing a button on his steering wheel.

“Maybe *you* can answer why Billie was at your place this morning,” Zeke greets in a less than friendly tone.

Christian’s chuckle comes through the speakers, making the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. “Chill, man, she’s still ours. Nothing happened.”

I let out a strangled breath, keeping my eyes glued on the road as Zeke finally slows to a more natural fucking speed. Christian lied to him, though, and I want to know why. They want me to be their pet so they can share me, but they’re both showing signs of jealousy. I should run the opposite way, but who can blame me for staying? Two of the hottest guys in the state both want me. How can I deny them? How can I deny *myself*?

And it’s not entirely sexual for me either. These boys have been in my life for as long as I can remember. We’ve been

friends for longer.

“I thought I left my phone there,” I say, lying through my teeth to Zeke as well.

Christian is quiet for a minute, probably waiting for Zeke to say something. He blows out a breath and shakes his head. “Sorry. I’m just—on fucking edge today.”

I’d like to ask him why, but I know he won’t tell me. Zeke can be a pretty quiet guy, telling you only what he wants you to know. This is somehow different, and it makes me uncomfortable.

“Head up, buttercup,” Christian says, adding, “I just got off the phone with Van. He and Everlee are going to be back in town this weekend. He wants the three of us to hang. You game?”

You’d think hearing Holden’s name after everything we shared and all the things I’ve endured since they left would be weird for me, but it’s not. I respect Holden—always have—and Everlee is an absolute darling. I’m so glad they found each other. In all honesty, I can only hope to find something as fucking magical as the two of them share.

“Yeah, I’m always up to hang with Van.” Zeke looks over sharply, huffing out a breath. “At your place, obviously.”

Christian lets out a groan, making me squeeze my knees together. The sound brings me right back to his bedroom and how he made my fucking body sing for him. But I shove those thoughts and these fiery feelings away when Zeke glares over

at me again. He doesn't notice anything different about me, does he? Can he tell I'm lying? Can he tell I'm pinching my knees together, hiding my soaked panties beneath my school-issued skirt?

"I'll call you later, Christian. We're going to be late for school," Zeke says dryly before he hangs up, filling the cab of the car with silence.

My heart is nearly pounding out of my chest as I look anywhere but at him. His heavy breathing fills the car, and I'm afraid to look over at him in case he's pissed off and waiting to yell at me. But when he reaches over, he grabs my thigh and pulls my legs open.

"Fuck, Billie," he rasps out as his fingers dig into my flesh.

I stare down, watching his grip turn my skin white as he adjusts in his seat and grabs at his dick. The action makes me moan as I imagine his cock thick and heavy in his slacks, begging for my attention. I'm still so worked up from Christian, my body buzzing for another orgasm.

"Zeke," I say his name barely above a whisper when I finally look right into his gaze.

His eyes are heavy, full of lust and desire as he licks his lips and looks down over my chest. "I can smell you, Billie," he tells me, moving his hand further up my thigh.

I'm burning wherever his hand touches me, forming a knot in my throat as I swallow back another moan. I can't help

myself when I spread my legs further for him and adjust in my seat so he can see my soaked panties.

“Mmm, is that for me, baby?” he asks in a deep, low tone as his eyes lower and a flush creeps into his cheeks.

Biting my bottom lip, I grab the bottom of my skirt with both hands and pull it up around my hips. I want him to see me—all of me. My hands go for my school-issued button up next, popping one at a time as he watches me go down. I squirm in my seat when I pull my shirt open, feeling the cool air of the cab harden my nipples more than they already are.

“Fuck,” he hisses out as I watch his gaze bounce back and forth across my chest.

I grin, understanding the hardships he’s going through right at this moment. I’d give anything to drop the zipper on his slacks, stick my hand inside, and pull out his thick, pulsing cock. If he gets to see, I want to see, too.

“Can I touch you?” he whispers, looking me dead in the eyes.

A guy who asks permission? God, I’m turned on right now. Giving him a slow nod, I hold my skirt up with one hand and cup my left tit with the other. He doesn’t waste a second to reach over and grab my other tit, using his thumb and forefinger to pinch my nip. My head flies back into his seat as my moan fills the car. Everything is so sensitive right now, silently begging him to touch me everywhere.

“Zeke, more,” I instruct him.

With a groan, he moves his hand from my breasts and slips it into the top of my panties. I arch my hips and open for him, inhaling a sharp breath when he brushes against my clit. Another shock tears through my pussy and up my spine the same way it did when Christian was touching me.

But I can't be fingered again. I need more. I need to feel full and plugged as I cum until I'm shaking. So I reach down and stop his hand from moving as I shake my head at him.

“Show me yours,” I whisper.

A smirk lifts his sexy lips as he sits back and gets to work unbuttoning his slacks. I love how he doesn't fight what I want in the slightest, willing to give me everything. But when he pulls his cock from his white boxers, my mouth drops wide open. What the fuck is that thing?!

“What's his name?” I ask as my eyes widen. “And do you tuck him in at night?”

Zeke's deep chuckle fills the car as he strokes his long, thick monster dick—without any piercings like Christian's. I mean, it's not world record breaking by any means, but I know it's going to hurt when I sit on it.

“Do you have a song I have to sing to charm him?”

He laughs louder, but goes straight faced when he grabs my jaw and pulls me to him. I let out a yelp as I lean over the center console and stare dead into his hard eyes.

“This smart mouth needs to be filled with my cock.” He bites his bottom lip, letting his eyes drift over my features

before finding my gaze again. “Would you like that too, Billie?”

My pussy pounds as I pant against his mouth, nodding ever so gently. Cock praise is my kink, and I can't wait to get my hands wrapped around that thing. I can't wait to see his face and hear his moans as I fuck him with my mouth.

Licking his hand, I turn my head and kiss his palm before I lower down. I grab the base, swallowing hard when my fingers don't touch. But it's when I wrap my mouth around the head that shocks me. I'm not even past the tip and my mouth already feels full.

Zeke slips his hand into my hair, hissing when I slide and twirl my tongue around the backside of his shaft. The vein throbs there, making his cock bounce in my hand.

“Fucking choke on it, Billie,” he instructs roughly before he guides my mouth back over the head.

My eyes cross when he thrusts upwards, filling my mouth as far as he can go. I gag around him, drool spluttering from my mouth and down my jaw, and it's only making my pussy wetter, too. I moan around him, stroking him long and hard as I try to swallow back as much of him as I can. But I can't breathe, so I lean back and fill the car with my gasps.

He chuckles, biting his bottom lip again as he grabs my soaked jaw and looks me dead in the eyes. “Damn, I'm going to enjoy training your mouth with my cock. How do I taste, huh?”

But he doesn't let me answer when he kisses me, tracing my lips with his tongue. I realize he's tasting himself and it makes my eyes roll back as I groan into his mouth. He fills mine with his own, biting my bottom lip before he pulls back. My lip pops with his release, and I look up at him to see what he wants me to do next.

"Backseat," he rushes out while he shoves his cock back into his boxers, then gets out and jumps in the back.

He sits in the middle of the backseat, pulling his slacks and boxers down until mid-thigh, trapping his legs. Stroking himself, he curls his fingers and invites me back. I go without hesitation, getting into the backseat easily. As I straddle him, I pull my panties to the side and let my wetness coat his length.

Reaching around, he grabs my panties and holds them to the side while he grabs his cock and guides himself to my pussy. I'm so wet I easily slide over the head and down, but fuck, he's huge. My eyes cross as I sit as far as I can.

"Oh my God, I'm so full already," I whisper against his cheek as I lean forward.

His chuckle vibrates against my throat before he kisses me there. "Baby, you're not even halfway down yet."

Is he serious?! My pussy feels like it's going to split in two! But I wiggle my hips and feel him push in more. And then even more until my ass rests flat on the top of his thighs. I lean back and hold my breath, feeling the tip of his dick in my fucking stomach.

He brushes my unruly red hair from my face as he smirks up at me. Neither of us moves as I get used to the size of him. I blow out a heavy breath when he moves. My pussy glides effortlessly up and down his cock as I rest my elbows on the top of the front seats. Zeke groans out as he rips my shirt wide open and slaps one of my tits. The welcome pain shoots through my chest as my pussy tightens around him.

“You’re so fucking tight, Billie,” he says breathlessly, thrusting his hips a bit faster now.

I nod, feeling the tightness and stretch as he pounds into me. My tits bounce, and I hold on as my body rocks wildly above him. After another slap to my tits, Zeke grabs the back of my neck with both hands and pulls down, holding me steady as his cock destroys my cunt.

The sound of our slapping bodies, moans, and grunts fill the car. My eyes roll back again when my pussy clamps down on him, pulsing over and over as the sharp pain of my orgasm consumes me.

I look down to watch my pussy swallow every inch of his enormous size, coating him in my shiny juices. And then it happens all over again. It feels like I’m peeing myself, but it’s also a unique sensation altogether. Everything escapes my body as my orgasm pulses, and my cunt squirts all over Zeke’s lower abdomen.

“Ah, fuck!” Zeke shouts before letting out a rough growl.

He pounds harder, his face turning red as his grip on the back of my neck tightens. I’ve completely soaked his shirt, but

he doesn't seem to mind at all. Heat fills my cheeks as I come down from my ultimate high. His feverish upward thrusts immediately switch to slow thrusts as he groans and pulls out.

Releasing my neck, he grabs his cock and strokes long and hard. I watch as the cum shoots out of the tip in a steady rhythm all over his lower abdomen after he pulls his shirt up. His cum mixes with mine, and I have the urge to ride him again. But the more I look around, the more I see what a mess I made of his backseat. This is an expensive ass car and I've just squirted all over the leather.

"What's wrong?" Zeke asks, pulling me back to the moment.

I smile and shake my head. "Just thinking about how I owe you for an interior car cleaning service."

He laughs, rubbing his hand over his upper abdomen just above his cum. "Don't even worry about it. That was the best fuck I've ever had, Billie."

Leaning up, he wraps his arms around my hips and pulls me close to him. I cry out, pushing his shoulders. "Ugh, Zeke! You're covering us in our cum!"

"Baby, if I had it my way, we'd never leave this backseat. And I *would* cover you in nothing but my cum."

The image in my head makes me clench my knees around his hips. An entire afternoon with Zeke's cock sounds fucking amazing. But honestly, I'm fucking sore from his anaconda

pulverizing my cunt like that. It literally feels like he's still inside of me.

Ringin' fills the car again, and I look over my shoulder to see Christian's name. Guilt washes over me, an unfamiliar emotion as I move from Zeke's lap and start righting my clothes.

As Zeke shoves his dick away, he leans forward over the center console and hits the answer button.

"Yo, what's up?"

"I just thought of something," Christian's voice says over the speakers. "Take Billie as your date to the banquet this Friday. It's time everyone sees she's one of us again."

My gaze whips to Zeke, a question forming on my brow as I cock my head at him. Why do I feel like I'm some kind of pawn in a wicked game they're playing? But what game is that, and why am *I* the pawn?

"You're on speaker, and you just invited her for me," Zeke announces.

A stint of silence fills the car before Christian asks, "You're still with Billie?" In a flat tone.

We both share a glance before Zeke takes the conversation back, lying to him the same way Christian lied to him first. "We were just talking, man. Neither of us wanted to go to class today. What are you doing?"

Silence greets us, and the vein in my neck throbs as my heart rate picks up. My hands are sweaty and trembling as I finish

buttoning my shirt. I don't like how they're lying to each other when it involves me. Now I feel like I owe them both some kind of loyalty, playing along with their lies.

“What the fuck do you think I'm doing? The same thing I did yesterday, and the day before that, and the day before that—sitting in my boxers, jerking off every few hours and playing my game.”

“I'll drop Billie off and come hang out,” Zeke tells him before he ends the call.

I'm thoroughly annoyed with both of them, huffing as I get out of the backseat and into the front. Zeke joins me, shrugging out of his cum-covered shirt before pulling a Reaper football tee on instead.

He looks over as he grabs the gear shifter but doesn't move it. I look up and find him watching me.

“You're upset.”

I snort. “And you're observant.”

He sighs. “Billie, what's wrong?”

Looking out the side window, I realize I can't tell him why I'm upset without telling him Christian lied, too. You'd have to be blind not to see the pissing contest going on between these two when it comes to me. I won't throw either of them under the bus, but I don't know how much longer I can play this game.

“Nothing. I'm just exhausted. Take me home.”

“You don’t want to go to Reaper? I don’t know if I’m comfortable bringing you home after what you said about your uncle and—”

“He won’t be there. I’d like to go home, Zeke.”

Holding a hand up in surrender, he shifts the car into gear and roars down the road.

Chapter 12

BILLIE LUCAS

The roar of Zeke's car fades away as I stand at the mailbox, pulling out an arm full of envelopes and small parcels. Clearly someone hasn't been checking the mail. I sift through the top stack of envelopes, but there isn't anything good in here.

I almost drop everything when the sound of tires coming to a stop scare the hell out of me. But when I turn around, expecting to find my uncle there, I'm relieved and surprised to find Mrs. Fairfax. Well, she isn't exactly Mrs. Fairfax, now, is she? My mind is still reeling from this revelation. I grew up thinking she was Lauren's mom. Everyone did.

"What can I do for you, Mrs...?" I stop, unsure of what to call her now.

She smiles. "Ms. Witt. Or Dana, if it makes you more comfortable. Do you have a minute to talk?"

I look up and down the street, wondering why an undercover FBI agent—the one who arrested my mother—wants to speak

to me. Last I heard, she's not exactly welcome around these parts. But then again, it's mostly the assholes who are now behind bars who don't want her here, but that doesn't matter because they're all gone now, anyway. For now.

“What can I do for you, Dana?” I ask, not wanting to address her by her proper name.

“It's obvious I'm not trusted around here anymore, but if you'll give me five minutes to explain, I'd like to do so. I need your help. And if you help me, I'll make some calls and get your mommy-dearest out early.”

Chewing on the inside of my cheek, I shift the mail contents in my arms and glare at her. What the hell makes her think I'd give her even *five* minutes of my time? She ruined my life. She ruined others', too. Fuck her.

Without answering, I turn toward the gate and walk away from her.

“You're in danger, Billie. Everyone in this town is. I don't deserve your forgiveness, but I hope you can let bygones be bygones for the sake of saving your friends.”

That has my interest piqued. Turning back around, I look her dead in the eyes and say, “If you fuck me over again, I will kill you.”

I've just threatened an FBI agent, but she seems to understand and accept it, giving me a single nod. “Get in, Billie.” Her gaze looks over her shoulder. “Before your uncle returns home.”

After I shove all the mail back into the box, I get into her FBI-issued black Chevy Tahoe without a word. She pulls out of my driveway, heading in the same direction Zeke just headed.

“I believe your five minutes have already started, Dana,” I tell her, getting annoyed because she hasn’t started talking yet. There are plenty of questions swirling through my mind right now, but I’m going to give her the benefit of the doubt and hear what she has to say before I drill her.

“You hate me for obvious reasons, but you should know I never meant to hurt anyone. I did my job—I did what was asked of me.”

I snort. “Yeah, fooling all of us for years that you’re one of us; only to turn around and put my innocent mother behind bars.”

“Nobody is innocent, Billie. Your mother might not have had a direct hand in killing Mrs. Van, but she was an accomplice and that’s legally the same damn thing.”

There’s no point in arguing with her, so I keep my mouth shut. My mother changed some files and documents. She didn’t murder anyone. And they forced her into doing it—paid off by Mr. Van and the man Dana was pretending to be married to. And if she didn’t? She’d be buried right along with Mrs. Van. I’m not saying it was right, but my mom doesn’t deserve all this hate either.

“How did you go so long without being found out?” I ask, having to know the answer because there were never *any*

signs. Learning she's an undercover FBI agent shocked every single person around her.

She sighs. "I met Mr. Fairfax a few months after his first wife died—Lauren's actual mother. He hadn't moved back to Reaper yet, and Lauren was just a baby then. We married right away. When we moved here, it was so easy to convince everyone that I was Lauren's mother. Nobody questioned anything because nobody knew her mother. The agency couldn't have planned it better themselves."

"And you lived among this community for what... seventeen years? I don't understand why you didn't take anyone down *before* Mrs. Van died. Or right after? She had been gone for a few years before you took everyone down. And then to find out you were fucking Holden? Who was not only supposed to be dating your daughter but also fucking me, too?" I'm huffing by the time I get to the end of my explosion. My hands shake in my lap as I try to calm the anger racing through me.

"I wanted to take everyone down sooner, but I have a boss to answer to, and he told me not to move until he said so. And I have nothing to say about Holden."

My gaze whips over to her, noticing an expression of sadness on her features before she takes a deep breath and smiles over at me. It's a total change, but I won't ask her about it. I know what it's like to be with Holden and then to not have him. I may never know what happened between these two, but I understand the pain. Holden Van was one of those guys who made you feel you were on top of the world because he chose

you. I often wonder if Everlee feels like that every single day, especially being the one he married and made his forever. The girl has to be on cloud nine.

“Listen, I’m not going to pretend we’re okay, but I got in your vehicle for a reason. What did you mean when you said I was in danger?”

She pulls into an empty-ish parking lot and puts the Tahoe in park before reaching into the back to bring up a thick folder. Taking some documents out, she hands them to me and gives me a second to glance through them.

I don’t fully understand what I’m looking at, but I do recognize my uncle’s name in several places. “What is this?”

“That’s my next assignment, but I’m not doing this undercover anymore, for obvious reasons. However, you’re the only one who can get close enough to him to incriminate him.”

The last conversation I had with my abusive uncle was him telling me I now had a curfew and that I had to follow all of his rules. I haven’t been home since, and honestly, I’m quite surprised he hasn’t come after me yet. I’m glad he hasn’t, though.

“I don’t exactly stay at my house anymore. How am I supposed to help you?”

She pulls a small battery looking thing from her purse and holds her palm open to show me. “I need you to place this

wherever he does most of his work and phone calls—an office, his bedroom.”

“So he can find it and kill me?”

“Not on my watch.”

“Yeah? And how well did that work out for Mrs. Van, huh?”
I ask, rolling my eyes.

“What happened to Mrs. Van was out of my control until it wasn’t,” she snaps. “Don’t judge my actions based on shit you don’t understand, Billie. You haven’t even seen what life can do to you yet.”

I’ve clearly poked the bear, and I don’t give a fuck. She pisses me off on so many levels, it’s not even funny. But she’s right only because I know what it’s like to be judged for what others see and not what the truth is.

“And what happens if I can successfully plant this in his space?” I ask instead.

“We need him to incriminate himself. He’s back here for a reason, and I’m pretty sure you know it has nothing to do with making sure you’re okay. No, he’s after something more powerful. They kicked him out of Reaper after he graduated and went off to college. He’s been banned, but now he’s back, since all those who were keeping him out are in jail.”

My brows pinch together as I let her words sink in. “Why was he banned?”

“That’s what I’m still trying to find out. I think he’s working with the Barretts, but I can’t prove it yet. I need a way into the

Barrett family circle and you're going to help me with that, too."

I laugh incredulously. "And how the hell do you think I'm going to help you with that? I don't mess with the Barretts. They're ruthless and—"

"You can't, but your little boyfriend can."

My mind immediately pictures Zeke as I shake my head. "Zeke doesn't speak to them."

"Christian does. I can remove that ankle bracelet if you *both* agree to work with me."

I swallow the nervous lump blocking my airway before I ask, "And what about Zeke?"

She's the one laughing now. "Two guys? I like your style, darlin', but this is for you and Christian only. The less who know about this, the better. So boyfriend number two will have to be left in the dark."

The guys are already lying to each other, but I don't know if I can add to that mix. And if me and Christian are in a lie together, and Zeke ever finds out, he'll totally kick us both to the curb, won't he? The thought makes my stomach hurt. I like Zeke—a lot. And the idea of hurting him isn't okay with me.

"There's no other way?" I ask, hopeful there is.

But she shakes her head. "No, otherwise we wouldn't be here. I know I'm asking a lot from you, but if you do this for me, I'll do something for you in return."

My mom's face pops into my head, and my spine straightens. "You can get my mom out?"

She nods. "Yeah, I can, but I need you to do this first. I'm not running a charity around here."

I'm chewing on the inside of my cheek again, wringing my hands as I contemplate her offer. Getting my mom free is all I want. I want to go back to our life how it was before everything went down, and I want my uncle to fuck off. I'll have to lie to a lot of people to do this, but sometimes you have to do things you're uncomfortable with in order to get what matters to you.

"Tell me exactly what I have to do," I whisper, not turning to look at her as I let the realization of what I've agreed to sink in.

Chapter 13

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

I've been holding my game controller in my hand for about five minutes straight now, not moving a single fucking muscle as I stare at the TV screen. Billie and Zeke fucked. They didn't have to say it. I could hear it in their voices.

We were supposed to wait to have her together. Then after that, we could fuck her by ourselves. Making her squirt from my fingers earlier today doesn't count, but this... Oh, yeah, he fucked up. He's my brother, and we agreed on some things regarding Billie, but he shit all over that pact the second he stuck his dick in her. We're still going to make her our pet, just not before I show Zeke who's the alpha dog here.

My phone rings and I'm half expecting it to be Zeke, but it's Holden fucking Van.

"Van, brother. You miss my voice already?" I answer with a smirk on my lips, knowing his hot ass wife is listening. Yeah, I said it. What can I say? Everlee is fucking smokin' hot.

He chuckles. “Fuck off with that shit, man. You going to be around later? We’re coming into town tonight, but Everlee’s going to dinner with her mom and I’d rather fucking not.”

Everlee scolds him in a hushed tone, and I can just fucking picture Van’s eyes rolling. “Yeah, dude, come by whenever. It’s not like I won’t be here.”

“Cool. Call Zeke’s bitch ass. He’s not answering my calls.”

I grind my back teeth. Yeah, he hasn’t been answering because he’s been fucking our girl without me. “I got you, brother. Bring some pizza on your way.”

Holden mumbles his agreement before he hangs up on me—typical Van style. I’m not into playing my game anymore, so I toss my controller onto my bed and stand to stretch. And just when I think I’m done thinking about my betrayal of a best friend, he slams back into my thoughts just as he walks into my room.

My eyes whip down to his dick, checking to see if I’m right and he actually fucked her—even though I already know he has. Goddamn him for making me feel this way. Jealousy doesn’t look good on me.

“So, how was she?” I blurt out.

He lifts a brow and asks, “Who the fuck are you talking about?”

I’m about to answer him when the doorbell chimes through the house. Who the fuck is at the door? It’s the middle of the day. Maybe my fuckwad of a dad has a delivery, which only

makes me smile. If he's expecting something, I can totally fuck with him.

But I'm not expecting to find Mrs. Fairfax standing there, looking me up and down like I'm a fresh slab of juicy steak. I'm not wearing a shirt, only a pair of sweats I tossed on after Billie ran out of here.

"Well, aren't you decorated nicely?" she asks with a curl of her lip.

I blow out a rush of air and cross my arms over my chest. "What the fuck do you want?"

I'm looking anywhere but at her when she says, "I came to take off your anklet bracelet if you're willing to work with me on a case."

Snorting, I finally look down into her traitorous gaze and shake my head. "You're fucking mental if you think I'd do anything to help you. If it were up to me, I'd slit your thro—"

"Watch yourself, Christian. I'm still an FBI agent and threatening me comes with some serious consequences."

She doesn't scare me. An FBI agent or not, she can kiss my ass. What she did to our community, and what she did to Lauren, isn't something you forgive easily. The woman has lived a lie for years, hiding among us to record all our secrets.

"Well, in that case, go fuck yourself. I'm not helping you with shit."

I'm about to shut the door on her face when she blurts out, "Billie is in danger."

Opening the door again, I pin her with a hard glare. “What the fuck do you mean Billie’s in danger? Don’t fucking play with me here... whatever the fuck your real name is.”

My heart sank into my gut at the mention of Billie being in danger. I will literally rip anyone in half if they so much as speak ill about my girl. So this bitch better speak up before I tell her to get bent. Then I’ll drive my ass over to the Lucas Estate—ankle bracelet and all—and kidnap Billie, chaining her to my other ankle if I have to.

“There’s more going on in Reaper than we know about, Christian. Don’t you think it’s a weird coincidence that Billie’s uncle shows up to *take* care of her while her mom is incarcerated?”

I shake my head. “He’s family. Isn’t that what he was legally supposed to do? Billie has no one else as far as I know.”

Mrs. Fairfax cocks a knowing brow, smirking. “Actually, your mother is her godmother. It surprised me to come back to Reaper to find Billie not staying with you.”

“What?!” I ask through clenched teeth.

My fucking mother is Billie’s godmother?! How the fuck am I just hearing about this now? And Billie could have been staying here this entire time? What the shit, man?

“Get to the point, princess,” I snap, getting annoyed with her presence while also thinking about how I’m going to call my mom and tell her the fuck off.

“Her uncle is here for his own agenda, and probably won’t care about your precious girlfriend getting harmed in his path. And I also know the Barrett brothers have something to do with all of it.”

I hate how out of every fucking thing she just said, the word girlfriend makes my stomach feel fucking weird. But I wrap my mind around her words and ask, “So, what the hell do you need from me?”

Smiling, she says, “I need you to get in with the Barrett’s again, but make friends, not enemies. They know something about Reaper and all the elite families living here. They’ll know why Billie’s uncle is here, and what he plans on doing with her.”

“You want me to befriend the dudes I’m real enemies with? I’m not a fucking rat like you are, and the FBI isn’t paying me shit.” I look her up and down, disgust morphing my features. “Get the fuck off of my front step.”

She doesn’t move a muscle. Placing her hands on her hips, she challenges me with a hard glare. “I’m not leaving until you agree to help. Billie’s on board, and she can’t do this alone. Either you go into the Barrett’s den or I send her in. Make a fucking choice right now, Christian, or I will.”

My jaw tightens so hard I give myself a throbbing pain in both of my temples. She can kick rocks if she thinks I’ll ever let Billie near the Barrett brothers. I don’t care if this cock-sucking ankle bracelet chains me to my house. I’ll fucking go to jail to make sure she’s not anywhere near them. They don’t

have a rough reputation for nothing. The things Zeke and I have planned for Billie are like rainbows and unicorns compared to what the Barrett brothers do to their girls.

“I’ll do it,” I say tightly.

Of course she’s grinning. The bitch just won, and no doubt has my nuts in her grips. Fuck, man.

“What about my buddy, Zeke? He knows the Barretts too and—”

“No, just you and Billie need to know about this. The less who know, the better. Just trust me, okay?” She looks over her shoulder nervously before adding, “I’ll be in touch, Christian. Don’t ghost me because I will find you.”

Why the hell can’t Zeke know? I don’t have time to ask because she’s halfway to her Tahoe by now, but then it hits me. “Hey! You said you were taking this thing off!” I shout after her, wiggling my ankle.

“You gotta prove you aren’t just yanking my chain. Once you prove you’re doing this, *then* I’ll take it off.”

I groan. “But how am I supposed to befriend those fucks if I can’t even go see them?”

She grins back at me as she grabs the Tahoe handle. “Your first test will be here. I’ll be in touch,” she repeats before getting into the truck.

Great. I’ve agreed to do something probably illegal for the traitorous bitch, but I don’t care. If Billie is actually in danger, I don’t care what I have to do to make sure she’s safe.

“Who was that?” Zeke asks.

I whip around, finding him descending the stairs. “It was—”
Shit, he’s not supposed to know about this, but what do I tell him? Fuck it, I’ll go with my original thought. “A delivery for my dad.”

“Hmm. So, we gonna do something or what?”

“Yeah, whatever,” I say with a shrug. “Let’s hang outside by the pool. I’m sick of my bedroom.”

And I also don’t want him in there for too long, thinking he might see something to tell him what I had done to Billie this morning. I can’t get her orgasmic expression out of my head, either. It’s going to be a tough afternoon if I have to hide this thick dick the whole time. Maybe I should get out of these sweats.



“**D**ude, this motherfucker needs to be visited,” Zeke says, making me peel my eyes open.

We’ve been sitting out by the pool for a few hours now, basking in the sun and keeping to ourselves. This is the first time we’re speaking to each other. Mostly because I’ve covered my face with my arm and blocked any chance of conversation from happening. Because I know if I talked to him, we’d both be bloody and our fucking faces would hurt.

“Who are you talking about?”

He turns his phone towards me. “That little fuck from the valley—the one who thought he could get with our girl.”

I smile, liking how he referred to her as *our* girl, and also because I was calling her that in my head earlier. Maybe we’re still on the same page after all.

Squinting my eyes, I see a picture of him and Billie at the pool hall the night we surprised them there. His post reads: *Hittin’ some balls with this hottie.*

I’m going to punch him square in the mouth for saying that stupid shit. But as I throw my legs over the side of my lounge, I feel the ankle bracelet and curse. This thing seriously couldn’t be more fucking annoying.

“Wasssssup?!”

We whip our heads over and see Holden fucking Van making his way through the back slider doors. It’s good to see him. The three assholes are back together, and God, what I wouldn’t give to go fuck some shit up tonight.

“Wasssssup?!” Zeke and I say back to him in unison.

The three of us bro hug before it turns to fake punching.

“What the fuck is up, man? How is married life?” Zeke asks, fake punching him in the dick.

Holden blocks his crotch as he laughs. “Dude, Everlee will kick your ass if you hurt her danglin’ boys.” He nods at Zeke’s

phone sitting on the lounge chair. “So, whose ass are we kicking tonight?”

Me and Zeke share a look, wondering how he’ll take the news of the both of us going after Billie. He had her first, ya know?

“Some punk in the valley,” Zeke says, clearly testing the waters.

Holden groans. “We still dealing with those fucks? I thought after everything that happened with Hastings’ bitch ass, they’d steer clear of us Reaper boys.”

“Well, this one isn’t.”

“And he’s fucking with our—I mean, Billie,” I correct myself.

He cocks a brow at me, and I know that look in his eye. He knows what I just said. Fuck, this is not how I wanted to tell him.

“You two going after Billie?” Holden asks outright.

Zeke speaks up first, shrugging his shoulders like it’s no big deal at all. “Yeah, you got a problem with that?”

They have a stare-off for a hot minute before Holden laughs and shrugs again. “Nah, dude, I think it’s actually pretty great. It was only a matter of time before one of you saw what I saw. Who has she chosen?”

We share another glance. “Both of us,” Zeke answers.

His answer catches Holden's attention. Looking between the two of us a few times, he eventually nods. "Yeah, I can see that. It makes sense. It's no secret I have a history with her. Billie's good people. Don't fucking hurt her."

It's admirable for Holden to be such a nice guy with those who are important to him. He might have only used Billie for sex, but deep down, that was his way of showing her she mattered in his life. And for her it was enough, but I never want to be just enough for her. I want her to feel like she can't fucking breathe without me.

"The only motherfuckers who get to hurt her are us, and she'll be begging for the pain," I say matter-of-factly.

He nods a single time, dropping the subject without a hitch. "So, this douche from the valley. Who is he?"

"I think his name is CJ, but I could be wrong. He—"

Holden cuts Zeke off. "Fuck right off. CJ is Jett's cousin. Those fucking Hastings' don't know their place, always wanting to be up on the hill with the Reapers, but they can never crawl out of the sewage. You ready to go fuck some shit up, Z?" he asks, slapping Zeke in the chest to pump him up.

I hold my hands up, defeated. "Make sure you land a punch right in his face hole for me. Ya know, since I can't go have fun with you guys."

They're halfway to the side gate when Holden shouts back that he'll personally deliver my message. Those fuckin' dicks

are leaving me high and dry, though. God, I hate this goddamn shackle.

Chapter 14

ZEKE LUNGREN

“So, you and Christian are dating Billie together, huh?”
Holden asks as we climb into his sick ass Rover. I’ve always loved this damn rig—told him I’d trade him straight up for mine, but he always just laughed at me.

I nod and shrug, slamming the door shut before I look up at the Veradin estate. Christian is going to kick my ass when he finds out I fucked Billie earlier in my car, but part of me thinks he already knows. He was acting distant and quiet near the pool. I thought he was going to strangle me when I entered his bedroom, but the doorbell saved me.

Little does Christian know, I was eavesdropping at the top of the stairs. I know all about the deal he made with the devil we knew as Mrs. Fairfax. What I’d like to know is why the fuck she didn’t want me to know about any of it. I’m going to be keeping my eyes on that bitch. And because she said Billie is in danger, I’ll be keeping my eyes on her, too. Actually, when I’m done here with Holden, I plan on picking her up on the

way back to Christian's. I don't like the idea of not having her in our sights.

"Yeah, something like that," I finally reply to Van's question.

"Something like that? You two just fucking her then?"

I glance at him, wondering why he's so interested in this topic suddenly. Isn't he happily married to the girl of his dreams? "What gives, man?" I ask.

"What do you mean?"

"Why are you asking about it? The last time I checked, you ditched Billie's ass when Everlee enrolled at Reaper. Why do you—"

"Because I'm not a complete fucking prick, dude. Billie has been our good friend for years. The three of us have always watched out for her. That's all I'm doing now. And I am happily married, fucker. Don't think my drilling you means I'm jealous or don't love my wife."

He's pissy as fuck and that usually means he's about to snap, and when Holden snaps, we all stay the fuck out of his way.

"Sorry, man, I'm just on edge lately." I run a hand over my tired face, blowing out a breath.

He glances at me and asks, "You good?"

I don't know how to tell him I'm not sure. Christian first wanted to fuck with Billie because of everything that happened with her mom and the drama of Reaper, but now he's acting like he actually wants her because he likes her.

Something has been off about this the entire time. I'm the one who likes Billie—I always fucking have, even when Holden had her. And now I've caught his dad fucking the Barrett's sister against his desk the night before Mrs. Fairfax shows up asking Christian for his help. There's a lot more going on in this town than meets the eye, and not a single one of these fuckers is being honest about any of it.

“Yeah, man, just the stress of being a senior, ya know?” I laugh, totally lying through my teeth, but Holden doesn't need to hear about my shit. He has enough going on, and I don't want to bring up what happened last year, knowing it would fuck with him again. Losing his mom hit everyone hard, but especially Holden. He became a completely different guy after her death. I don't want to be the one to dredge up those memories.

“Well, you're about to release some stress. We're here,” he says, nodding toward the bowling alley. “God, this place brings back memories.”

I laugh, knowing which memories he's talking about. “Now we're here to punch out another Hastings. You've gotta be excited about that.”

We get out of the Rover and stalk toward the front doors like we own the place. Kids from the valley and surrounding towns know who we are, stepping out of our way and giving us a wide berth. Whispers spread like wildfire, but we pay no mind to them, entering the alley as the neon lights and sounds of the balls striking against the pins enter my ears.

I don't remember the last time I stepped foot in here. It's not every day I come down from Reaper to this hellhole, but I'm here to make a statement. CJ is done with Billie, needing the reminder in person, it seems.

Kids still part as we storm past the food counter and find who we're looking for. CJ is among some of his buddies, laughing and having a good time. Until he turns and sees me. His smile drops as he crosses his arms over his chest.

"What the fuck are you doing here? This isn't your turf," he says all tough now that he has his buddies with him.

I grin, kicking a vacant stool out of my way. Holden is right behind me with his own smirk. CJ's gaze bounces between us when his friends form a line. They're expecting a fight, but I'm not here for them. Either way, I'll kick their asses, too.

"You posted something earlier that I want you to remove," I tell him.

He snorts, looking at his friends as if I'm totally crazy. "And you can go fuck yourself."

I'm straight faced, unaffected by their attempt to intimidate me. I square my shoulders and crack my neck. "Remove the post and delete Billie from your phone. I won't ask again."

One of his buddies snorts. "Are these the guys who jumped you at the pool hall?"

"One of them," CJ answers, nodding at me.

"I didn't lay a finger on you, motherfucker. Just be glad it's me showing up here tonight and not Christian."

A flash of fear sweeps across his face before he glances toward the exit, probably wondering if Christian is nearby. He looks at Holden next, sizing him up.

“What the fuck are you doing here?”

We all turn at the sound of Jett’s voice. I honestly didn’t even know he was still around, let alone still hanging out at the fucking bowling alley.

“None of your goddamn business, Hastings,” Holden snaps.

Jett snorts. “It’s my business when you two fucks come in here threatening my cousin.”

I grin. “Nobody’s threatening anyone—yet.”

“Babe, do you want a pretzel?”

All eyes are on the pregnant girl approaching Jett, but when she turns and looks at Holden, the color drains from her cheeks.

“Sasha?”

I don’t know who the fuck Sasha is, but seeing her is clearly a surprise to Holden. His eyes drop to her very pregnant belly before he glares at Jett. They’re about to have words when CJ reminds me why we’re here. I don’t give a fuck about Jett or Sasha, turning back to glare at his bitch ass cousin.

“So, what’s it going to be? Are you going to do as I asked, or am I going to have to fucking make you?”

Again, CJ is all laughs, using the protection of his guys to make him feel like the big bad wolf. I don’t care how many of

them there are, I'll fight them all off if it means he removes that bullshit post about Billie. He made her look like a slut. And she's nobody's slut but mine and Christian's.

"I ain't removing shit. And as far as I'm concerned, I'll be calling the redhead back tomorrow. She's an easy lay from what I hear," he adds with a laugh, slapping his buddy to his left.

Now he's just trying to piss me off. It's working. The vein in the side of my neck pulses as I fist my hands, ready to knock his front fucking teeth down his throat. And that's exactly what happens when I lunge forward and connect my knuckles with his mouth. That one was for Christian. The rest is for me.

It's a full out brawl in the bowling alley as Holden and I fight our way through these punks. Girls scream, and shit gets thrown out of the way. There have to be about twenty guys circling us right now, but neither of us back down. Holden's a badass, punching and elbowing his way through one guy after another, while I take out the others.

But it's short-lived when most of them flee like cockroaches when the cops pour into the bowling alley. Me and Holden hold strong, facing the cops with busted and bloody lips and fucked up eyebrows. I look down and see that my right hand looks like it's been shoved into a meat grinder. That fucker is going to hurt for a few days, but it was worth it.

The cops do nothing at all when they step out of the way and Mrs. Fairfax—or whatever the fuck her name is—steps forward with a smirk on her lips. She goes to Holden first,

eyeballing him like he's a piece of cake. I still can't believe he fucked her. I mean, she's total MILF material, but like, dude... she was your girlfriend's mom!

"Would you like to explain to me what's going on here?" she asks, keeping her eyes on Holden only.

Holden shrugs. "Nothing really. We came to deliver a message, and they didn't like what we had to say."

I laugh, keeping my head high as I look around at all the cops keeping their distance. Mrs. Fairfax looks around before she grabs Holden's jaw and forces him to look down at her. He's stiff as a board, looking like he's about to snap while she looks at him with desire.

"You've still got a smart mouth, kid. Maybe I can—"

"Holden?!"

I whip my gaze over and find Everlee shoving through the cops, coming straight for us. Ah, shit, this is going to be good. The way Everlee looks at Mrs. Fairfax is fucking epic. If looks could kill...

Mrs. Fairfax steps away from Holden, turning to Everlee. "This is a crime scene. You can't be back here."

"The hell I can't," Everlee growls as she holds Mrs. F's glare. "When my husband is involved in something, then so am I."

It's like a jealous showdown and the claws are coming out. I lean against the high-top table and take it all in with a grin on

my face. Holden looks annoyed, stepping up to the two as he takes Everlee by her elbow and pulls her back.

“There’s no crime scene. These punks jumped us. We were simply fighting back. Let’s get you home, pretty girl.”

The way Mrs. F’s glare intensifies when Holden uses Everlee’s pet name has me totally invested in this shit show. Anyone have any popcorn? This shit is about to get real. The wife and the mistress. Fuck, this is gold.

“You coming, Z?” he asks me.

“No, I’m not done questioning him. Take your wife and get the hell out of here, Holden,” Mrs. F snaps, clearly annoyed that Everlee showed up and ruined something for her. What the hell did she even think was going to happen? Holden is head over heels for his wife; no woman will ever hold a flame up to Everlee.

But I’m confused about why she wants to question me. Holden told her what had happened. I’d like to get out of here, preferably to head to Billie’s before heading back to Christian’s. Looks like that’s not happening either.

“Go on, man, I’m good here,” I tell him, only because I want to know what the hell Mrs. Fairfax wants with me. She’s got some secret shit going on with both Billie and Christian, so I’m hoping she’ll let me in on whatever the fuck that is.

Holden and Everlee leave, and I turn to the FBI agent who nearly destroyed an entire community. “So, what do you want from me?” I inquire with a smirk.

She looks me up and down, not seeming to have the same interested gleam she has for Holden and Christian. What? Am I not her type?

“Word on the street says you and Christian are dating Billie at the same time.”

I cock a brow at her. “Since when does an FBI agent give a fuck about something like that? You jealous or something?”

She whips her hard glare up at mine. “Watch your mouth, kid. I only ask because, from what I understand, she’s pretty smitten with Christian. I’m actually quite surprised she gives you any attention at all.”

A rock forms in my chest before it tightens. I’m stupidly jealous right now, even though I have a feeling this bitch is lying through her teeth right now. She wants me to believe her lies, and I hate to admit I’m questioning them.

“How would you even know that?” I ask through clenched teeth.

Shrugging, she steps up to me and plucks at my shirt. “I spoke with Billie yesterday. She spoke highly of Christian, but you didn’t really come up in conversation.”

“Is that why you’re using them as your secret puppets instead of me?”

She loses her smile. “Who told you about that?”

This is where I’m going to shut her ass down. “I may only be seventeen years old, bitch, but growing up a Reaper ages us differently. I might as well be twenty-seven. You might get

away with pulling the wool over other kids' eyes, but not mine.”

Studying me, her lips lift into a wicked grin before she says, “I had you pegged for a stupid kid. Guess that’s my bad.” She looks me up and down again, this time showing a bit of interest, but it only makes me shiver in disgust. “I may use you after all. Tell me, Zeke Lungren, how well do you know the Lucas’s?”

Chapter 15

BILLIE LUCAS

Everyone is still looking at me like I'm the biggest asshole on the planet. Don't they understand I had *nothing* to do with what happened last year? I'd like to see how they'd feel if I started judging them for what *their* parents have done.

I'm rushing through the hallway, trying to get to my next class before Mrs. Slye tears me a new one again, but I don't make it when someone sticks their foot out and trips my ass. I land on my hands and knees with an oomph, cursing when my books go flying. *What the fuck?!*

Looking over my shoulder, I see Lacey and two of her girlfriends snickering down at me. I've never had an issue with Lacey before now, so what gives? But it's because of Christian, isn't it? I walked in on her topless in his bedroom—thinking they had done something—before he kicked her out. They had something before he raced the Barrett brothers and landed himself in juvie, but I don't know what that *something*

was. By the look on her face, it meant something more to her than it probably did for him.

“Oops,” she says with a giggle. “You should probably watch where you’re walking, honey. And the next time you want to interrupt two people about to fuck, you should really knock.”

Yep, there it is. She’s upset that I interrupted her time in Christian’s bedroom. I laugh, shake my head, and stand to my feet like my knee isn’t throbbing right now. She can try to bully me all she wants, but I’m still Billie fucking Lucas and this was my school once upon a time. I’ll get it back, and Lacey and her minions will be sorry for ever fucking with me.

For now, I hit her with my words and watch the color drain from her complexion. “Is that what you think it was? Because I’m pretty sure after you left, Christian had me screaming out his name while he pinned me against his door and had his dirty little way with me.”

The girls with her all drop their jaws, gawking at the scene before them. I smirk and shake my head at her again. “Don’t try to be the top dog, little girl, ‘cause I’ll eat you up and spit out your bones.”

Lacey’s gaze flits over my face as she tries to take back control. I’m not expecting what happens next, though. Her hand stings when it slaps me across the face. I stumble back into the lockers.

“You already had Holden Van and blew it. Christian is mine, you fucking whore!” Lacey screams before she launches herself at me.

I'm trapped between her and the lockers as she repeatedly slaps and punches me. Then she's pulled away from me, and I gather my wits when I see Zeke with his arms around her waist, pulling her off of me. He looks annoyed and pissed the hell off as he shoves her away.

"Cool off, Lacey!" he shouts.

She's huffing mad, looking at me like she wants to rip my fucking head off. The feeling is mutual, you cunt! Fuck, my face stings. I'll give her one thing—the girl knows how to throw fists.

Mrs. Slye steps into the hallway, throwing daggers with her gaze at me and Lacey before she points down the hall. "Zeke, help Billie clean her face up. Lacey—my office. *Now.*"

Lacey shoulders Zeke on her way down the hall, flipping me the bird as she goes. I had a feeling Lacey might be a problem, but not like this. I get it, though. Christian hasn't even fucked me yet, but my addiction to him has already started. The poor girl has a right to be upset that he isn't choosing her anymore.

"Come on," Zeke says, grabbing my books from the floor.

We leave the class building and walk across campus to the dorms. I say nothing, seeing how annoyed Zeke looks as he walks ahead of me. He's quiet until we're in my room behind closed doors.

"What the fuck was that all about?" Zeke demands as he tosses my books on my desk with a loud thud.

I jump, staring at him with pleading eyes. This isn't how I wanted to tell him about what happened between me and Christian, but I can't keep hiding it, either. If I want to be with both of them, secrets can't be kept. Not this kind, anyway.

“She was mad because I showed up at Christian's place. She was topless, telling me they were about to fuck. My presence interrupted what might have happened.”

He studies me, leaning against my desk as he crosses his bulging arms over his chest. Gosh, he's good looking. My eyes betray me, scanning over every inch of him while remembering how it's like to be with him.

“What happened after she left?” he asks quietly, studying me.

I swallow the knot forming in my throat and shrug, turning away from him. “Nothing really.”

“Billie,” he warns.

And when I turn back around to face him, he's right in my space. His energy is overwhelming, and it takes my breath away.

“Tell me—” he brushes my hair from my face, “—what happened after—” he leans down and gently places his lips against my neck, “—she left?”

I let out a shaky breath, letting my eyes roll to the back of my head. “He pinned me against his door,” I whisper.

His moan vibrates against my throat when he moves his mouth, kissing up toward my jaw. “What did he do when he

pinned you against his door?”

God, why is he making me relive this right now? He steps forward and I step back until I hit my door with a thud. Oh, the irony.

Swallowing the ball of nerves in my throat, I reach up and grab hold of his arms and dig my nails into him. “Zeke,” I sigh out his name.

“Mmm,” he murmurs against me again, this time finding my mouth.

He licks along my bottom lip until I moan, opening my mouth. His hand snakes around to the back of my neck as he plunges his tongue in and grips me hard. My moan echoes into him as our tongues twirl and taste. It’s the hottest open-mouthed kiss I’ve ever had. My pussy pulses, remembering how Christian made me feel against his door, and now I’m kissing Zeke like this against mine.

Breaking the kiss, he presses his forehead against mine and says, “Tell me what he did. In detail.”

“Y-you won’t be mad?” I stutter.

His sexy, plump lips turn up into a smirk. “Only if you tell me he makes you feel better than how I make you feel.”

My head thuds into the door as I pant, squeezing my eyes shut when he reaches between us and up the bottom of my skirt where he brushes his fingers against my panties and ultimately my clit.

“Jesus, Zeke.”

He chuckles. “Baby, I’m a very patient guy, but not right now. Tell me—what—he did.”

Pulling my panties to the side, he pinches my clit between his knuckles. “He fingered me until I squirted all over him!” I shriek out my confession, peeling my eyes open to look into his.

“You squirted?” he whispers.

Heat fills my cheeks as I slowly nod, still feeling the embarrassment of making a mess of Christian, and then again in the back of Zeke’s car. What can I say? They both make me feel things I’ve never felt before, and I’m with both of them at the same time now.

“Like you squirted on me?”

I nod, unable to use my words.

“Fuck, Billie, that’s so hot. Do you think—” he slips his fingers further into my panties, circling my wet entrance before he pushes a digit in. I inhale a sharp breath, feeling a heat wave crawling up my neck. “Do you think we can get you to squirt while we fuck you at the same time? In both holes?”

He thrusts in and out of my cunt, no doubt coating his hand in my juices. They’ve had me wet every second of every day since they approached me with their proposition. I fought it the best I could, but I *want* them both more than I’ll ever admit.

“Yes,” I pant. “Yes, I think you could.”

“You’d be our good little slut, wouldn’t you?”

“Oh, Gooooood!!” I scream when my pussy clamps around his thrusting finger, and I come hard.

I’m not sure why or *how* I’m coming this hard, this quickly, but it’s happening, and it’s shaking me to the core. My fingers dig into his arms as I ride out my orgasm.

He slants his mouth over mine again, inhaling the rest of my whimpers as he pulls his hand from my panties. Then he grabs my jaw—my wetness smearing across my cheek—and pulls our lips apart.

“Fuck, I can’t wait to watch you come undone beneath us, Billie.”

I whimper again, nodding in his grip. “When? When can I have you both?”

He smirks. “My needy little slut. Soon. I promise. But for now, come with me to the gala tonight.”

“Wh-what?” I ask with a laugh. That was like a dose of whiplash there. “You just got done making me come again, calling me your little slut while talking about fucking both of my holes, and now you’re asking me to the gala?”

“Yeah, Billie, I am.” He laughs.

“Because Christian wants you to?”

He shakes his head. “Nah, because *I* want to.”

But I don’t know if I can. Everyone hates me. Our peers won’t want to see me at their annual gala event, especially not with Zeke Lungren. He’s still *one of them*.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea. Maybe I shouldn’t because of ___”

Grabbing my jaw, he pushes my head into the door and gets right up to my face when he says, “Fuck all these assholes who don’t know you, Billie. You’ll be with me tonight. If anyone gives you shit or even so much as gives you a stupid fucking look, I’ll put an end to it.”

“Okay,” I whisper. “I’ll only go because I trust you.”

He gently kisses my lips. “Good. As you should. I’ll see you later tonight then.” Stepping away from me, I see the bulge in his slacks and let out a small whimper as I move away from the door. I know what’s hiding behind those khakis, and fuck, what I wouldn’t give to sit on it again right now.

“Oh, and Billie?”

I’m clear across the room now, my mind in a total mess of fuckery as I turn and look at him.

“Wear the red gown you wore at last year’s homecoming dance.”

My mouth drops when I recall the dress he’s referring to. It’s a bright red dress that clings to every inch, designed to push my tits up and show off my curvy hips.

“But it’s tradition women wear dark gray, black or silver, Zeke.”

He grins. “Exactly. Wear it, Billie.”

Leaving my dorm room with a slam of my door, I fall onto my bed and revel in the buzz I'm still feeling from my orgasm.



I tug at the tight red dress as Zeke comes around the front of his car to place his hand on the small of my back. The Dixon Center is gorgeous tonight, lit up with our school colors—maroon and black. They might hold this event for multiple school districts, but everyone knows the Reapers rule most everything. Tons of parents, students, and their dates mill into the massive, colonial-style building. I'm a ball of nerves, knowing that every single person in there tonight is going to look at me. I stick out like a sore thumb, and I wonder if Zeke has a reason for it.

“I look ridiculous,” I hiss so only he can hear me.

Leaning in, he whispers, “You look smokin’ hot, babe. Everyone has forgotten who you are and what your last name is, so we’re going to remind them tonight.”

He walks us up the massive stone stairs to the entrance, but I don't miss the scrutinizing and judgmental glares thrown my way. Just like I knew, every man is in a black tux and the women are in a dark shade—black or gray—or even a silver gown like I knew they'd be. I feel like Hester Prynne in *The Scarlet Letter*. That Nathaniel Hawthorne knew things ahead

of his time. That, or people were shitty human beings all those years ago, too.

“Stop fidgeting with your fingers, Billie. Hold your head high, your shoulders back, and look down at them like the pieces of shit they are,” Zeke whispers to me.

“Easy for you to say.” I’m about to throw up right now.

He says nothing when the father of the Reaper quarterback approaches us. It’s obvious he doesn’t approve of my attire; it’s written all over his face.

“Mr. Lungren and Ms... Lucas,” he greets with a less than friendly tone. “I assume you received the invitation that clearly says black attire, no?”

“Oh, we did, but Billie is far too beautiful to be stuck wearing black like your soul, Mr. Dickhead,” Zeke says so effortlessly that *Mr. Dickhead* blinks several times, probably wondering if he heard him correctly. And I can’t stop the snort I make when I try to hide my laugh.

Mrs. Goldman saunters over, grinning from ear to ear like she always does. The woman is stunning for being as old as she is. I remember her being old when I was a little girl. She must be immortal, that or she has an excellent plastic surgeon.

“What a lovely gown, dear,” she says to me, holding out her age-spotted hand. I place mine in hers before she twirls me around. “The gem of the evening, don’t you think, Baxter?”

Ah, so Mr. Dickhead has a first name. Baxter sounds a lot like someone saying bastard with a mouth full of food. It’s

fitting.

Zeke chuckles, pulling me close to his side. “The most beautiful girl here... besides yourself, Mrs. Goldman.”

She taps his chest. “Oh, Mr. Lungren, always such a charm, and *so* handsome!” She pats his cheek next. “If only I were sixty years younger.”

We all chuckle except for Mr. Dickhead, who pins us with a glare as we walk past him. Zeke keeps his hand on the small of my back, letting me walk just ahead of him like he’s showing me off. All eyes are on us as we make our way inside the Dixon Center. It’s the same thing in here—all the rich, elite families of Reaper and the surrounding towns all wear their best tuxedos, while their dutiful wives wear gowns that no doubt came with a hefty price tag.

“Would you like a drink or a dance first?” Zeke asks as we make our way to our assigned table.

My nerves answer for me. “A drink. A stiff one.”

Smirking, Zeke leans down and presses his plump lips against the top of my bare shoulder. “I’ll be right back.”

I watch him walk away as my legs collapse and I fall into my chair. The last time I was here, I sat on the other side of the ballroom with my mom and my date—last year’s Reaper quarterback—hoping to make Holden wickedly jealous. But he didn’t even know I was here. I don’t remember who he brought, but it didn’t matter because he only had eyes on Everlee that night.

Clearing my throat and blinking away the building tears in my eyes, I push those memories from my mind. I'm still an important name in this town, but it'll never be the same. Who I was last year isn't who I am anymore, and the vultures seem to know it.

When I glance around, looking for Zeke, I see all the angry gazes coming my way. And if they're not angry, their expressions seem to say, "What the fuck is she doing here?" I still come from one of the elite families, but it's clear that doesn't mean shit. I'd like to know why *I'm* the only one being treated like this? As if these motherfuckers have done nothing wrong in their lives? I'd bet my life these assholes have done far worse than my mother has, yet they're here celebrating their kids while drinking champagne and mingling with the other criminals.

All eyes turn from me, and I follow their glances to see Holden and Everlee walking into the ballroom. At least I won't have all the attention on me tonight; thank God! Holden is as handsome as ever, and Everlee is stunning in her tight black, v-neck gown that reaches down to her feet. They look like a couple straight out of a dark fairytale.

"I snuck some good stuff in," Zeke says, setting a champagne flute down in front of me.

Taking it with a shaking hand, I down the entire drink in one gulp. A bit of it dribbles down my jaw and neck before Zeke leans forward and laps it up with his tongue. I shiver from the contact, letting out a small moan when he licks the corner of

my lips. His eyes are dark when he leans back, smirking at me.

“How about that dance, beautiful?”

I nod while I stare at his lips, telling myself not to pull attention back to me in a room full of people who hate me. Zeke takes my hand and guides me to the dance floor. A few other couples are here dancing, but I still feel like the center of attention. He pulls me tight to his chest, burying his face in my neck as I wrap my arms around him. I can smell his cologne, making my mouth water.

We move as one across the dance floor, and damn, can he dance. I never knew Zeke had these skills. And when I glance around the room, I see all eyes on us again, but this time they're not expressions of malice, rather, they're ones of awe.

But it's short-lived when a blood-curdling scream explodes through the room, making everyone go on alert. Shrieks and gasps come next, followed by the crowd rushing toward the balcony. Zeke keeps his hands on me as he pushes me behind him, switching into protective mode. The ballroom is empty as all guests stand on the massive stone balcony now.

Zeke slowly moves toward it as we hear hushed tones and whispers, everybody asking what's going on, others not knowing, and even some who are already crying. And the closer we reach the doors and to those actually standing outside to see what's going on, the worse the conversation becomes. Several women are bawling, screaming as they clutch onto their husbands.

“Everybody back!”

“Nobody should see this.”

“Has anyone called the cops yet?”

“Who would do such a thing?”

“It’s straight out of a horror movie!”

Everything said as we approach the edge of the balcony has the hairs on the back of my neck standing on end. And when I shove through the final set of people blocking my view, my hands grip the cool, stone railing as I peer into the back gardens below and inhale a shocked breath.

Lacee is tied up like a scarecrow, her arms stretched out on what looks like a cross. Her shirt has been ripped wide open and symbols are carved into her flesh, blood coating her entire front side. Her blonde hair is matted with blood, hanging so her chin touches her chest. There’s a bowl beneath her, which seems to gather her blood. Animal bones and feathers make a perfect circle around her on the ground, and a row of candles sit within the circle, flickering from the gentle wind.

Zeke places his hands on my arms and pulls me away. “You don’t need to see that shit, Billie. I need to get you the fuck out of here.” He yanks me along through the crowd and back into the empty ballroom.

He’s fumbling for something inside his tux jacket, eventually pulling out his phone. Holding it to his ear, he continues to pull me toward the exit until whoever he’s calling answers.

“Hey, it’s me. Lacey was murdered. We’re on our way over.”

After he hangs up, I ask, “Who was that?” But he doesn’t answer me, pulling me out of the Dixon Center and away from the murder scene.

“W-wait,” I rush out when the room starts to spin. “Zeke, I don’t—”

“Whoa, Billie... What the hell’s going on?”

My lips are numb, my head spinning out of control as I stumble and grab hold of the railing. Zeke frames my face with his big hands, tilting my head this way and that to check me out.

“Baby, talk to me. Stay awake.” He gently slaps my cheeks, jolting me out of my daze before he throws me over his shoulder and takes off running down the front marble steps toward the parking lot.

Chapter 16

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

“**H**ow much did you give her to drink? Holy shit,” I say when Zeke carries in an almost completely wrecked Billie.

He groans with a glare thrown in my direction as he carries her to my bed and helps her lay down. The red dress clinging to her body has me being a total perv—checking out every delicious curve her body offers.

“I gave her one drink. I’m not sure what’s going on with her.” He peels her eyelids open, looking at her eyes as they roll into the back of her head.

“She’s been drugged.”

And that pisses me the fuck off. Who would drug her? And when the hell did someone have the chance to drug her? I’ve been with Billie all night long, and I was the one who got her the drink... the drink from the bartender, who seemed awkward now that I think about it. Fuck!

“Weren’t you watching her?!” I bark out, shoving him out of the way so I can check her out myself. She’s not running a fever. Her skin is actually chilled. My hands trail down over her bare arms, finding them cold and clammy as well.

“Of course, I was watching her! I’m the one who made her the drink and you know I’d never—”

I blow out a breath, turning to him. “I believe you, man.” Even though I know he fucked her behind my back and *still* hasn’t told me about it. So much for being my best friend. Whatever, that’s not what’s important right now.

“I’m going to go find my mom’s heating pad.” And what she used to use on my older brother who OD’d on us a few times. When you’re as important as our family is, you take care of things on your own so it doesn’t end up on the five o’clock news. “Crawl into bed and keep her warm,” I tell him, moving away from the bed.

Billie groans and rolls onto her side, pinching her brows together as if she’s in pain. What the fuck is she on? I’m about to leave my room when I watch Zeke crawl into bed behind her, pulling her flush against his front side. It makes my insides knot up in jealousy, but I tell myself it’s keeping her warm. Besides, we agreed to share her, right?

Rushing down the hallway to my parents’ bedroom and eventually their master bathroom, I rummage through my mom’s cupboard until I find what I’m looking for. The news of Lacey being murdered is in the back of my mind right now as I pull out the pump, tubing, and the small bag of supplies to

work it. It's been a hot minute since I've had to use this thing, but my mom never had the stomach for it—ironically—so I learned how to do it instead.

I run back to my room, kicking the door shut as I set the shit down on my nightstand. Zeke's eyes widen as he looks at all the stuff I have here. He knew about my brother overdosing, but it wasn't something we ever truly talked about.

“Is that what I think it is?” he whispers.

Nodding, I grab the tube and head for my bathroom. “It's the only thing I know to do without taking her to the hospital.”

“But like, why *aren't* we taking her there?”

After turning on the hot water in the bathtub, I poke my head out and tell him, “Because whoever drugged these glasses probably wants her alone. They won't let us into the ER since we aren't family. And do you want her to be alone? Lacey was murdered tonight... in a way that was a warning.”

The color drains from Zeke's face as realization slams into him. “You honestly think someone is after Billie?”

I'm about to remind him what Dana told us about Billie being in danger, but then I remember I'm not supposed to tell him about any of it. It sucks, but I'll follow her rules for now. I usually tell my best friend everything, so this is kind of uncomfortable.

Ignoring him, I move back to the tub and put the tubing under the steaming water, softening the tube so I can shove it down Billie's throat. When I go back into the bedroom, I plug

the tube into the machine and position it on the nightstand to face her.

She moans, twisting in Zeke's arms, when I notice she's drooling all over herself. What the shit is inside her system?

"This is going to hurt her, so hold her tightly," I tell him as I sit in my gaming chair and pull myself up to the edge of the bed.

I use my foot to bring my trash can over, getting it ready to pump her stomach contents into it. I take a pair of sterile gloves from inside the bag of supplies, pulling out the lubrication for the tube. After my gloves are in place, I smear the clear gel on the tip and rub it up half of the tubing. I can't imagine this feels good, but it has to be done. My brother always had a sore throat for a few days after I had to do this for him, but I figured it was because I was kind of rough with him. With Billie? I'm going to take this nice and easy.

"Okay, keep her on her side but help keep her head back so her throat is straighter," I instruct Zeke as I carefully hold the tube up, preparing to enter her mouth with it.

Zeke holds her mouth open as I slowly push the tube in. More drool than I've ever seen pours out of her mouth, drenching my pillow. Her eyes flutter as I watch the pale tone of her cheeks intensify. When my wrist touches her cheek, I feel how much colder she's gotten.

She gags when the tube hits the back of her throat, but she doesn't fight me off. She doesn't move at all once I push the tube into her esophagus. And by memory, I guide the tube

centimeter by centimeter until I think I've reached her stomach. Next, I take the small bottle of saline provided and pour a small amount into the tube before I connect the end to the machine, flipping the switch to turn it on.

Within seconds, the contents of her stomach travel up the tube and into the machine's tank. The only sound in the room is the pump itself as I look into Zeke's eyes without saying a word. He knows what this machine was used for previously, and it's not something I like to talk about, ya know?

Once the machine shuts itself off, I carefully remove the tube from her throat. She must be really fucked up if she didn't even budge once during that whole thing. But maybe it's a good thing. I can't imagine getting your stomach pumped is very comfortable.

"What happens now?" he asks.

"We let her sleep. She's going to be fucking wrecked for probably the next day or two. And I think she should stay here where I can keep an eye on her."

"Agreed," he answers without hesitation, and now I feel like a jackass for feeling any sort of jealousy before.

Taking the machine and its contents, I carry them down to the laundry room and set it in the utility tub to be cleaned and sanitized. Our housekeeper will see the machine and know exactly what to do. It won't be her first time.

I'm about to run back upstairs when the doorbell rings. Seriously? I don't have time for bullshit right now. Running to

the front door, my ankle bracelet bounces uncomfortably on my ankle bone before I whip open the door.

“Why do you keep showing up unannounced?” I ask, looking over my shoulder to make sure I’m alone.

Dana lets out an annoyed breath, shaking her head. “You think I’m enjoying this? I think you know why I’m here, Christian.”

My brows pinch together at her words because I have *no* idea why the hell she’s here. I first thought she might be here to take this fucking thing off of my ankle, but I don’t see any bolt cutter on her.

“Enlighten me,” I say through clenched teeth.

“Lacey Masterson was murdered this evening. Know anything about that?”

Anger rips through me. “You honestly think I had anything to do with that?! I’m a high school senior, for fuck’s sake, lady! The only thing on my mind is fucking and racing—murder doesn’t really fit in with either of those things.”

Her dry expression doesn’t move when she says, “You were close with Lacey, weren’t you? It’s just funny how you break ties with her and then she’s dead the same night she bullied your new girlfriend.”

“Bullied my new girlfriend?” I ask in a melancholy tone. “I still have no idea what the fuck you’re talking about. And I used to fuck Lacey; I wouldn’t exactly call that being close with her. I knew nothing about her life.”

Dana studies me, lifting her lips into a smirk. “Well, I know you didn’t kill her personally because of that nifty little bracelet—”

“I had nothing to do with it. Her murder is just as much of a surprise to me as it is to everyone else.”

She looks behind me into the house, smiling warmly before I look back and find Zeke walking down the staircase. Fuck!

“Everything okay, man?”

I turn my hard glare back to Dana’s smug face. “Everything is just fine. I actually came by to remove Christian’s ankle bracelet.” Her smile widens when she knows she’s won. Fucking bitch.

Either way, I’ll just be glad to have this fucking thing off. She better not be messing with me, though, or I actually might murder someone for real. And she doesn’t seem to be fucking around when she steps in and pulls out what looks like a magnet and a two-pronged key.

Dropping to her knees, she looks up at me with heavy eyes and bites her bottom lip. *Fat chance in hell, lady.* She might have suckered Holden’s horny ass into fucking her, but it won’t work on me. Besides, I’m pretty sure Holden only did it to get someone’s attention, or to piss off Lauren and her father. He hated those pricks.

She clearly sees the lack of interest on my face, turning her attention back to my ankle bracelet. And when it’s off, it feels like I’ve lost a twenty-pound tumor. It’s the most freeing

feeling in the world. I bend down and rub my hand over the skin I haven't been able to touch in months. Fuck, this feels *almost* as good as sex.

“What do you have to say?” she asks, standing to her full height as she waits for me to thank her.

I snort, not thinking about thanking her in the slightest. I might have thanked her if she removed this fucking thing when she approached me to help her, but it's too late now.

“I think you were just leaving, weren't you?” Moving toward the front door, I hold it wide open and wait for her to get the hint.

“We need to discuss what it means to be without your bracelet—privately, of course,” she adds, turning her gaze to Zeke.

“I'm going to grab some food. Don't mind me.” Zeke turns and disappears down the hallway leading to the kitchen.

Crossing my arms over my chest, my biceps bulge and clearly grab her attention. It's disgusting to see this woman preying on young men like me. Like, what the fuck is she even thinking? She might be MILF material for some, but I don't fuck anyone who could be friends with my mother.

“Ya know, I thought you'd be a little more thankful for your freedom. I take payments in—” She runs her fingers over my biceps before I roughly grab her hand and squeeze until her fingers crunch together. She hisses. “Ouch.”

“Don’t fucking touch me or I’ll slap a sexual harassment on a minor charge on your ass,” I tell her through clenched teeth. “Get to the point of what you have to say or get the fuck out of my house.”

Her gaze flits over my face as she pulls her hand back, nursing it with her other as her brows pinch together. “Well, then... Now that your bracelet is off, you have free rein again. I need you to complete your second task for me—the Barrett brothers.”

I huff out a breath, grinding my teeth. “And I thought I told you it isn’t going to be as easy as walking into their domain. Unless you want them to kill me.”

“Kill you? Never. But you *are* going to go in there to figure out what the oldest brother knows about Lacey. The Mastersons are related to the Barretts, in case you didn’t know that.”

I didn’t know that, but I’m not about to give her another win. As far as I knew, the Barretts were *the* hotshots around Reaper many, many years ago. Now? They’re what you call outcasts. The kind of guys who ignore all the rules and make their own. I hate them, but I also hold a level of respect toward them. They’re free from the elites of Reaper—something I’ve always wanted for myself.

“What the hell do you want me to do, exactly? It’s not like they’re going to just let me waltz in there and start asking questions about their murdered... whatever she is to them.”

She smirks. “No, I don’t expect that to happen.” She throws me a set of keys, adding, “You’re going to drive that car over and ask for a race. The bet isn’t titles this time. Tell them if you win, you get ten minutes of Beau Barretts’ time. You can thank me later.”

I look down and see a set of Nissan keys in my hand, but I have no idea what model. This bitch must be absolutely crazy! “I’ve never driven this car before. How do I know I’ll win? And why would I want ten minutes with that sadistic motherfucker?”

“First off, I know you’ll win because one of my officers impounded that car last month. He broke up a racing ring in San Francisco—it was owned by Takumo Nakajima.”

Jesus, fuck. Takumo Nakajima? He’s the top driver for the Japanese Cartel. Yeah, she has my attention now.

“And second, you’ll want to talk with Beau because he’s your only way into the Barretts’ good graces. Gain his respect, and you’re in like Flynn.”

“Oh, that’s all?” I ask sarcastically, rolling my eyes.

“It’s really simple. And if you want to sweeten the deal, bring Billie along. The Barretts enjoy some eye candy... ya know, for distraction.”

I grind my teeth, unwilling to let those fuckers lay an eye on Billie. She’s mine—*ours*—and I won’t let them near her. But I don’t tell Dana this. I’ll do as she wants, hoping like hell I’m

not the one showing up murdered next.

Chapter 17

BILLIE LUCAS

My throat feels like I drank a cup of sand and no amount of clearing my throat makes it go away and forget about swallowing. It hurts so badly, and even though the glass of water on the nightstand next to Christian's bed looks inviting, I know it'll only hurt worse.

"You okay?"

I jump from the sound of Zeke's voice as he gently places his hand on my hip from behind me. Where the hell did he come from? Scare me half to death, why doesn't he?!

"Fine," I reply, but my voice comes out rough like I'm battling a bout of bronchitis at the moment. It feels like it, too.

"I know you probably don't feel the greatest, but you should really try to drink some water. There's nothing like being dehydrated when you're sick."

My brows furrow as I look back at him. "I'm sick?" I rasp out.

His dark gaze dances over my face before he shoves his dark hair from his brow. “We think someone drugged you at the gala. Christian had to pump your stomach.”

I swallow, whimpering when it hurts so fucking bad. Who would drug me? Was anyone else drugged? I think about the event and how Lacey’s body was displayed for everyone to see. Did my drugging have anything to do with that?

“Wh-who drugged me?” I ask, but my voice cracks and I reach up to touch the outside of my throat, hoping that will help to make me feel better.

“Shh, Billie, don’t make it worse. We don’t know anything at all right now. Christian’s out trying to find some answers, but I haven’t heard from him for a few hours.”

I look at the clock, seeing that it’s early afternoon. Man, I must have needed the sleep or the drugs really kicked in. I’ve never slept this late in my life. But I don’t think about that when I refer to what Zeke just said—Christian’s out trying to find answers? He’s under house arrest, though.

“Dana came and took off his bracelet two days ago. You’ve been sleeping all weekend, Billie.”

The color drains from my face as I sit up, feeling as if I’m still under the effects of the drugs. But I know I’m sober as a church mouse. Who wouldn’t be after sleeping away their entire weekend? Why the hell have I been out this long?

“Pumping your stomach takes a lot out of your body. We let you sleep through most of the pain.”

I snort, rubbing the outside of my throat again as I look around Christian's room. My bright red dress drapes across his gamer chair, a flush creeping into my cheeks as my gaze whips down to find one of Christian's tees on me. I still have my panties on, though nothing else. And I hate they saw me fully naked for the first time while I was unconscious.

Moving from the bed, Zeke stands in front of me and tilts my head back so I look up at him. "Don't worry, Billie, we didn't do anything—" he whispers as he looms over me and brushes his lips across my neck. "But it was one of the hardest things we've ever had to do. Even in your unconscious state, your nipples hardened and begged for our mouths."

A panting breath leaves my mouth as my eyes flutter shut, imagining their mouths on my tits right now. They're heavy and my nipples harden just thinking about it. The throbbing between my legs is a welcome distraction from the pain in my throat.

His tongue laps up the length of my neck, making me moan out as I lean back and fall onto the bed. Zeke crawls over me, his necklace dangling between us as he comes in for a kiss. But instead of meeting his lips, I find his tongue sticking out, and I can't help myself. I open-mouth kiss his tongue before I moan into his mouth and he devours me.

His groan vibrates against me while his hands slide to my hips, lifting them so he can cup my ass. I can feel his erection through his jeans, pressing against my throbbing pussy as my hips lift higher and thrust into him.

“Goddamn you’re my newest addiction, Billie. You taste like ___”

I kiss him again, swallowing the rest of his words as they turn into groans. He doesn’t know it yet, but he’s become my newest addiction, too. It feels like I’ve only been out for a night—one I dreamt of him and Christian—but now I’m wondering if the best dream of my life occurred the entire time I was out. Maybe that’s why it didn’t feel that long; I was in my own version of heaven.

He breaks our kiss, trailing his lips and tongue down my throat again and over Christian’s tee until he hovers above my tits. I arch my back, silently begging him to end the sharp pain from how hard my nipple is right now. And he does exactly that, wrapping his mouth over the tight bud through the tee.

“Zeke,” I whimper out his name as a shock of arousal shoots straight down between my legs.

Moaning against my nipple, he takes it between his teeth and stares right up into my eyes. I part my mouth, pinching my brows together as my chest heaves. A fire stirs in my center, creating a dangerous build up that’s sure to blow the second Zeke touches me *there*.

He moves to my other nipple, mimicking his actions while his hand slips between us. My moan echoes through Christian’s room as he pulls my panties to the side, trailing his fingers ever so lightly on the outside of my pussy lips. It’s an action that makes the fire inside of me come to a boiling point.

The volcano is about to erupt and he hasn't even touched any of the good parts yet.

Grinning, he pops my nipple from his mouth and looks up at me, still teasing my pussy with his fingers in my panties. "You should probably go take a cold shower before I make you my good little slut in Christian's bed."

I whimper again, furrowing my brows as my mouth hangs open. He pinches the hood of my clit between two knuckles, never actually touching it, but it's enough to make my pussy tighten and ache for him.

"Please," I beg in a hoarse voice.

He groans, finding my mouth again before he nibbles my bottom lip and pops it free. "He's already going to kill me for taking you in the backseat of my car, Billie. Take that fucking shower before we both get in trouble."

I cry out when he pulls his hand from my panties and stands away from me. The cool air of the bedroom makes me realize how wet he made me, and how needy my pussy is for him and his big, fat cock.

Sitting up on my elbows, I cross my legs so I can put pressure on my clit and bite my lip while I peer up at him. He watches me with a brazen promise in his gaze, shoving his hair from his perfect face again. We stare at one another; the tension crackling between us, but we don't move.

"Take a shower," he repeats before he storms out of the room, clearly frustrated that he has a raging boner and can't do

anything about it. Won't or can't, I'm not sure.

I make my way into Christian's massive bathroom and turn on the shower. Steam fills the room, fogging up the mirror as I look at my pale complexion and tired eyes. For someone who's slept an entire weekend away, I sure look like shit. Looks like I need this shower for my sanity and for a refresh.

Tossing Christian's tee on the floor beside my panties, I move to the shower and step beneath the steaming water. He has one of those fancy showers where there isn't a door or curtain. The walls are a black marble, perfectly fitting for Christian's personality. Everything about this bathroom is black, sleek, and cold.

And it reminds me how Christian made me feel against his door the other day. My mouth still feels the ghost of Zeke's lips as I slip my hand between my legs, thinking of Christian. I close my eyes and throw my head back, teasing my nipples with my other hand as I slowly circle my clit.

But my gaze whips open when I feel a draft of cool air nip at my backside. I look over and find Christian standing there with a feral expression, devouring me with his gaze. He shakes his head when I stop touching myself, stepping forward.

"Don't stop, little hellfire. That was so fucking hot," he rasps out.

I don't ask him where Zeke is in fear he might get upset, but my gaze bounces to the door anyway. He steps forward with a smirk as he grabs the back of his shirt and pulls it over his head. My eyes skate over his inked chest and hard washboard

abs until I stop on his other hand, yanking the button of his jeans open.

My mouth waters, and my pussy tightens when I see the small patch of hair when he unzips himself, then I get the full view when he drops his jeans and steps out. His body is like a stone statue, tight and muscular in all the right places. He has the kind of body that they make molds from to create masterpieces. And let's not forget about his pierced cock hanging heavy.

I suds my hands up with the soap, massaging my breasts as I stare at him watching my every move. He reaches down and strokes himself to full hardness as he steps into the shower behind me. I don't move, waiting for his instruction, when he gently pulls my wet hair from my shoulder and places his lips upon my flesh.

Dropping my head to the side, I close my eyes and revel in the feel of his mouth on me, tasting and kissing his way up my neck and just below my ear. He reaches around and grabs my jaw, holding me steady as he sucks my sensitive flesh into his warm mouth. His hard cock pokes my lower back as he steps up to me, pinning it between us as he tastes me.

"I've been a good boy trying to hold off until we can both have you, but knowing he's fucked you already drives me wild, little hellfire," he rasps against my throat.

Alarm bells go off in my head, but he doesn't give me a chance to think about what this means for us when he kicks my legs open, grabs the base of his cock, and pushes into me.

My eyes cross as my whimper fills the bathroom. I arch my back, taking every inch of him I can. He may not be as thick as Zeke is, but don't think Christian isn't stretching me wide open right now.

My hands flatten on the black marble before me as I rock back and forth on his dick. His groans make me rabid, wanting to pull more sounds from his sweet mouth as I fuck him. The sound of his hand slapping my wet flesh echoes through the room, making my pussy clamp around him.

“Just like that. Goddamn, little hellfire.”

He snakes his hand into my wet hair, yanking my head back as he fucks me relentlessly. I hold my breath when the sharp, delicious pain of his piercings hit something deep inside of me. His balls slap against me, but I need more, so I bend forward and grab my ankles. It's the perfect angle for him to hit my clit now.

“Shiiiiiiit,” Christian draws out as his fingers dig into my hips while he fucks me hard.

My body rocks against him as he buries his cock deeper with each thrust, hitting something sweet. I have that feeling of needing to pee again when Christian's fingers find my clit.

Letting out a hoarse scream, I feel my pussy grip him as I come like it's the first orgasm I've ever had. I move my hands from my ankles back to the wall as my pussy walls pulse around his dick. I'm squirting again, coating his balls and thighs with my clear liquid.

“Ahhhh,” Christian moans long and loud, slapping my ass with one hand while continuing to rub my clit with the other.

“Fuck. Yes, yes, yes!” I cry out as my throat feels like I’m swallowing knives again, but the pleasure buzzing through my body far outweighs the pain.

Christian pulls out when my pussy stops pulsing around him, and I hum when he strokes himself to completion on my lower back, coating me with his cum.

His chuckle fills the bathroom next as he wraps an arm around my waist and pulls me to his chest. I love when he gets possessive of me. I grab his forearm, grinning when he kisses the side of my neck.

“You couldn’t be more perfect if I created you myself, little hellfire,” he whispers into my neck before he reaches over and pumps some soap into his hand.

I grin when he gently washes me clean, not saying another word as his hands worship my body in another way entirely. Who knew Christian could be so gentle? I like this side of him.

“How does it feel?” I ask, breaking the silence between us.

“Fucking amazing. My dick still wants to play,” he says with a laugh.

My cheeks blush as I look over and find him still hard as a rock. “I meant not having your ankle bracelet on anymore, but that works, too.”

“Oh.” He laughs again. “That feels fucking amazing, too.”

“Where did you go earlier? You weren’t here when I woke up. Zeke told me you had gone out.”

He turns me around to face him before he grabs my jaw and drops his smirk. “I had some things to take care of now that I have my freedom back.” Kissing me, he distracts me from our conversation as he pushes me against the cool marble wall.

Moaning into his mouth, he grabs both of my thighs and lifts me, pushing his cock back into my sore pussy. He swallows my whimpers when he captures my mouth, thrusting deeper into me. I wrap my arms around his neck while he lifts and drops me. Then I frame his jaw with one hand and kiss him hard, swallowing his grunts as he kisses me back.

“Such a good fucking girl, Billie,” he rasps against my lips as he presses his wet forehead to mine.

I whimper, nodding against him. “Yes.”

“You like being filled by my big cock, don’t you?”

Again, I whimper and nod. He feels so good, filling me until the tip of him reaches the pit of my stomach once more. I want to remember how this feels so I can look back on this moment when I’m older and more than likely married to a man who doesn’t love me.

“Tell me you want me to fill you up. Tell me you want my cum dripping from your cunt, Billie.”

“Oh my God,” I cry out as my eyes roll into the back of my head. “Fill me up, Christian. I want my pussy dripping with your cum all day. Please,” I beg.

With a groan, he slams his mouth over mine and pounds into my pussy like it's the last time he'll ever fuck it. Then his thrusts become uneven before he slows to nothing, grunting as he pulls his lips from mine.

“You're going to be full of our cum until graduation, little hellfire.”

I'm spent, unable to respond, as he sets me on my feet. His phone rings, echoing through the bathroom as he steps out and grabs it from the counter. I watch him from beneath the hot water in a completely blissful haze as I wash my chest slowly. He turns and winks at me while he talks with whoever called.

My mind drifts to Zeke as heat fills my cheeks again. Where did he go? I hate to think he's sitting in the bedroom right now, pissed as hell from listening to Christian fucking me twice in the shower. But honestly, I feel like Zeke would have burst through the door like the damn Kool Aid man if that were true. They both have this possessiveness over me—that I love—so there is no way Zeke sat there and listened. He must not be here.

And my thoughts are confirmed when Christian comes back into the shower with me.

“Zeke will be back with food in ten. Let me finish washing you so we can get something in your stomach.” He kisses me softly before putting soap in his hands again, washing me better than the first time.

I'm going to have to learn how to manage these two when we're alone. It seems like they're torn between sharing me and

keeping me to themselves, and I don't want to lose either or both of them. Maybe we'll address the elephant in the room after I get some much-needed food and energy—since, ya know, I just lost most of mine riding Christian's cock twice.

These two are going to exhaust me, and I don't even mind. It's better than the alternative—they ignoring me while our peers bully me. Not to mention, I'd rather be here than at home any day. I just hope Dana does her job faster this time and finds out who drugged me and killed Lacey before I become the next victim. Or worse—the killer takes Zeke or Christian from me...

Chapter 18

CHRISTIAN VERADIN - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

The rumble from Takumo's Nissan GT-R makes my dick hard as I grip the steering wheel with one hand and the gear shifter with my other. Racing is in my blood—always will be. And the Barrett brothers are going to fucking lose this race. I've got Takumo's power beneath the hood, and that motherfucker doesn't spare a dime with his cars. He's not the best street racer in Japan for nothing.

Bad Omens plays through the speakers, pumping up my adrenaline and making my dick even harder. Not only is this song—The Death of Peace of Mind—a fucking banger, it makes me think of all the dirty, fucked up things I'm going to do to Billie. But that will have to wait until later.

Looking to my right, I see the youngest Barrett brother, Kage, in his souped up Subaru Impreza, revving his engine like a douche bag. I grin, knowing this Nissan is going to eat his Subaru up and spit it out. Let's just hope my time away from the streets hasn't made me rusty.

I haven't been invited to race yet, but they can never say no to me. I'm their biggest rival, and I plan to keep it that way while also doing what Dana needs me to do.

After I park in an open spot, I get out of the car like I own the place. Everyone knows who I am. The guys eye-ball my car, probably wondering where I came up with this badass machine, while their girlfriends eye-fuck me behind their backs. I throw them a wink and my panty-soaking smirk before I turn to Kage, getting out of his own car.

"I see you like to keep getting your ass kicked. Ready to lose another car, Veradin?" he calls out over the hood of his car, grinning like the chauvinistic prick that he is.

Cracking my neck, I hold the smirk on my lips but ignore his stupid fucking question. He got lucky in the last race against me, taking my dad's car and landing my ass in juvie. That's not going to fucking happen again, though.

"Keep talkin' shit, Kage. We both know you cheated on that last race."

He loses his smile as he squares his shoulders and glares over at me. Yeah, I poked the fucker right in the chest. I don't have proof, but there's no way his car was faster than my dad's. My guess is he used nos at the last second that pushed him over the finish line right before me. Out of all the Barrett's, Kage is the loose cannon—the one that gives their family name an unpleasant taste in people's mouths. But he's blood, so he's not going anywhere.

It's chilly as fuck tonight, so I'm lucky I grabbed my Reaper Academy sweater on my way out. A fog is rolling in from the mountains, which is going to hinder our racing if we don't get a move on. I look around for the one in charge, finding him surrounded by a small sea of girls, like always. Beau Barrett is the pretty boy out of the brothers, but he's ruthless as fuck. He's unhinged, hanging onto his sanity by a thread. I won't be surprised if his face gets plastered all over the five o'clock news when he finally commits murder; the guy is nuttier than squirrel turds.

"Christian fucking Veradin," he says my name deep and low as he pushes through the girls, coming right for me. His gaze drops to my ankle when he mentions, "I see you're finally free. Welcome back to the outside world."

I don't miss the way he mockingly laughs at me. Things would have been so different if my dad hadn't called my ass in. They might have won my piece of shit father's car, but I would have raced again—against a different brother entirely—to keep the car and gain a new one. I never got the chance to redeem myself.

"You owe me another race, Beau," I tell him, cutting right to the reason I'm here. I don't fucking do pleasantries; they're worthless.

He looks me up and down, losing the sarcastic smirk on his face when he stops. "Another race? How many cars are you going to hand over to us, Chris?"

I groan, hating when people call me that. “It’s Christian,” I correct him through clenched teeth. “And I’m not wanting to race for pink slips this time. I race to win a few minutes of your time, Beau, and hopefully, for some fucking respect around here.”

His smile has completely faded away as he rubs his jaw, studying me. “You’ve already earned your respect around here, Veradin. Because if you hadn’t, your rubber would never drive on these mountain roads.”

Not saying a word, I wait for him to control the conversation since that’s what he enjoys doing, anyway. I have to keep reminding myself that I’m here for a reason and to keep my mouth shut. I won’t get on their good sides if I let my smart remarks go flying.

“Well, what are we waiting for, then? Let’s do this,” Kage bellows, throwing his arms up.

Beau whips a hard glare in his brother’s direction, silencing Kage almost immediately. I’m a tough guy who rarely takes shit from anyone, but even I would clam up if Beau looked at me like that. Like I said, he’s a ruthless monster.

“What are you racing?” Kage asks, nodding his head toward my car.

A smile plays on my lips when I look over my shoulder at the white and black beauty handed over to me. They can obviously see what car it is, but I’ll never tell them who it belonged to. I want to actually race against them and win;

Kage will back out like a little bitch if he hears Takumo's name dropped.

“Daddy buy you a new whip?” Beau asks, nodding at the Nissan.

I shrug and say, “Something like that. So, what we racing?”

Beau grins, turning his gaze up the mountain. “We race to the top and back down—around Captain Jack's bend.”

My heart sinks into my gut before it beats like a wild beast. I won't show any fear, though. He's testing me right now. Captain Jack's bend is gnarly, killing almost everyone who attempts to race it. Well, besides the Barrett brothers, and I figure if they can survive it, then so can I.

“Dude, don't do it!”

“Yoooo, that's fucking whack. He ain't gonna make it.”

I hear snatches of conversation coming from the surrounding crowds, all clearly negative comments that aren't aiding in my wicked thoughts right now. Is getting a few minutes of Beau's time worth the chance of killing myself? Fuck, I have to do it.

“Ready when you are,” I tell him, squaring my shoulders.

“Whoo!!” Kage shouts as he runs over to his Subaru.

Beau gives me an inquisitive glance before I turn and head to my car. I'm expecting to race only against Kage, but when Beau's Toyota Supra MK IV pulls up beside me at the starting line, my heart sinks into my gut again.

Fuck me.

I haven't had the pleasure of racing Takumo's car yet, so I'm begging the universe to help me out here. I'm going up against *two* Barrett brothers—on one of the most dangerous roads in America.

A tall, leggy brunette steps out in front of us, holding a white flag with a smirk on her bright red lips. She throws a wink at the three of us revving up our engines. Sweat lines my top lip as I grip the gear shift and ready my feet for action. Once that flag drops, I'll go into race-mode. Right now, my nerves are fucking fried.

She drops the flag and all our tires squeal as we take off from the starting line.

The adrenaline racing through my veins makes everything around me become a blur as I shift through my gears. This car is better than I ever imagined, plunging me forward at least a full car's length ahead of those fuckers. I smile when this car handles like butter around each winding curve, climbing us toward the top of the mountain, and ultimately, Captain Jack's bend. But if this thing can handle like this now, that bend is going to be nothing.

We've long since left the crowd in the dust. The full moon and our headlights are the only things illuminating our path. Beau is hot on my tail, moving back and forth to see which inside corner he's going to try to take me on. Kage is further back, probably cussing up a storm that he's last.

A sharp curve is dead ahead, and if I miss it, I'll go right over the edge and roll to my death. But I rip up the emergency

brake and turn into the curve beautifully. My tires squealing are music to my ears as I perfectly drift around the corner. Beau is right with me, taking the inside corner and my first position. Son of a bitch.

Pulling out of the drift, I shift to a higher gear and lunge the Nissan forward. I'm hot on Beau's ass, grinning when I look down and see I have a full gear left to take him. I just need to find the right corner to do so.

And I find that corner right before Captain Jack's bend. Beau takes the last corner too wide, giving me the entire inside to take my first position back. But I can't help but wonder if he did that on purpose. Now I'm heading into Captain Jack's bend, completely blind. I should have let Beau lead so I could follow his lead.

It's too late for that now, though.

The gnarly bend appears in my headlights, and my stomach drops. It's a narrow, single lane curve that disappears into a pitch-black tunnel. With very little space to drift, I hold on to the steering wheel as tight as I can and downshift to a more comfortable speed as I zoom through the tunnel.

I held my breath through the whole thing, blowing it out when I finally see the full moon again. Fuck me, I made it. Looking in my rearview mirror, I see Beau coming out of the tunnel next, and I shift gears to keep him in the dust. I'm around another curve before I see Kage slowly catching up with us.

We're on the downhill grade of the race, which needs perfect calculation too, or one wrong move means I tumble off the side of the fucking mountain. Beau's right on my ass again; so close I can see the whites of his teeth when he grins at me. *Fucker.*

A wider than expected corner appears, and I take the bitch too fucking wide. Beau swoops in and steals from the inside again, passing me. My hand aches when I slam it against the steering wheel, shifting gears to catch up to him.

My heart pounds when I see the lights of all the other vehicles at the bottom of the mountain waiting for us—the crowd who's about to see me fucking lose if I don't take Beau. I have to win this race. I'm not entirely sure why Dana wants me to get on the Barretts' good side, but she mentioned Billie being in danger if I don't, so I'm going to do everything in my power to win this fucking race.

Looking at my dash, I see I have one last gear to shift to before I'm topped out. Two curves left in the entire race, too. We zoom around the first one, my front bumper nearly kissing his rear one.

It's now or never.

The second curve approaches and I go wide, confusing Beau. I can see his car slow slightly before I yank the wheel and shift as fast as I can, finding my way inside the corner at the last possible second. A quick glance over at Beau makes me grin.

He's as surprised as I feel. I honestly didn't think that shit was going to work.

We rev our cars to their limits, flying down the last stretch of road before the finish line. We're neck and neck, fighting for first place. The brunette stands to the side, waving a checkered flag as I hold my breath and push my foot harder into the gas pedal.

"AHH!" I scream out as I downshift, bringing my car to a stop.

The crowd surrounds my car as I jump out, feeling the remnants of adrenaline swirling through me. I'm so fucking lightheaded, I have to hold on to the hood of the car. Beau pulls up near us, getting out with a surprised expression on his face.

He storms toward me, watching the crowd part like the Red Sea. I'm waiting for him to tell me I cheated or that he won, but he holds out his hand for me to shake.

We stare at one another for a long time before I shake his hand. Nothing needs to be said. I proved my point and won.

"I owe you a meeting, don't I? Come by the estate after seven tomorrow."

With a single nod, he lets go of my hand and disappears into the crowd—the one who's cheering me on and patting my back. I not only won against a Barrett brother, I won against *the* Barrett brother.

Chapter 19

ZEKE LUNGREN

Sitting across from Christian and Billie, I shove the Lo Mein noodles into my mouth and watch them like a hawk. They're guilty of something—it's written all over their faces. Both of their hair is wet, and they won't hold eye contact for over three seconds. Well, Billie won't. Christian keeps snickering and grinning at her.

They fucked, didn't they?

Son of a bitch. I can't be mad. I'd be a hypocrite if I blew up on him for doing the same thing I've been doing. We really need to sit down and figure out what the hell we agree on when it comes to Billie again, because if we don't, I have a bad feeling it's going to get ugly.

I keep my eyes on them, noticing Billie's cheeks getting redder when she looks at me. I want to confront them—call them out on their lies—but I fucking don't.

The shrilly ringtone from Christian's phone breaks my thoughts and finally fills the awkward silence. He looks at the

screen, pinching his brows before he answers.

“What?” he answers with annoyance dripping from his tone. “Yeah, I already did it. What the hell do you want from me? A fucking play-by-play?” His jaw tightens before he finishes the call with, “Yeah, I got it.” He hangs up and whispers ‘bitch’ beneath his breath.

That was Dana, wasn’t it? It’s what I wanted to ask, but I don’t want him to know that I know his secret. I wouldn’t be able to use it against him later if I needed to. Not only do I have dirt on his father, but now I have something against Christian, too.

Keep your friends close and your enemies closer, right?

If someone told me a year ago that my best friend—my brother—would become my enemy now, I’d have punched them in the face.

Glancing at Billie, I realize it wasn’t her that started this. Her presence in our life has uncovered it. I chomp on another mouth full of Lo Mein as I stare at Christian, holding his hard glare as he smirks back at me. *Dick*.

“Was that your dad?” Billie asks, cutting the tension in the room with her sweet voice.

Christian laughs and shakes his head. “No, that was—” His glare whips back to mine, and I can see he’s battling with the truth. “Nobody,” he ends up saying.

I smile, feeling victorious when I realize he’s pushed himself into a corner. It’s going to blow up in his face when Billie

finds out he's been working secretly with Dana—the same bitch who was banging Holden. Not that I don't like Everlee, but Billie has a thicker backbone, and it'll be the girl fight of the century when Billie finds out.

Shoving his takeout carton away, Christian stands and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. “I gotta run. You two can chill here or whatever.”

Where's he off to? I don't mind having more alone time with Billie, but what the fuck? He's had his ankle bracelet off for five minutes. I know he raced the Barrett brothers again last night—I was in the massive crowd watching. Pride was what I felt when Christian crossed the finish line first, but that doesn't mean I trust the dickhead right now.

He leans over and kisses the top of Billie's head, squeezing her neck like she submits to him, while shoving it in my face. The plastic fork cracks under the pressure I put it under, squeezing it as hard as I'd squeeze his fucking neck. *Get your goddamn hands off of her*, is what I want to say.

Her gaze whips to mine and I can feel how torn she is between us. The pink in her cheeks tells me she liked what Christian just did to her, but her eyes say she isn't used to having two guys at once.

Who the fuck agreed to this again?

Christian's retreating back has my hand letting up on the fork. I'm not hungry anymore, shoving my takeout box to the side before I pull my ball cap from my head and shove my hair back before I put it back on. Her expression is sexy, and I

realize she was just watching me. I smirk and lean my elbows on the table.

“Like something you see, little slut?”

Her eyes light up as she shifts in her seat, the pink in her cheeks darkening. “There’s nothing hotter than a guy in a hat,” she whispers.

I smirk, loving the fact that girls have the cutest turn-ons sometimes. Who knew a hat would make her excited?

“Get over here and I’ll show you something you’ll never forget,” I tell her in a low, raspy voice as I lean back in my chair and challenge her.

I’m surprised when she moves without a second to think about it. She rounds the long dinner table and stops right beside me. I scoot back and pat the table in front of me. Biting her bottom lip, she moves in front of me before I grab her thighs and lift her onto the table as she whimpers.

My hands grip her thighs, shoving them open. I see she’s wearing black panties, but she won’t be for long. Her flesh is warm, goosebumps lining her legs as I caress my hands upwards, worshiping her. She’s watching my every move, not moving to stop me in the slightest when I grab the hem of her panties and stand.

We’re face to face as I lean over her, pressing my cheek against hers. I love the little whimper she lets out when she lifts her hips. Her panties are off in a flash and safely placed in my jeans pocket for later. Ya know, in case I fuck her some

place publicly and I need to shove them in her mouth to block her moans.

“Zeke,” she whispers my name, but I don’t miss how she sounds unsure.

Turning my face, I kiss the corner of her mouth, inviting her to take some control back. She turns her head—just like I knew she would—and kisses me hard. I moan into her mouth as my hands find the tops of her thighs again, holding them open.

I break away from her kiss reluctantly as I kick my chair out of the way. It slides across the marble floors and slams against the wainscoting. I hold her knees open as I drop to mine. The brim of my hat blocks my eyes from her when I lean forward and kiss the inside of her left thigh. She moans above me, her hands finding mine.

I bite her next, watching her squirm and jump on the table but not moving away from me. She liked that. My eyes dart to her pussy where her carpet mostly matches the drapes. Strawberry blonde hair is nicely trimmed on her mound, but her lips are perfectly smooth. I’ve always hated when girls shaved or waxed themselves completely smooth—tickle the fuck out of my nose when I eat, ya know?

“Zeke,” she says my name louder this time.

When I glance up, she’s looking around nervously. Yeah, we might be in the middle of the Veradin’s dining room right now, but nobody’s home. The expensive walls and crystal sconces will be the only things hearing her screams.

I stand back up because I know I'm going to have to coax her into this. She's going to love it, but I gotta help her get there first.

Her wide eyes watch me, never leaving my gaze as I tower above her and step between her legs. I'm so fucking hard right now, but this is about her—all about my sweet little slut.

Holding her eyes, I slip a hand between her legs and brush a finger over her lips. She inhales a sharp breath, bucking her hips. I moan out as I lean forward and put her attention back on me. She stares into my eyes, mouth open as she pants.

Fuck, she's so wet. I easily move my fingers through her lips, finding her clit at the top before I circle her. Her brows pinch, and I notice she holds her breath. I circle a few more times before gliding down and pushing my pointer finger into her cunt.

“Oh, God,” she moans, letting her eyes roll into the back of her head.

I smirk, biting my bottom lip as I shake my head. “Nah, baby, it's only me—Zeke.”

She giggles the sweetest fucking sound; the action making her pussy tighten around my finger. I love how tight she always is, soaking wet and always fucking ready.

I can't take it anymore. Pulling my finger out, I drop back to my knees and look up at her when I turn my hat backwards, grin, and then fucking devour her cunt. The fire in her gaze when I turned my hat back was perfect. I knew she'd like that.

Her little moans fill the dining room when my tongue flicks over her clit. I peer up and see that her eyes are rolled back and her mouth is wide open again. Grinning, I do my signature thing and start making out with her cunt like it's her mouth, but better. I open-mouth kiss her bean before I suck her in, then I devour her entire pussy. Her moans only get louder.

The sound of my smacking lips against hers drives me wild. My cock throbs in my jeans, ready to fuck her, but again, this is for her.

While I kiss, tongue, and suck on her cunt, I use her juices and coat her asshole with my pointer finger. She bucks her hips, whimpering when I lightly slap the back of her thigh. Then I push my finger into her ass while she's distracted.

“Oh, fuck,” she cries out, looking down at me with heavy eyes.

Smirking, I push my finger in past the second knuckle and then cover her clit with my mouth again. I make out with her cunt, moving with her thrusting hips as she whimpers and moans. She reaches down and puts her hand on the back of my head, and I grin like an idiot.

She rocks her hips, fucking my mouth as I suck and stroke my tongue, finger-fucking her ass until she cums in my mouth. I can actually taste her cum—coating my tongue as I moan against her cunt. Fuck, she's perfect.

I suck her into my mouth one last time before I pop free and glance up at her. Her cheeks are flush, her chest rises and

drops, and her cheeks are flush as fuck. Licking my lips, I love how her gaze drops to them as she lets out a little moan.

“I’ve never tasted anything more intoxicating in my life, little slut.” I wipe at my top lip, putting my finger in my mouth to suck it clean.

“Jesus,” she hisses out as she watches me, squirming when I pull my finger from her ass.

As I stand up, I loom over her as I pull her dress back down over her thighs. I smirk, dropping my gaze to her lips before I kiss her. We can taste each other, moaning around the explosion it creates between us.

The dining room door whips wide open, slamming against the door. I look up and right into Mr. Veradin’s dark glare. What the fuck is he doing here? Isn’t he out of town?

He moves through the room until he takes a seat at the head of the table. Throwing his legs up and crossing them at the ankle, he leans back and rests his head in his hands with a grin.

“Oh, please continue. Don’t stop because of me.” He winks. “I like to watch.”

Billie folds in on herself, burrowing her face in my neck and crossing her arms over her chest. I pull her from the table and into my side.

“That’s fucking sick, dude,” I snap. “She’s seventeen, ya fucking pervert.”

He doesn't seem to mind, laughing with a thick, deep chuckle. Dropping his legs, he leans forward and rests his elbows on the table with a wry smirk. "Just wait until my son finds out his best friend is banging his girlfriend." His hard glare whips to Billie when he says, "Can't keep your legs shut—just like your mother."

"Fuck you!" she barks.

Smirking, I shoot back at him with my own bit of information. "Just like you can't keep your dick in your pants, right? You clearly like 'em young."

The smile on his lips goes flat when his glare throws daggers in my direction. I watch the color drain from his cheeks as he adjusts the tie around his fat neck. Too many pastries on your way to your office job, huh? Jesus, man. Get a handle on yourself.

"Never underestimate your opponent," I say with a smirk. "Come on, Billie."

I slip my hand into hers, lacing our fingers as I guide her out of the dining room. She's going to stay at my place now. I can't have Mr. Veradin anywhere near her—I don't trust him. And it's probably the one thing Christian and I will agree on.

Chapter 20

BILLIE LUCAS

“**W**hat is that guy’s fucking problem?” I ask as soon as we leave the Veradin estate, feeling a bit violated knowing he watched us way longer than he should have.

Zeke laces his fingers back in mine, pulling me toward his car. “It’s about to be me if he doesn’t watch himself. We’re not coming back here anymore.”

The blood drains from my face as I stumble behind him. Christian’s place has become my safe place, believe it or not, so not being able to come back here sucks. And all because his dad is a total fucking creep. The only place left is school, and it sucks there. Who wants to be some place where everyone picks on you? Yeah, it’s not fun.

“We can hang at my place for now. My parents are still in Greece or Morocco, or wherever the fuck it is they are.”

I’ve always liked Zeke’s house. His parents might not be home often, but his housekeeper—I forget her name—has

always made those massive walls feel like a home. She's the reason Zeke has turned out to be the great guy he is, and I hope he sees that.

"What about Christian?" I inquire, chewing nervously on the inside of my cheek.

Zeke groans. "He's a big boy. He'll find us."

His phone beeps immediately after he speaks. Reaching into his back pocket, he pulls out his phone and chuckles. "Speak of the devil."

Christian never told us what he was doing or where he was going. He's been very elusive since getting his ankle bracelet off. I shouldn't complain because I really have been enjoying my time with Zeke, but I've also enjoyed my time with Christian, too. And I still don't fully understand what's going on between the three of us.

They wanted me to be *their* pet, but so far, I've only been with them individually. The tension building between the two of them is uncomfortable as hell, too. I really need to figure out what the deal is before it tears us apart because before this thing started between us, we were all friends.

"Yeah, I'm still with her at your place, but we're leaving because your dad came home and made Billie feel uncomfortable," Zeke says into the phone, peering over at me.

I hate how I can't hear what Christian is saying. Zeke keeps his eyes on me, listening intently.

“Yeah, I can do that.” He hangs up without another word and pockets his phone again. He’s acting strange, but I can’t figure out why.

“What did he say?” I ask because I want to know, damn it.

Zeke doesn’t answer right away, storming to his car before he slaps the roof. “Come on, little slut, we gotta fly.”

I rush toward him, the gravel beneath my feet crunching as I go. “You probably shouldn’t call me that so loudly.” I glance around to see if any of the Veradin estate gardeners are around, but none are.

He throws me his pantie-soaking smirk, shaking his head. “For you, I’ll keep that one between us. What should I call you in public, then?”

As we get into his car, I honestly take a second to think about it. Christian calls me little hellfire, which is appropriate for the public, but it’s his thing. And I love the idea of having a special pet name from each of them.

Zeke reaches over and grabs my chin, turning my head to look at him. He’s dangerously close, leaning over the center console as we stare into each other’s eyes. My heart hammers as I lick my lips, waiting for the moment he kisses me. I love the way his mouth feels on mine, the way our bated breaths mix when we finally taste each other.

“What would you like me to call you, Billie?” he asks softly, his breath dancing across my lips.

I part my lips and look down at his, inching closer until our noses barely touch. The corner of his mouth turns up into a smirk before he slowly licks his lips, teasing me.

Then he kisses me. It's an all-consuming kiss. He starts with my top lip, then my bottom lip, tracing his tongue as I open for him. Our tongues twist and taste as he slips both hands around my neck and pulls me closer.

When he breaks the kiss and leans back, he lets out a small laugh and starts the car.

“Hot lips. Yeah, it's fitting.” He glances over and smirks. “You ready to go, hot lips?”

I'm still on cloud nine, buzzing all over from that kiss, but somehow I give a brief nod. He speeds away from the Veradin estate and heads toward Reaper Academy.

“Where are you taking me? I thought we were going to your place...”

“I need you to go to class right now, hot lips. It's the only place I can leave you and feel comfortable doing so. The staff will protect you.”

I guffaw, crossing my arms over my chest like a spoiled child. “Have you forgotten how hated I am at Reaper right now? It's the *last* place I should be alone, Zeke. What the hell is even going on?”

He groans as I watch his knuckles turn white from squeezing the steering wheel. “Billie, I don't have time to argue with you. If it makes you feel better, then go to your dorm room

and wait for me there, but you can't fucking come with me. And believe it or not, but Reaper is the safest place for you right now."

I scoff, looking away for a moment. "That doesn't make any sense. And neither does the reason I can't come with you. Why can't I come? Where the hell are you even going? Who was on the phone?"

His hard glare whips over and pins me to my place. "You ask a lot of questions you're not privy to know the answers to. Christian needs my help with something that doesn't concern you at the moment. I'll tell you what I can *when* I can, okay?"

It's cute that he's trying to be sweet about it now, reaching over and tucking a loose strand of my unruly red hair behind my ear. And I hate how I fall for his charms and lean into his hand, giving him a single nod.

When Reaper comes into view, Zeke zooms up to the front doors and comes to a screeching halt.

"I'll come get you as soon as we're done, okay?" He leans over and kisses my forehead.

I'm not happy about being ditched, but I also know I'm going to have to be okay with not being with one of them 24/7. And a forehead kiss? No, that's not going to fly with me. I lean over the center console and grab the side of his face, pulling him to me. His grin splits his face in half before I kiss the side of his mouth.

Then he's devouring me, pushing my hair from my face as he tilts my head, tracing my lips with his tongue. I moan into his mouth, ready to climb into his fucking lap if he'll let me. I'm throbbing and buzzing all over for his touch. But then he breaks the kiss and chuckles.

"Damn, Billie," he rasps against my mouth. "Get your cute ass inside before I make myself later than I already am."

I move away from him, wiping at my swollen, wet lips with a smirk. "Don't take too long."

"Never. And if you need anything, just call or text me—I have eyes all over this school, and people who will do anything I ask of them."

Staring at him, I cock a brow and ask, "Cocky much?"

He gives me half a smirk and nods for me to get out. "Power is not cocky, hot lips. Now go inside and wait for me."

I slip out of the car, pinching my knees together as I shut his door and watch his car roar out of the parking lot. Standing here until he's out of sight, I turn around with a silly grin on my face and a flush in my cheeks. That boy is something else.

The gravel crunches beneath my feet as I turn and walk toward the front doors. Everyone should be in class right now, so I can make it up to my room unseen. But as soon as I step into the dorm building, the cheer squad stands in a circle right in the huge main entrance. They all look at me like a deer in headlights.

I'm about to turn around and run back out through the front doors when the head cheerleader says, "Billie, why don't you come join us... for old time's sake?"

I've never been a cheerleader, not like Mandi Saunders has wanted me to be. She looks at me like I'm her number one enemy, though I have *no* idea why. The girl has had her eyes on me since we were in kindergarten. Maybe I stole her favorite swing on the playground, and she's hated me ever since. Who knows?

"As great as that sounds," I lie with a small smile, "I think I'm going to head up to my room and get caught up in my classes."

None of them say anything as I stroll around them and head up the massive staircase. I make it about halfway up when Mandi's words halt me in my spot.

"It's okay, girls—Billie's never been good at anything a day in her life."

Their snickers and laughter are like nails on a chalkboard, but I refuse to let her think she's better than me. I grip the railing until my fingers hurt, grinding my teeth as I stare straight ahead. *Don't do it, Billie. Don't do it.*

But I have to fucking do it.

"What the fuck did you just say to me?" I ask, still staring straight ahead, before I spin around and pin her with my hard, murderous gaze.

She smiles so innocently it makes me want to puke. Crossing her thin arms over her chest and the Reaper symbol on her uniform, she challenges me with a cock of her eyebrow.

I'm tired of girls like her thinking they can push everyone around with no consequences. Well, today that changes. I march down the staircase right for her, and she finally steps back a few feet as concern etches across her pretty little face.

Now that I know I have the boys back on my side, I can walk through the halls of Reaper again like I used to—without fear.

“I may not be perfect, Mandi, but at least I'm not a raging fake bitch like you,” I tell her, stopping inches in front of her.

Her gaze flits across my face as she fights to keep the smirk on her face. The squad around us gasps in horror, clearly unable to believe I called their captain that. They'd all be lying if they said they never called her a bitch in their heads.

“Take that back,” she demands with a hard expression.

I grin. “Not a chance... *bitch*.”

She lets out a war scream and then shoves me in the chest. I stumble backwards, almost tripping over one of the cheerleaders. I'm actually surprised she struck first, but I'm so glad she did.

Rushing forward, I slap her across the face. The sound of the slap echoes through the high-ceilinged foyer as her perfect blonde curls whip into her face.

“Ahh!!” she screams as she launches at me and grabs a wad of my hair, yanking and twisting like the she-devil she is.

I grab a wad of her hair, shaking her around to hopefully get her to let go of my fucking head. She continues to scream but doesn't let up on my hair yet. So, I bring back my other hand and swing forward, punching her right in the eye.

She lets go of my hair, stumbling backwards before tripping over a black backpack and dropping to the floor with a harrumph. The girls surrounding us cheer the bitch on, helping her back up to her feet.

But before I can get to her again, the headmaster and Mrs. Stanley come running around the corner, the gym teacher falling behind while blowing erratically through her whistle.

“What in the world is going on in here?!” the headmaster shouts, looking between all of us as she seeks the person to blame. Then her eyes land on me and hold, narrowing as she steps over the backpack and comes right for me.

“Billie Lucas. Why am I not surprised?” she asks with a snicker, shaking her head in disappointment.

I let out an incredulous laugh. If she's too dense to even have to ask that question, then she doesn't deserve to know the answer. Besides, I don't need her—or anyone else in this room—to think I'm a blabbermouth or a suck up.

“Girls, get back to practice. Billie, you're coming with me.” She grabs my arm roughly and pulls me out of the room.

This is complete bullshit, but I realize there's nothing I can say or do to change her mind. Once you become a villain in someone's head, you're usually stuck in that role forever.

Negativity has a way of sneaking into the minds of the distraught, only focusing on it instead of all the positivity surrounding it.

I wonder if she'll actually expel me this time.

Chapter 21

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

Pulling up to the Barrett residence in Takumo's—now my —ride, I park it right up front to make a statement. I'll park wherever I want. Besides, I don't plan on being here for long.

As I get out of my car, my phone buzzes in my back pocket. It's a text from Dana. Of course, it is.

Dana: I'll be waiting down the hill to discuss when you're finished.

Is this bitch trying to make me nervous? Ignoring her, I shove my phone in my back pocket and make my way to the front doors.

The Barrett Mansion looks like it came straight out of the goddamn Hollywood Hills—white marble and stone makes up the entire exterior, black doors and window frames, and those tall, weird pine tree looking plants you can trim and shape. Those fuckers line the entire front, all perfectly trimmed, no doubt by the over-paid landscaper.

My knuckles rap on the door a few times before it opens and I'm greeted by a short Latino woman in an actual maid's uniform—the gray and white one.

She says nothing, staring up at me with big brown eyes.

“Uh, I have a meeting with Beau Barrett,” I tell her, peering into the mansion over her head.

“Sí,” she says with a nod, stepping out of the way.

When I enter the place, I'm not expecting it to feel exactly like my place—cold and empty. It doesn't seem to look like the Barretts have much of a family life, either. At least Beau has brothers to—

“Christian fucking Veradin.”

I spin around to the sound of my name, finding Beau himself entering the foyer with his arms wide open and a cocky grin on his face. The guy obviously runs the roost around here. Makes me wonder if his parents are even still around or not.

If not, I'm going to have to ask him how the hell he did it.

“Beau Barrett,” I reply, throwing him a challenging glare. “I won the race and you owe me a meeting.”

He chuckles, dropping his arms. “You did, and I do. Follow me back here,” he says with a nod of his head.

I look around nervously, wondering if this was a setup or not. Beau could have some of his guys waiting around that wall to jump my ass.

But nobody's standing there when I slowly peer into the room to check. I follow him through a few more rooms before we step outside onto a back patio. Beau lights a joint and sits at the garden table and I join him. He offers me a smoke, but I shake my head. I have to keep my head focused right now.

He waves his other hand, urging me to start as he leans back and puffs.

I'm just going to be completely real with him. Dana can kick rocks if she thinks I'm going to lie to this motherfucker to get on his good side. We've never been friends, so we're not going to magically be now. And I hope Beau will be straight with me if roles ever reverse.

"Listen, man, I'm not going to run around here. I'm here because I'm working with an FBI agent; the one who broke Reaper last year." I run a hand over my face before stealing a look over at him.

He's staring out into the landscape, dragging the joint from his mouth as he blows out a long, steady smoke cloud.

"That Dana bitch the one your buddy Holden fucked?" he asks.

I chuckle. "Yeah, the very one."

"Shit," he says with a laugh. "That bitch has some enormous balls, doesn't she?"

"The biggest. But listen, my girl might be in trouble and that's why I'm here. They informed me you're related to Lacey Mas—"

He holds his hand up and shakes his head. “Nah, don’t talk about my family, man.”

“I mean no disrespect, Beau. Lacey and I were... friends,” I add nervously. I’m not sure how close they might have been, and I’d like to *not* get punched in the fucking face today.

“Friends?” he asks with a snicker, side-eyeing me. “She was my baby cousin. So, if the kind of friends you’re referring to came with benefits, I’ll kick your ass.”

Now I’m snickering. “Dude, we’re not going to go there today. I didn’t bring any bills to bet on *me* kicking *your* ass.” Just because I said I didn’t want to get punched in the face doesn’t mean I can’t fight. Beau *knows* I can fucking fight.

He waves me off. “Calm down, Veradin. Me and Lacey were pretty close growing up; that’s all. Her dad was a deadbeat, so we took care of her a lot. She was like my little sister. Until her mom married that douchebag Masterson.” Taking a hit from his joint, he glances over at me again and asks, “You mentioned your girl being in trouble, but what does that have to do with Lacey?”

“That’s what we’re trying to figure out. She had an altercation with my girl the day before her death.”

“First off, who’s your girl?”

I swallow, knowing he might change his mind about helping me when he hears her name. A lot of people have cut off anyone who was involved with the shit last year, but I said I was going to be straight with him.

“Billie Lucas.”

He inhales a sharp breath and puts his joint out in the ashtray. “That bitch has her own set of enemies, my guy. Lacey’s death had nothing to do with your traitorous—”

“Watch what you fucking say next,” I warn, gripping the arms of the chair with a death grip. I’ll knock this motherfucker out if he says one bad thing about Billie.

Studying me for a few seconds, he falls back into his chair and turns his gaze back on the garden. “The only thing I can think of is that Masterson has some shares in Van’s company, who has ties to the hospital where Billie’s bitch mother worked. You can connect the dots, I’m sure.”

“So, what you’re saying is anyone connected to any of the four families involved could be a target?”

“He’s smarter than he looks, folks.” Then he turns a hard glare on me. “Now get the fuck out of my house, Veradin. I’m done with this meeting and would like to get my dick sucked before I take care of business. Business your *girl* forced me to have.”

I’m about to tell him to go fuck himself when he waves his hand and the French doors to his right open. A smokin’ hot chick in a bright red bikini steps out. She marches straight for him, dropping to her knees while running her hands up his thighs.

Yep, I’m out of here. I don’t want to see this.

I think Dana has eyes on me from down below because as soon as I get in the car, she's calling.

“Jesus Christ, Dana. I just got out. I'll be down in a minute.”

“I'm not calling about that. We've got a problem, Christian. I just heard over the radio that officers showed up at Reaper Academy and arrested Zeke.”

What the shit?!

Whipping the car around, I throw rocks at the Barretts' mansion and roar down the mountain. Why the fuck was Zeke arrested? Isn't he at my house with Billie right now? I'd rather think he's back there fucking Billie's brains out in my bed than think he's arrested.

I try to call Billie, but it goes to voicemail.

Fuck!

My palm aches after slamming it against the steering wheel a hundred times. This doesn't feel good at all. Something is fucking wrong. If Zeke's arrested and Billie isn't answering her phone, that could only mean—

No, I won't fucking think the worst. Billie's fine. Everything's fine.

Reaper comes into view, looming over the mountainside beneath a storm cloud. My heart thunders as I think of the worst fucking case scenario there could be. Billie's dead and Zeke lost it.

I can't lose the two most important people in my life. They're literally all I fucking have.

My tires come to a screeching halt at the front steps of the main building. I jump out and run through all the gawking eyes and hushed accusations. This can't be happening right now.

Tears well in my eyes as I whip open the front doors and run inside to find the headmaster standing there with Zeke's housekeeper, Farrah. Cops move through the area, glancing at me with questions on their faces. But I have my own.

"What the hell happened?" I bark out as I approach the ladies. "Where's Billie? Zeke."

Farrah holds her hands out, pulling me to her for strength as tears fall down her face. She's not making me feel any better.

"Answers. Now!" I scream, snapping my fingers in front of the headmaster's face.

"You're not at liberty to know that information, Christian. I don't know who you think you are but—"

I get right up in her space, towering over her as I look down and into her terrified gaze. "You're going to fucking tell me what happened here or I'm going to *make* you tell me, lady."

"Sir, back away from the headmaster," an officer orders, squaring his shoulders as his hand hovers over his taser.

Glancing over, I look at the short, limp newbie officer and huff out a laugh. "Easy there, Dewey. We don't want you to hurt yourself."

I step away from the headmaster, giving her a grin. Her eyes widen and she clutches at her imaginary pearls. The lady should have gone into another profession if she can't handle being a headmaster for a high school.

“Watch your mouth when you talk to me,” he says, bringing me back to the moment. This guy is a serious fucking joke.

“Well, what do we have here?”

Fuck.

Rolling my eyes, I look over at Officer Dipshit and shake my head. This prick loves arresting my ass when I break my boundary, but he clearly doesn't know it's off, thanks to his FBI buddy.

“This is your last strike, Christian. Maybe I should just drive you back to juvie right now to save us all the trouble of going through court again while you take up space in my jail.”

Grinning, I cross my arms over my chest and stand tall. “The bracelet's off, asshole.”

His brows pinch in disbelief right before his gaze whips down to my ankle. “What the—”

“Excuse me. FBI agent coming through.” Dana's voice overpowers the room.

She storms in, holding her badge up high as everyone in the room moves out of her way. I didn't need her help, but it's nice to know I'll get some fucking answers now.

“What the hell are you still doing in town?” Officer Dipshit asks her.

Clearly, she’s not liked by anyone around here anymore, not even her own kind.

“This is still my case, Hernandez, so step the fuck off.”

He steps away from her backwards, shaking his head with an annoyed scoff. The guy is smart not to create a scene, and I get to stand here with a grin knowing he didn’t get to arrest me this time. Damn, it feels good.

“What happened here, Headmaster Johnson?” Dana asks, pulling out a voice recorder.

She looks at me, and I know she has to hate that I’ve won. Licking her lips, she says, “Well, it started when Ms. Lucas and Ms. Saunders got into an altercation. I broke them up and brought Ms. Lucas to my office to reprimand her when her uncle showed up and—”

My hearing goes completely deaf when adrenaline and anger pumps through me like a goddamn freight train. Blackness envelopes from the outside of my vision, pulsing to the beat of my racing heart.

Turning without explanation, I march straight for the exit with one thing on my mind: finding Billie and killing her abusive, piece of shit uncle.

“Christian!” Dana shouts after me.

But I’m not stopping for anyone or anything. I won’t stop until I find her.

Jumping in my car, I squeal the tires and make a 180-degree turnaround. Reaper Academy disappears in my rearview mirror as I shift gears and fly down the mountain roads.

I press a few buttons on the steering wheel until Holden's name lights up the touch screen and ringing fills the car. I'm so fucking livid, and I may need someone to come with me so I don't do something stupid and get taken from Billie and Zeke for the rest of our lives.

"Christian, talk to me," Holden answers.

"Zeke's been arrested, and Billie's with her uncle. I'll be at your place in five, and I need your help. Bring the mask."

Hanging up, I glance at the Michael Myers mask sitting in the front seat and shift into the next gear with murderous thoughts swirling through my thoughts.

Chapter 22

BILLIE LUCAS

“**Y**a know, Billie...” Uncle Patrick says as he stalks around me in a circle, undoing his cufflinks. “I’m really disappointed in the young lady you’ve become.”

I say nothing, tears welling in my eyes as I watch him. He still has blood on his knuckles from punching Zeke in the face. The cops hadn’t arrived yet, but I wish they had because they’d have seen what a lying piece of shit my uncle truly is. Instead, they fell at his feet and asked him what they should do.

“And the kids you spend your time with are nothing but negative influences on you. You’re not to see Zeke ever again.”

“You can’t tell me what to do,” I say through clenched teeth. The vein in my neck throbs as I clench my fists at my sides, ready to attack him if need be.

He laughs, stopping to face me. “I can, Billie. I’ve given you freedom since I’ve been here, but that ends today. My threats

are no longer words. Your dormitory room on campus has been revoked and—”

“What?! You can’t do that!” I shout.

Storming up to me, he grabs me around the throat and squeezes. His eyes are wild, staring down into my wide gaze as I smack at his arms and gasp for air.

“You’re done talking back, you little bitch,” he snarls.

There is something in his eyes that terrifies me—something dark and menacing, as if he’s no longer human. His eyes say everything. He wants to kill me. And I think he actually might.

My lungs burn as I pull what I think are final breaths into them. His face comes in and out as tears build, and the pulsing ring of black invades my vision.

“Just like your mother—always talking shit, always the prettiest girl in the room; always the one everyone loved.. Well, I fucking hated that cunt. And now I hate you, too.”

He spits in my face before releasing me with a shove back. I land hard on my ass, crying out when I can finally take my first breath. Sobbing, I clutch my throat and crawl backwards until I hit the office wall. He doesn’t move toward me as he goes back to his cufflinks.

Throwing them at me, one clanks off of the wall and the other hits me in the cheek. I sink into myself, trying not to react. He’s slapped me in the face or grabbed my arm roughly,

but this... this was way more malicious than anything before. He means business now, and no matter how much I despise this man, I know he'll actually hurt me if I try to be She-Hulk.

He rolls up his sleeves and turns back to me, sitting on the edge of his desk. I didn't know he had tattoos, but these don't seem like tattoos people would have on their arms. There are tons of symbols of all sizes inked into his forearms and small paragraphs that are written in an unfamiliar language. What the hell are those? He's the *last* person you think you'd see with ink.

“Back to what I was saying before you so rudely interrupted me. I canceled your dormitory room. My driver will take you to and from Reaper Academy every single day. Any extracurricular activities are no longer permitted.”

It sounds like he's trying to be the warden of my life, locking me behind physical and mental walls until I go mad. Maybe that's what he wants out of me—to drive me so crazy I get institutionalized, so there's nobody left to take my mother's money and estate. If it's money and status he wants, he can have it.

My eyes move to the mirror on the wall behind my uncle when I see movement, but there isn't anyone there. Probably just the maid walking by.

“And to make sure that boy doesn't come around you again, I pressed charges and filed a restraining order against him. I will assign you two men from my security team to watch you at all times. Even while you sleep,” he adds menacingly.

I gulp. This asshole can't be serious, can he? Two security guys? Even while I sleep? No, this is worse than prison. At least in jail, you don't have a guard staring at you through the bars all night long.

"How can you press charges when you were the one who punched a minor?" I inquire, hoping he doesn't flip out again. It hurts to swallow as it is.

"Self defense. He attacked me. Everyone saw it."

I grind my teeth. *Relax, Billie, he's trying to get a rise out of you.* Well, he's doing a great job. The only thing I saw was my uncle's hand gripping my arm too tightly as he spoke to the headmaster. Zeke came in and told him to take his goddamn hand off of me. When he didn't, Zeke rushed him and got right in his face. At seventeen years old, Zeke stood three inches taller than my uncle. I could feel the intimidation dripping from him.

"I'm not surprised I received a call from your headmaster stating you were in trouble. Like mother, like daughter."

My uncle had let go of my arm, only to shove Zeke away from him. So technically, my uncle started it so Zeke is the one who defended himself.

I'm not going to forget the sound of their jaws cracking under their fists soon. They wanted to hurt each other. Then the cops came in and missed it all. Not a single one of them questioned the blood on Zeke's brow or the purple bruise already forming on his cheek. My uncle looked like he tripped into a pile of rocks. He looked far worse than Zeke did.

He can have all the guys on his security team watching me, but it won't keep Zeke away from me. Or Christian, who's crazier than anyone I've ever met. They'd stop at nothing to get to me.

At least that's what I'd like to believe. Back when we were actually friends I would have, but now...? Now, I'm not so sure. Do they care about their pet as much as they say they do?

The sound of glass breaking echoes into the room from somewhere in the house. I sit up taller, looking up into the mirror to see if I can spot the culprit. My uncle rushes to the door and whips it open, looking out and calling for his maid.

I glue my eyes to the mirror, hoping to see someone coming to rescue me. I'd even love to see Dana's stupid face.

But it's not Dana I see in the mirror. My heart pounds when I see two tall men step into view from each side—one wearing a Michael Myers mask and the other... Ghostface. It has to be Holden, which means Myers is Christian.

They walk toward us and my uncle freaks out, slamming the door shut and locking it. His frantic ass pulls the heavy side table as the legs grind and squeal against the tile flooring to place in front of the door. But I laugh, knowing the lock and the table won't stop Christian from getting into this room.

I stand to my feet and face the door with a smirk, knowing I actually do mean something to him.

Chapter 23

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

I look at Holden and laugh, shaking my head. This pussy ass motherfucker thinks he can lock me out of a small room? We just snuck past his pathetic excuse of a security team and broke into the Lucas Estate without issue. A wooden door isn't going to stop me.

“Oh, Patrick!” I sing-song, getting right up to the door so he can hear me loud and mostly clear. “Open the door and I'll take it easy on you. All I want is my girl.”

“I'm calling the cops!” he shouts back.

He probably is, too. I look at Holden and say, “We gotta move fast.”

“On it.”

Turning, Holden runs out of sight. I don't question what he's up to because the guy is smart as hell, and I trust him with my life—and now with Billie's. We're getting in that room one way or another. I'll do almost anything to get in there—anything that won't hurt Billie, of course.

“Your weak threat doesn’t scare me, Patrick Lucas. Open the door and let’s talk. Or you can bitch out and make a run for it out your window. I’m coming in either way, man.”

The veins in my temples throb as I clench my fists, taking several steady breaths. When I get into that room, I’m going to fuck his shit up, and if he’s laid a hand on Billie, he won’t be breathing anymore.

A loud shrieking alarm goes off, making my ears hurt. Now he’s really pissed me off. If he hasn’t called the cops yet, him setting off the security alarm will bring their asses here. I gotta work fast.

Standing back, I bring my foot up and kick right next to the door handle. The entire door frame wobbles under my force. I do it again, but it doesn’t budge.

“Fuck!” I scream, kicking even harder.

The alarm goes silent, but a blinding light flashes on the security cameras in the corners of the room, telling me it’s still alerting the cops.

I can hear the wood pop and groan. Billie screams from inside the room, confirming he has her with him. I see red; all the blood pumping through my veins at an all-time high as adrenaline fills me.

I continue to kick the door over and over until my head feels like it’s about to explode—the veins pulsing and swelling under pressure.

“Stay back or I’ll do it!” Patrick shouts, and I know Holden’s in the room. “Keep back from the door!”

“Ahh!!” I scream, kicking harder and harder. I don’t care if I fucking pass out. I’m getting into that goddamn room!

I just know the sick bastard has her held hostage right now, threatening to hurt her now that Holden’s in there. I’m going to kill that son of a bitch.

The door creaks and groans, and the door frame is weakening and getting wobblier.

“Relax, man, you don’t have to do that,” Holden’s voice comes through next.

Every muscle in my body is screaming right now, but I’m not giving up. I refuse to give up. And three kicks later, the door bursts open as far as it can go. A fucking table is in the way, so I shoulder the door and push the table away.

I feel like Bruce Banner right before Hulk explodes out of him, squaring my shoulders as a powerful rage tears through me. My body is humming; the sound of water rushing through my ears makes me lightheaded. He’s holding Billie against his front side, exactly how I thought he would be. A letter-opener pressed into her jugular.

“Take that away from her neck or I will skull fuck you,” I tell him through clenched teeth, trying not to pounce on him right now.

Billie's in the middle of us, and I refuse to take him out without thinking this through. Rabid or not, I'm also very calm and collected.

When he doesn't move, I cock my head and grin at him like a wild beast. "This motherfucker doesn't understand what I'm going to do to him, does he, Ghostie?"

Holden stands tall, not afraid in the least as he cocks his Ghostface covered mug and shakes his head. "Nope, he doesn't understand at all, Mike. I think we should show him."

I chuckle and raise a middle finger to Patrick, holding my hand right in front of my mask. He backs away from us, keeping Billie tight to his chest.

Fuck, I can't see out of this thing very well. I reach up and adjust it so the eye holes are straight on with my eyes. Much fucking better.

I can see Billie's face better now, but he should wish that I hadn't. She's been crying and purple marks wrap around her delicate throat. The bruising sticks out like a sore thumb against her pale complexion. Then I look into her crystal blue gaze and see the fear there, but something else, too.

My girl is happy to see me.

But there's also a sense of relief in her eyes, too, as if she didn't think I was going to come for her. Or maybe she's surprised I care about her enough to risk my safety or freedom. If that's the case, I need to figure out how to prove to her I would lie down my life to make sure she is always safe.

I'd do it for Zeke's lyin' punk ass, too.

"I'm going to break every one of your fingers for putting that on her skin," I tell him threateningly. I'd do it now, but he's not making it easy to grab the cocksucker.

He laughs, though, telling me he thinks he still has the upper hand here. "You don't scare me, you little fuck. I've run this town long before your daddy blew his load into your mommy's dirty cunt."

The sick fuck can say whatever he wants to get a rise out of me. I don't give a shit what he, or anyone else, has to say about my parents. I hate their fucking guts. What everyone says is true, anyway—lying, cheating, manipulating pieces of trash.

"Do you mean the same town that kicked your ass out of it when you turned eighteen?" I ask, cocking my Michael Myers mask-covered head at him.

His jaw ticks as he squints at me, knowing I'm playing his game right back. "Clever. But you don't know shit, Veradin. Your precious daddy is the worst of them all. I just want what's due to me, goddamnit!" he shouts, pressing the letter opener harder into Billie's neck.

Her wild, scared blue eyes lock onto mine as tears fill them.

"And what the hell do you think is owed to you? What could you possibly want out of Reaper?" I ask, holding my arms open and spinning around. "This place is a vortex to hell."

Patrick grins wildly, a crazed gleam flashing through his wide eyes. “There’s a lot to gain from a town like Reaper—money, fame, protection. Things you can’t buy unless you’re from the upper class. That was unfairly taken from me when I was eighteen!” he shouts. “Something you know nothing about.”

My eyes dart back to Billie’s worried expression. “Why do you need her?” I ask, nodding at her.

He stops grinning, looking at Holden, who’s trying to get closer to them without being noticed. “Stay back, Ghostface! I’ll hurt her!” he shouts, shoving the metal blade harder against her throat until she’s gasping.

“And I’ll fucking hurt you,” I tell him. “Let her go and we’ll let you go.”

I’ll let him run for now. He won’t be able to run forever, and he clearly has business in Reaper, so he isn’t going to go far soon.

His crazed eyes look between me and Holden as he backs up, cornering himself. But I’m not expecting him to use his foot to open a secret door in the wall behind him. I’m about to lunge forward when I stop myself, knowing Billie’s still in danger.

Then Patrick shoves Billie forward, making her land on her knees with a thud. And then he’s gone, disappearing through the secret door.

“Billie!” I rush forward and pull her to me.

She climbs me like a tree, burying her face in my neck as I shove my mask up and kiss her face wherever I can. There was a moment there that I actually thought something bad was going to happen to her. The bastard almost took her from me, but that won't happen again. Billie won't leave my sight from here on out—or Zeke's.

“I'm going down!” Holden shouts, running to the secret door.

“Holden, wait!” I yell after him. “Fuck!”

I set Billie down and frame her face with my hands. “Baby, I need you to stay right behind me. We have to go in after Holden.”

“No,” she sobs, shaking her head wildly. “He's down there!”

It's clear she's afraid of her uncle, more now than ever, but I shake my head. “I won't let anything happen to you, little hellfire, but we can't let him go down alone, and I refuse to let you out of my sight.”

She nibbles nervously on her plump bottom lip, searching my face as her brows pinch together. “Please don't go down there,” she whispers.

“I have to, Billie. We can't let him get away.”

With a brief nod, she softly says, “Okay...”

“That's my girl,” I say with a smirk as I take her hand and pull her behind me as we descend into the darkness.

The stone steps look to be as old as the house, probably put in when the house was built in the 1920s. It's not uncommon in these parts for houses to have hidden spaces, what with prohibition going on back then. These houses have more history and stories to tell than most museums.

“Holden!” I shout into the darkness.

Billie is clutching onto my back as we slowly make our way down the winding stairs.

“Down here, man,” Holden shouts back.

I follow his voice, holding my arm up against the cool stone to guide my path. Blinking when I see light, we enter a small chamber, but it doesn't seem like we're in the basement. And Patrick's bitch ass is nowhere to be found. There must be another secret door, but not one I can see with the naked eye.

“What the hell is this place?” I ask, looking around the cramped room full of trinkets, framed photographs, old and dusty books, and a table in the center with candles and parchment.

“Kind of feels like something out of Hogwarts, doesn't it?” Holden asks, wiping the dust-covered glass of a photo hanging on the wall. “Well, fuck me. Dude, come look at this.”

I take three steps to get to him, squinting as I look at the picture. It's an old, colorless photograph from a time well before ours, and several people stand in a group without any smiles on their faces.

I'm not seeing anyone familiar in the photo until my gaze halts on the man in the back row, standing tall—my grandfather. My gaze takes in the rest of the people and their surroundings. They're standing in front of the dormitory building of Reaper Academy.

“If that's my grandpa,” I say, pointing at the others, “then these other people must be Reaper alumni, too.”

Billie steps up behind me, glancing around my arm to see when she points at the lady on the far end. “My Grandma.”

I look at Holden, who looks back at me with confusion. “My grandparents are there, too,” he says.

Stepping away from the picture, I look around the rest of the room and note how everything in here seems to have a tie to Reaper—the school's logo, books, and uniforms.

“Hey, I've seen this before,” Holden comments, pulling me back to him.

He's holding up a parchment from the table in the center of the room, a question pinching his brows together. “Dana gave me something before Everlee and I left—she told me to get out of these hills, that they hold many secrets. This symbol was on a medallion my mother had on her when they brought her body in.”

Taking the paper from him, I inspect the half human, half skull face with symbols and the word **REAPER** printed in a circle around it. I know this symbol well. But to keep my own secrets, I ask, “What the hell is it?”

Holden takes the parchment back, then turns it to me, pointing at all the names printed and signed at the bottom, along with a dark brown smudge. Is that fucking blood? My father's name is there, by no surprise, and memories flood my mind.

“Niles Robert Veradin, you hereby wish to forfeit your heir's title, giving him over to us—to command and control. Is this correct?” a man's voice asks, but I can't see who he is behind the black robe he's wearing.

Grabbing onto my dad's hand, I look up at him and wipe my snotty nose. I don't want to go with them. I want to stay here. “Dad, what's happening?”

He looks down at me with the coldest expression I've ever seen. I mean nothing to him.

As we stood there, side by side, I realized I wasn't his son but a bargaining chip. He stepped forward and yanked his arm from me, signing his life away before he punctured his thumb with the tip of a dagger and then stamped it next to his name. I was nine years old when that bastard gave me to the society—the secret I assume Dana referred to in her letter to Holden. And a secret I've had to hold for longer than I'd like to admit.

“All our parents are on there, even Zeke's,” Billie points out.

I don't know how much longer I'm going to be able to keep my side of the secret. They're dangerously close to learning the truth themselves. What's it going to hurt if I help fill in the pieces?

Licking my lips, I say, “They’re part of a society. One that runs and powers these hills and the families within them.”

Holden looks at me, staring into the side of my head with an intensity that I can actually feel. I turn and lock my eyes on his. He shakes his head and looks back down at the paper.

“It makes sense. All the shady shit my dad’s done over the years,” Holden says before he blows out a breath. “We have some questions to ask some people.”

I look at Billie and then at Holden before I say, “Think you can get in and ask your mom some questions?”

Chapter 24

ZEKE LUNGREN

As I sit on this hard, metal bench and stare at the cracked concrete beneath my feet, all I can think about is Billie.

She's with her uncle right now—there's no denying it, and I'm stuck in here unable to protect her. I don't think Christian would know about it yet. Fuck, I need to be out of here.

“Hey, where's my phone call?” I ask the passing officer who completely ignores me.

Rushing to the bars, I grip them and shout after the bastard. “I'm talking to you, asshole!”

He comes back and smacks the bars with his baton and ultimately, my fingers. I groan through my pain, inhaling a sharp breath as I pull my hands from the bars. What a fuckin' dickhead.

“You'll get your phone call when the Sheriff comes back. Now sit down and shut the hell up,” the officer snarls, looking in at me like *he's* the Sheriff of Reaper.

Grinning, I ignore the throbbing in my fingers and step backwards and away from the bars. He'll regret that. One day when he's out in the world and he comes across me, he'll wish he was nicer to me. Though he won't know I'm the one fucking with him. I'm revengeful, not stupid.

I'm trying to stay as calm as I can in this literal prison, but it's hard when all I can see in my head is the moments leading up to my arrest. I need that fucking phone call.

Walking into Reaper, I catch sight of the headmaster pulling Billie by her arm, and all the veins in my neck throb. I slam the front door and storm after them, calling out for Billie.

"Hey, what the hell are you doing?" I shout.

The headmaster looks over her shoulder and sees me, halting her hurried footsteps. "Mr. Lungren, why aren't you in class? This doesn't concern you, so carry on, please."

Crossing my arms over my chest, I shake my head and say, "I'm not going anywhere until you tell me where you're taking Billie."

"That's none of your business," a male voice booms from behind me.

I whip around to find Patrick Lucas standing there in his expensive Armani pin-striped suit and more rings on his hand than any man should wear.

"My girlfriend is my business," I tell him through clenched teeth.

Billie inhales a surprised breath, and I catch a smile on her lips out of the corner of my eyes. She liked that I called her my girlfriend, huh? I liked it, too. Probably more than I should have. Christian is going to kill me when he finds out I kind of want to keep her for myself. But the twinge of pain in my gut at the thought of losing him over that decision makes me shake my head.

What the hell was that all about?

“She doesn’t have a boyfriend. They’re forbidden. And she’s only seventeen years old. She has other things she needs to focus on rather than boys,” he says with a snarl, approaching us with who I assume is his driver.

He’s a huge motherfucker.

I crane my neck to look up at the dude towering over me, a scar running across his entire face and dipping into his hairline. He looks down at me and growls like fucking Lurch.

“What seems to be the problem?” Mr. Lucas asks the headmaster, ignoring my presence and steps between me and Billie.

“I heard a ruckus and found Ms. Lucas here in cahoots with her classmate, Mandi—”

“I’ll take it from here,” Patrick says as he grabs a hold of Billie’s arm roughly.

The memory pisses me off just as much as it did when I saw it live. Rushing back to the bars, I grab and shake them. “Let me out, goddamn it! I didn’t do anything!”

Anger licks up my neck as I take several deep, calming breaths and drop my head. I can't help Billie if I do something stupid and get myself locked up for longer. Speaking of, how long do they expect to keep me in here?!

I jump back when the jailer's door opens with a loud creak and a man in a slightly different uniform steps in. He must be the Sheriff. Looking up at me, he frowns and plops down at his desk like I'm the least of his worries.

"Hey!" I shout, shaking the bars again. "I was told I had to wait for you to return. Well, now you're back. I want my phone call!"

The guy chuckles as he leans back in his desk chair and kicks his boot-covered feet up on a tall stack of files. He has no care in the world, smirking up at the ceiling as he closes his eyes.

"Listen here, asshole! I don't know which family is paying your salary, but do your fucking job!"

This gets his attention. Jumping up from his leisurely position, the chair slams against the concrete wall as he storms toward me.

"You're a cocky little fuck. Didn't your pathetically weak father teach you not to bite the hand that feeds you? I have the keys," he says, dangling them in my face. "And I have the power."

Stepping back, another memory fills my mind from those exact words coming from Patrick's lips.

“I have the power,” Patrick says as he pulls Billie with him. “And you will listen to me!”

Anger rips through me again as I rush forward to take Billie away from him, when he spins and shoves me in the chest. He put his goddamn hands on me. I shove Patrick from behind when he thinks he’s won, facing the headmaster again. He releases Billie and stumbles forward. I don’t give him time to react before I punch him in the jaw. It cracks under pressure, but it doesn’t seem to faze him.

He stands and grins at me. “You didn’t have to get hurt, kid. We had high hopes for you, but it looks like you’re not a team player. It’s too bad because you are a Lungren...”

I’m confused by his words when it pulls me from the moment and he punches me right back. I stumble back into his driver, who shoves me forward to face Patrick. Swinging, I connect my fist with Patrick’s jaw again. We go back and forth several times, the taste of copper filling my mouth.

“Stop it!” Billie screams.

But we don’t stop until we both land a few more punches.

I’m out of breath, stepping away from him as I smile and know I’ve won this round. His face is jacked. But I realize he’s close to Billie again and grabs her arm right as the front doors burst open.

“Earth to you, kid!” the Sheriff shouts, pulling me back to reality. “Fucking kids these days.”

Turning, he stalks back to his desk and plops into his chair. I realize this worthless piece of garbage isn't going to help me at all. He's definitely dirty—paid off by someone like Patrick Lucas or any of the elite families. Hell, that's probably how he got this job in the first place. It's good to have friends in high places, I guess.

I have to get out of here somehow, though. When the officers came in and saw the scene before their eyes, they took Patrick's words over mine and cuffed my wrists. *Self defense*—what a lying sack of shit. He might not have thrown the first punch, but the fight between us was inevitable.

There was nothing I could do to stop it, nearly passing out when I tried. Cuffed and shoved to my knees in the middle of Reaper Academy, the cops held me down while I watched Patrick take Billie out of my sights. He's her uncle, so they didn't question a thing. Not even when Billie cried and begged for their help. They turned their heads to look away, but I watched every second.

“Look at her! She's begging for your help and you're not doing a thing!” I shout, struggling beneath two officers holding me down.

My cheek presses into the polished wooden floors of Reaper, watching Patrick pull Billie closer and closer to the exit. Cops mill in and out, not minding her pleas. A spoiled brat, I heard one of them say.

“AH!” I scream out and push up from the floor.

But the officer's over-power me and shove my face back into the planks. I groan out and kick for dear life. He's taking Billie from me and there isn't a fucking thing I can do about it.

"Zeke Lungren, you're under arrest for the assault of Patrick Lucas. Anything you say—" he continues to speak about my rights, but I've blocked him out.

He's taken Billie completely out of my sight, and I almost pass out in my struggle with the officers.

Loud knocking on the metal jailor's door pulls me back from my memory, and I crane my neck near the bars to see who it might be this time. The Sheriff gets up, moving like a sloth as he yanks the door open.

And I've never been more happy to see anyone in my life.

Dana marches into the room, seeking me out with her gaze and nodding when she sees me. "I've come to release Zeke Lungren from your custody."

I look up at the ceiling and blow out a breath, thanking the universe for this woman—the one I've hated until this fucking second.

The Sheriff laughs, shaking his head. "I don't know what kind of clearance you think you have around here anymore, Ms. Witt, but I'm pretty sure the FBI isn't warranted in Reaper anymore."

She grins, leaning over the desk to get right in his face when he sits back down. "The FBI is still very, very present in Reaper. I'll bet that makes you nervous, doesn't it? Release

my subject or I'll be forced to charge you with obstruction of justice, *sir*."

I'm smirking, watching his face turn tomato red right before my eyes. The Sheriff doesn't seem to be accustomed to anyone talking to him like that, but fuck, I'll bet she felt good doing it.

The Sheriff studies her for a moment longer before he huffs out a breath and gets back up, marching straight for me. I step away from the bars and hop on my feet, anxious as fuck to get out of here.

When the lock clinks and he pulls the bars open, I jump out and take a huge breath as if I've been trapped in an actual box. I look at the Sheriff and grin, squaring my shoulders as I look down at him in victory.

"Alright, Zeke, you won. No need to poke the bear. Let's go," Dana says, tugging at my shirt to pull my attention away from Sheriff Douchebag.

I give him a wink and step away, watching his expression morph from intimidation to anger. Dana rips open the door and ushers me out.

The sun burns my eyes when we step out of the police station and onto the front sidewalk where her SUV is parked at the curb. Shielding my eyes from the afternoon sun, I ask, "How long was I in there, Dana? I have to get to Bil—"

"Relax, Romeo." She holds her hand up, stopping me. "She's safe and with Christian right now. I'm told they're getting ready for some Halloween party tonight...?"

Grinding my teeth, a bout of jealousy tears through my stomach at the mention of Billie being alone with Christian right now. I'm glad she's safe, but I also hate how he was the one to rescue her and not me. Fuck, he won again.

“Take me to them,” I say through clenched teeth, yanking open the passenger door.

Chapter 25

BILLIE LUCAS

“**W**hat about Zeke?” I ask as Christian pulls up to the house on the hill where everyone knows is the party house.

Christian pulls into an empty spot and puts the car in park. “Dana told me she was picking him up from the police station and bringing him here.”

I clutch my mini skirt with one hand and twirl my braided pigtails with the other. After everything that has happened today—me and Mandi getting into it, my uncle and Zeke fighting, me being held hostage, to finding weird ritualistic items in the depths of the house I grew up in. So, it seems weird to be at a party right now, but Christian said it would be a good distraction. And since there isn’t anything we can do about it right now, we need to continue living our lives in case people are watching us. We don’t know how big this thing really is.

Glancing over at Christian, I chew my bottom lip as my heart pounds. He leans over the console and grabs my chin,

pulling my bottom lip down by his thumb.

“Don’t worry, little hellfire, I won’t let anything happen to you.”

I stare into his bright eyes and shake my head until his grip is released. “You shouldn’t say things you don’t mean, Christian.” Pulling up my thigh-high socks, I look out the side window and watch all the party goers moving about the house and grounds.

His groan fills the car as he grabs my throat and squeezes until I look at him, clutching at his forearms. My eyes dance over his beautiful features—high cheekbones, plump lips, brows that are naturally perfect, and eyes that look into my soul.

“Let me try this again... I won’t let anything happen to you *again*. Just like the shit in your house, there are things you don’t know or understand yet. Shunning you wasn’t something I ever wanted to do, B.”

I inhale an excited gasp when he calls me *B*. That was his thing for years, always making me feel special around all the other girls because Christian fucking Veradin had a pet name for little ole me and not for anyone else.

“Who made you do it, Christian?” I ask softly, my eyes flitting between his.

He licks his lips again, about to tell me when someone slaps their hands repeatedly on the hood of the car. I nearly jump out of my skin, my yelp echoing around us. Christian chuckles

while giving Holden the bird, and I do the same thing because he scared the shit out of me.

When I open the door, I tell him as much. “Not fucking funny, Holden!”

Laughing, he gives me half a hug to say hey as Everlee walks around the backside of their white Range Rover. She’s wearing a Sidney Prescott costume to match Holden’s Ghost Face vibes—nothing but a mask and a pair of ripped up black jeans and black chucks. It’s his signature look.

I self consciously pull at mine, feeling naked as hell. Christian is the hottest Michael Myers I’ve ever seen, and I’m his poor little victim who runs through the woods. My eyes dance over his tattooed chest beneath his wide open dark navy-colored overalls, but it’s the rippling abs and V muscle that have me gawking the most.

He shoves the Myers mask under his arm and steps to me, wrapping an arm around my neck.

“Isn’t my girl hot as fuck? Look at these pigtails.” He tugs on one side before he leans in and whispers so only I can hear, “I’m going to tie these around something later to keep you steady while I fuck you like a wild beast.”

My gaze darts to Holden and Everlee, wondering if they heard him as heat fills my cheeks. I love the idea of being tied to something while he has his wicked way with me, but I don’t want our closest friends to hear about it. They seem oblivious, though the look on Holden’s face tells me he knows something

dirty was said because it's something he probably would have said himself.

Christian kisses my cheek and pulls me along like nothing just happened. "Let's go, party people!"

Slipping his hand in mine, Christian leads us all to the house as he pulls on his mask and rests it on top of his head so he can still see. The boys are the kings of Reaper, so all our peers move out of the way and gawk as we pass by. I look over my shoulder once more to see if Zeke is here yet, but Christian pulls me along and inside the house.

I don't know how long we've been moving through the house, drinking and talking to the next person from school. All I know is I'm bored to tears and couldn't honestly care less about this party. Holden and Everlee have already gone off on their own, and I'm stuck standing by Christian's side to witness all the girls drooling over him and all the guy's kissing his ass as if it's their way into being his friend.

They're all fake as fuck, and I want out of here.

Looking around for Zeke again, I finish my drink and feel Christian's hand on the small of my back. He leans in and whispers, "I'm bored as shit, too. Let's go outside and make our own fun, yeah?"

I spin around and look up into his twinkling gaze as he smirks. He better not be messing with me right now, because I might cry. Nodding his head to a location behind me, he grabs my hand and pulls me along. Oh, thank God, he wasn't joking.

The cool night air outside compared to the stifling, stagnant air inside the house is like stepping out into the mountain air while camping. It's refreshing, liberating, and almost getting me excited.

Christian laces our fingers together, and I admit I'm smacking my chest right now. This minor act wouldn't normally be anything big to just anyone, but for Christian, this is huge, and everyone here knows it. He's letting everyone know we're together-together.

But are we?

I'm supposed to be his pet, though now I'm confused about what's actually going on. He said he didn't want to push me away, as if someone had forced him to do so. Then he comes out of nowhere and wants me to be some kind of sex slave for him and Zeke? And now he's holding my hand in front of everyone.

I'd really like to know what the hell is going on, and who would have enough power to make Christian do things he doesn't want to do. For as long as I've known the guy, he's done exactly what *he* wants to do, telling anyone with rules to go fuck themselves.

His phone jingles from inside one of the many pockets on his overalls. We stop beside the deck railing and look down at the pool area. Most of the people in the pool are naked, completely oblivious to everyone partying around them on the patio.

I try not to be nosy, but I can't help it. Christian's brow pinches together, anger flashing across his face as he reads the text message. His jaw ticks as he locks his screen and pockets his phone again.

Turning to me, he gives me his signature sexy smirk and leans into me. I shiver when his hands grab my hips and his thumbs rub on my bare flesh above my mini skirt.

His tongue traces my jaw just below my ear before he pulls my earlobe into his mouth. My eyes roll back as I pinch my knees together, letting out a breathy moan.

As I arch my back, I slip my hands inside his overalls and splay my fingers across his warm, hard chest. He groans against my ear as he pops my lobe free.

“Tell me, little hellfire, do you like the chase?”

I'm confused at first, pinching my brow as I turn my face to peer into his. He smirks and whips his head down so the mask falls into place.

“You're going to run, and I'm going to chase you.”

He steps back from me and holds open his arms as if he's trying to say, *what are you waiting for?* I swallow hard before I giggle, looking around us.

“Are you being serious right now?”

Nodding, he drops his arms and cocks his head, looking at me like the demented killer he's dressed as. I lose my smile, stepping back from him. And when he takes one large lunge forward, I squeal and make a run for it.

I drop my drink on the deck as I push my way through people blocking the stairs, now flying down them to the patio below. I'm surprised I haven't tripped and broke my ankle yet in these stupid ass heels. Why did I wear these again? Right, because Christian said he wanted to fuck me in them later and I couldn't ignore the way it made me excited.

I ignore all the stares as I run through everyone near the pool side and toward the furthest part of the backyard. We're trapped in by a chain-link fence, but a gate to the forest is where I'm heading. A quick glance over my shoulder makes me shriek when I don't see Christian anywhere. Where the hell is he?!

Shoving the gate open, I run as fast as I can in these heels through the uneven and thick forest floor. I shiver from the cold and the excitement coursing through my veins. But it doesn't help that I'm barely wearing anything—a black miniskirt that barely covers my ass, white thigh-high socks, heels, and a cut-off tee that shows a serious case of under-boob, which is Christian's favorite part.

The braided pigtails were a last-minute thing he asked me to do in the car. Now I wonder if he had a plan for them all along.

I'm pretty far into the forest now, my path only lit by the full moon above—it's light streaming through the pines to allow me to see where I'm going. Stopping beside one tree and hiding behind its trunk, I peer into the forest toward the party to look for Christian, but there isn't any movement.

My heavy breaths visibly come out in misty fog clouds as I wrap my arms around myself to combat the chill. I look all around, trying to pinpoint where he is. Then I see headlights on the road beside the forest and turn my attention to that.

It's the SUV Dana always shows up in. And Zeke's sitting in the passenger seat. My heart plummets into my stomach as I take off running in his direction, completely ignoring the fact that Christian is out here hunting me.

I'm almost to the corner of the fence nearest the road when an arm wraps around my waist and a hand covers my mouth. I scream into the warm palm, kicking as Christian lifts and pulls me back into the forest.

He brings me right back into our game of cat and mouse, making my insides twist as my nipples harden and my pussy throbs. But I have to see if Zeke is okay.

Kicking Christian in the shin with my heel, he groans out and curses under his breath as he lets me go. I take off running toward the road again, tripping over a tree root and landing hard on the forest floor with a whimper. Sticks and pine needles dig into my thigh-highs, tearing the thin material.

I can't help but burst out laughing as I struggle to get up. Adrenaline rushes through me and I jump up to find my balance when Christian grabs me again. He holds my arms hostage behind my back as he presses his front to my back, my hands close to the outline of his dick behind the overalls.

"That really fucking hurt, little hellfire," he hisses against the side of my face as I whimper and squirm in his hold. "Now

I'm going to make you hurt while you take what I'm going to offer you."

Spinning me around, he pushes me back up against the trunk of a tree before shoving me to my knees. I hiss in a breath when the pain from cutting them up moments ago sting me again. My shaking hands rest on my upper thighs as I look up at Christian looming over me.

He pushes my pigtail from my shoulder before he cups my cheek and caresses his thumb across my cheekbone. It's sweet and caring, but only for a second.

I cry out when he lightly slaps my cheek and then grabs my chin. "Open that pretty little mouth for me."

When I don't right away, he slaps me again and then shakes my face by my chin. "Come on, B."

With a gasp, I open my mouth and look up at his mask-covered face. He unzips his overalls the rest of the way down and pulls out his cock. He's not wearing any briefs, and the thought excites me.

The jewelry in his dick reflects the light from the party as he steps forward and rubs the tip over my lips. I stick my tongue out and lick across him and the barbell, moaning when his dick throbs and bounces.

As I look up into his gaze through the mask, I wrap my hand around his base and hold him steady as I sink my mouth onto him. He rushes out a breath, placing his hand on the back of my head as he thrusts forward.

Tears well in my eyes when the barbell tickles the back of my throat and the other two pieces slide across the top of my tongue. I gag, attempting to lean back when he steps forward and pins my head against the tree trunk.

Fuck, he's huge, making the corners of my mouth crack.

My pussy clenches when he slaps the side of my face a few times and lets out a guttural groan. Then he surprises me and pinches my nose shut as he holds his cock deep in the back of my throat. I convulse beneath him, drool and tears coating my face as I wretch for air. My stomach rolls and tightens as I fight the urge to throw up.

When he pulls out, I gasp for air and collapse onto my hands.

“Damn, little hellfire,” Christian says as he grabs the back of my neck and forces me to sit back up.

I lick my lips and wipe my chin with the back of my hand, peering up at him. “Is that all you got?”

His deep chuckle is menacing, and I wish I could see his face right now, damn it. There's not much better than watching Christian's face when his feathers get ruffled. Being his friend for so long, I've noticed the little things about him.

Smearing the tip against my lips again, I open wide and hold steady as he slips in and face fucks me—fast and short until I'm drooling all over myself again, then deep and hard until I can't breathe.

Over and over as Christian rocks his hips forward and groans through his pleasure. My cheek burns a bit from his light slaps, but I love it. *This* is the pain I want.

“Such a good fucking girl taking my dick like this,” he praises as he pulls out and lets me breathe. “You like my dick in the back of your throat? Hmm?”

I nod, breathing through my mouth as I look up at him. He rumbles a groan as he guides me on my knees away from the trunk. Then he puts his boot in the middle of my back and shoves me to the ground. Dirt, leaves, and forest debris stick to my soaked face and chest as I cry out.

“I want you to know exactly what you’re getting yourself into. And a taste of what we can both offer you if you just agree to be our pet,” he says through clenched teeth as he shoves my mini skirt up around my waist and yanks down my panties.

My ass shimmies in front of him, begging to be penetrated. His palm stings when he slaps my ass, but I love it, whimpering for more.

“Please,” I beg, in case he doesn’t know how much I want this.

With a groan, Christian centers the tip of his dick at my entrance and slams in. My eyes roll as my hips rock forward, trying to get away from the immense pressure of his size. But he grips my ass tight and holds me steady as he fucks the hell out of me.

The sound of our slapping bodies fills the forest before my whimpers and cries take over. Sharp, brunt objects of the forest are stabbing into my flesh, but it adds to the excitement of being overpowered in the woods while people party fifty feet away.

“Argh,” Christian growls, slowing his thrusts as he leans over me and presses his mask-covered face to mine. “You take this dick so fucking good, baby girl.”

“Yes,” I cry, moaning out as he fucks me deeper.

Gripping my ass and holding me open, Christian sinks slow and deep as he lifts my face from the ground. My pussy tightens around his length in this position—my shoulders to his chest, an arch in my spine.

He lifts the bit of material from my tits and slaps them. I cry out and ride him with a rock of my hips. This is the side of me that rarely comes out. There’s nothing I love more than total sexual domination, and I’ve only seen glimpses of what I need from both of them. But this? This is the side of Christian I’ve never met before.

My cries burst into the forest when he pinches my nipple hard. His other hand rests leisurely on my hip as I bounce up and down on him, not feeling like I’m getting enough of him.

“Christian,” I whimper his name on a breath.

“Goddamn, B,” he groans roughly.

Releasing my nipple, he pushes me back to the forest floor with my eyes facing the party this time. I see people walking

about, laughing and flirting in their little groups, all the while Christian Veradin pile drives his cock into me. And they could witness the entire thing if they'd only look this way.

They're not the ones I want to watch me, though. The only eyes I want on me while I'm in such a vulnerable state are Christian's and Zeke's. And speaking of the devil...

Zeke walks onto the patio area with a pissed off expression on his face, looking for someone. He's looking for me, and probably Christian, too.

I grumble and try to get up on my hands, but Christian won't let me. His hand splays out across the side of my face as he presses me into the dirt. My mouth opens and my cheek scrapes across the forest floor again as he fucks into me so fast and hard I can no longer breathe.

"Look at him, Billie," Christian demands deeply. "I know you can see him. Watch him look around for us while you take my dick. He has no idea you're right here. You're looking for him, too, aren't you?"

Letting out a long, guttural growling breath, my eyes roll into the back of my head as he pulverizes my cunt with his thick cock. I can't see more than a few inches in front of my face as my pussy tightens around him. The piercings along the back side of his shaft stroke something inside of me I never knew was even there.

I hold my breath as my core tightens, my body climbing higher and higher.

“All you have to do is say yes, little hellfire, and you’ll be *ours*,” he says the last word with a hard thrust forward.

My orgasm slams into me like an earthquake. Every muscle in my body clenches as the ones wrapped around Christian pulse and ache. A pressure builds near my clit before a stream of liquid shoots out at the rhythm of my throbbing orgasm.

I groan loudly into the forest, blowing dried leaves and pine needles away from me in a huff. Christian releases my face and grabs the other side of my hip to hold on as he pounds into me.

“Fuuuuuuck,” he draws out in a growl.

His thrusts slow and become unsteady before he pulls out. I glance over my shoulder and watch him stroke himself, shooting his cum all over my right ass cheek with a groan. It’s so fucking hot I want to burn this image into my mind forever.

A tattooed guy with tight, ripped muscles wearing a Michael Myers mask while he cums on me? Yeah, this is something I’d like to play again, but maybe I can have *two* psychopaths chasing after me next time.

Christian stands and zips his overalls up just past his dick again before he helps me stand. I’d have collapsed if he wasn’t holding onto me. I giggle and steady my aching legs.

“Shit, I think you fucked the balance out of me.”

He laughs, pulling me tighter to him. “That’s hot, little hellfire. Here, hold on to the tree so I can clean you up.”

I sigh out when I wrap my heated arms around the cool bark, but hiss out when my cheek stings against it. Christian tears the arm off of his overalls, balling it up before cleaning the cum off of my ass. He's very tender about it, and I close my eyes. I love how he can be gentle and rough within seconds of each other.

He pulls the skirt down and squeezes my ass. "Your panties are ruined, so don't bend over. Nobody sees this pussy but me and Zeke. Do you understand?" His hand slips between my legs from behind, pushing his middle finger into me.

Arching my back, I moan out and nod. "Y-yes, I understand."

"Good girl," he groans. "Now tell me what I really want to hear, B."

I moan again, feeling a sizzle up my spine at the use of my special nickname again. He wants me to totally submit—to agree to be their pet.

And I've never been happier to say these words, "I'm your pet. I belong to only you—and Zeke."

He tears off his other sleeve and spins me around, pressing my back into the trunk. His gaze flits across my face before he pulls the mask up and smirks. I love seeing his face after what he just did to me in that mask. It almost solidifies the connection we've always had between us and makes it not feel so feral, either.

“Now you look the part at least—the screaming girl who’s always running away from the big bad psychopath in a mask,” he says with a chuckle as he slowly reaches up and wipes at my cheek.

I hiss in a breath. “Ouch, that burns.”

“Yeahhhhh, I kinda fucked up your face.”

Even though it hurts like a bitch, I smile at him and say, “It was worth it.”

A dark, brazen promise crosses his face as his smirk widens. “Zeke is going to be so fucking happy to hear that you’re ours now.”

He finishes wiping at my face and then slips his hand back into mine. I adjust my top and look down at the rest of me. Jesus, it looks like I was attacked. I mean, I was, but jeez, this looks bad.

We make it back to the party, walking leisurely through all of them who have no idea what just happened in the shadows of the forest. The grin on my face might give it away, though.

Zeke comes into view, and my face splits in half. I wave him down as he turns and looks right at us. A look of pure hatred and anger morphs his features as he looks between the two of us. His gaze lingers on all the bad parts a little too long, while the vein on the side of his neck becomes more visible with each inhale. He’s livid.

Marching right for us, he pulls his arm back and punches Christian right in the face. His mask goes flying as I scream

and back away. Then Zeke tackles him to the ground and all hell breaks loose.

Chapter 26

ZEKE LUNGREN

*L*ook at her face. Look at her fucking face!

Anger rips through me like a dull saw blade, hitting each nerve with an agonizing pain. At first I didn't want to believe the sight of her, but when I looked at Christian and saw the filthy knees of his overalls and the way dirt smeared across his chest, I put two and two together.

My fist comes back and I deck my best friend right in his stupidly handsome jaw. It cracks under my force, reminding me of the way Patrick's jaw did the same thing.

His Michael Myers mask goes flying into the crowd who is now moving away from us, giving us space to duke it out. He's clearly shocked by what I've done and that only pisses me off, so I tackle his punk ass to the ground. How could he not know why I punched him? Is he dense?

Billie's screams echo around us, but I won't stop. I punch him over and over in the ribcage, holding him beneath my weight as he wraps his legs around my hips.

“I’m going to fucking kill you, Christian! What have you done?” I shout, moving my punches to his other side.

He groans, trying to use his legs to overpower and roll me over, but I’m not budging. The adrenaline running through me is like an injection from everything that’s ever pissed me the fuck off.

“Stop it!” Billie shouts.

I flinch when her hands touch my back and she immediately backs up, but I still don’t stop.

“Dude, you don’t understand!” Christian belts out, blocking a hit now and then as he twists beneath me.

“What’s to fucking understand, *dude*?” I ask, punching him again in the ribs as he groans deeply. “Her face says it all, Christian! What have you done?” I repeat, wanting a damn answer this time.

Christian blocks my swing and elbows my thigh. It distracts me long enough for him to get the upper hand on me, overpowering and slamming me to the ground beside him. He scurries to his knees, straddling my bucking hips.

“Dude, get off of me,” I instruct through clenched teeth.

He doesn’t move, grabbing my wrists and trying to hold them over my head as he glares down at me. “Calm the fuck down, Zeke. I didn’t hurt her like you think I did. I’d never fucking do that!” he screams, spit landing on my face from his fury.

“Yeah? Then explain her face.”

“I’m fucking trying to!”

The clicking sound from everyone’s phones echo around us, and as I peer up, I look into about fifty phones looking back at me. Some are taking pictures, others are recording. Whispers run through everyone like a wicked wind—*why are they fighting? Christian beat up Billie? Do you think they’re both fucking her? Ew, what a slut.*

I relax beneath him, hoping he feels my version of a white flag being waved. He looks into my eyes and sees it, leaning back while releasing my wrists. I don’t care what everyone thinks about me, but I refuse to let another motherfucker bully her. This all started because of Christian, and I’m going to make sure he fucking ends it.

Once he gets off of me, I scramble to my feet, shoving him away when he gets too close. I pin him with a furious glare before I stalk toward Billie and take her hand.

“Tell everyone,” I urge, waving my hand toward our audience of peers. Christian glares back at me when I add, “Tell them why we’re fighting right now, then tell them how you ruined Billie—how they all bullied her because you told them all to! Go on, tell them.”

Billie steps between us, her face transforming from shocked to pained in a flash. It hurts me to see her like this, but she needs to hear the truth. She needs to know the reason we’re here right now.

“Shut the fuck up, Zeke,” Christian hisses, stepping forward as he reaches out to Billie.

She swings her hand down, slamming it against his. “No,” she cries out in a voice that makes your heart ache. “Please tell me he’s lying, Christian.”

My jaw tenses when Christian looks over at me, my heart sinking into my gut when I realize my best friend officially hates my fucking guts. He’s my boy, my brother, and I’ve shattered it. No, fuck that, *he* shattered it.

“Billie, I’d like to explain,” I say, stepping forward because I put my foot in my damn mouth, and I need to fix it.

Her hard glare whips to me, halting me dead in my tracks. “Don’t. You’ve done enough with your outburst.”

The pit of my stomach drops out again, and I realize I’m also a bastard. I’ve humiliated all of us in front of our classmates—the ones who’ve been giving her such a hard time already. I should kick my own ass right now. Goddamn my emotional outburst. This should have been said in private.

“So, everybody was bullying me because you asked them to? Because you cut me off?” she asks, her voice cracking on a sob. “I went through hell with my mom, losing my best friends —” she points at him. “And then I had to deal with everyone at school. Nowhere was safe for me, Christian. Then you assholes came swooping back in to win me back like I was some sort of fucking prize. But I can see now that it *has* always been about getting into my pants. Neither of you give a single fuck about me.”

Not a sound can be heard except my racing heart pounding through my veins. Neither of us moves toward her as she

backs away because we both know we've fucked up. I never understood what Christian's motives were for alienating our girl. She's always been ours. We could have had her at any point.

He's not telling me something and that fucking guts me. We're brothers—till death, but now I'm not sure what we are. Brothers don't keep secrets from each other. And because of it, we've lost the only girl who actually meant a thing to us both.

Yeah, I said it—Christian likes her too, probably as much as I do, but I've been ignoring all the signs. At one point, I wanted her to choose me, not realizing she might be in love with him. And I'm hoping she loves me back, at least somewhat. Honestly, we could have been together—the three of us. Now I'm not sure we can even be friends.

We could have both had her together because our love would be pure, and the love I had for him...? Fuck, we could have been unbreakable.

But just like physics taught us in middle school, you can't build something strong on a weak foundation, and right now, this motherfucker is about to collapse.

I pull my attention to the side when a few kids step out of the way, allowing Dana to step forward. She looks between the three of us, sizing up the situation, but doesn't defuse it. I'll bet this was her plan all along. Damn it, now I'm pissed off again.

“Your master is here, Christian,” I say sharply, nodding toward Dana. “We wouldn't want you to miss another

opportunity to hide some more shit from me.”

Billie tucks her bright orange hair behind her ear, looking away from Dana. My gaze flits between them as the wheels turn in my head. Are they working together, too? Did I miss the signs? I’m just trying to figure out what she could possibly want from Billie.

“Dude, you are so fucking out of line right now.” Christian shakes his head, moving toward Billie again. “Billie, come on, let’s not have this conversation here—now.” He waves toward the crowd.

I step forward, trying to take back the situation because he’s the bad guy here. “No, Billie, come with me so I can protect you.”

She guffaws, throwing her head back. “I’m not going with either of you! You’re both lying, backstabbing bastards, and this—” she points between us, “—is over!”

“Billie!” We both rush out in unison when she runs through us and into Dana’s arms.

“Don’t worry, boys, she’s in excellent hands.” With a grin, Dana wraps her arm around Billie’s shoulder and guides her away, saying empty words of comfort.

We scramble to get to her, shoving and pushing our way through the crowd as Dana and Billie disappear into the house. In my fit of jealousy and rage, I called out my best friend, humiliated my girl... and lost them both. Right now, I don’t know if I want to work things out with Christian, but I need

Billie to forgive me. I won't forgive myself if she grows to hate me, never speaking to me again. That sounds worse than death.

“Dude, back off!” Christian barks, elbowing me in the ribs.

I shove him away with all my strength. He stumbles, crashing into the stacked bookshelf behind him before springing up in a rage. His eyes are wild as he charges toward me with a primal yell.

He barrels into me and we go flying over the back of the couch, landing on the coffee table before it collapses beneath our weight. I groan out when my back snaps, Christian is right on top of me. Screams erupt, and everyone moves out of our way again.

We swing wildly at each other, throwing punches that painfully connect and make us groan out. The air fills with the sound of fists meeting flesh, and I can feel my face growing hot with rage.

In one swift move, I push him off of me and jump to my feet, staring him down with clenched fists as I grind my teeth. Motherfucker keeps getting the upper hand on me.

Dana appears in the living room entrance, pushing kids out of the way. “You two idiots, stop making each other bleed and let's move!”

We throw a few pinned glares at one another before we scramble over the mess we've made to follow her. It's fucking

stupid that we keep shoving each other, trying to see who can make it out first.

Shaking her head, Dana scoffs and nods her head toward the exit. “You morons. What were you thinking?”

I step back outside into the balmy night. The sudden plunge in temperature prickles my sweat-soaked skin, leaving goosebumps on my arms and a rush of cold air runs down my spine. “I was thinking the same thing about him,” I admit, hooking my thumb in Christian’s direction.

Once our shoes crunch the pebbles on the driveway, Dana turns on us and stops us with her hand flat on our chests. “I’m going to need you two to squash whatever bullshit you two are fighting over. Whatever it is... Get. Over. It. Her life depends on it, asswipes.”

I want to tell her to get bent, to tell me right here and now what the hell is going on and why I wasn’t allowed in on any of the secrets. Sure, I have my own, but... Fuck, I’m being such a hypocrite right now. This is about Billie, not my ego.

“Sorry,” I rasp deeply, looking up at her through a hooded gaze.

“Yeah, me too,” Christian grumbles.

She nods, turning on her heel and heading toward an SUV that’s still running. Billie’s in the front seat, not looking at us for a second. She has every right to be pissed off at both of us. I shouldn’t have opened my mouth in front of everyone, and I

definitely shouldn't have thrown Christian under the bus like that. He can still kiss my ass, though.

We get in the back of the SUV, my eyes darting toward the side of Billie's face. I'm willing her to look at me just once, but she doesn't budge. Dana gets in the driver's seat, pulling away from the party as she looks at us in the rearview mirror.

"Things are moving fast, boys. I'm taking you three to a safe house until I can do damage control."

I'm listening to her, but I only have eyes on my girl right now. Christian seems to be the same way when he leans forward and whispers her name.

"Billie."

Her shoulders stiffen, and her spine straightens, but she doesn't pay him any attention. Dana reaches back and slaps the top of his head.

"Hey!" he cries out, leaning back with a scowl on his face.

"She doesn't want to talk to you right now. Learn how to read a woman, kid."

He flips her the bird when she stops looking, and I crack a smirk because that shit was funny. We share a knowing smile and my stupid heart does a somersault in my chest. After we get to wherever we're going, we need to all sit down and hash it out. From what Dana says, Billie is in grave danger, and we can't protect her if we're not thinking straight.

"Where is this place?" I ask, turning the conversation a different way. "And why do we need a safe house?"

She scoffs. “After the shit you pulled with Patrick, Christian breaking into the Lucas estate, and the very public fight between the three of you...? Pretty sure a safe house is needed. The soci—” she stops herself, but it sounded a whole hell of a lot like *society* was about to come out of her mouth.

“Look, I don’t know what weird shit everyone is into around here. I just want some damn honesty and answers for once,” I announce to everyone in the car.

Billie finally whips around and pins me with a glare. “You want to talk about honesty right now?” She directs her eyes at Christian next, shaking her head.

“Enough,” Dana snaps, and Billie sits back to stare through the windshield again. “You need to get over it too, Billie. We don’t have time for this shit right now. So what if you all lied to each other? You’re all seventeen years old. Life is going to bend you over and roughly ram it up your tail pipes if you can’t realize everyone lies and hides things.”

She grabs my gaze through the rearview mirror, lowering her scrutinizing gaze. “We all have secrets, don’t we?”

Lowering my gaze, I glare at her and shake my head slightly. We might all have secrets, but I’m not willing to tell mine just yet. There’s a time and place for everything, and I firmly believe my secret will help us later. I can’t explain it but I can *feel* its truth.

Everyone stops talking when Dana pulls off the highway and onto the abandoned Railway Drive. Kids used to come up here and party after they shut the train down, rerouting it around the

mountains, but after some weird shit started happening up here, kids took their partying to another location.

I lean forward and peer through the windshield as the headlights illuminate our path. Nature is slowly taking back the road, mostly covered by weeds and tall grass—you can barely tell there's a road here at all. Then the train tunnel comes into view and Dana drives right into it, plunging us into the pitch blackness before putting the SUV into park.

“If you were going to murder us, the least you could do was to bring us to a nicer place,” I joke from the backseat, honestly wondering why the hell she's taken us to an abandoned train tunnel.

She huffs. “Relax. This is the safe house. Come on.”

Getting out of the SUV, we all watch Dana in the headlights as she crosses the tracks and walks to the side of the mountain wall. Then she disappears behind a slab of stone before a soft golden glow emanates onto the tracks. Curiosity gets the best of all of us and we get out, heading that way. Billie marches ahead of us, careful not to be near us at all.

Me and Christian share another glance, and even though this started with being his fault, I can't point a finger at him without three pointing back at me.

As we approach what I now see is a doorway, I'm not at all expecting to find a whole ass bat cave behind it. My eyes bounce all over the massive, high-ceiling cave turned...

“What the hell is this place?” I ask.

“This is a secret location of the soci—” she pauses, throwing up her arms. “Fuck it. You’re going to find out, anyway. The secret society that has run Reaper and all the other elite towns across the country used this space as a meeting place. And would be used for protection if needed, but you can tell it never came to that. And as far as I’ve noticed in the past six months, nobody even knows of its existence. I thought it would be smart to stay here right under their noses.”

Yeah, it *looks* like nobody’s been here in years. Dust and cobwebs cover nearly every surface, and all the furniture looks to be three centuries old. I like all the cool old books on massive shelves and antique candlesticks holding half melted red candles.

“The bedrooms are through there. I’ve sent someone out to clean and prepare them for our stay, but the rest of the place needs some TLC,” she says, pointing around the common area.

I also love how the walls are the mountain itself. There’s not a smooth surface in sight, save for the furniture, of course. Stringed lights adjourn the mountain walls, providing us with the golden glow. It’s creepy and magical all at once.

Billie moves out of the corner of my eyes toward the bedrooms.

“Wait, Billie. We should talk about—”

A heavy door slams, blocking me out completely.

Dana lets out a breath. “You guys are all safe here. Get a good night’s rest and we’ll tackle this in the morning.”

I glance at Christian with a shrug. “She’s right, man. We should crash out and come back at it with a clear head.”

He nods, scratching the back of his neck. His biceps bulge as he does so, and I can’t take my eyes from them. Shaking my head, I turn and look at Dana, who’s watching me with a curious eye and a smirk on her lips.

“What?”

She shakes her head. “Nothing. Oh, but you two are sharing a bedroom. There’s only three back there... Unless one of you wants to share with me.”

Ew.

“Nah, we’re good,” Christian answers. “Ya nasty bitch,” he adds under his breath.

Moving toward the hallway the size of a phone booth, we take the bedroom in the middle closest to Billie’s. It’s nice in here—a queen size bed, two nightstands, clean linens, and the same rock slab walls. The string lights do little for lighting the space, but bedrooms are meant for sleeping, anyway.

I move into the room, claiming my preferred side of the bed, and plop down on the edge. Christian lets out a groan, kicking the door shut.

“No funny business,” he cracks with a smirk.

Chuckling, I throw my legs onto the bed, lean back with my fingers laced together behind my head, and grin up at the prick.

Chapter 27

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

It's nice to see that grin again, even though I want to punch his lights out for nearly fucking everything up. Brushing my wild hair from my face, I sit on the opposite side of the bed and kick off my boots. I'm still wearing the denim overalls that I bought for my costume, wishing I had something else to wear now.

“Do you think she'll ever forgive us?” I ask, breaking the silence in the room when I refer to Billie.

“Yeah, dude, I do. But I don't think she will until we've worked out our shit.”

Looking over my shoulder at him, I ask another question, “What secrets was Dana talking about?”

He doesn't answer right away, turning his gaze to the ceiling as he clearly mulls it through his head. I know I have my own secrets to tell him, and I plan to, but I need to hear his first.

After a beat of silence, he finally speaks and I'm not prepared for what I hear. “I recorded your dad fucking the

Barretts sister in his office late one night—the night I passed out at your place after we teased Billie and she ran out...?”

I nod, recalling the very night he’s referring to. My fists tighten as the vein on each side of my neck starts to throb. I’m not sure what pisses me off more—that my dad cheated on my mom or that my dad fucked a Barrett. The guy is a piece of shit, but I never thought he’d go this low. Clearly, I don’t know shit about my father. He only ever does anything to benefit himself, but I can’t even guess what he’d want from Felicia. I think that’s what her name is, anyway.

“You’re mad, huh?” he asks, pulling me out of my thoughts.

“Not at you,” I admit, shoving my hair back again. “Is that all?”

When he doesn’t reply, I look over at him again and frown. He looks guilty of something and it makes my insides twist in fear. Zeke has been my boy since we were kids—even before our first days on the recess monkey bars. We’re OG friends, and it kills me we haven’t been able to be honest with him. I should have told my best friend about the society and the things expected of me well before now, but I was afraid that if he knew, they’d take him away from me. He’s the only normal person I have in my life, besides Billie now, and it kills me to think I’ve had to lie to him all these years.

“Kind of...”

This piques my attention, making me turn to glare at him. “You can be honest with me, man.”

He nods. “Just like you can be honest with me, too?”

My brows pinch together when I ask, “What the hell are you talking about?”

“Billie—we both hold secrets from each other regarding her, don’t we?”

I feel my jaw tick when I clench my teeth, hating that he’s right. We *do* both hold secrets from each other regarding her. And once we tell them, I’ll have to reveal why I had to cut her from our life and he’ll know once and for all about the society and my role in it. Honestly, I can’t wait to get this weight off of my shoulders.

“I want to keep her for myself,” he admits.

Anger licks up my neck when I pin him with a glare. It’s not exactly what I was expecting him to say. I thought he might tell me how often they’ve banged behind my back—this isn’t something I’m ready for.

“Yourself...” I say, noting it’s not a question as I try to figure out what he means. “You want to cut me out of the deal?”

He laughs. “Dude, the deal is fucking dead now, don’t you think? And honestly... I guess I don’t know exactly what I want anymore.”

The way he nervously pulls his eyes from mine, skating over my bare chest, has the butterflies flapping wildly in my stomach. What the hell is this look for? And why do I not hate it?

My phone dings, alerting me to a new text message. I know what it is without having to look at it, but I do so anyway.

Private number: Last chance to make an appearance, Veradin.

Gripping the phone, my knuckles turn white as I read the message a few more times—then the messages above it that provide a time and address.

“Who’s got you all twisted?” Zeke asks, nodding at the phone in my hand.

I guess now is better than ever to tell him my own secrets. Tossing my phone on the bed beside him, I say, “Read it.”

He’s slow at first, moving a hand from behind his head as he takes my phone and stares into the screen. I watch his eyebrows furrow before he glances back up at me.

“What the fuck is this, Christian?”

Blowing out a breath, I take my phone back and tell him everything I can. “That’s what I’ve been hiding from you for forever. My father sacrificed me to the society in order to level himself up. I’m their puppet—they do whatever they please to me. And when they call, I go to them without question. Except for now.”

He shoots up, staring at me with so much confusion on his face. “Sacrificed you? What the fuck does that even mean? And what the hell do they make you do?”

“He sold me to them, Zeke. I do... sexual things for them. Well, to their wives and daughters... and sometimes the men.”

I scratch the back of my neck, hating how my best friend is looking at me right now.

“That’s why you always ditch out on me at random times, isn’t it?”

I nod. “Yeah, because if I don’t comply, they find me and punish me.”

Laughing, he runs a hand down his tired face and blows out a long breath. “Punish you how? Does this have anything to do with why we cut Billie out of our lives?”

Nodding again, I shove my phone back in my overalls and stand to look at him, leaning against the dresser behind me.

“My father threatened me—well, he threatened my mother. Said he’d harm her if I didn’t push Billie away. I had to publicly separate her from me and bullying was the only way I knew how to do that without physically harming her.”

A rock forms in my stomach. I hate how my father controls me, using my mother as collateral. And I definitely hate how he made me shun Billie. She’s the only girl who’s ever meant something special to me. But I can see I’m not the only one who feels that way.

“It’s clear it has something to do with the society and what her mom has done.” I shrug, looking around the small bedroom.

“Why haven’t you told me about this before?”

I scoff, shaking my head. “Dude, I shouldn’t even be telling you about it now. They could kill me for telling you.” But

they'll have to find me first.

Silence stretches between us for several long seconds before he lays back down and pulls the flat cigarette case full of pre-rolled joints out of his pocket. He plucks one out and puts it between his plump lips, flicking the lighter near the tip. The smell of marijuana permeates the air, instantly calming me. It's been a rough couple of fucking days, so I could use this.

I lie down next to him, staring up at the ceiling for a beat before he holds out the joint to me. Taking it between my thumb and forefinger, I bring it to my lips and take a nice, slow pull. The smoke fills my lungs but doesn't burn or expand them. And when I blow the smoke out, it leaves a fruity flavor against my tongue.

"That's good shit," I tell him, handing it back.

He lets out a small chuckle but says nothing as if he already knew that. It's Zeke—he only acquires the best shit around. Taking a hit next, he hands it back and we share the entire joint.

By the end, I feel like I'm floating. There is not a single ache or pain felt throughout my entire body. A soft smile has pulled up the corners of my lips, and my eyes are heavy but not sleepy. I'm so completely relaxed that nothing in the world could affect me right now—not even Billie still being pissed at us in the next room over.

I've lost track of time, so I have no idea how long we've been lying here. I think about my phone lying heavy in my pocket, recalling the text message and the task awaiting me.

I've never ignored my tasks before. Makes me wonder what kind of punishment I'll face because of it. I was nine years old when my father gave me to them. I don't exactly recall all the details, ya know?

“You said they made you sexually please men,” Zeke says out of nowhere, making the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end, and it feels good.

Looking over at him, I study the side of his face and admire the view. He's growing some dark stubble along his jawline, and it's hot as fuck. The dimple in his cheek deepens when he quirks the side of his lip.

He looks over at me, piercing me with his soft hazel gaze as if I'm looking at them for the first time right at this moment. I lick my lips because they're so dry. His eyes dropping to them and staying there. He's gawking and all I want is to know what he's wondering. Zeke has been my boy for so long, I never even considered him a love-interest option. I realized soon after I popped my guy cherry that I was bisexual. I just never thought to think of my best friend.

When he looks back up into my eyes and sees I'm watching him, he clears his throat and looks away. My eyes drop to the vein on the side of his neck, throbbing and juicy. And what I do next surprises us both.

Leaning up and over, I grab his jaw and face him away from me before I lean down and lap my tongue up the thick vein. He inhales a sharp breath and stiffens beneath me. Fear latches

onto my chest when he jumps away from me and launches out of bed.

His wild eyes look me dead in the eyes as a flush creeps into his cheeks. “Dude, what the fuck was that?”

Shit, did I misread the signs?

Sitting up, I brush my unruly hair out of my face once again and shrug like it was nothing. “I was just fucking with you, man. You were asking me about my forced gay experiences and I wanted to joke around.”

It’s a total lie—I loved every second and how his flesh tasted on my tongue, the way his breath hitched and how he turned his head ever so slightly to accept me. But we’ll pretend I didn’t.

“I’m not gay, dude. You aren’t either,” he rushes out, pointing in my direction. “Unless...”

I bark out a laugh. “Dude, I’m not fucking gay.” *I’m bi. There’s a difference.*

He gives a single nod, ending the conversation when he says, “Good, because that would make things weird. Can you imagine what Billie’s face would have looked like?” He laughs, shaking his head. “At least I could have her to myself then.”

My back teeth grind when he says that. The thought of him taking her away from me makes my heart sink. I couldn’t bear losing my girl or my best friend forever. I imagine I’d sit in

my bedroom for years, not doing anything with myself because I was in a deep, dark depression.

“You’ve said that twice now. Be honest, Z... Do you want her for yourself?”

Not saying anything at first, his gaze flits between my eyes as he struggles to come clean. *Just say it, man, it’s all over your face!*

“I did,” he finally blurts out, “But not anymore.”

I’m about to tell him to get bent when my mouth opens and shuts and I glare at him. “What changed?”

He runs a hand through his hair, stepping back. “I don’t know, dude... fucking everything now. When I was in jail for a few hours, then finding you at the party with her face being all screwed up, I lost it—and I thought I fucking lost you, too. You looked so happy without me—after what he did.” His cheeks turn bright red when he adds, “It nearly destroyed me.”

My heart is racing, excitement filling my chest like a million fireflies in the night sky. “When you punched me and then Billie walked away, I thought I lost you both, too. I, um, was twisted over it. Big time. There’s no way in hell I could ever lose you or little hellfire. Never.”

“Then it’s settled.” Zeke shrugs, moving back to the bed. “We’re all stuck together. Now we just have to win our girl back.”

I smile. *Our girl.*

“Yeah, dude, we’ll get our girl back, no problem.” I’m cocky as fuck about it, but I know in my gut we will. And maybe in the meantime, I can win over my guy, too.

We crawl back into bed beneath the blankets, but he’s careful not to touch me. I’m on my back, staring up at the cave ceiling with a smirk on my lips. He’s fighting it so hard, but we both know he won’t win this one.

Reaching over slowly, I brush my pinky finger against his and smile wider when he hisses in a breath and doesn’t pull away. I wait several seconds before hooking our fingers. He still doesn’t move, so I take this small win and don’t push it. My free hand reaches up and clicks off the string of lights, plunging us into pitch blackness.

Chapter 28

BILLIE LUCAS

*O*h my God, it's going to catch me! I run faster, sweat drenching my back and falling into my eyes. The dark hallway, lit by what looks like flickering candlelight, is freezing cold as I run away from my attacker. I don't even know where he came from.

One minute, I'm sitting with Lacey outside in the courtyard, her face morphing as her tears turn to blood. I launch up so fast, stepping back away from her as she stands too. I then turn and run the hell out of there.

The last time I look over my shoulder, Lacey is no longer following me, but a tall man in a fisherman's jacket. Its hood pulled up, blocking out his face entirely, stands there now.

I hiss in a breath when I slam into the end of the hallway, unsure which door to open first. Grabbing the door handle closest to me, I turn and shove it open. I run into the room but soon realize there is no floor. Glancing down, I see a black hole and the pit of my stomach falls out when I drop.

The walls of the pit absorb my screams as I free fall to my imminent death. But right before I hit the ground, I shoot straight up into bed.

My lungs burn as I heavily breathe, my heart nearly pounding out of my chest. Cold sweat soaks the back of my neck as a swarm of goosebumps runs along my arms. I'm in a damp, unfamiliar place, my eyes adjusting to the soft golden glow of the string of lights hanging from hooks in the cave wall. If I wasn't so pissed off at the boys, I would have been able to admire this glorious place. Instead, I stormed into this bedroom and fell asleep when boredom took over.

And now I've had a horrible nightmare I can't seem to decipher. I was sitting in the Reaper courtyard talking with Lacey as if we've been best friends forever—laughing and talking animatedly before she started crying. There's just one problem: I would never be friends with Lacey Masterson. She's slept with Christian and that knowledge makes me horribly jealous.

Why didn't I question him sooner? It was entirely out of their character to just ignore me out of nowhere; it should have been a red flag. But my mother's arrest and the destruction of my life blinded me to see anything else. Now my eyes are wide open.

I'm hurt by what they've done—how they've lied to me. I don't understand why Christian would completely turn his back on me, allowing every one of our peers to bully the hell

out of me. How could he possibly explain himself? Because I don't think there's anything he can say.

I think back to my nightmare, wondering if the blood from Lacey's tears was an allusion to her death in real life. The man chasing me was probably my uncle. I can only assume, anyway.

Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I look at my phone and see that it's just past three in the morning. I throw my legs over the side of the bed and stretch my arms high above my head with a yawn. Even though I'm still pissed at the boys, I have the urge to go check on them.

But for a split second, an image of one of them sleeping with Dana enters my mind and jealousy wraps its ugly hand around my lungs. I take shallow breaths, feeling my face tingle as blood rushes through my veins.

As I move to the door, my imagination only gets crazier, making me think they're *both* lying with her. I'll kill them all.

My hand shakes when I step into the tiny square hallway and grab the handle on the door right next to mine. *Please don't let me find them together. Please, please, please.*

The room is pitch black, but the wider I open the door, the more the hallway light pours into the space. I blow out a breath when I only see Christian and Zeke in bed, but I halt when I see their position. Oh my God, they're adorable.

I step further into the room and pat my ass for my phone so I can take a picture of these two spooning. Christian's the big

spoon, holding Zeke tightly to his chest with his face buried in the back of his neck. I won't lie and say this doesn't slightly turn me on.

Christian's torso is completely bare, the overalls for his costume hang loosely on his hips—*very loosely*. I snap several pictures before putting it away. Leaning over, I see the V-muscle on Christian's hip as it disappears into the denim, but being pressed so tightly against Zeke's ass makes it hard to see the good stuff.

I hold my breath when Zeke groans, shifting gently in his sleep. *Please don't wake up*. Christian moves with Zeke until they're perfectly flush again. It's almost adorable to see these two spooning. It surprised me when they kissed each other before kissing me a few days ago, but it also kind of makes sense.

They look so peaceful as they sleep, not able to lie to me or punch each other in their stupidly handsome faces. It's hard to see everything in the dark room, but I can still see some bruising on their cheeks. *Real tough guys*.

It hurt to watch them hurt each other, but I enjoyed it because I didn't have the guts to hit them myself. But as I stand here watching them sleep, all I want to do is crawl into bed with them, right there in the middle, so I can kiss both of their wounds away. I hate when I'm mad at them, and I *really* hate that Dana was right—I need to get over it, too. None of us are innocent. Not even me and my lies between them. How

can I point the finger at them when I have three pointing back at me?

Deciding to crawl into bed with them—big-spooning Christian—I'm distracted by his phone buzzing on the bed just behind him. It must have fallen out of his back pocket. I should leave it alone, right?

Nibbling on my bottom lip, I grab his phone without another moment of hesitation and swipe my finger across the screen. When the pin-code screen appears, I curse beneath my breath. *What is your code, Christian?* I study his face as if it'll help me figure it out.

I tap out 1-2-3-4, but the screen wobbles and doesn't unlock. *Damn it.* After trying several other basic number combinations with no luck, I look back at him and shake my head. If it's my birthday, I'm going to have to immediately forgive him because I never knew he knew it. And that would be huge for Christian.

0-3-0-3.

Boom. It unlocks and a picture of the three of us from two years ago at homecoming greets me. Why hasn't he shown me this side of himself? Christian being sweet and sensitive? No, I don't believe it. But this? This changes everything.

I drag down the top of the screen and see a strange text message from a private number.

PrivateNumber: Execution date: November 1st.

My brows pinch together in confusion as I read it several times. Scrolling up, I try to figure out who the hell this is and what that message might pertain to. There are no messages from Christian and only three from this number. I snap a picture containing an address I somewhat recognize from the valley and put his phone back down behind him.

He groans and moves a bit, so I take this time to get the hell out of here. I was going to cuddle up beside them, but I have to figure out what this address is first. Something was really off about those messages, and the execution date?

Oh my God.

Is Christian the one killing everyone? Both those girls were my biggest bullies, but would he actually hurt them? Maybe... He was sleeping with Lacey after all. Maybe he saw her as a threat and took her out. No, that can't be right. He was on house arrest, for fuck's sake.

When I'm back in my bedroom, I search the address and get a bing on the map. I click on it, turning it to the satellite view and zoom in. The Google image says they took this photo this year. It's a house in the valley like I had predicted, but whose is it? I tap the street view and nearly choke when I see who's house we're in front of. And I only know it's his because of the car sitting in the front driveway.

Chris. CJ. My Valley Boy.

Why the hell does he have CJ's address in a text message telling him to use the back door after 11 at night—*oh*. My heart sinks into my gut, jealousy ripping through me. Sneaking

in the back door late at night? Yeah, that's a booty call if I've ever heard one.

I'm angry—fucking pissed the hell off. I throw my phone down and launch up from bed, wanting some goddamn answers before I lose it. Marching back to their bedroom, I shove the door open and click on the string of lights. The soft golden glow fills the small room as I kick the end of their bed roughly.

“Get up, assholes!” I snap, kicking the bed again.

They wake with a jolt, Christian looking at me like he's going to rip my head off. But his brows soften when he sees me. “B-Billie, what are you—”

“Are you fucking CJ's mom?!” I yell without reserve, putting him on the spot.

“Whoa, dude,” Zeke says, looking at Christian with a shocked expression. “Are you actually?”

“NO!” he screams, launching up from bed. His overalls fall from his hips, showing us his dick before he pulls them up, heat filling his cheeks.

I ignore the way the metal in his dick looked and shake my dirty thoughts out of my head. “Then why do you have his address in your text messages telling you to come in the back door after 11 p.m.?!?”

He huffs out a breath, looking away as if I have caught him red fucking handed. Shoving his long locks from his face, he

glances at Zeke like he's going to help him out of this somehow.

“Billie, you don't understand.”

I blink several times, disbelief consuming me when Zeke actually steps up for him. They've clearly made up and I'm on the other team again.

“What I don't understand is—Oh my God,” I whisper, covering my mouth. “Are you sleeping with CJ?” Tears blur my vision when I realize that might be the truth all along. It would make sense why he'd break up our date both at the movies and the pool hall. And he could be fucking me to get back at CJ.

“What?!” he shrieks, shaking his head. “No, Billie! I'm not fucking CJ. Fine. I am fucking his mother, okay?”

Dread falls over me when I stare at him, his sudden honesty slapping me in the face like a frozen blast on a hot summer's day. So, he actually is sleeping with her. I cross my arms over my chest and instantly remember how I felt when I found out Holden had been sleeping with Dana while he was sleeping with me.

I blink away the tears and go to turn away, but Christian launches forward and grabs my arm. “Billie, please don't shut me—us—out again. I'll tell you everything. Anything you want to know.”

Turning to face him, he lets go of my arm and holds his open, a look of pure vulnerability crossing his features. I

glance at Zeke, who's looking at me much the same way. It actually looks like they're wanting to come clean once and for all. I give them a small nod, saying nothing so they can say everything.

Chapter 29

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

Glancing between Billie and Zeke has my heart about ready to beat out of my fucking chest. I knew I'd have to come clean in order to have them both forgive me, but I didn't imagine it would be so soon. As I take a deep breath in and blow it out, I nod and start telling my side of things.

“I'm not sure where you want me to start, so here goes nothing. When I was a little boy, my dad would bring me along to what he called work meetings. I didn't think to question why these meetings were in the middle of the night in some creepy basement at Reaper academy, but whatever—they were.”

“What were these meetings?” Zeke asks, stealing my attention for a moment.

I shrug. “No clue. I was too young to really comprehend much of it. Besides, I was too occupied by the candy they gave me.”

He chuckles but Billie urges me on with, “What *happened* at these meetings?”

“Right,” I say, clearing my throat. “The last meeting I remember not getting any candy and I was forced to stand in front of a huge dude wearing a black robe and hood. I couldn’t see who he was at all. My dad sold me to them so he could level up in the society I guess. I still don’t recall most of the details. I do, however, know everything that’s expected of me.”

Scratching my neck, I look between my best friends and wonder how this next bit is going to go over. It won’t be easy telling them I’m forced to fuck whoever they want me to without question—without the ability to turn it down. I’ve been the society’s whore since I turned sixteen, something about it being morally wrong under that age. The sick motherfuckers. Every last one of them.

“I’m forced to do their dirty work, whoring me out to whoever they need in their back pockets or to anyone who needs to level up, I guess,” I say without pause, holding my breath at the end to catch their reactions.

Billie’s mouth opens, her brows pinching together as she mulls over my words. Leaning up on an elbow, Zeke looks down at the sheets with a confused expression. They clearly don’t understand. Fuck me.

“I’m their personal sex slave. A prostitute. A man whore.”

“N-no, we understood, Christian,” Billie says with a wave of her hand.

“Shit,” Zeke says under his breath, clearly understanding what I’m saying. “H-how many, dude?”

Billie guffaws. “Seriously? That’s what you ask him?! You should ask him who this society is, and why he hasn’t turned these bastards in! You were underage, Christian!” she shrieks.

I release my neck and shrug. “Turn who in, Billie? Prove it to the cops the society pays off? Give me a break.” I cross my arms over my chest and let out a huff.

She steps up to me, placing her warm, delicate hands on my forearms as she peers up at me with a pleading gaze. “You can’t let them get away with this.”

“This is deeper than anything you can even imagine, Billie. There isn’t anyone out there to tell who isn’t in the society one way or another. You think a couple of teens are going to take down a group that’s been around since ancient times? We’d be kidding ourselves, B.” Even though I’ve spent way more nights than I’d like to admit, thinking and daydreaming about taking them down from the inside out. I don’t believe it can be done.

Her gaze flashes with hurt before they cloud over with tears. “But this isn’t right.”

Nodding, I pull her to me and wrap my arms around her shaking shoulders. I look over at Zeke, who looks about as concerned as Billie sounds. He looks up into my eyes but says nothing. I kiss the top of Billie’s bright red locks while holding his gaze.

“We’re going to find a way to get you out of doing this, Christian,” she tells me as she stands back, glancing at Zeke. “Won’t we, Z?”

He nods but still says nothing. I’m over their pity, wanting everything else to be out on the table. Zeke outed me pretty good at the party, and they both deserve to know everything I’ve been hiding from them—from everyone—for years.

“That’s the least of it right now, though. After everything that came out about our families last year, the society kind of panicked and allowed some elites to be arrested. They put my dad in charge for now, but everyone knows that’s a mistake—he’s a punk ass bitch and I know that’s why your uncle is back in town, Billie. I’ve been thinking about it, and it makes sense that he’d be here when the Reaper chapter is so weak.”

They’re both intently watching me, letting my words sink in, but I keep throwing more and more at them.

“My dad wants to keep his power so bad, threatening my mother’s life to keep it. I was made to bully and outcast you, B. Or my mom would be murdered. My dad hates your family’s fucking guts.”

“But why?” she asks.

I shrug. “That’s what I’m trying to figure out. My mom is thankfully overseas right now, traveling with her sister for three months, but I still have to be careful. Dana’s right... we made a huge scene at that party—now everyone’s going to know the trio is back together.” I smirk, hoping they catch my reference.

Zeke half smirks, biting his bottom lip with a wink in my direction, while Billie blushes and tucks her red hair behind her ear. Then her bright blue eyes peer up at me when she asks, “So, you didn’t actually hate me? You’re not using me?”

With a laugh, I frame her face and tilt her head back. “Nah, little hellfire, I could never hate you. It was pure torture watching them all hurt you, allowing *myself* to hurt you. It fucking gutted me. I wanted to rip all of their fucking heads off and spit down their throats.”

She gulps, licking her lips before she parts them. I think our girl liked what I said. Does she like it when I go all feral on her? Well, *rawr*, baby.

Zeke moves from the bed when I look up at him, indicating with my eyes to come over to us. He stands behind Billie, brushing her red locks from her shoulder before he peers up at me with a wink.

“Watching you cry and seeing the way you looked at us nearly destroyed me,” he rasps into her ear, her lust-heavy eyes looking at mine.

Slightly turning her head to give Zeke more of her neck, she holds my gaze and says, “I think it would only be fair if I punished you both, don’t you?”

Oh, fuck yes. This is finally happening. I imagine fucking her into the mattress while she deep throats Zeke until he cums in the back of her mouth. She might begin by punishing us, but we’ll end it with her screaming our names, riding our cocks, and whimpering in fear of ever losing us again.

Keeping one hand on her face, I move my other to Zeke's and hold them both. My gaze flits between them as my heart pounds. Their eyes are both heavy with desire, waiting for my next move.

I kiss Billie first—a hot, open-mouthed tonguing that leaves us both panting. She kisses my bottom lip, pulling it into her mouth before I lean back and she lets it pop free. My tongue comes out to lick across my lips so I can taste her more. Fuck, she's addicting.

My gaze moves to Zeke, his wild eyes dancing with trepidation and excitement as I lean in and gently press my lips against his. It's not feverish like the one I shared with Billie—it's gentle, yielding, hesitant. His breath brushes against my lips before I lick them, ultimately licking his too.

He lets out a deep groan when he arches his neck forward and finally takes my mouth. When our tongues touch, I can't help but plunge mine in. He tastes like a forbidden fruit—mine for the taking.

We swallow each other's moans when Billie moves in, kissing our necks, our jaws. Breaking from Zeke's mouth, I kiss Billie, moving my arm down to pull her to us. Zeke kisses along her jaw until she pulls away from me and kisses him. I watch their tongues taste and tease, their breaths becoming one, and fuck if it isn't one of the sexiest things I've ever seen. I'm so damn hard my dick is painfully throbbing—the head feels like it's about to pop right the hell off.

Billie's lips are pink and slightly swollen from our mouths. They're playing on a smile when she looks between us. "I think it's time we clean out your mouths for all the mean and nasty things you've said to me."

I chuckle, looking at Zeke's grin widening. She backs away from us while undressing. I can't take my eyes from her or the way her hips shimmy out of her panties—the ones I'm not sure where she got. I destroyed hers in the woods earlier tonight.

Walking backwards, she cranes her finger to summon us, and we move without a hitch, completely under her spell. She pushes Zeke onto the bed and straddles his head—the lucky bastard—with her perfect pink pussy right over his mouth. I reach down and adjust my hard-on as I watch him lick his lips, preparing to taste her cunt.

She looks over her shoulder and smiles at me as she reaches back and rubs her ass, giving it a gentle slap. I stumble forward, grabbing her juicy ass before I spread her wide. Her puckered hole is neatly trimmed and begging for my mouth.

I don't wait for her invitation as I keep her held open. Leaning down, I lap my tongue over her tight entrance and hear her moan of delight. She shakes her ass against my face as she slips her hand into my hair and holds my head steady. I moan against her, watching her brows pinch together as she moans again.

When I lean back to admire her shiny puckered hole, I see Zeke pulling her clit into his mouth. She cries out, grinding against his mouth as he looks up into my eyes. Fuck, I love the

way his lips move across her, his breaths coming out in short, quick pants as he devours her. I move back into her ass, lapping and teasing her.

She lets out a wicked cry when both of our mouths are on her. I'm still so fucking hard it hurts, and I imagine Zeke feeling the same way right now.

“Ah, shit,” she says on a whimper, looking back at me again. “Don't stop doing that with your tongue, Zeke. Fuck, fuck, fuck!”

Her hips move in erratic jolts as I plunge my tongue into her tightness. Zeke moans beneath me as her screams fill our small, cavern-like bedroom. The denseness of the air swallows most of her orgasmic war-cry.

I can't fucking take it anymore. Standing away from them, I yank at the Michael Myers overalls and shove them down until my throbbing, pierced cock is free. Zeke looks up at me, his lips parting when he watches it bob.

“I think we've learned our lesson, little hellfire. Now pull his cock out and put it in your mouth because when I fuck you, you're going to want something to block your screams,” I tell her, stroking my cock before I spit on it, coating my shaft in saliva.

She wastes no time tugging at Zeke's jeans. He lifts his hips to allow her to shove them down until he shimmies his briefs with them. My dick pulses when I catch sight of his falling heavy on his lower stomach. I'm slightly jealous over his size, knowing that girth has to feel good for our girl.

It half disappears when Billie wraps her mouth around him and sinks down. I watch his eyes roll into the back of his head, knowing from firsthand experience how perfect her mouth is for fucking.

“Shit, Billie—just like that, don’t stop,” he instructs in a rush as he blows out a long, lustful breath.

Crawling onto the edge of the bed, I place my knees on the outside of Billie’s legs, hoping I’m not T-bagging my best friend right now.

The sound of her sucking Zeke’s thick ass cock makes me harder somehow. I center at her pussy entrance and watch the barbell in the tip of my dick disappear. She moans around him, pushing back on me.

I hiss in a breath, feeling my toes curl when I watch her tight, pink pussy swallow me. “Goddamn, little hellfire,” I rasp, slapping her ass.

Then I thrust into her, feeling her grip on my dick as I sink all the way in. But fuck me, I have to hold because I’m about to fucking blow. She pops free from Zeke, looking at me over her shoulder again.

“It’s so big,” she whimpers, her brows pinched as her mouth falls open when I pull back and slam back in.

She screams, drowning out my groan. She’s so damn tight right now. I don’t think I’ll last long. And then a foreign sensation erupts in my balls, a zing of excitement licking up my spine.

What the fuck was that?!

Looking down, I see Zeke's tongue lapping across the underside of my ball sack. And it feels fucking incredible. I thrust deeper into Billie as I watch him pull one into his mouth with a moan. Holy. Fuck.

With a deep groan, I throw my head back and revel in the feeling of my best friend's mouth on my balls as I fuck Billie's made-for-me cunt. My eyes roll back as my toes curl, my orgasm bursting out of me like a beast. Zeke opens his mouth, keeping his tongue out as I fuck our girl, stroking the backside of my cock and balls over him.

My hips unevenly thrust when I fill Billie with my cum—the longest fucking orgasm I've ever had in my life, and also the strongest.

When I pull out, I watch her push my cum out of her, slowly dripping onto Zeke's neck when he turns his face away. I chuckle and scoop it up, giving him a wink.

“Sorry, bro,” I tell him as I wipe my jizz off on his shirt, watching his mouth fall open in shock.

“Dude, what. The. Fuck?”

Billie giggles when she sees what's happened. “It looks good on you, Z,” she says with a sexy laugh.

He turns his head and bites the inside of her thigh. She bellows out another fit of giggles as she moves her hips from him. Then he slaps her ass and nods down at his baby Anaconda. “Get over here and sit, baby. All the way down.”

And just like that, my dick is raging fucking hard again.

Chapter 30

ZEKE LUNGREN

*F*uck, the taste of Christian's flesh and Billie's juices are still in my mouth when she sits—facing away from me—taking every inch of my cock. “Fuck, Billie, that's so good.”

She lifts and drops on me, her perky little ass making sexy slapping sounds against my thighs. I bite my bottom lip and grab her hips while watching her stretch around me. It's the most beautiful sight I've ever fucking seen.

Christian's weight dips the mattress to my right as he stands, stroking his pierced dick beside Billie.

When he had straddled above me and shoved his long, thick and pierced dick into her pussy, I froze for a moment. I had never been put in that kind of situation before. The way her mouth wrapped around me and the way they smelled while fucking inches above my face made me do something I didn't know I'd enjoy so much. I'm not gay. I'm not attracted to men that way.

But with Christian, it feels right, and I think he feels the same way. We would never be with a man otherwise, ya know?

“Ah, shit!” I bark when Billie shakes above me, crying out when I feel her pussy grip me like a fist.

“Yes, yes, yes!” she cries, riding me however she needs to in order to cum.

I grip her ribcage and hold her steady, thrusting upwards at a feverish pace. Her little whimpers fill the room as I pound into her. I want her dripping with my cum, too. My balls tighten, ready to fill her up when Christian grabs Billie’s throat.

Her moans turn to gurgles, his forehead pressing into the side of her head. “That’s a good fucking pet, Billie.”

“Fuuuuck,” I groan out as I explode deep inside her cunt.

She whimpers some more as Christian tightens his hold. “Ah, yeah, little hellfire, let him fill you up. You like that, don’t you?”

“Yes!” she cries.

“Again, B. Fucking cum again.” He moves his hand between her legs and circles her clit, making her pussy super fucking tight.

I croak when she grips me. “Shit, Christian,” I rasp out his name like a curse. Billie gurgles above me as I feel her pussy pulsing with another orgasm.

“Yeahhhh,” Christian sing-songs. “That’s our girl. Feels so good, doesn’t it?”

She vigorously nods, whimpering as she collapses to the bed beside me. My cock falls heavily to my hip when she abandons it.

Lying on the other side of her, Christian and I lock eyes as an exhausted Billie breathes heavily between us. She rolls to face him, hiking her leg up on his hip as I move into being the big spoon behind her. My cock slides through her lips, coating me with our mixed juices so I can easily slide back into her. I love the way she moans when she swallows me whole again,

“What’s our next punishment, Billie?” he asks, grabbing her chin to hold her gaze on him.

Her pussy clamps around my cock again, clearly liking the question. Whether or not she wants to believe it, she’s in charge here.

Arching her back, she pushes her ass out and sinks my cock deeper. I kiss the back of her shoulder as I look Christian dead in the eyes.

“I think she’s going to drain us dry, bro. Think she can take it all?” I ask with a smirk.

He drags his top teeth across his bottom lip with his own goofy, sexy grin and looks at Billie. “What do you say, little hellfire?”

She whimpers, shimmying her ass against me. “It’s what I deserve—make me take it.”

My gaze whips back up to Christian's, a dark shadow swimming through his eyes. He's wondering what she means, too, isn't he? Grabbing her chin, he holds her steady and barely brushes his lips against hers—a ghost of a kiss to tease her. I feel her pussy clamp around me once more. My thoughts interrupted when Christian moves from her mouth and finds mine again.

As my fingers dig into Billie's flesh, she rocks back on me at a feverish pace while Christian swallows my groans. He breaks from my lips and presses his forehead against mine.

“Tell me how tight her cunt is, Zeke. Tell me how good it feels squeezing your cock,” he says just above a whisper, a brazen desire swirling in his irises.

“Oh, fuck,” Billie cries out. “Please make me cum again.”

A smirk plays on his lips as he leans back from me, focusing his attention back on our girl. I bury my face in the back of her neck to inhale her intoxicating scent as I thrust deep and hard into her. Christian slaps her tits, making her squirm and moan out before he takes her jaw again.

“That's it, B.”

I don't miss the way her body reacts or how a soft sob passes through her trembling lips. Her pussy clamps tight as she becomes so wet I feel like I'm going to slip out. He removes his hand from her jaw and grips her thigh, holding her open for me.

“Arghhhh!” I groan out as I shoot pulsing ropes of cum deep inside of her again.

After waiting a beat, Christian pulls her hip toward him, popping my dick free. He reaches behind her thigh, grabs his pierced dick, and guides himself into her. She throws her head back, her red hair splaying across my chest.

“Oh, God!” she whines.

Looking back down, I watch him easily slip in, filling her. Gah, that’s so damn good. A flush creeps into my cheeks when I watch his mouth part, his eyes finding mine as he buries his cock deep into her. Then something wicked dances through his gaze when he cums, and I can’t pull my eyes away. He never looks away, even when he pulls out and kisses her on the side of the mouth.

Billie rolls to her back, reaching up to grab each of our faces. We look down at her, my chest exploding with something I think might be love. I place a soft kiss on her flawless lips, waiting for our next punishment.

Tears fill her eyes as she smiles, her bottom lip trembling. Christian and I share a worried glance.

“What’s wrong, B?” he asks first, our attention back on her.

She wipes at her tears with a widening grin, a half sob, half laugh coming from her next. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to cry... it’s just that—”

I reach up and wipe a stray tear with the pad of my thumb. “Hey,” I whisper. “What is it, Billie?”

Looking between us, she asks, “Is it possible to be in love with the both of you?”

Christian chuckles first, shattering the tension between us. “Are you declaring your love for us, little hellfire?”

She nudges him playfully. “You know I’ve always loved you guys, but—” pausing, she turns her gaze to mine and loses her smile. “I’m *in* love with you both.”

My chest tightens with the warm fuzzies. Billie’s in love with me—with us! And I’ve never been more enthralled by something in my life. I glance up at Christian with a wink before training my eyes on hers again.

“So, it’s not crazy to admit that I’m in love with you, too?” I look back up at Christian and say, “With both of you?”

Something dark and concerning flashes through his gaze for a split second before he rapidly blinks it away, smiling sadly when he rolls away. My gut drops when he looks down at Billie and widens his grin. Did my admitting to loving him really make him put a wall back up? I thought we were past this the moment we held pinkies and fell asleep next to each other.

“Love, love, love,” Christian mumbles as he buries his face into her neck, making her break out into a fit of giggles. He doesn’t make eye contact with me again as he reaches over and clicks off the string of lights, plunging us into darkness.

Chapter 31

BILLIE LUCAS

I saw the shift in Christian when Zeke told us he was in love with us both, too. My heart thundered, excitement racing through me knowing that Zeke's in love with me back. Christian, however, is being aloof, as if the subject was dead the second he turned off the light. I know Christian's had a much tougher go at things—obviously—so I'll never push him into voicing his feelings. Even if he's not in love with us back. But it hurt to see how he closed off when Zeke said he loved us both. It's difficult to admit that, and he shut us down.

Instead, I change the subject and ask Christian, “What happens if you don't do what the society asks of you?”

He groans. “I'm not sure because I've never told them no.”

Zeke tenses up behind me, burying his face further into my neck as his arm tightens around me. I love the sense of security it gives. I don't know how this conversation is going to finish, so it's nice to know I have support—hopefully from both sides.

Something sinister invades my thoughts, my mouth going dry when I try another question. “Have they asked you to, um, sleep with, um—” I chew my bottom lip, trying to figure out how to spit it out when I just do it. “Have you ever slept with my mom?”

I feel the chuckle deep in Christian’s chest as he tangles around our ankles. “No, babe, I haven’t done that.”

Blowing out a breath, I feel Zeke relax with me. There’s no way I could have handled another Holden and Dana thing. It would have gutted me.

“Do I know any of them?” I blurt out, hating myself for it because I don’t think I can bear to hear the answer.

And my luck comes back when he doesn’t answer; at least not the way I expected him to. “You don’t want me to answer that, Billie. Just know that I’m going to do whatever it takes to get out of my deal with them—even if that means throwing my shit father at their feet. He’s the one who made the deal, so I imagine he’s the only one who can break it.”

“That’s fair,” I whisper.

“What’s our next move, Christian?” Zeke asks, changing the subject’s direction for me.

As Christian takes in a deep breath, I move in closer to him and lay my cheek against his chest. His heart is pounding, my own matching his as I nervously wait for his response.

“I still think we need to get up to the prison and see if we can meet with your mom, Billie. She’s going to know more about

the society than we have time to find out on our own.”

I stiffen at the mention of going up there to ask my mom about a secret society that I’m not supposed to know about. But then again, maybe she’ll open up if I can get Dana to work some magic. There’s no better way to get intel than offering someone their deepest desire. And for my mom? It’s her freedom.

“Do you think she’s even going to talk to us?” Zeke asks into my neck, tightening his hold around my hips.

When I snuggle into him, Christian seems to naturally move forward to stay close to us. I’m sandwiched and loving every second of it.

“She’ll talk to me,” I admit, knowing me and my mom have a pretty decently healthy relationship. And if talking to me means shortening her sentence, I don’t see why she wouldn’t tell us everything she knows.

Silence fills the dark room. I can hear nothing but the sound of our steady breathing. My heavy eyes close while my sore muscles melt into the bed. Zeke’s breathing turns into light snores, and I reach down to take his hand to see if he’s still awake. He doesn’t budge—his fingers are slack and easily manipulated when I twist mine through.

“Christian?” I whisper.

“Hmm...” he murmurs.

Reaching up, I place my hand flat on his warm, solid chest, knowing his chest is covered in tattoos even though I can’t see

them right now. I lick my lips and muster up the courage to speak.

“I really enjoyed what you did to me at the party,” I admit quietly, careful not to wake Zeke.

A low rumble echoes between us before I feel his hand come up and cup my jaw. “I didn’t hurt you, did I? Z made it seem like—”

“No,” I rasp, cutting him off. “You didn’t hurt me. In fact...” I lick my lips again, hoping he’ll react positively to my request. “I’d love it if you and Zeke both chased me through the woods and had your way with me.”

“Jesus fuck,” he says on a breath, moving impossibly closer to me.

I shiver when his forehead presses against mine, our lips a hair’s breadth apart. Our breaths mingle for several inhaled before his tongue comes out and licks across my lips. My moan echoes around us when I jut my hips back into Zeke’s and push my breasts out to connect with Christian.

He burrows his head in my neck, licking up my pounding vein as his hands wander to my hips. I let out a small yelp when he roughly pulls me on top of him. Straddling him, he lies on his back and then leans up on his elbows. I tease him, leaning forward to brush my lips across his. He parts his mouth with expectancy, but I sit back up and grind against him.

I'm still soaking wet from what they left behind, allowing me to easily glide back and forth over his growing erection.

"Fucking christ, little hellfire," he mumbles. His fingers dig into my thighs as he thrusts upwards.

"Christian," I whisper against his lips as I reach between us and hold his dick up.

As I adjust above him until the tip of him is at my center, I crash my lips over his and swallow his groan when I sit all the way down on him. My moan mixes with his, my hips lifting and dropping at a feverish pace as I fuck him.

His hand burns against my flesh as he slowly traces upwards between my cleavage and up to grab my neck. I deepen our kiss, slowing my hips as I slam down and hold against his hip bones.

"Billie," he growls out my name, squeezing my throat tighter.

"Yes."

"Tell me who this cock belongs to," he instructs.

My pussy tightens around him when he says this. God, I want to believe in my heart and soul that he'll always belong to me—and to Zeke—but I'm not sure that's true.

"Me," I rasp instead, keeping my thoughts to myself.

"Good girl. Now kiss me."

I whimper when our lips connect again, twisting and melding together as I taste every inch of his mouth. My thigh

muscles tighten as I ride him harder and faster, our bodies slapping with each connection, the smell of us permeating the air.

Another pair of hands caresses down my back, and I scream as I break away from Christian. Both of their chuckles dance through the darkness, seeping into my aura as I shiver.

“She’s a good fucking girl, indeed,” Zeke says in a gravelly voice.

“Oh, God,” I cry out.

Zeke slides a hand up my spine and into my hair at the base of my skull. Tightening his fist, he yanks my head back until my shoulders slam against his chest. I continue to bounce up and down on Christian as he pulls his hand from my throat, grabbing my right tit and pinching my nipple. A whimper tears from my lips when an excited thrill zaps from my nipple to my clit.

Leaning forward, Zeke licks up the length of my neck until he reaches my ear and whispers, “I’m going to fuck your ass now, Billie. Breathe through it and just relax.”

I feel his other hand reach between us, the tip of his cock playing at my tight entrance. Everything tightens up out of instinct and I can’t help but giggle. Zeke chuckles as he leans forward against me.

“Relaaax,” he purrs out.

After rubbing his tip along the side of my pussy to collect our juices, he pushes into me, stretching me wide open as my

leg muscles give out on me. Zeke's grip in my hair holds me up, Christian's hand on my tit being a stilt.

"Fuck, it's too big," I whimper, reaching out behind me to place my hand against Zeke's lower abdomen.

My eyes roll into the back of my head when he spits on us and thrusts forward an inch. *Fuck, he feels good, too.* My arousal takes control of my pain and makes it her bitch. I move up and down on Christian, then forward and back on Zeke, alternating between the two. Their moans and grunts are a sweet melody in my ears, and I'm the one eliciting this from them.

I'm so full of both of their cocks. My boys. My... Oh, my *God!*

"Who's our good fucking pet?" Christian asks, fucking upwards so hard I have to steady my legs.

Zeke pounds into my ass at an alarming pace, tightening his fist in my hair as he yanks my head back. "It's you, isn't it, baby?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" I shriek as my eyes cross and my orgasm slams into me like a freight train.

My pussy walls pulsate around Christian's cock while my ass grips Zeke like a vise. I mewl as my core tightens. A shock of pleasure zings up my spine and hardens my nipples until they hurt.

By the sounds of their pleasure, they're coming with me, filling me with their sweet, sweet cum. I first collapse onto

Christian's chest before Zeke collapses onto me. Our heaving breaths fill the dark room, and it's then that I realize the loss of my visual sense allowed my other senses to take over. That has to be in the top five orgasms I'll have over my lifetime. And it was with them—my boys.



The smell of bacon and coffee waft through the air when I throw my legs over the edge of the bed. Both the boys are missing, so I assume they're out making breakfast because I remember Lauren saying her mom never cooked.

When I pull open the heavy door, the amazing smells only get stronger. My feet carry me into the massive open area and my heart pounds when I see Christian at the stove flipping bacon and Zeke sitting on the counter with a cup of steaming coffee—both of them shirtless. Yeah, that's my future right there. It has to be. I'll be the luckiest girl in the world if I get to wake up to that every morning, right?

“Well, you didn't kill her after all,” Dana says to my right, startling me.

She's sitting on the couch with her laptop open on the coffee table, a twinge of a smirk on her wry lips. I don't like that they're both shirtless in front of this perverted, twisted woman who preys on boys less than half her age.

Tearing my gaze from hers, I ignore her and move into the kitchen. Zeke sets his coffee down beside him and holds out his arms. I step between his legs, wrap my arms around his hips, and press my face into his chest. He kisses the top of my head, holding me tightly. Christian leans over and kisses the top of my head next, and I can't help myself from glancing back at Dana who's watching us with eagle eyes, jealousy and envy twisting her features. See? A sick bitch.

As I lean back to look at Zeke, Christian towers over me and kisses my mouth instead. I giggle into his mouth before he breaks away, stealing a gentle, swift kiss from Zeke. An excited gleam swims through Zeke's gaze when Christian goes back to the bacon. I'm in love with them both, yet I'm so fucking excited to see the love growing between them before my eyes. Can you imagine what it would be like for the three of us to be in an actual relationship together? Us belonging to one another equally?

My heart hammers in excitement as I lean forward and kiss Zeke's neck.

"Well, that's a recent development," Dana says, entering the kitchen with a scowl on her face. "When did you two start bumping uglies?" She points between the boys.

I turn in Zeke's arms to face her, staying right here as she plops down at the table and watches us. Christian holds up a piece of bacon for Zeke to bite when he calmly says, "You need us to get closer to the society, and we need you for the

intel you provide. We're not friends, lady, so who I fuck or don't fuck is none of your goddamn business."

My thighs clench, my pussy throbs as I bite my bottom lip and gawk up at Christian. He's so damn sexy when he's authoritative, telling people how it is without fluffing anything. I melt when I watch his eyes gloss over, his Adam's apple bobbing when he slowly swallows, watching Zeke chew on his bacon.

"How's it taste?" he asks in a deep, raspy tone.

We've completely forgotten about Dana's presence as the three of us fall into the quicksand we create for each other. But then her words are like nails on a chalkboard.

"I spoke with your mother, Billie. She wasn't too happy to hear about her daughter's sexual interest in two boys."

Whipping my hard gaze to find her smirking in victory, I lower my lids and shake my head. "How old are you, lady? You sleep with high school boys, and play games like high school girls. If we didn't need you, I'd—"

"Tell you what, princess... You get what I need from your mother, and I give you something you want."

I'm about to take her up on her offer when Zeke cuts in with his own stipulation. "Don't patronize our girl in front of us or you can fuck right off. This is actually how it's going to go, *princess*. You're going to shed off some time from Ms. Lucas' time-served and we'll get you what you want. But the legal documents have to be drawn up first. Or there's no deal."

My heart lurches with hope as Dana lets out a dry chuckle, shaking her head. “You think I can just snap my fingers and make that happen? Something like that takes weeks, Zeke. We don’t have that kind of time... Not unless you don’t mind holding your girl covered in her own blood.”

I can feel the tenseness rippling off of Zeke. Christian turns around and stares at her, crossing his bulging arms over his chest.

“No deal.” He slams the tongs down on the counter and takes my hand. “Come on, little hellfire. We’re getting the fuck out of here.”

But before we even cross the kitchen, Dana’s launching up from her chair with her hands up. “Okay, okay, okay! Let’s not do anything rash here, yeah? I’ll... make some calls and see what I can do.”

With a smirk, Christian throws her a wink. “You know where to find us when you get us the answer we want. Zeke, grab the bacon.” He pulls me along, stopping again to say, “Don’t mind the screaming.”

Chapter 32

BILLIE LUCAS

The sound of a deep buzzing echoes around us when an officer pushes open the bars, locking it up behind us before another set is open. I'm alone with the jailers, unable to bring the boys in with me because of protocol or something along those lines.

I don't like being in here alone, though. The amount of locked doors we have to pass through just to get to the visitation area makes my skin crawl. I can't imagine what my mom is going through being locked up in this place. But I'm working on getting her out—she just has to cooperate and give me some information today.

“All visitations are subject to a maximum time of one hour. No exceptions. You may briefly hug and kiss the inmate at the beginning and end. We may cut the time short if we deem necessary or for any emergency situation within the prison. Do you understand?” the officer asks with a piercing gaze.

Gulping, I slightly nod my head while twisting my fingers together. He makes me nervous. This entire situation makes

me nervous.

But when another buzzing comes, allowing the solid white door to open before me, I instantly relax when I see my mother standing there.

I can't help the sprint I do across the room, and right into her arms. Tears blur my vision when she sobs into my hair, kissing the top of my head. I'm pretty sure I saw other families and couples in the room with each other, but I only had eyes for my mom.

"Break apart," another officer barks from his position in the corner.

Mom grabs my arms and gently pushes me back, getting a good look at me while tears swim in her eyes. A small smile lifts as she lets out another sob.

"Baby, you look so grown up."

When I wipe away a stray tear, I laugh and cry simultaneously. "I've missed you so much, Mom."

"I know, baby. I know." She takes my hands and guides me to the nearest empty table. "I've been worried sick thinking about you being in that house with Patrick all alone. Have you made new arrangements with the Veradins? Honey, what's this I hear about you dating Christian *and* his friend Zeke at the same time? I think I might be going crazy in here. Billie, tell me what's new. How's school and—"

"Mom," I cut her off in a rush, laughing. "I'm sure the conversation in this place isn't the most desirable, but you

have to give me a chance to comment, okay?”

She laughs, squeezing my hands. “Sorry, baby.”

“Let’s recap, shall we? I’m no longer in the house with Uncle Patrick because he’s a maniac who put a letter opener to my throat. I was going to stay at Christian’s but then something happened that’s a really long story that involves a Halloween party and a huge dramatic scene. Then a bat cave, that was a headquarters of some kind for the society. Yep, I know about that.

I am dating Christian and Zeke at the same time, and I’ve never been happier, Mom. They treat me like their—” I stop myself before the word *pet* spews from my lips. “Like their queen. And I’m pretty sure they’re into each other, too.” I wave my hand with a giggle. “Carrying on... If you think you’re going crazy, there are therapists on staff at the prison, Mom. There’s a lot of new things going on in my life—which is actually why I’m here.”

Taking a big inhale, I grin. “Yeah, that was a lot. I was one hundred percent honest with you, so I’m hoping you’ll do the same when I ask you some of my own questions.”

She nervously looks around the room, checking to see if anyone had heard my rushed ramblings. Nobody is even looking in this direction. They’re all enveloped with their own inmate or family member. We probably don’t even register on anyone’s radar—the same way none of them registered on mine when I entered the room.

“Mom, tell me more about the society and—”

“Shh, you can’t talk about that here.” Again, she looks around nervously before leaning in and whispering, “If they hear us, we’re both dead.”

Fear twists my insides as we sit back, my gaze wildly dancing across her face as I try to settle my scattered thoughts. “Sounds like we might both be dead anyway. Why didn’t you ever tell me about it? I just assumed that this life would be forced upon me because of bloodlines after the old photograph we found, but...”

“I couldn’t tell you anything. None of us were supposed to say a word. We still aren’t.”

I scoff. “Are you seriously going to sit here and continue to be loyal to a society that’s letting you rot behind bars? They didn’t fight for you once, Mom. Why are you—”

“Because I’m protecting you,” she hisses, cutting me off. “Everything I do is to protect you.”

I’m having a hard time believing that because even though her intentions are pure, she still has to answer to the society at the end of the day. And then I think about what Mr. Van has done to his family in the name of the society, wondering if my mom would kill me or—the blood drains from my face when I think about my dad.

“You’ve never told me about my father or what happened to him. I think now is as good of a time as ever, don’t you?”

She sits further back, eyeing me from across the table with uncertainty and challenge swimming in her eyes. “Knowing who your father is, is unimportant, Billie. You’re a Lucas—that’s all you need to know. In fact, I can’t tell you anything about him in fear it might put him in danger.”

Something changes in her expression; something I’ve probably had on my face a time or two when it involves my boys. She actually loved my father—whoever he was.

“What *can* you tell me, Mom?”

Looking over at me, she blows out an exasperated sigh, still contemplating just exactly what she can say. “The lineage is very important to them. And the pact that was made upon transfer of power is set in literal blood. The Van’s are at the top of the pyramid, then it’s your father’s line—the Lucas’—, the Veradins, the Lungrens, and finally the Fairfax’s. When our generation took over, they offered you on a silver platter to Holden. You two were together for quite some time so nobody batted an eye. Then he started dating Lauren and *they* allowed it.”

I’m surprised by this. “So, I was always meant to be with Holden and not my boys?”

She tenses at the way I refer to Christian and Zeke, but it’s true—they are my boys. “Something like that. But the kid went rogue and chose the girl from the valley. They were not happy. At all. Their eyes turned to our family as we’re the second in line. And now the families beneath us are fighting for your hand in marriage to their son.” She tucks a piece of

hair behind her ear, looking empathetic when she looks in my eyes. “Your *boys* are probably not all that interested in you, but their fathers are.”

I shake my head, scoffing. “No, you have no idea what you’re talking about. They love me. This isn’t some patriarchal shit show, Mom. They—”

“Have planned everything from the day you were born, sweetheart.”

Tears blur my vision again as I angrily wipe them away. “But Mr. Veradin is in power right now. What do they need with me?”

“That’s a temporary power shift, honey. Mr. Van and I are both incarcerated... You’re the next to rule upon graduation, but you can’t receive that power until you choose a husband.”

I don’t want to believe a thing she’s saying, but I have to because I know deep in my heart it’s the truth. They bullied me because of what Mr. Veradin and the society ultimately wanted. They wanted me to be their pet—to make me fall for them until I chose between them.

“But Christian is no longer a plausible choice, so that leaves Zeke Lungren. Honey, you’re playing with fire. If you get knocked up and it’s Christian’s child, they’ll force you to abort and—”

“Whoa, hold on...” I hold my hand up, letting her bombshell aftershocks simmer down. “Why isn’t he a plausible choice?”

According to you, his family is below ours. Not that I don't want Zeke. Hell, I want them both. What happens then?"

"You can choose them both all you want, but the only connection that will mean anything to them is the one you have with Zeke. Baby, Christian is tainted. He'll never be pure enough for them."

I'm angry. The emotion rips through me with such a wicked force, I feel the veins in my temple start to throb. "He's only tainted because *they* made him that way," I say through clenched teeth. "His father and the society made him do all those things. To me, he's perfect."

I stand abruptly, crossing my arms over my chest.

"I'm ready to leave, Officer," I say, turning my attention to the man in the corner.

"Billie," Mom hisses. "Sit down. We're not finished here."

But I'm too upset right now, continuing toward the exit, unable to look at her because I'm so fucking angry. She's kept things and lied to me my entire life. And then turns around and continues to show loyalty to a society that runs her entire life. The same society that made her lose the love of her life. The same society that's trying to decide my entire future, too.

Well, I won't let them. And I know my boys won't either, so that only leaves Lauren Fairfax left in the lineage. With Holden's help, I think we can win her over, too.

The society ends with us.

Chapter 33

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

“So, listen, dude... I think when we get back to the bunker, we figure out exactly what it is Dana wants from us. That bitch has the upper hand right now.”

I nod. “Yeah, I agree. We need to take back control. This is our community—our families—we’re talking about.” Nodding to his phone in his hand, I ask, “Heard from your parents lately?”

“Nah. They’ve been in contact with Farrah, though.”

He seems bummed about it. I mean, I get it. I’d be twisted if my mom wasn’t staying in touch with me, either. It’s almost like they’ve abandoned him. And a lightbulb goes off in my stubborn head. I want to tell him he’ll always have a family in me and Billie, but I don’t because I don’t know how this is all going to play out. I don’t want to promise my best friend—the guy I actually fucking love—something I can’t follow through on.

“You’ll always have a family in Billie, dude. Never forget that.”

With a soft chuckle, he looks up at my reflection in the rearview mirror, holding my gaze for a long time.

“You know I didn’t expect you to say it back, right?” he asks, still holding our stare.

I know exactly what he’s talking about, but I don’t want to address that right now. It was really hard not telling them both how stupidly in fucking love I am with them. The look of disappointment in Zeke’s eyes punched me in the gut, and the look of acceptance in Billie’s gutted it.

He breaks eye contact, looking out the side window. “Billie’s headed this way.”

Blinking rapidly, I glance out and see our girl nearly running to us with a pissed off expression on her face. But when she looks in and sees me, her bottom lip trembles the rest of the way to us. I’m thinking she’s going to jump in the front seat so I can pull her into my arms and ask her who I have to beat up for making her feel like this.

But then she jumps into the backseat and right into Zeke’s arms.

My heart plummets as I look straight ahead, trying not to look in the mirror. When I do, I see Zeke looking at me with a look that says—*don’t overthink this*. He’s right. I’m being a fucking pussy right now.

Clearing my throat, I turn around in my seat and reach back, gently rubbing Billie's back.

“What's wrong, babe?” Zeke asks into her fiery red hair.

“My mom told me the only reason you two are even interested in me is because of some bullshit lineage pact created by the society. That your families are fighting for me.” She leans back, looking between the both of us. “It's fucked up how well that fits. But how? We didn't even know about the society until recently...”

That's true for Zeke, but not for me. They forced me into it without having a say in the matter. And then I was trained into being their sex-boy.

Her gaze whips to mine, studying me. “But you've known about it—behind our backs. And your dad is only in power until I can take over. You've been forced to trick me...?”

“What?!” I shriek, looking between her and Zeke until my neck hurts. “No, no, no. Don't let your mom put fucked up thoughts in your head, little hellfire. Look at me.”

When she doesn't, I grab her jaw and force her to. Her whimper fills the car, and Zeke challenges me with his gaze. *Chill, bro, I'm not going to hurt our girl.*

“You look me in the eye and tell me you fucking believe that bullshit,” I demand.

Her bottom lip trembles, her gaze flitting across my face. “Of course not,” she whispers as fear invades her eyes.

“Christian,” Zeke says with a warning in his tone.

“Tell me we’re all done making accusations against each other.”

“We’re done,” she sobs.

“Christian,” he growls this time.

Ignoring him, I grip her jaw tighter until she stares unblinkingly into my eyes. “Tell me it’s us against those evil bastards.”

“It’s us against those e-evil b-bastards,” she whimpers.

A wicked smirk lifts my lips before I lick them. “Tell me who you belong to.”

“Christian—” Zeke barks.

I whip my hard glare at him. “Shut up, idiot. I’m trying to fucking tell you I’m in love with you guys.”

Silence fills the interior of my car—the one that was magically left outside the bunker this morning—until my heart pounds in my head.

And it only beats harder in my skull *and* in the head below when Zeke’s expression changes. A sense of pride flashes through his eyes as he grabs the back of my neck and yanks me to his mouth. I moan against his mouth when my tongue traces along his crease. He opens for me, stroking his tongue against mine.

Billie’s sobs fill the car right before I feel her lips against my cheek, my jaw, my neck. I break from Zeke’s mouth and turn to Billie, capturing hers. Zeke’s mouth works along the other

side of my neck before I break away and turn the two on each other. I watch their lips hover above the other, their breathy moans of desire becoming one before he devours her.

My cock jumps behind my jeans, hard as a rock from their mouths. Zeke breaks away and comes back for me, plunging his tongue back in my mouth. As my eyes roll into the back of my head, I fall into a euphoric feeling of equal parts love and desirous lust, until it's ruined by a sharp tap on my driver's side window.

Our lips break with a sloppy pop when I turn around and find a guard standing there, glaring in with a shake of his head. I adjust my erection and roll the window down, licking my swollen lips.

“You've been parked here for too long.” He leans down and peers into the backseat, shaking his head again. “Move it along.”

When he walks away, we all let out a stifled laugh as I roll up the window.

Zeke reaches up and grips the top of my shoulder, sending shivers up the side of my neck. I look up into the rearview mirror and into his eyes. “I think we need a more private place anyway,” he says with a wink.

I smirk, winking back at him. “I think you might be right, brother.”

Pulling away from the curb beside the prison, I get us out of here—trying to think of a private place that's closer than the

bunker.



H^{ooooonk!} Oops. That was a close one. I swerve the car back into our lane, my eyes moving back to the rearview mirror to witness Billie’s head bob up and down in a perfect rhythm as Zeke’s thick cock disappears into her hungry mouth. Her hands tightly grip his hips, his moans reverberating around inside the cab as she licks and sucks with abandon.

“Holy fuck,” I growl out when she takes his entire length down her throat.

She gags, choking on air when he lifts her head from him.

“Ahhh, fuuuuck,” Zeke draws out, stroking himself when she takes a moment to catch her breath. Tears stream down her face as she grins up at him, going back for more when her head dips and takes his balls into her mouth instead.

I bring my eyes back to the road, looking down at the speedometer to realize we’re doing twenty under the speed limit. Picking up our speed, I take a quick glance again and find Zeke’s leg bent up so she can go further down.

His groan makes my dick harder. “Fuck, Billie. She just licked my ass, bro.”

Shifting uncomfortably in my seat, I ignore the pounding in my dick and focus on the road when I ask, “And you fucking liked it, didn’t you?”

He chuckles. “Yeah, dude, I did.”

Billie’s moans fill the car for a moment before Zeke’s groans over take hers. “Fuck, you guys gotta fuckin’ chill,” I say. “I’m going to kill us all.”

With a giggle, Billie comes back up and leans over the console to plant her swollen, wet lips against my jaw. I can smell him, my eyes crossing for a moment.

“Pull over somewhere, Christian,” she rasps against my cheek. “Come back here and play with us.”

Another car honks at me when I cross over the yellow line. I burst out laughing, placing both hands on the wheel as my eyes search for a place to park. *Damn it!*

The only option is a parking garage two blocks up. Those places are usually pretty quiet. And if someone walks by and witnesses me fucking my girl, then it’s whatever. I’ll die if I can’t blow my load.

When I put my blinker on and slow down, Billie goes back to Zeke, pulling him back into her mouth with a groan.

“Fuck you!” I bark when I’m stopped by a stop-arm and a kiosk to buy a parking ticket. Sons of bitches. After I pay, I zoom beneath the arm as it rises and scour for a free spot and for some more privacy than the first level will provide us.

The sound of her slobbering and gagging on him is driving me fucking mad. I drive up to the top level of the parking garage, finding that it's nearly empty and park near the back. I've never shut off and gotten out of a car faster in my life.

When I yank the back door open to find her bare ass waiting, I hurriedly rip my jeans open and shove them down along with my briefs. My cock is so painfully hard, it's ram-rod straight and some kind of light purple hue.

I slap it against her wiggling ass, watching her cheek jiggle. She pops his cock from her mouth and laughs.

“Mmm, I like it when you punish me with your cock.”

Oh, this dirty little bitch.

Grabbing her hips, I pull her back and right onto my throbbing dick. She cries out when I fill her to my balls. Her pussy grips me, making it feel so much better. I won't last long.

“Oh, fuck. He's so deep,” she whimpers to Zeke while talking about my dick.

Zeke pulls her hair from her face and grips it at the base, arching her neck so he can get right in her face. “Yeah? Can you feel him in your stomach? Huh?”

“Y-yes, yes! Oh, goooooood.”

My balls tighten as I pound into her, her juices soaking us and smearing across the front of my thighs. She's so fucking wet, and *so damn tight!*

“Please keep fucking this pussy,” she begs.

And I *blow*.

Our bodies slap as I pound into her fast and deep, loving the way her pretty pink pussy swallows every inch of me. The areas around my piercings pulse when I cum hard, filling her up. Her moans drown out when Zeke face-fucks her until his own groan echoes through the car.

“Fuck, Christian,” Zeke moans. “She’s such a greedy little pet.”

“Taking your cock like a good girl,” I praise, slowing my thrusts down so I can find a good rhythm for her to find her release.

She rocks back on me, circling her hips as she cries out. “Right there. Right there. Right there.”

I don’t move a muscle, letting my girl fuck me however she needs to. I glue my eyes to my dick as it disappears into her cunt a few more times before our cum mixes and pushes out of her convulsing pussy. *Shit, that feels good.*

My dick is heavy when I pull out, grabbing my briefs and jeans just as an SUV’s headlights appear at the entrance. I slap Billie’s ass so she’ll move in further before I shut the car door. Ignoring the drop of cum my dick leaked against my inner thigh, I smirk at the guy driving by whose eye-balling me.

“*Keep driving, moron,*” I say through my teeth as I hold my grin wide open.

After I get back in the driver's seat, I laugh and shake my head, feeling thoroughly drained. I adjust the mirror once more, halting on Zeke's smirking reflection for a moment. We share a wink and a smirk before I move the mirror to its proper position and back out of the spot.

But before I can take off, my phone buzzes in its cradle and a message pops up on the screen: *Time's up. We're coming for you, Veradin.*

Chapter 34

ZEKE LUNGREN

As we walk into the bunker, I adjust my dick that keeps growing into a chubby. That shit in the backseat was hot as hell.

Dana launches up from her place at the table. “It’s about time. Where the hell have you three been? What did Mrs. Lucas say?”

This lady is a total bitch, always barking out orders and questions. I ignore her and plop my ass on the sofa with my shoes on the cushions. Let her fucking say something.

Christian comes and sits on the table in front of me, looking at Dana with a look of contempt. But we have to tell her what we know, so she’ll throw us a bone, too.

“I learned that this entire society is insane! That’s what I learned, Dana,” Billie says her name in a bratty voice, and I can’t stop the smirk growing across my face. “And that no matter what happens, I’ll never be able to be with both of my

boys—” she points in our direction and my heart sinks in my chest.

What the hell does she mean she might never be able to be with us? Christian finally admitted to loving us both. What’s the problem?

“Because you failed to mention there’s a lineage protocol, Dana!” Billie marches over to the table and sits, nodding to the empty chair across from her. “Sit.”

Damn, when did our girl become so dominant? I think I like it.

“Do you know who my father is?”

Dana takes too long to say, “No.”

“You’re lying.”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Then I can’t tell you shit either.” Billie leans back in her chair, bringing her hand up to stare at her cuticles like she has all the time in the world.

Dana lets out a rush of air, looking over at us for help, but we’re not her ally. I hope Billie rips her apart and makes her start working for us. After all, she wouldn’t be getting half of this information without our help. We’re the kids of the elites—the next generation to take over.

“Your grandfather found this bunker,” Dana rushes out as she sinks into her chair because she knows she’s going to be there for a while. “In the 1960s, I believe that is what we

figured. They abandoned the place when Holden's father took over the Reaper Chapter, and it's sat empty for years from what I can tell. As far as I understood, nobody knows about this place but the elders and Mr. Van. The Agency has known of its existence since the late 1980s."

She waves her hand dismissively, rolling her eyes when she pulls a pack of cigarettes from her pocket. When the hell did she start smoking? After she lights it, blowing out her first puff, she looks between us with a snarl.

"What? I smoke when I'm stressed out, okay?" She takes a few more drags before continuing. "This was my first task—the never-ending task. I've never had another case because this one doesn't seem to have an ending. But don't sit here and think I'm enjoying this. I'm unwillingly in this mess right alongside you three."

"Why don't you just quit?" Christian bluntly asks.

"I've thought about it," she admits, looking off into space at a distant memory. "But I'm too invested. It's like being a mother for nineteen years and then saying you don't want to do it anymore."

Billie chuckles. "But isn't that exactly what you did to Lauren?"

I can't stop the deep laugh from coming out. "That's a fair question!" I holler.

"I'm obviously not the greatest person in the world, am I? I was sleeping with my daughter's underage boyfriend. See?"

Head case.” She inhales a deep hit of her cigarette, which gives me a great idea.

Pulling out my flat case from my back pocket, I take a pre-rolled joint out and pinch it between my lips. After I light it, I hand it to Christian. Dana whips her glare over, astonished by what she’s witnessing.

“You can’t smoke that in here! Are you crazy?! I’m a federal agent, goddamn it!”

I laugh, taking the joint back from Christian to take a deep inhale. She needs us, so there won’t be any arrests tonight.

“Are they crazy?” she repeats to Billie, who simply shrugs and then nods.

“Marijuana is the least of your worries right now, Dana. I need to know if there’s any way for this to be fixed. Why the fuck is my uncle a lunatic? And what do we do next?”

She laughs like I asked the most ridiculous question. “The only way to take back control is if your daddy magically came back from the dead. He’s the rightful leader after Van, but—”

I share a glance with Christian before I ask, “Why does it have to be a Lucas? Why can’t it be a Veradin? Who’s in power already...”

Dana turns her eyes on me before rolling them. “Because...” She twists her top lip up, looking at Billie with a curious gaze. “Because your father is the last actual pure bloodline. One of the good ones, my boss would say. He wanted to turn the society back to the way they ran it before their grandfathers—

to a time when the society was meant for good. But after the Van's took over, greed and their eagerness to gain more power infected them like a virus. It's been shit ever since, and when your dad said he didn't want to do that anymore... they kill—”

“Yeah, I got it,” Billie blurts out, stopping Dana from finishing. “So, that's it? My dad is the only person on the planet who can stop these madmen?”

“Weeellll,” she draws out. “I'm not quite sure it's a *man* running the show around here at all, but I have no idea who it might be right now. I'm working on it. Anyway...”

“What if one of us married Billie after graduation? We could take control of the society and turn it back to the way it was, right?” I inquire before I take another pull from my joint. When I pass it back to Christian, I look at him longer, wondering who Billie would choose to marry.

She shakes her head. “No, that won't work. I mean, it works to gain the power in this chapter, but we need a current generation leader to turn the wheels back. It has something to do with the sacrifices made during each ceremony to exchange power.”

“How the hell do you know so much about a *secret* society? Aren't most wives supposed to be blind to knowledge like that?”

“Yes, but not for me. Remember, before I married into the Fairfax's, I was a damn good FBI agent.”

I snort. “How would you know? You’re still working on your first case ever.”

She throws me a *fuck you* stare before giving me the bird. Whatever. I’m super over this bullshit. It’s killing my buzz. “I’m gonna go lay down, bro.” I tell Christian as I roll off of the couch and walk to our bedroom like a snail. I’m wickedly stoned and need to lie down away from Dana’s voice.



The silence of the room makes my head dwell on the memories of what we did in the car. Fuck, I’m getting hard again just thinking about it. Letting out a groan, I reach down and grab my dick through my pants—it’s rock fucking hard, loving the attention I’ve just given it. But I can’t.

Putting both hands behind my head, I blow out a breath and try to think about anything but Christian’s blue eyes. I fucking love when the hue actually darkens when he cums. And he was looking right at me. Those eyes are going to destroy me.

Damn, my dick is throbbing.

The door creaks open and I steal a peek at who’s coming in. *Christian*. Shit, he’s going to see my massive erection through my pants. It’s getting choked the fuck out by the tightness, so there’s no way he won’t see it. I’d also be fucking lying if I said I didn’t want him to...

“That bitch is annoying, but the girls are getting somewhere productive,” he says while he shuts the heavy door behind him. We’re all alone now.

My dick jumps in excitement at the thought. I think we’ve both made it pretty clear how we feel toward the other. But we’ve never really explored further than sharing some fucking hot open-mouthed kisses. Would he want a relationship like that with me? Or is this something we only share while Billie’s present?

“You don’t mind if I chill with ya, do you?” he asks.

“Nah, dude, not at all.” I move over on the bed as he gets on next to me. It’s a small bed and we’re big dudes, so our entire sides are touching—no pinky-lock this time. And my dick jumps again, begging for some attention that doesn’t involve my own hand.

I look over and find that his eyes are closed, and his arms are stiff at his sides. Then his left hand crawls its fingers up my hip and straight for the chubby in my fucking pants. I hold my breath so I don’t make a sound when he grabs me through the material, but I want to let out a long, breathy moan to tell him how much I like this.

When he opens his eyes, I shut mine and pretend like I’m sleeping. I know it’s fucking ridiculous, but I can’t exactly look my best friend in the eyes when he’s touching my dick, ya know? It’s something I’m still working on.

He strokes me through my pants, a perfect rhythm that gets my hips going to match him. When I peel my eyes open, he’s

watching me with a brazen promise as his tongue comes out and follows his plump bottom lip.

I'm breathless, my mouth parting as I hold his gaze.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to, Zeke," he says just as breathlessly as me.

My head shakes because I want this, but my tongue is too shy to speak. I'm throbbing, though, silently begging him to just pull it out already.

Moving his hand from the mold of my cock, he pushes my shirt up and trails his fingertips along the top of my jeans.

"Fuck," I sigh out, intently watching his hand as it moves toward the button of my pants.

My heart pounds when I think he's about to finally undo them, but he's a fucking tease and crawls his fingers away.

His deep, rumbling laugh does something to me, and I know that if I don't act to push this along, I never will. Hell, he might not either. As I reach down to undo the button and fly, Christian takes that as his green light and does it for me.

My dick falls out, landing heavily on my lower stomach with a slap as he yanks my pants down to my ankles. I don't move a muscle, staring up as my best friend stares down at my dick like it's the best damn thing he's ever laid his eyes on—and he fucking wants it.

Gripping me with his fist, he holds it up and stares me in the eyes as he leans down, licking the tip. *Shit!* I've had quite a

few mouths on this thing, but never a guy's—never Christian's.

He gives me a wicked grin and asks, “Fuck, I love how huge you are. You okay with this?”

My heart sinks again. “Y-yeah. Are you not?”

His eyes drop to my dick before he takes me into his mouth, giving me his answer. It fucking pulsates as he slobbers the hell out of it. I pull my hands from behind my head, taking my tee shirt with it. There's no way I'm letting anything come between the feeling of Christian's mouth and hands all over me. His eyes slide up my bare chest before they close and he gags.

“Jesus, dude—how does Billie do this?” Christian asks, staring at my dick like it's a beast.

Yeah, I should probably have an award for this thing, but I don't. “I'm sure she can teach you a thing or two.” Damn, my voice sounds like I swallowed a cup of sand.

He laughs. “It wouldn't be the first dick I've had in my mouth, bro...” His smile drops when his eyes swim with memories of what I assume this fucked up society has made him do for them. “But it's definitely the biggest. What do you feed this thing?”

I don't have time to say a thing when he takes over half of me into his wet, hot mouth. His tongue swirls around me, and a slick warmth erupts behind the path of his tongue. Our eyes are glued as he bobs up and down, demanding more of me.

Heat fills my cheeks when I think about how forbidden this is. I'm not gay—he's my best friend—we're bros, but fuck all of that if it means I can have him this way. My hands fist the blanket beneath me, my heart pounds, and all I can think about is how good his mouth feels wrapped around me.

“How the fuck did you get so good at this?” I ask just above a whisper, upward thrusting into his mouth. The wet sloshing sound of my dick in the back of his throat makes my toes curl in the best fucking way.

“Eeshy,” he says with a mouth full of my dick before he pops it free to look up at me—his lips swollen and wet. “I'm sucking your dick like I like mine sucked.”

That actually makes sense, and I don't dare ask him about his past or what he might have done to a man—or men—in our world.

He takes me back into his mouth as far as he can, hitting the back of his throat. But instead of pulling back like I think he's going to, he uses his lips to inch himself further. Then he halts for a moment before his lips inch some more. Holy fuck, he's going to take all of me, isn't he?

I slip my hand into his dirty blonde hair and help him down, groaning when his nose presses tight against my stomach. He moans around my girth and I hold him there, enjoying how the head of my cock pulsates. I'm surprised he's not choking on me or gagging at all like before.

And when he finally pulls back, he does so really slowly, leaving a sloppy trail of his spit behind.

“Shit, you’re fucking good at that.”

He smirks. “Thanks, bro.” Then he looks me dead in my eyes and strokes me hard.

I close mine and let my head fall back into the pillow. I’ve just watched my best friend take my entire dick into his mouth. And we both fucking loved every inch.

“Christian,” I croak out.

He leans back from me, letting my dick fall against my thigh before he reaches up and undoes his jeans next. His decorated dick falls out when he bares himself.

The thing might not be as massive as mine, but it still makes my mouth water. I wrap my hand around him, wanting to feel him in my palm. He has a damn impressive cock himself.

My dick jumps when I feel the piercings against my hand.

“Do you wanna taste mine?” he asks, looking expectantly down at me.

I lick my lips and nod, moving closer to him even though I have no idea what the hell I’m doing. He slaps my mouth with it, the piercings hard against my lips. And I loved it. I hold out my tongue as he lays his heavy dick over it and grinds against my face.

“Fuck, Zeke,” he rasps when I pull his balls into my mouth. “Put my dick in your mouth. Please. I have to feel it.”

Moving the head into my mouth, I hold open and let him thrust forward. I gag when the barbell at the tip tickles the

back of my throat. Christian pulls out, my saliva dripping onto my shoulder before he jumps off the bed and completely removes his pants. I can't take my eyes away from his glistening cock as he pulls everything off.

He gives me a heart-stopping smirk as he crawls back onto the bed, straddling my head as he puts us in the 69 position. My cock throbs, leaking from being so fucking hard and ready.

Adjusting above me, I grab the base of his cock and guide him back into my mouth. His sexy, deep groan fills the small room before the sound of my gagging does. I don't think about a thing after he puts his mouth back over mine because all I can focus on is the rush of desire.

I fuck his face in fast upward thrusts as I suck him harder. The room is full of nothing but the sounds of slobbering and our moans. And when I can't take anymore, I sink into the bed and force him out for some air. But my mouth has other plans as I lick up the back of his shaft toward his balls.

He grinds against me, rubbing his cock on my chest for friction as he takes every inch of mine back into his throat. I watch his ass pulsate as he mouth-fucks me. My balls tighten as I think about taking this tight little hole some day; how he'd squirm beneath me as I slowly pushed all ten inches into the hilt.

Reaching up, I grab his ass and push him further down the bed until I can reach his ass with my mouth. I have this urge to taste him everywhere. He groans around my dick when I lap my tongue over the tight hole, watching it pucker again.

“Fuck, Christian, just like that,” I tell him when he deep throats me again, holding all the way down.

I bury my face in his ass, stroking my tongue over his puckered hole as my eyes flutter shut. I’m not sure how we got into this so quickly and without reserve, but man, it feels so natural, like we’ve been fucking each other for years.

The emotional relationship between us is solid. That has to be it, right?

He pulls back from my dick for a moment, just to tell me to, “Fuck my ass with your tongue, Zeke. I need to blow all over your chest.”

Shit.

I lap my tongue across his hole again before I hold his cheeks wide open and plunge my tongue in. His moan vibrates around my cock when he takes my entire length back into his mouth. The motion of my tongue fucking his ass and the way his mouth bobs up and down on me has me way too damn excited.

“You going to let me fuck this tight little hole one day?” I ask in a deep, raspy voice as I reach up and push a finger into him.

I have no idea where the hell that burst came from, but I’m feeling a bit more confident now that we’re face-fucking each other.

He breaks from my cock again with a, “Only if I can fuck you back.”

Without warning, he sinks his mouth all the way back down on me until he's gurgling before his hand slides down the inside of my thigh toward my ass. His finger rubs against my asshole, making it pucker. Then he smears some saliva over it and pushes a finger in.

My toes curl, my breath hitches, and I—

“Ahhhh, fuck!”

I cum so fucking hard, filling the back of Christian's throat with my jizz. His moan grows fervent as his other hand finds his dick, stroking himself. The tightness of his hole around my tongue sends me into a goddamn fiery.

And then he's cumming all over my chest, taking my cock into the back of his throat each time he spurts. It's so sexy, so feral, so *forbidden*.

My head falls back into the pillow when he moves from above me, plopping down on the mattress with a grin.

“That was fucking intense, bro,” he says with a laugh, looking at my chest. “I made a huge mess.”

I laugh, looking down at all the white semen on my chest and stomach. “Probably no more than what I left in your mouth.”

Leaning up, I grab his jaw and pull his bottom lip down with my thumb.

“How'd I taste?”

He tries to bite my thumb, smirking devilishly at me. “Exactly like I thought you would—addicting.”

Fuck, I think I’m hard again.

As he leans down, our mouths connect in a demanding kiss, our lips parting so our tongues can taste. And I think I taste a bit of my cum in his mouth.

The door opens and my heart sinks, my cheeks burning as we break away and scramble to cover our nakedness. We’ve just been caught. Fuck me, we’ve been caught with our literal dicks out.

Billie’s eyes take in the scene before her—a flash of what looks like jealousy and betrayal, but then I think she realizes what this means, what we all mean.

“My apologies,” she whispers with a smirk, throwing me a wink before she closes the door.

Christian and I share a what-the-fuck-just-happened look before he breaks out laughing.

“Dude, not funny. We haven’t talked to her about what any of this means. Fuck, *we* haven’t talked about what this means.”

He smirks. “Bro, we all know what this means. But I agree... we should talk to our girl and figure out the rules.” But his nose scrunches when he says that word.

I fake punch him in his sculpted, tattooed chest and stand from the bed, shoving my heavy dick back in my pants. “Whatever makes our girl happy.”

“We deserve to be happy, too,” he rasps.

“As a trio.”

Chapter 35

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

When we come out of the bedroom, Zeke scratches the back of his neck and keeps his eyes down. I hope he's not ashamed of what we just shared because I sure as hell am not. I'd love to go another couple of rounds with him, preferably while Billie watched.

Speaking of our girl—she's sitting at the kitchen table without Dana, smiling devilishly at us as we approach. I wrap my tattooed arms around her and kiss her cheek.

“Where'd the she-devil go?” I ask.

“Had to run some errands; that's what she told me anyway,” she replies with a shrug before she gets up out of her chair and stands before me.

I smirk when she studies my face, trailing her gaze down my chest before she steps up and grabs my face to kiss me. She doesn't wait for my permission before shoving her tongue into my mouth, moaning into me. I pull her so tight to my chest she squeaks.

Our kiss is so fucking hot, I'm getting another boner. But when I peel my eyes open to find Zeke gawking at us, something unsure swirls in his gaze that tells me he's still struggling with things in that head of his.

Breaking my lips from Billie's, I kiss along her jaw and guide her to turn around until her back is tight against my chest now.

"We know what you saw earlier, little hellfire, and we want to know how you feel about it," I admit, hoping this will be enough to bring Zeke out of his weird funk.

She doesn't talk at first, and the look on Zeke's face changes to fear—it's swimming through his dark eyes.

"At first it surprised me to see... you two doing anything without me. But then I realized this isn't just about me anymore. You guys love each other just as much as you love me. So, why wouldn't you show that love without me? Just like I'm free to share my love with each of you individually, right?"

My first initial thought is hell fucking no, but then I really think about it. If Billie and Zeke want to be alone together, I wouldn't care, just like I hope he won't care if Billie wants to be with me.

She steps away from me, moving straight for Zeke before she throws her arms around his thick, stubborn neck. He grabs her hips, keeping her at a distance so he can look her in the eyes.

“So, you’re okay with this?”

Giggling, she nods. “I’m more than okay with this, Zeke. I was actually hoping you two would let me watch sometime,” she whispers the last part.

And now I’m hard again.

“Fuck yeah, you can watch anytime, little hellfire,” I tell her, moving up to her backside. “The sky’s the limit when it comes to the three of us. As long as we have each other, I don’t give a shit. I just can’t be without either of you.”

Zeke looks over her head and into my eyes, smirking. “I meant it when I said I’d die without you guys.”

“Then it’s settled,” Billie adds. “And when a new situation comes up in the bedroom, we’ll tackle it head-on then as well.”

“I fucking love you guys,” I say, unable to help myself.

We hug each other, moving together as Billie gets smashed between us. I share a soft kiss with Zeke before our mouths find Billie’s face and neck. She lightly laughs and moans, tilting her head to give us both full access to our girl.

My wandering hands tug and pull at her clothes, but the heated moment is short-lived when Dana clears her throat behind us. We break apart to find her standing there watching us.

“Wow, can you guys not keep your hands off of each other? I’ve been gone for five minutes.” Shaking her head, she moves into the kitchen area and sets a laptop down on the counter

before opening and bringing it to life. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to get back to work.”

She’s exaggerating again. Honestly, I just think the cunt is jealous as fuck.

“What’s that?” Billie asks, pointing at the screen when Dana brings up what looks like security footage. And as I step closer, I realize it’s the camera feed right outside of my house.

“I had my guy hack into your system, Christian, and we found something quite interesting.” She taps several buttons and we watch as the footage rewinds and then plays.

There isn’t anything at first, just dead footage, but then a shiny white Mercedes pulls into the driveway. I’m not familiar with that car. I’ve never seen it at the house, anyway. Who the hell could it be?

And before I can actually ask that question, the driver’s side door opens and I curse beneath my breath when I see who it is.

“Fuck me. It is Belle Barrett,” I seethe out her name, sharing a knowing glance with Zeke.

“What the hell is she doing at your house, Christian?” Billie asks.

I shrug and shake my head because I honestly have no idea. As far as I knew, the Barrett’s worked with the society, but they aren’t *part* of the society. Their family is nothing but second-best, just like Jett and his bitch ass cousin from the

valley. I kind of didn't want to believe Zeke when he told me the other night, but it's now on camera.

My stomach drops when I look up at Zeke, though, and the way his complexion is flush, his demeanor stiffening right before my eyes.

“What's wrong, bro?”

He glares up at me, about to shake his head, when he blows out a breath. “Shit, we're doing the honest thing. I kind of forgot about what I walked into a while back.” Reaching into his back pocket, he pulls out his phone and scrolls through it before handing it over. “I caught this when I was leaving your place early one morning.”

I take the phone, staring down at the screen and the video playing. More video evidence that my dad is a piece of shit. Zeke walks up to my father's study—they left the door ajar just enough to peek in. And he's fucking the Barrett bitch on his desk. He's not only cheating on my mom, but he threatens her life to benefit himself and manipulate me? Nah.

Tossing the phone to Dana, I step back and run my hand over my face as I blow out a rough breath. “Motherfucker is going to pay.”

“I had my suspicions. Why didn't you show this to us sooner?” Dana asks Zeke, and this catches my attention. We probably both should have mentioned it before now, but with so much going on at once, who could blame us for letting it slip through the cracks?

He looks guilty, rubbing the back of his neck again. “At first, I was going to hide it until I needed it because—” he pauses to look at me. “Let’s be honest, dude, we were going head-to-head for a minute. But by the time we realized we were on the same team, I had forgotten about it. Honest.”

Billie moves to him and wraps her arms around his waist, hugging his chest. “I believe you.”

And fuck, I do, too.

“What do we do?” I ask Dana instead, not wanting to make a mountain out of a molehill when we have bigger fish to fry. Lying, manipulating piece of shit with the surname Veradin. I’ve never been more disappointed to carry this name than I am right now.

She looks back at the footage and takes a deep breath. “We have to get in there. Infiltrate the disease. He’s the leader of the Reaper chapter now, so we need to see what information he’s receiving from the inside—who’s going to be with Billie.”

All eyes turn on me when Zeke asks with a smirk, “You ready to put on our masks and go fuck some shit up?”

I look down at Billie, who’s still wrapped around him, and let out a huffing laugh. “Yeah, dude, let’s go show my father what it’s really like being in hell.”



On our way to the Veradin Estate, “IDOL” by Hollywood Undead screams through the speakers as we bob our heads to the aggressively badass beat. I’m driving with my Michael Myers mask on, while Zeke wears his Jason Vorhees one.

These masks are something that goes far back into our history together. Holden’s mom—when she was still alive—used to take us to see horror movies all the time. But since we weren’t old enough to watch them alone, she’d go with us, sitting far up in the back corner out of the way. We’d wear these masks, watching the horror unfold on the big screen.

Speaking of Holden, I ask Zeke, “Fuck, bro... Have you heard from Holden since the Halloween party?”

Everything has been so hectic that I completely forgot about him.

“Yeah, he texted me the morning after and said he’s taking Everlee out of here because he feels like something bad is happening in Reaper.”

We share an incredulous laugh because we both know just how right he is. I just wish I could take Zeke and Billie and flee, never looking back, but Reaper needs us. We’re the next generation, and we might be the only ones who can take these corrupt motherfuckers down.

When I turn down my street, I park out front of the Hampshires, knowing our security footage doesn't reach this far. As we get out, I tell Zeke, "Stay in the bushes on the East side of the house. We'll come up to the bay window of his study—he should be in there right now."

He throws me a nod before we take off in that direction. The thick, gray rain clouds are a great cover as we make our way through the bushes. I'd be lying if I said seeing Zeke in his mask wasn't hot. I can understand now why Billie likes it so much.

And when this is all over with, we're going to make her wish come true. She wants us to chase her through the woods until we catch her? Then we will, and we'll fuck the hell out of her—maybe I can even fuck Zeke, too.

Pulling myself out of those unequivocally wanton thoughts, I focus on our task at hand, stopping just below the bay window of my dad's study. I can hear muffled voices coming through the closed window, so I wait until it's quiet before I poke my head up and peer through the foggy glass.

He's sitting at his desk. Belle Barrett sits on the edge with her legs in his lap. They're talking about some fancy dinner they're attending tonight, and then he tells her how he can't wait to bring her home and—

Yeah, I don't want to hear that shit.

"What's the plan, bro?" Zeke asks, his wide eyes glowing through the holes of his mask.

I want to confront this prick more than anything—to bring him to his knees and make him feel a little like he’s always made me feel. But then he’ll know we’re here. We need to get into his study when he’s gone to gather everything we can get our hands on.

As I pull my phone out, I see the time is just after four in the afternoon, which means he’ll be leaving the house soon. He goes somewhere every single day at ten past four, but I’ve never cared enough to follow him and find out. When he left the house, I usually took the time to raid the kitchen cabinets without getting an earful from him.

“He’s about to leave soon. I know my way around his study, so I’ll stay here and grab as much shit as I can. You follow him and figure out where the hell he’s going.” I proceed to tell him how he leaves every day at the same time. I know in my gut that it has to deal with the society and his leadership role, but we need solid proof.

“You going to let me take your car?”

Shit, I didn’t think about that.

“Yeah, but you better come back around and pick my ass up.”

When movement comes from inside the study, we shut up and peer in. The Barrett sister is smooching up to my dad as he hands her his Black Card. The bitch is spending all of my inheritance! But now they’re moving, and this is a good thing. I’ll worry about getting my money back later.

“Don’t ride his ass—stay back. And don’t follow inside anywhere, okay?”

Zeke snorts. “Dude, I know. Believe it or not, but I’m not a moron.”

“Fuck, sorry. I know that.”

I grab the back of his neck and pull him to me, our foreheads connecting. We stay like this for several long seconds as our heavy breaths fill the space between us.

“Be safe. I don’t know what I’d do if—”

“Hey,” he whispers. “Nothing is going to happen to me.”

Then he kisses me. I lean into his mouth, sliding my tongue along the seam of his lips as he slowly opens. When our tongues collide, we both let out a breathy moan before we reluctantly break apart.

“Love you, bro,” he says over his shoulder.

And now I’m grinning like an idiot.

“Love you back, dude,” I whisper beneath my breath.

I stay in the bushes, completely out of sight, as my dad and his whore back out of the seven-car garage in his Bentley. He drives right past me without a single clue I’m even here—the dumb fuck. His entire empire is about to crash and burn around him, but he’s a sex-drunk idiot who isn’t paying attention. I’m going to enjoy taking his title from him. And once I’m in charge of the society, he’s the first one who’s going to rot.

When I know the coast is clear, I pull open the side window and jump in. The housekeeper would have caught me if I went through the front door. This way, when my dad looks at the security footage later on, he'll see nothing but Michael Myers wearing all black coming through his window. He won't know where to look.

“What are you hiding, you son of a bitch?” I ask nobody in particular as I move to his desk, yanking drawer after drawer open.

I'm not even sure what the fuck I'm looking for; I just figured whatever might be damning would pop out at me.

My new car whines as it drives by and I can't help but smile, knowing Zeke's driving her. My cars have always been special to me. Most guys don't let other guys drive their vehicles—not unless said male is closer than blood. I guess it makes sense that I'd be okay with him driving it then, because Zeke is much, much closer than blood. He's my past, present, and future.

Moving my attention to my father's computer, I shake the mouse until the screen wakes up. It's guarded by a passcode or his fingerprint, which I have neither of. *Fuck.*

“What's your password, you bastard?”

I try typing in my birthday, but of course that's not it. He hates my fucking guts. I try my mother's, letting out a snort when that doesn't work either. The new whore's face comes into my thoughts, but I don't know her birthday.

But I'm thinking about this all wrong. He's a narcissistic, egomaniac. I try his birthday instead, not at all surprised when it works. *Jesus Christ, Dad.*

I quickly realize he doesn't try to hide a thing behind an inconspicuous folder. Reports, graphs, bank statements—just about anything you can think of that's personal is right here for the taking. And he just so happens to have an Apple cord sticking out of the side of the screen.

See what I mean? A complete moron.

The society should kill him just to save their own asses. Everyone has enemies, so I'd be naïve to think a multi-century society doesn't have any, and my dad isn't protecting any of their secrets. At least, it doesn't seem like it.

I send several copies of the folders to my phone, hoping to bring all the info back to Dana to do whatever it is she and her guys are going to do with it. But before I can get all of it, a loud commotion breaks out in the hallway just outside the study.

“Excuse me! You can't be in here!” the housekeeper shouts, her voice getting louder as she approaches the study.

Panic sets in and I yank my phone from the cord, hiding it in my back pocket when the large maple study doors fly open. Slamming against the back wall, I stand strong and find two huge meat heads staring in at me. They're not my dad's guys, nor are they the cops.

And when I squint my eyes to see better through the mask, I recognize them as Barrett's men. What in the fuck are they doing here?

The housekeeper is still shouting at them to leave before she calls the cops until the taller one puts his hand flat on her face and shoves. She goes flying backwards, landing hard on her ass. Then they're stalking toward me.

"Whoa, what the fuck?" I bark, moving away to keep the desk in between me and them. "You're breaking and entering, assholes!"

I look toward the window, but I won't make it before one of them gets at me, so I have to try a different tactic. They're big motherfuckers, so I should be able to maneuver quickly around them to reach the door.

But when I try, the shorter one launches forward and tackles my ass to the plush carpet. We land with a groan, a pain shooting through my ribcage as I lose the air from my lungs. Fuck me, is he a linebacker?

"We told you we were coming for you," he grumbles, and the blood drains from my face at the realization of his words.

Chapter 36

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

“I don’t have time for this!” They ignore my screams as I thrash in the backseat of the SUV these buffoons are hauling me away in. And I can’t call for help because they found and confiscated my phone. “You’re making a huge mistake!”

Again, nothing.

My body flies forward as they drive over a bump and then slam on the brakes, my poor ribs taking another beating against the center console piece. *Shit, man!*

They’ve tied my arms behind my back as tight as they could. My goddamn fingers are ice cold and have long since lost the feeling in them.

“Let’s make a deal, guys. I’m about to take over the Reaper chapter—we all know it—and I can make you a very juicy deal. Whatever you want. It’s yours. An unlimited supply of steroids for your muscles? Done.”

With a groan, the driver gets out and slams the driver's door behind him. The guy in the passenger seat is right behind him. Then the side door at my feet is opened and I'm yanked out, landing hard on the concrete below. My ribs crack and this time I cough, the taste of copper filling my mouth.

"No more talking," he says low and rough, grabbing my biceps and pulling me to my feet.

And when they turn me around, I can't help but burst out laughing.

I crane my neck and look up at the expansive Barrett mansion. Why does this make sense? I knew they were part of the society but not in it, I just didn't know what their purpose was. But now I think I do.

The front door is yanked open by two small Asian ladies and Beau Barrett himself stands there lighting a fat cigar. He looks up at me for a second, grinning as his teeth clamp around the cigar.

"Christian, Christian, Christian... All you had to do was make a house call and we wouldn't be standing here right now."

Well, here's my answer. They're the fucking enforcers for us?

"And all you had to do was not fucking have your gorillas kidnap me. I was onto something, man. And where's my fucking phone?" I snap.

Beau puffs on the cigar until it's lit, billows of smoke leave his plump lips. I admire the view for a second. He's always been a handsome son of a bitch, even though I hate him. The guy probably gets more pussy than a porn star.

He looks like an older Zeke with his dark hair, stubble jaw, and piercing olive green eyes. If Z looks half as good as Beau at this age...

"Where were you at there, kid?" Beau asks as he steps up to me, blowing a cloud of cigar smoke in my face.

"What are you going to do with me?" I ask instead, not wanting to admit that I was just comparing him to my boyfriend.

Holy shit. Zeke's my boyfriend. Fuck, I like how that sounds in my head.

"I'm going to hand you over to the society," he answers matter-of-factly.

My back teeth grind, knowing that if he does that, I'm a fucking goner. And Billie and Zeke won't know what happened to me. I have to get out of this somehow, and I think I know just the way...

"Before you do that, I'd just like to know how long you've been letting your sister fuck my father." He goes stiff after my words, his expression stone. "What was your plan? To have her sleep her way to the top so your pathetic family could have some kind of power in Reaper?"

He turns to me, grabbing the collar of my shirt before he shoves me backwards and into the door. “You don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about, Veradin. Every lie you spew is a tooth I yank from your lying mouth.”

I smirk, challenging him with a cocked brow. “You won’t know what I know if you hand me over to them. We share a common enemy, whether or not you want to admit it.”

His dark, hard gaze bounces between mine as he slowly releases my collar and steps back. “How do I know you’re not fucking with me right now? You say you know something, but how do I know that?”

With a shrug, I say, “You don’t. It’s a chance you’re going to have to take. Just know that I think we could help each other out. The ball is in your court, brother.”



We sit in the same garden we were in the last time I was here, looking out at the blooming flowers in the afternoon sun breaking through the storm clouds. Beau hasn’t said a word as he continues to puff on his cigar.

Breaking the silence, I ask, “What made you decide to spare me?”

He doesn’t answer right away, milking his tough guy persona out longer than necessary. We get it dude, you’re a fucking

badass. Nobody messes with the Barrett's. Literally *everyone* is afraid of this demented family. Now I wonder how they were excommunicated from Reaper, yet are still here. Billie's uncle Patrick was banished from the state as far as I know.

“Because if you know something that I can use against them, I'm going to hear what you have to say. And if it's useless, I'll kill you.”

Fuck. I wasn't expecting him to say that, but I guess I'm dead either way.

“And because those elite society fuckers went from treating us like their equals, giving our family whatever they needed plus some—” he waves his hands to indicate to the luxurious mansion they live in. “But now I'm livid. They've murdered my little cousin and now they've made my little sister a whore.”

“So, you had no idea your sister was sleeping with my father...”

He shakes his head, stubbing out his cigar as he rests his left ankle on top of his right thigh. “I've tried to have her followed, but she's a hard girl to keep up with. She's a Barrett —” he leans toward me and taps his temple, “—she's wicked smart.”

I keep my wise-ass mouth shut and only nod. I'm close to saying that if they were so damn smart, how'd they end up being servants to the society and not running it, but I don't. That kind of shit could get me killed.

“What do *you* know about the society?” I ask instead.

But he snorts. “You might be smart in your own ways, kid, but you’re dumb as fuck if you think I’m giving up any information. I spared you because you had your own. Spill yours first.”

“That’s fair.” I rub my palms against my jeans, blowing out a breath. “Dana—the FBI agent who fucked my boy Holden—has been working with us. We’re staying in this cool ass bunker that our grandfathers found way back in the day right now because our lives are supposedly in danger. Billie’s uncle tried to kidnap her. People are being murdered, and I’ve been fucking my way up the elite ladder for the past two years. Oh, and I learned my girlfriend is next in line to rule the Reaper chapter and she has to choose between me and my best friend to make it happen. Or have her dad somehow come back from the grave to take back control and turn this shit show around.”

He takes it all in for a moment before slowly chuckling. “That’s all?”

“No, that’s not all! I’m afraid she’s going to choose him and I’ll be left out in the cold. They’re my people, bro. I love them both.”

“I meant about what you know regarding the society. Your love life sounds fucking jacked up, and I don’t want to hear your bullshit drama.”

He leans forward and rubs his hand down his face before saying, “What I’m about to tell you is something you can

probably find out on your own if you do some digging, but it sounds like neither of us have time for that, so here goes.

My family, believe it or not, was an elite family at the turn of the century. Hell, my grandfather helped find this society here in Reaper. We were next in line to rule, too, but that motherfucker Van—Holden's grandpa, I assume—did some dirty dealings and our family's company; our fucking legacy went belly-up. The Barrett name went bankrupt overnight.”

“Wait, wait, wait, you guys were an elite family? So, there were originally six families?” I ask, trying to piece everything together. “Nothing we're finding mentions a sixth family.”

“Yeah, because they have erased us from the society's history.”

“Then how are you still around?”

“We knew too much, Veradin. Haven't you ever heard the saying—keep your friends close but your enemies closer? The society paid my family a hefty chunk of money to stay, even though we didn't exactly have a choice. They promised us a life of luxury if we did one thing for them.”

I laugh, knowing where this is going because I was presented with the same choice once upon a time, too. “Yeah? And what was that?”

“Everything,” he answers without a hitch before he leans back and stares out at his garden.

I let it sink in for a second. The society wanted one thing from them, yet that *one* thing was everything. And they had to

do it, didn't they?

“But they've taken everything for too long and are now making a fucking fool out of my family's name. So, how do we stop them?” he asks, turning his hard glare back on me.

I'm surprised and glad that he's willing to help; for whatever personal reasons he might have. “We're still trying to figure that out, but we won't if you don't let me go. I need to get back to the bunker to see if they've found anything out.”

He nods, chewing on the inside of his cheek as he silently ponders some things in his head. “This might sound crazy, but call me if you need anything from me. Even if that means you need my sister. I'll—do whatever it takes to take these assholes down,” he rushes out as if it were almost too hard to say.

“Deal. And you call me if you find anything out on your end, too.”

We stand, exchanging a firm handshake. He snaps his fingers and the two gorillas who took out my ribs emerge from a set of French doors behind him. I'm about to get my ass kicked first though, aren't I?

“Give this man back his phone and show him to the front door,” he pauses to glare at them, adding, “Without harming him.”

I blow out a breath when the short one hands me my phone, a blank expression on his face. The society might be using the

Barrett's as their enforcers, but it looks like they have their own, too. Money and power are something fucking else.

As I leave the Barrett's mansion, the sumo-wrestlers hot on my trail, I think about what this new partnership means for all of us. Beau Barrett might intimidate the hell out of me, but I respect him, too. I always have.

Chapter 37

BILLIE LUCAS

As I nervously pace back and forth through the bunker, I nearly chew the inside of my cheek raw. The boys left hours ago and we haven't heard a single word from either of them. I've called and texted an unhealthy amount of times, with *nothing* in return.

“Why didn't I go with them?” I shout, not expecting Dana to actually answer.

“Because it isn't safe and—”

“It was a rhetorical question, Dana! Ya know, for being this big FBI agent, you sure are dense as fuck.”

Leaning back in her chair, she throws me a challenging glare and shakes her head. “Gettin' dicked by two guys at once is scrambling your brains, little girl.” She grins as she puts a cigarette between her teeth, lighting it. “Imagine how you're going to feel when the boys choose to be with each other, dumping your ass.”

I laugh. “Yeah? Sounds like someone is jealous and can’t stand to see me happy.” Marching over to the table, I slam my palms on the cool surface and tower over her. “I’m only going to say this once—my boys don’t want you, nor would they *ever* touch you. What we have is something you’ll never understand, so don’t pretend like you do.”

She’s trying to get under my skin again, and even though it’s slightly working, her hate-filled words won’t affect me in the least. My boys might explore their feelings for each other right now, but they’d never leave me. In fact, I’d bet my life on it.

“Now shut the fuck up and let me think,” I snap, moving away from the table to pace again.

When my phone finally rings, I’m frenzied, almost dropping it as I fumble to see who’s calling. But a frown mars my face the second I see an unrecognizable number on the screen. My heart drops when I think the absolute worst—they’ve been in a car accident. One or both are seriously injured or *dead!* Oh my God!

“H-hello?!” I answer in a frantic voice, but I’m greeted by silence. “Hello?!”

“Hello, may I speak with Ms. Billie Lucas, please?” a soft woman’s voice comes through, my heart still pounding, as I have no idea who this could be or what she might have to say.

“Yes, that’s me. Who is this?”

Dana storms over to me, trying to lean in to listen, but I shove her away. Who the hell does she think she is?

“My name is Doris Mueller, and I’m calling from the Wright County Correctional Facility.”

I immediately feel my shoulders relax, my breathing coming to a steady rhythm when I realize it’s just my mom calling through. It’s strange that a woman is calling me first, though. When my mom called last time, it was an automated system I had to accept. Strange.

“I regret to inform you that your mother Lucille Lucas was found deceased in her cell this morning and—”

Everything stops. A rush of adrenaline pounds through my entire being, causing a high pitch whistle to erupt in my ears, my sweat turning cold. My mom is dead. They found her *deceased* in her cell this morning? I just saw her! I just spoke to her. She can’t be dead.

“This is a joke, right?” I ask instead, turning my gaze to Dana who’s watching me intently, her brows pinched together.

“Ma’am, we’re incredibly sorry for your loss. I would never joke about something so serious. I’m finishing the paperwork here and—”

I whip my gaze back up to Dana and put the phone on speaker, thinking it’s time she’s in on this call. The lady’s voice fills the bunker as she continues.

“They have released her remains to the Valley Hospital for an autopsy under the guidance of Patrick Lucas.”

“What?!” I shriek, but Dana raises her finger to her mouth, shushing me.

“We have a small box of things they brought her in with upon her incarceration. Would you like us to ship them to you at your cost? Or do you—”

“I’ll come pick it up,” I instruct, cutting her off. “Thank you.”

My hands are shaking, tears welling in my eyes when I end the call and drop my phone at my side. I glance up at Dana, whose usual pouty face is soft and full of remorse.

“Billie, I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t,” I tell her. “I don’t want your apology. I want fucking answers, and I don’t want my uncle anywhere near her remains. Make some calls, Dana.”

Turning, I march for the bathroom to be alone for a moment. I may have just found out my mother died behind bars, but I don’t need Dana seeing my weakness right now. The cunt will use it against me.

As soon as I’m alone, I sit on the lid of the toilet and let the waterworks come. My shoulders shake as I sob out, the pain in my chest almost suffocating. My mom is dead! How is this possible?! Aren’t they supposed to watch her in prison? This stinks of the society—they heard us talking at the visitation, didn’t they? She said this would happen. Oh my God, did I get my mother killed?

My thumb hovers over the last call I made—to Zeke—and I try to call him again. It rings and rings and rings, going to voicemail when he doesn’t pick up again.

“Hey, it’s Zeke—you know what to do.”

After the beep, I muster up the only strength I have left and say on a sob, “Z, I need you...”

When I hang up, I drop the phone on the floor at my feet and bury my face in my hands. My weeping sobs fill the small bathroom as my heart breaks. I don’t even know where to go from here. My mother may have lied to me all these years, hiding truths from me I deserved to know, but I didn’t hate her. In fact, I don’t know what I’m going to do without her.

Heartbroken and without my boys, I drop to the bathroom floor and curl up on the bath rug in front of the tub. Hugging my knees to my chest, I cry myself into a dazed stupor, just waiting for the despair to swallow me whole.

Chapter 38

ZEKE LUNGREN

The clock on the dash tells me I've been sitting here for thirty minutes, and nothing concrete has come of me following this jackass. Mr. Veradin has brought his new girlfriend to The Commons—nothing but luxury shops as far as the eye can see. I catch glimpses of them between stores, though. Her eyes are full of stars while her new guy who's loaded stalks behind her carrying bags from places like Gucci, Louis Vuitton, Versace, and Prada.

And it doesn't seem like she's giving up soon.

This is the most boring stake-out I've ever done. Not that I've done many before, but fuck... Grabbing my phone to play a game while I wait for the spoiled princess to finish shopping, I'm surprised to find a text from my mother.

Ma: We're home, Zeke, and would like to see you.

I sit straight up, re-reading the text several times to make sure I read what I actually fucking read before I press the call button and put it on speaker. She answers almost immediately.

“Zeke, where are you?”

“I’m, um, at The Commons. When did you guys get home?” I ask to move the conversation along because I don’t want to explain to her why I’ll be coming home without any bags when I just told her where I was.

“This morning. So, as you can imagine, we were quite surprised to find out that you haven’t been staying here—for several days. What’s going on, Zeke?”

I groan, rubbing a hand over my tired face. “You’re asking me that now? Where have *you* guys been for weeks?!”

Silence answers me for a moment before her sigh breaks it. “Come home and we’ll tell you where we’ve been. It’s not safe to say over the phone in case—”

“*Connie, not on the phone!*” My dad’s voice barks from the background.

Now I’m really wondering what the hell is going on. When I look through the windshield, there’s no sign of Mr. Veradin and his mistress, but his car is still parked two rows up. I’m guessing this entire day is full of shopping and expensive meals, so there’s no point in staying here, right? Besides, my parents are home and it sounds like they’ve got some serious information—hopefully something I can take back to the bunker with.

“I’ll be home in about twenty minutes,” I tell them just as my phone dings at me.

Pulling it away from my ear, I glance at the screen and the flashing battery that tells me my phone is about to die. I look for a charging cord in the dash but find none. Christian has only had this car for a few days, so I'm not surprised he doesn't have one. Shit.

When I hang up on her, I throw Christian a text letting him know what's going on, and when I try to text Billie a similar message, my phone dies before I get the chance.

“Fuck!”

I toss my phone in the passenger seat and back out of my parking space, heading toward the highway. I'm not sure what's happening with Christian at the moment, but at least I know Billie's safe back at the bunker with Dana. I'll make this quick with my parents and get back to her, though.

When I pull into my driveway and park near my matte black BMW, I feel like I haven't driven in days. *Soon, baby, soon.* And as soon as I get out of the car, my mom is rushing across the black tar driveway straight for me, wrapping her arms around my neck. She smells like her expensive perfume—a scent that I've forgotten until now because they've been gone for so long.

“Decided to finally come home and see your son, huh?” I ask, getting a scolding glare when she holds me at arm's length.

“I wanted to come home sooner, but we couldn't.”

I snort. “Couldn’t or wouldn’t? The South of France is so great you can’t even stay in contact with me?” Now I’m the one scolding her because this is bullshit. They’ve been gone for months with very little contact. The only updates I ever got on them were through Farrah, who didn’t seem to know much herself.

“We did what we had to do for your protection,” my father answers for her when he walks onto the front steps.

Turning my glare on him, I step away from Mom and ask, “Protection? From who? From what? It would be nice to know who I’m supposed to be afraid of and—”

He looks around as if someone might be listening to our every word. “Not out here. Come inside and we’ll explain everything.”

I could tell them to get bent and take off like they did to me, but I won’t get any answers that way. And I’m also not twelve years old. Moving away from my mother, I head inside the familiar home I haven’t been to in days and head for my father’s study. They’re right behind me, shutting us in.

My father takes the high-back, leather chair behind his desk, nodding at the chair in front of it. But I’m not sitting. If I sit, he has the upper hand.

“I can listen from here,” I tell him.

With a frown, my mother stands behind him with a solemn expression on her face. I’m waiting for them to talk when the door opens and Farrah rushes in with a tray of tea and two

cups on it for my parents. And when she sees me, her eyes twinkle, completely ignoring my parents as if they can pour their own damn tea.

“My sweet-boy! Where have you been?” she asks, moving to me to brush my unruly hair from my forehead. “Looks—and *smells*—like you could use a shower, young man. Finish up in here and head up to your room. Once you’re fresh and clean, find me in the kitchen and I’ll have your favorite lunch prepared.”

I’m about to tell her I don’t have time for any of that when my father snaps at her. “That’s all, Farrah. We’re trying to have a private family meeting here.”

She looks wounded, glancing back at him with a look that probably screams *go to hell*, but words that will never leave her mouth in fear of being fired. If that ever happened, I’d hire her at my future home—Farrah is family; more so than my own parents.

“Thank you, Farrah,” I tell her softly when she heads for the door. My hard glare turns back to my father. “I have places to be. What’s going on?”

He snorts. “Places to be? You’re not going anywhere after I tell you what’s been going on. In fact, I instructed Farrah to pack your things.”

Alarm bells go off in my head. There is no way in hell I’m going anywhere with these assholes, and I’m sure as fuck not leaving Christian or Billie. These fuckers will have to drug my

ass and kidnap me in order to get me away from them, but I'll keep my mouth shut so I don't give them the idea.

“First off, I'm not going anywhere with you people. Second, you both have some explaining to do yourselves. Why wasn't I ever told about the society our family has been in for centuries or—”

“Who the hell told you about that?” he barks, slamming his hand down on the top of his desk. My mother and I both jump. “They should be fucking taken out. There are rules in place—rules that bring death if they're broken.”

I lightly laugh, shaking my head. “I'm not telling you shit. Not until *you* start talking.”

He smirks as he leans back in his seat. “You'd have made a damn good leader, Ezekiel. It's just too bad you're not going to be considered for the position.”

Crossing my arms over my chest, I ask, “Why not? Billie's next in line to serve, is she not? And the last time I checked, I've been fucking her brains out every chance I can get. I could easily be the next ruler if I wanted, right—?”

My mother gasps at my outburst, clearly appalled by my vocabulary, but she'll get over it. The wry smile on my father's face has me nervous, though. I can talk tough all I want, but he's been in this society for much longer than me, probably taking down a family or two in his day. From what I've seen, every family is ruthless to the bone. Just look at Holden's father, for example. He's the most ruthless of them all.

“You have no idea what you’re playing with, Ezekiel.”

I flinch at the use of my full legal name. “Of course I don’t, because nobody has told me a fucking thing.”

“Honey, we’re only trying to protect you,” Mom says with a worried gleam flashing in her eyes, but I know it’s all bullshit.

“Protect me? You think dipping out on me to go on vacation in Europe for the last several months while I’m left here to deal with all the shit that’s going down is protecting me? Do you have any idea how fucking crazy that sounds?!”

“We were over there to solidify a new life for all of us, son,” my father says with a tight jaw, as if calling me son will somehow make things better. “Christian’s mother has been with us, too.”

This obviously piques my interest. “What do you mean?” I ask, knowing she’s been overseas on vacation herself, but never connecting dots. She and my mom are close, so it only makes sense.

“She’s trying to get her and Christian out of here, too.”

“Why don’t you guys stay here and fight? Change the society back to the way it was before everything got fucked up.” I offer, wondering why they aren’t fighting for something they’ve been a part of their entire life. It has to be horrible if families are trying to flee.

My father scoffs, shaking his head. “As if we haven’t tried. Van made it nearly impossible—the greedy, power-hungry

motherfucker,” he adds under his breath. “So, we have to leave before the society kills us all off.”

“But why the hell would they do that? Don’t they need us? Without our families and our money, they’d be nothing.”

“They’d be nothing in *Reaper*, Ezekiel... The society is worldwide; there is no way to stop them. We can only end our chapter.”

I’m understanding what he’s saying, but unlike him, I don’t run from my problems. Crossing my arms over my chest, I look him dead in the eyes and say, “I’m not leaving. I’ll stay here with Billie and Christian. We’ll fight to our deaths if we have to, but I won’t leave them.”

Mom lets out a small sob, covering her mouth, as my dad stands from his chair with a look of disappointment swimming in his gaze. “Son, this is out of our hands. If you stay—you’re dead. Billie might be next in line, but you’re sorely mistaken if you think the society is going to *allow* you to be with her. And Christian is tainted, impure, no longer fit to hold the title of being a leader.”

“That’s fucking bullshit. Tainted? From a society that *forced* him to become tainted? I guess I’ll take my chances then because like I said—”

“If either of you knock her up, you’re dead. The society already has the heir they want for her... And it isn’t either of you, Ezekiel.”

My brows crease at his statement, confusion flooding my thoughts. “They already have an heir? But who else could it be if it isn’t me or Christian? Holden’s already married off. That leaves Lauren, right?” I’m asking all these questions, trying to piece it all together.

They share a knowing glance, pissing me off when he doesn’t just spit it out. “It’s already set in blood. Literally.”

My hands fist at my sides, my back teeth grinding as fear and anger rips through me. The society has already promised my girl to someone else? Over my dead fucking body.

“We can sneak out of town while everyone is occupied with the Lucas funeral. They’ll never know we—”

“What?!” I shout, hearing Billie’s last name. “Patrick’s dead?!”

He snorts, shaking his head. “Of course not, though that would benefit many, but no... Haven’t you heard? They murdered Lucille Lucas in prison.”

I don’t give him a chance to finish speaking before I turn and run out of his study. I ignore their shouts of telling me to stop as I make it to the front door, running to Christian’s car. I have to get to Billie. That’s all I can think about. Fuck the society, and fuck my parents—my girl needs me.

Chapter 39

BILLIE LUCAS

I'm not even sure which emotion I'm feeling anymore at this point. My eyes haven't blinked in several minutes, burning from the dryness, and my heart doesn't seem to be in my chest any longer. It's void—there isn't anything beating.

They've killed my mother. She warned me they would if we talked. I didn't believe her but I should have. Now she's gone. And I can't help but wonder if I'm the reason she's dead. If I had just been quieter or heeded her warning, maybe she wouldn't be.

I take a deep breath, staring down at my phone once more, wondering if the society has gotten to my boys, too, because they still haven't messaged me. Whatever's left in my chest plummets into my stomach at the horrible thoughts swirling through my mind. I'm going to get a call any second about their deaths, aren't I? *Stop thinking about it!*

“Yes, sir,” Dana says into the phone—her boss on the other end. “I'll make sure they're all present while I post myself outside. Thank you, sir.”

When she's off the phone, walking into the living room area to plop down beside me, I don't move a damn muscle. I don't know how long I've been leaning forward with my arm dangling over the edge, my fingers feeling like a million needles are stabbing them.

"Your mother's funeral has been arranged for tomorrow morning. I've tried to call both Christian and Zeke multiple times with no success, and nothing on the scanners has come through to my boss about them." She places her hand on my shoulder like she's trying to be sympathetic, but I feel nothing. "They're just fine, Billie."

The way she says those last words sends a small tingle of crippling fear through my existence. She doesn't believe them. Not even a little. I need a small sliver of hope, something to stop me from going into the bathroom and slitting my fucking throat wide open with the razor I found under the sink the other night. I need her to lie to me, goddamn it.

She already has, though, hasn't she? *They're just fine, Billie.*

And the sliver of hope I crave comes in the form of the front door—the only door in and out of here—creaking open. It sounds like the loudest noise in the entire universe. My eardrums pound when I hear it. My heart does a somersault in its chest cavity, reminding me of its existence, as I launch up from the couch.

I never thought Zeke could be more handsome, but seeing his gloriously perfect face stepping through the threshold

sends me into outer space. My feet move before my brain can tell them to, tripping over Dana as I shove her out of the way.

Tears well in my eyes, taking away the dryness as I sob out. Zeke runs to me, and what feels like a slow motion climatic scene, we meet each other halfway. And when he wraps me in his strong, protective arms, I fucking explode. My sobs bounce off the walls while I climb him like a tree, wrapping my legs around his waist.

“Shh, baby, I’ve got you. I’ve always fucking got you,” he rasps into my hair, holding me so tight my inhaled breaths are restricted. But I don’t care. I need to feel something again—pain, love, hatred, but please, something more than this suffocating poignancy.

“She’s... My mom—”

“I know, baby girl, I know. And I’m so sorry.”

His hold tightens as his face burrows deeper into my neck.

“It hurts so fucking bad,” I sob out, unable to hold back the emotions I’ve been internally suffering with since I received the devastating news.

Zeke moves, carrying me with him because I’m not letting go of him tonight. And when Christian gets here, he’ll be stuck with us, too. I need my boys. I need their strength and protection.

When I think he’s taking me to the couch, I realize he’s actually heading to the bathroom. I should tell him I’ve changed my mind about slitting my throat, though he doesn’t

know about those thoughts. I'm losing my damn mind. What day is it even?!

Kicking the door shut behind him, he keeps hold of me and turns on the faucet. After he finds the right temperature, he shoves the rubber cork into the drain and lets it fill up. I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror and flinch. What the hell happened to me?

My hair looks like it's been through the ringer—matted and looking like the perfect nest for a sparrow and her babies. And where did all the dirt come from on my face? I guess we are staying in an actual cave right now, and I have been crying a lot. But I can't find it in myself to care right now. Nothing matters.

He sets me on the edge of the sink and leans back, using his thumbs to wipe below my eyes. I love when he babies me. Zeke might be the more tender one out of the two, but he's also the strongest, most confident person I've ever met.

"I'm going to put you in a bath now, okay?" he asks, moving a thumb over my lips.

I shake my head. "No. I can't be alone. I don't want—"

"Shh, baby, I'm getting in with you."

He yanks his shirt over his head, not saying a word. Then he goes for his jeans, undressing in front of me as we never break eye contact. When he reaches for my clothes next, I don't fight him, allowing him to remove every piece of clothing.

Grabbing each side of my face, he tilts my head back so he can look down at me. “So perfect,” he whispers.

My bottom lip trembles as a single tear slides down the side of my face and onto his hand. I’m so devastated and discombobulated, yet he grounds me and pulls a swirling desire from the depths of my soul.

I grab his forearms and stare deep into his gaze. “I love you, Z.”

The size of his pupils seems to do an involuntary reflex as he grins so wide, his eyes squint. “You have no idea how much that means to me, Billie.” His voice is sandy, low and deep.

He slowly leans down, brushing his lips against mine, but not actually kissing me. He’s hovering, waiting for my move. As more tears fall down my cheeks, my lips tremble against his before I kiss him. It’s a gentle kiss, one meant to evoke love and not lust. He doesn’t use tongue, nor does he open his mouth. I love when he alternates between my top and bottom lip, leaving an imprint of himself over every inch of my mouth.

Turning to shut off the faucet, he pulls me with him and then helps me into the steaming water. It feels good against my chilled skin, warming my tattered soul right along with it. When I’m seated, Zeke gets in behind me and pulls me to sit between his legs.

I lay my head back against his chest as he cups the warm water and pours it over my breasts. His other arm holds me tenderly, lacing our fingers together when I grab his hand. I

love watching the water droplets gather at his fingertips before they fall onto my chest. Neither of us are speaking, completely content just being with one another. But like I've said before, I've always had a special connection with Zeke. We share something only the two of us can share. Just like what I have with Christian is individually special as well.

“I'm sorry about your mom, Billie. And I know me and Christian will never be able to replace her, but I want you to know I'll always be your family.”

The dam breaks again, tears streaming down my face as I let out a sob I can't hold back. I cover my face and cry until I can't breathe. Zeke buries his face into my neck and holds me until I'm done, being the rock he always is.

We both jump when the bathroom door flies open and slams against the wall. I'm expecting Dana to wave guns around like a madwoman, but it's a crazed-looking Christian. His eyes seek us out as he runs forward and drops to his knees beside the tub.

“Christian,” I whimper his name as I lean forward and fall into his arms.

He doesn't give a shit that he's fully clothed, half drenched from the splashing tub water as we embrace. Zeke keeps an arm around my hips as I feel him lean forward. I turn my face to see him pressing his temple to Christians. He was just as worried about him, wasn't he? I just didn't see it because I was blind in my grief.

“I’m here, guys, I’m here,” Christian rushes out, pulling the both of us closer to him. “Fuck, I’m here.”

But when we separate, I see all the scrapes and bruises—is that blood?—on his beautiful face and gasp. He flinches away when I touch some.

“What the hell happened to you, man?” Zeke asks him, concern etched across his brow when I look at him over my shoulder.

“The society sent their hounds to come fetch me when I didn’t comply with meeting up with, well... you know who.” He shrugs, leaning away from my intruding fingers as he sucks in a rush of air through his teeth. “I’m totally fine.”

Zeke lets out a snort before he asks, “Who were the hounds? Mike Tyson and Muhammad Ali?”

My heart flutters when Christian smirks, letting out a rough laugh. “They sure fucking looked like ‘em.” He sits beside the tub, leaning his back against it with a groan as he holds his ribs.

“Need me to get out so we can go fuck some shit up?” Zeke jokes.

“Nah, man, you can finish your bath. They’re already here.”

“What?!” I shriek. “What are they doing here? Please don’t tell me this is you saying goodbye to us before they take you away and—”

Christian spins around and grabs each side of my face. “Calm down, little hellfire. Nobody’s going anywhere.”

He gently kisses my lips when I try to speak, kissing me harder until I forget what we were talking about. I moan against his lips when Zeke cups more warm water up over my bare back before he kisses the top of my shoulder.

“By the way, why aren’t you still stalking my father?” Christian asks when he breaks from my lips, looking at Zeke.

Zeke looks at me with a solemn expression. I know Z knows about my mom’s death, but does Christian? With a small nod, I let him know it’s okay to share my news. I don’t think I can say it out loud, anyway. It’s too soon for me.

Licking his lips, Zeke tells Christian what happened. “Billie’s mom was murdered in prison, dude. She found out while we were gone.”

His entire demeanor changes as he stares into the depths of my eyes, tightening his embrace on my face. “Little hellfire,” he whispers.

Another stream of waterworks leak from my eyes, sliding down my cheeks but never reaching my jaw because Christian kisses them away.

“What happened?” he asks Z.

“Not sure if we know yet.” Zeke leans forward and brushes his lips against my shoulders again. “Do we know, baby?”

I shake my head in Christian’s hands, licking the salty tears from my lips before I say, “Dana was waiting for the autopsy report from the hospital, but we haven’t received one yet. And her funeral is tomorrow...” God, saying those words makes it

feel so unreal. I shouldn't be burying my mother at seventeen years old. Not like this.

Christian's gaze flits across my face before he presses his forehead to mine. "I'll always be here for you—so long as you want me to be."

I nod against him, recalling the words Zeke had said that completely tore my heart wide open. These boys are my family now. There isn't anyone left.

"I love you, little hellfire."

Another round of tears leaks from my eyes as I lean back and look him in the eyes. "I love you, too, Christian. For always."

"For forever," Zeke whispers.

The three of us fall into another embrace, saying nothing as the feeling of our love wraps us up tight. I don't know where I'd be without them, and I never plan on experiencing it.

Chapter 40

BILLIE LUCAS

As we pull into the cemetery, I'm surprised by the number of people milling about and making their way to the gravesite. I didn't realize my mom was so influential in the area, but then again, I'm just learning about this huge secret society our family has been a part of for who knows how long. None of them—that I see so far—look familiar at all.

Dana's driving the SUV with blacked-out windows so nobody can see who's inside, but if they could, they'd see me sitting in the backseat between my boys, holding both of their hands. My leg hasn't stopped bouncing since we left the bunker. My eyes were too puffy to apply makeup, and I honestly don't even care what I look like right now. If I'm judged for it, then it shows what kind of person *they* are.

When Dana parks us at the very front near the hearse, she turns around and looks between the three of us. "You're all going to see some familiar faces when you get up there, but I don't want you to freak out. It's customary within the society

that funerals and weddings within the families are neutral ground. You'll be friends with your enemies today."

Christian squeezes my hand. "And you need us not to make a scene."

She winks at him. "Exactly. I'm not going up with you, though. I'll be planted right here to stay in touch with the Barretts on the other side of the cemetery. We'll be right here if *anything* goes awry. But it shouldn't because attacking another family on neutral ground is like waging war."

I just want to get this over with, and Zeke seems to know this as he opens the door and slides out. He turns and holds his hand out while Christian exits on the other side.

They're both right at my side again, all three of us dressed in nothing but black, as they lace their fingers in mine. It's felt like forever since we've been seen in public—well, since the Halloween party, at least. All eyes are on us as we walk across the grass covered in a thin sheen of dew.

Everyone seems to be in their own black attire, but everything is designer, of course. I've never seen a single one of these people in my entire life, and I kind of want to tell them all to fuck off.

But as we crest the small hill, I see where everyone is crowded around and a cold sweat covers my body. In the middle of them sits my mother's silver casket, the shade matching the storm clouds above our heads, and matching how my soul feels.

My knees give out, and I'm about to collapse, but Christian catches me. He keeps his arm tightly wrapped around my hips as Zeke steps in front of me, framing my face.

“Tell us what you want to do, baby.”

I swallow, looking just past his head to everyone now looking at us. I've created a scene without even trying. *Shit*. And if I decide to leave now, it'll only make their curiosity spread like a virus and rumors will erupt like that old geyser out in Yellowstone.

“I'm okay. Just don't let go of me. Either of you,” I tell him.

With a nod, he takes my hand while Christian squeezes my side. We make it down the small hill together, and I ignore every sideways glance and look of pure judgment as I make it to the front. Three chairs sit right in front of my mother's casket, held for us, I assume. We take a seat and I can't pull my gaze from the silver box holding my mother's body—one I never got to see, got to say goodbye to.

I slowly close my eyes, a single tear falling as I reach up and brush it away. When I open them again, I stare straight across into my uncle's smiling eyes. My chest tightens with a searing rage, feeling as though my hatred toward him is ripping me apart, like an unstoppable tornado of emotion consuming everything in its path. I've never despised someone so deeply before.

When the priest begins his eulogy, I tune him out and scan the crowd for others who I might need to keep my eyes on. And when I see CJ standing there with his mother, I feel my

stomach tighten into a ball of surprise and jealousy. Why the hell is she at my mother's funeral?

She's slept with Christian before. *My* Christian. And now I can't stop sizing her up, seeing what an older woman has while wondering if he liked it. I know they forced him to do it, but I still have questions. Like, how he got an erection if he didn't want to do it. Was a minor taking pills to help him perform? I can't think about it...

I look up at him to see if he's looking at her, too, but his eyes are locked on someone else entirely—his father.

My gaze goes back to Mrs. Robinson—that's not her last name, it's... Wait, I don't think I actually know what it is. Would it be Hastings? No, that doesn't seem right. She's looking me dead in the eyes. A rise in her eyebrow and a smirk make me want to march right up to her and punch her in her stupidly beautiful face.

And she's glaring at me the same way.

God, I'd love to get into a fight with her. I'd go feral—pulling, punching, scratching, biting. Nothing would be off the table. I want her to feel the hatred I have for her.

Zeke leans forward into my line of sight, and I realize he's looking past me. My head whips and I inhale a sharp breath. Mr. Van and his sidekick Mr. Fairfax stand on the side in their prison oranges, handcuffs linking their wrists and ankles to their waists. Three armed officers stand behind them, locked and loaded, in case they try anything funny.

They let prisoners out for a funeral these days? But then again, they're not just regular prisoners—they're a part of the society. Makes ya wonder how much power they actually have.

I jump when a hand grips my shoulder, but calm down the second I look up and into Holden's gaze. He looks down at me with deep sorrow in his expression. Before my boys, Holden was mine, and we had something strong, even though he'll deny it. He knows how close I was with my mom, and how bad this is hurting me right now; it's written in the way he's looking at me. I reach up and grab his hand, squeezing it back as I give him a single nod.

Everlee steps up and grabs my other shoulder. I cross my other arm over and take hers, too, sobbing when my boys grab my thighs. I'm surrounded by my new family, and even though I'm dying inside, I know they'll be the ones to bring life back into it.

I let out another sob when Tiffany and Macy walk straight for me, each laying a single white rose in my lap. Tiffany leans forward and kisses my cheek before whispering, "I'm so sorry, honey. We're all here when you need us."

They move behind us, standing beside Holden and his wife. *Now* my family is here. And when I look back up at CJ and his mom, I see nothing but wicked hatred staring back. I'm going to need Dana to find out why they're even here. Jett might be tied to our world because he's the second son of Mr. Van, but

who the hell are they? Jett's cousin and his mom? It's weird, right?

As I continue to look around, I see nothing but threats on the other side of the casket. We truly are all alone in this. We're the next generation of rulers, but by the look on some of their faces, we might not even see any power.

And when the funeral is over and they lower my mother into the ground, I stay standing near the edge staring down at her. I have no clue how long I've been standing here, but there isn't a single person left except for my boys, Holden, and Tiffany. Macy walked Everlee back to the car like ten minutes ago. I think.

I can't make out much of what they're talking about, but I got bits and pieces like *hospital, mother-in-law, something important, go see her...* I turn my head slightly, to peer through my hair in their direction. The boys have their back to me, and I notice Zeke handing Christian something discreetly, though I didn't catch what it was.

They shake hands with Holden and hug Tiffany before they leave. My boys turn toward me, and I turn my head back so they don't catch me watching them. I hear their footsteps come up behind me, nothing said when they stop. I stare back into the grave before I look up toward the wood line, feeling the cool mist hit my face. The storm clouds are brewing and it's only a matter of minutes before it starts down pouring.

"I never want to feel this type of pain ever again," I say just above a whisper, my voice cracking. "And I want it gone. I

need you to both make me feel something else—”

Looking over my shoulder, I find them pulling on their masks: Michael Myers and Jason Vorhees. It’s a stark contrast with their tight, sharp all-black suits and ties. My heart jumps, sending excitement racing through my veins like a bolt of lightning just struck me.

They both step right up beside me, their shoulders barely brushing against mine. My breath hitches as I piece this together in my head. I wonder if they planned this or just hoped for it. Christian is trying to fulfill my wish, is he?

“Let me guess,” I say, licking my lips as I stare into the woods where I assume is our path. “I’m going to run, and you’re both going to chase me.” It’s not a question, but they reply as if it were.

“Yes,” Christian whispers.

“Mhmm,” Zeke moans.

A tingle runs up my spine when the mist turns into raindrops, pelting across my heated cheeks. I don’t need to know if they planned this or not, I’m just thankful my boys knew exactly what I needed. Love bites, but so do I.

“Run,” Christian demands in a deep, gravelly tone.

So, I do, maneuvering around the gravestones as I take off toward the woods. I almost slip and crack my head open a few times as the wet grass turns to ice, but I make it into the woods unscathed.

“Shit!” I curse out when I trip after only making it a foot, landing hard on the forest floor. My knee screams in pain as I look down and see the rock beneath it.

But I get up and push on, especially when I look over my shoulder and see the boys stalking toward me through the cemetery. A jolt of excited panic races through me as I let out a shriek and run faster. I’m in a fit of crazed giggles as I go deeper and deeper into the woods. The sound of their taunts echoes through the denseness, and it makes it nearly impossible to guess how close they might be.

The rain is coming down harder now, a deep rumble of thunder follows a bright strike of lightning. There is so much energy in the atmosphere right now, making me feel better already.

“Oooh, little hellfire!” Christian sing-songs, and I scream.

He’s so close! I take my black stilettos off and leave them on the forest floor, running much faster on bare feet. But as soon as I grab the base of a massive oak to turn direction, I slam right into Zeke in his Jason mask.

My scream echoes through the forest as he wraps an arm around my neck and spins me so my back’s against his chest. Then he slams me up against the oak and presses into my ass. I feel his dick growing against my cheeks, his other hand sliding up my thigh before groping my hip.

“You wanna see what kind of pain I can inflict on you, little girl? Huh?” he rasps through the mask against my face.

I whimper, nodding. “Please. I need to feel it. Make me fucking scream.”

He leans away from me and yanks the tie off from around his neck. I cry out when he turns me around so fast, my equilibrium gets off.

“Hold your hands out,” he instructs.

And when I don’t, he slaps my face and then roughly yanks my hands in front of me. The assertiveness makes my pussy clench, excitement coursing through me and hardening my nipples.

I watch him tie my wrists together with his black tie before he brings them up to his mask-covered mouth, kissing behind it. We stare deep into each other’s eyes as he undoes his slacks, the jangle of his belt clinging around us.

When I think he’s about to turn me around again and yank my pants down, he surprises me by roughly shoving me to the ground on my back. *Then* he grabs my pants and pulls them down around my knees.

Slapping my ass, he says, “Roll your legs to the side. Now.”

I do as he asks this time, my eyes dropping to his protruding hard cock. His button up keeps blocking it from my view as he moves about, but then he grabs the seam and rips it open. Buttons go flying, but he doesn’t care as he shrugs out of it and his jacket.

The rain soaks us, making his defined chest and washboard abs look glossy. And when he kneels before me, he holds my

knees to the ground, guiding his cock into me without warning.

“Ah, fuck!” I scream. “Too much, too much.”

His other hand grabs my jaw, holding my head into the sandy ground as he thrusts deep into me and holds. My eyes roll into the back of my head as I clamp tightly around his thick dick. He’s so fucking big, and I can feel every goddamn inch of him.

“More,” I beg. “It’s what I deserve. Please.”

Pulling his hips back until just the tip is inside me, he waits a moment and then slams back into me. My bare hip digs into the twigs and pebbles beneath it, and I’m reveling in the pain. Grabbing the base of his cock, he pulls out of me completely, holding himself like an arrow before he sinks back in. He repeats this, my pussy filling with air and his cock.

Then he relentlessly fucks me until I’m moaning and sobbing at the same time. He’s so fucking huge I feel like my pussy is splitting wide open. A deep pressure builds in the pit of my stomach when the tip of him hits up against it with each inward thrust.

I sob when he slows to an almost unbearable pace. My pussy begging for him to go harder and faster again, needing to feel the pain some more.

“So fucking tight, Billie,” he says with a groan, slamming into me.

“Yes, yes, yes,” I chant as he fucks me into the ground.

My eyes roll back again before they settle on someone walking toward us. A butt ass naked Michael Myers. Christian approaches us, his gloriously tattooed muscles flexing as he strokes himself. He's been watching us, hasn't he? Enjoying the show for a moment before he joins us.

Dropping to his knees beside my head, he grabs my jaw and forces me to look up at him while my body rocks beneath Zeke.

“Such a good fucking pet. You're taking his dick so good, little hellfire.”

I whimper my cries of pleasure as I nod at Christian. He squeezes my cheeks until I open my mouth, then he glides the backside of his cock over it. I stick my tongue out, tasting the warm, hard flesh until I reach his balls.

Zeke's punishing fingers on my hip make me scream out, ultimately widening my mouth where Christian can sink his cock in. I gag around the size of him, his piercing tickling the back of my throat.

“Goddamn, Z,” Christian gasps out with a groan. “Our girl's holes are so fucking perfect, aren't they?”

“They were made for us, brother,” Zeke replies, thrusting his hips harder and faster.

I can't breathe, my body fighting back as I turn my head and pop Christian's cock out of my mouth. My lungs burn as I inhale several deep breaths. Christian slaps me across the face with his dick over and over, smearing the tip against my lips.

And then Zeke stops altogether, pulling out of me. He yanks my pants and panties the rest of the way off, throwing them away from us.

“Up on your knees, sweetheart,” he instructs, slapping my ass.

Christian helps me to my knees as my tied wrists fight my balance. Once I’m on all fours, I move to my knees and act as if I’m going to take off my blouse. Zeke sees what I’m doing, untying the tie wrapped around my wrists, but he doesn’t expect me to punch him in the face when I’m free.

He stumbles back with a groan, holding his nose over the mask. Christian grabs for me, but I swing an elbow back and connect it with his nose, too.

“Fuck, Billie,” he groans out as he falls on his ass.

I scramble to my feet in a fit of laughter and take off running. The rain is pouring down on us now, making my blouse feel like it weighs a hundred pounds. I tear at it, pulling it over my head after I unstuck it from my skin. Then I yank my bra off and throw it into a pine tree as I pass by.

I don’t make it very far before Christian tackles me back to the forest floor, smashing my face into the ground. My scream echoes around us before I laugh, wiggling my hips to let him know how badly I fucking want it.

“You think you can fucking run from us, B? Huh!” he yells the last bit, grabbing my right leg to fold up.

His pierced cock centers at my pussy and then slams in nice and easy, sheathing himself as I cry out. He leans over me and wraps an arm around my neck and grabs my tit with the other.

When he falls out, he growls into my ear, "Put it back in."

I reach between us and grab his slick dick, guiding him back into my cunt as I tilt my hips up so he can stay in.

"That's a good fucking girl. Now take this dick until you make it come."

He slams into me over and over, pinching my nipple while his forearm chokes me out. My moans turn into gurgles when he leans his face down against mine.

"I'm going to fuck every one of your holes tonight, B. Your ass is mine."

My eyes roll into the back of my head as he pounds deeper, pulling my head back as I arch my spine. He slaps my tit repeatedly until my skin burns.

"All. Fucking. Mine," he says through clenched teeth as he leans back and moves his hand to my hip.

I cry out again when he moves from his knees to his feet, pile driving into my cunt. The sound of our wet flesh slapping is loud and clear when I hold my breath and take every inch of him. I look through my blurry eyes and find Zeke watching us. His head is cocked to the side while he palms his dick.

"Put her on her fucking back," Zeke demands as he slowly steps toward us.

Christian pulls out with a groan and roughly manhandles me until I'm on my back. He holds my legs open as he kneels between them and slips his dick back inside my wet, aching pussy.

When Zeke kneels beside my head, he slaps me across the face with his cock like Christian had before. He then wraps a hand around my throat and squeezes.

“Do you wanna watch him come?” Zeke asks, and I nod my head. “Good girl. Now hold your fucking knees back.”

I grab the back of my knees and hold them as far back as I can. Christian puts his hands on the back of my ass and lifts my hips. I cry out when Zeke grabs the back of my head and lifts until I can see everything.

Christian's rock hard cock pounds into me, my glistening wet pussy taking it so easily.

“Mmm, yeah, watch him fuck your pretty little pussy,” Zeke tells me.

“Oh, fuck!” I shriek.

Christian groans, pounding into me hard and fast. I love the sound of his balls slapping against me. I'm fucking soaked, covering us both. My walls clamp around him, getting close to an orgasm, when he slows to a complete halt.

I watch as he pulls his cock back until just the head is left inside. His loud groan as he comes makes me come with him. His cock pulses as the first spurts of his cum shoots into my pussy.

“Ah, Christian,” I whimper.

When he twitches, his cock flings out of my cunt while he’s still coming. His semen flies up and hits me in the face before he grabs it and strokes the rest onto my pussy lips. I reach down with trembling fingers and rub my clit, making my orgasm pulsate my walls.

“Oh, God... That feels... Argh,” I groan when he sinks back into me, his cock not as hard as before.

“We’re not done with you yet, little hellfire.”

When he pulls out of me, he doesn’t give my brain a second to think before he’s manhandling me again. Zeke’s lying on the forest floor beside us, stroking himself as Christian guides me to straddle him.

“Ah!” I jolt when Zeke slaps his cock against my sensitive pussy.

Then he lays his arms straight out, staring up at me expectantly. I stare down at him, biting my bottom lip as I grind against his shaft, smearing mine and Christian’s cum over him.

Christian slaps my ass cheek, snapping me out of it when he says, “Ride his cock and make him come, B. Be our good little pet.”

Why is this so fucking hot? I adjust above Zeke until I feel the tip of him at my pussy before I sink down. His thick girth stretches my sore walls, not letting up when I bottom out. His fingertips grip right on the edge of my pussy lips, holding me

wide open as he lifts and drops me on his cock several times before he throws his arms out away from me again.

“Fuck me like you mean it, hot lips,” Zeke instructs. “Come on, grab my neck.”

I grab his neck, lifting and dropping on his big, fat cock like my life depends on it.

“Ah, shit, that’s a good girl. You’re so fucking sexy, Billie.”

My eyes roll in the back of my head as I arch my back and fuck Zeke until my leg muscles tighten.

“Do you feel how deep I’m in this pussy? Huh?”

“Yes,” I cry out. “So fucking *deep*.”

I’m about to come again, my head hanging back as I close my eyes so the rain doesn’t pelt them. But then I’m stopped when Christian moves behind me. He’s lying on his back, too, scissoring his legs with Zeke’s until their balls are tight together.

“I told you I’m going to fuck all of your holes tonight, Billie,” he says, slapping my ass with his cock.

Zeke groans beneath me, grabbing my throat and my attention. He pulls me down so I’m staring him directly in the eyes when he says, “You’re going to fuck us both, baby, and we’re going to make you come undone. This is your only chance to back out.”

I swallow behind the tightness of his grip and shake my head. “I told you—I want you to take away the pain, even if it

means replacing it with your own.”

Christian slips his hand into the back of my hair and grabs a handful before he yanks me away from Zeke. His other hand grips my hip, lifting me off of Zeke’s dick as he steadies me over his instead. I clench up when the tip presses against my tight hole.

“It’s going in, Billie. Just breathe for me,” he says as he slowly pushes through the tight threshold.

I let out a breathy moan when I realize it feels fucking incredible. Zeke reaches down and holds his cock up, centering at my pussy again as I sit down on both of them.

“AH!” I scream when I take both of their cocks into me at once. Their moans push me to take control.

Reaching back, I hold Christian’s wrist in my hair while my other hand laces with Zeke’s fingers at my hip. I bounce up and down on them, easily fucking them from how wet I am, but they’re both so fucking big. Neither of them has bottomed out once, and I honestly don’t think I could take it.

“Goddamn, baby girl,” Zeke says breathlessly, gripping my hip tighter. His other hand reaches between my legs and presses his thumb to my clit.

I cry out, sitting further down on them as Zeke circles my throbbing bud. A tingle runs up my spine again as I hold my breath and let my orgasm wreak havoc. But this is not a normal orgasm.

Zeke realizes this and circles my clit faster. His fingers lace tighter with mine at my hip, his upward thrusts pushing his cock deeper.

Christian grips my hair harder, tilting my head back as he thrusts upwards too. They make me feel so full, a sweet, delicious pain tearing through me as I come all over them. I squirt a clear liquid out of my cunt in spurts, their groans growing louder as they fuck me to completion.

“That’s a goooooood fucking girrrrrrrl,” Christian bellows out, fucking my ass hard and fast until his thrusts become erratic.

“Shit, shit, shit!” I cry as my orgasm nearly takes me the fuck out. Just when I thought it was over, another round of pulsing pleasure rips through me.

I gasp when Zeke’s warm fingers curl around my neck, sending an electric shock through my body. His grip tightens, and the pressure creates a wave of pleasure so intense it makes my vision blur. Christian pulls out of my ass, leaving behind a throbbing ache that only increases when Zeke thrusts upwards. We move together in a steady rhythm, and I ride him with growing intensity.

“Right there, baby, right. Fucking. Theeeeeerrre,” he draws out as he comes inside of me.

With a soft chuckle, Christian kneels behind me and kisses the top of my shoulder as I slow to a stop on top of Zeke. “You’re full of both our cum now, little hellfire. Do you know what that means?”

When I shake my head, Zeke leans up and pulls my bottom lip into his mouth before he says in a raspy tone, “It means you belong to us forever now.”

I kiss him hard, slipping my tongue into his mouth as he moans into mine. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I break the kiss and say, “Just as you both belong to me—to all of us.”

“To all of us,” Christian groans behind me as he wraps me and Zeke in his arms.

Chapter 41

DANA WITT

I watch through the windshield—the wipers swiping away the misting rain—as Christian and Zeke stand behind Billie wearing their Halloween masks. I’m not sure what the hell they’re doing, but it must be an inside thing. And when she runs through the cemetery toward the wood line, I can’t help but grin and shake my head. *That lucky little bitch.* They didn’t make boys like them when I was growing up. If they did, who knows where my life would have ended up.

Pushing away the gnawing jealousy in my gut, I jump out of the SUV and approach the officer standing near the van holding my ex-husband for transportation. My boss set up this meeting, meant to occur after everyone has left the funeral. And while those three are off doing whatever it is they’re doing, I’ll be here getting more intel.

“You get ten minutes, Witt. Then it’s times up. Make it count,” the officer tells me as he opens the side van door to give me access.

I jump in, sitting beside Frederic, who's immobile from his chains being attached to the floor of the van. His blue eyes have a glassy, distant look to them, and he barely moves as I settle in, his expression unreadable. He's not my favorite person either, even though we were married for just over eighteen years. It was only ever for convenience, never love.

"How are you still alive and breathing in Reaper?" he asks, breaking the silence.

But his question only makes me chuckle. "Sounds like someone is still sour over everything that went down. Though you were the one who made the decisions that put you behind bars. Not me."

He snorts, turning his hard glare on me as his expression morphs to pure disgust. "And you were an undercover FBI agent who was fucking her daughter's boyfriend while getting intel on our family and community. I hope you burn in hell."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Frederic," I say with a smirk on my lips. "And it's too bad I don't believe in hell, but don't worry, I'm sure karma will come back to bite me in the ass. But until then, I need your help."

Throwing his head back, he lets out a guffaw and then tells me to go fuck myself before spitting on the floor at my feet.

"Listen, asshole, I'm the only one who can help you. And I'm in the business where when you scratch my back, I scratch yours."

"And I'll still tell you to go fuck yourself."

I sigh, shaking my head. “Ya know what? Fuck it. We’ll just let Veradin run this chapter into the ground and—”

“Why the fuck is Veradin in charge?” he asks through clenched teeth, and now I know I’ve got him.

With a smirk, I ask, “You didn’t know?”

He shakes his head back at me. “If you haven’t noticed, I’m in prison, you bitch. No, I knew nothing about this. But I can promise you it’s the worst thing that could happen.”

“Why?” I urge.

“Because if the society has put Veradin in charge, it means they’re distracting everyone until the next ruler can step forward.”

“Who’s the next ruler?”

He shrugs. “The only other person who’s left standing now would be Patrick, but I don’t think—”

“He’s back in town, Frederic.”

At first, he says nothing, shock morphing into his face as the wheels behind his eyes are turning with the information I’ve just given him. “If he’s back in town, it’s only a matter of time before he’s in power.”

“But I thought they excommunicated him. Why would they allow someone like him to rule?”

He laughs. “You just don’t get it, do you? The society doesn’t actually give a fuck who’s ruling. All they care about is whether or not the ruler is on their side—easily controllable

with power and money. And a guy like Patrick will do *anything* to gain some power in our world. What better candidate, right?” he rubs his bound hands over his face, blowing out a breath. “Veradin is a distraction until Patrick can be sworn in, but he has to sacrifice something in order to return to power. Tell me Billie is fine.”

I nod. “Yeah, she’s in my custody; don’t worry about her. Tell me why Patrick was excommunicated in the first place...”

“The guy is a loose cannon, that’s why. He was angry when he turned eighteen and realized he was nowhere near the top of the list to rule our chapter. So, he tried to forcibly marry a high-ranking daughter—a Van, if you can imagine that—but it backfired when he drugged her. The girl overdosed and died. I’m surprised the Van’s didn’t kill him, but there are still laws we have to follow. The society thought excommunicating him would be the best route.”

“With Van incarcerated and the rightful Lucas being dead, it leaves Patrick in the perfect position to take over. Plus, it allows his son to be next in line—the son who was promised to Billie in a blood oath the year they were both born.”

“Wait... what?! Who’s his son?”

The officer bangs on the glass window and yanks the door open, pulling me out.

“Hold on! We’re not finished! Who’s his son, Frederic?!”

But I don’t get an answer when the officer slams the door shut and pulls me away. “I gave you ten minutes, Witt. Time’s

up.”

I curse the entire way back to the SUV, pulling out my phone to call Christian. They could be literally balls deep right now, but I don't care. I've just received some insane details and we need to act fast. With Lucille being dead, it's only a matter of time before power is transferred to Patrick, and I have a terrible feeling that something wicked will happen to them if we don't stop it.

Chapter 42

ZEKE LUNGREN

When we leave the forest, our clothes—or what’s left of them—are completely fucked. Billie’s clothes remain lying somewhere in the woods while she wears Christian’s suit jacket. I don’t even know where the fuck mine is. She’s wearing my Jason mask on the top of her head to help hold her wild hair back, but I think it’s sexy as fuck. A naked Billie in nothing but a jacket and a mask? Yes, please.

We’re all in desperate need of a hot shower and fresh clothes, but when we cross the cemetery and find Dana leaning against the SUV with her arms across her chest, I realize we might not get it.

“I’ve been trying to call the three of you for the last hour! What the fuck have you been doing out there?” she asks, scolding us like she’s our mother—*not even close, bitch*.

Christian chuckles. “Does our appearance not give anything away? What’s your problem?”

“My problem? Is that we’re about to lose this investigation and you’re both out there fucking your girlfriend like you’re a couple of psychopath rapists!” she’s shouting, throwing her hands around wildly.

Usually I let Christian handle this bitch, but I’ve just about had it—my stress levels at an all-time high. I march forward and get right in her face.

“You fucking cunt. This is *your* investigation—one that hasn’t been solved in over fifteen years, or for however long you’ve been on it. So, don’t blame some teenagers because you suck at your job. And when you open your trap again, you’re going to apologize to Billie for being a bitch. Her mother was just fucking murdered, and she needed a moment to feel alive again after burying her.”

She says nothing at first, opening and closing her mouth several times before she glances around my shoulder. “I’m sorry, Billie, but I just got some information that I think is going to break this shit wide open.”

I hate what she said, but after apologizing, I’ll fucking give it to her for now. “Tell us.”

“While you two were chasing—” She holds up her hand when I give her my death glare. “Sorry. Anyway, I spoke to Frederic Fairfax while I waited. He seems to think Patrick is next in line to take power, and that your father is just a distraction, Christian.”

“Why would they give power to that fuck hole? Isn’t he supposed to be excommunicated?” I inquire.

Dana nods and shrugs. “Yeah, that’s what I assumed, but Frederic believes it’s because Patrick’s son was promised to Billie in a blood oath when they were born.”

I step aside and whip my glare to Christian and Billie. She looks like she’s about to be sick as he pulls her into his arms.

“They promised me to my cousin?” Billie asks, her face turning white. *What fucking cousin are they talking about because I don’t have any cousins...*

“Yes,” Dana answers right away.

It’s disgusting, something that’s illegal as far as I know. And something that won’t happen—over my dead fucking body!

“The society doesn’t care about blood relations, Billie. They only care about power and control,” Dana says matter-of-factly. “We have to stop the transition of power or you’re fucked.”

“So, how do we stop it?” Christian asks, adding, “And when and where would this transition even take place?”

I’m wracking through my thoughts, wondering where something important like this might take place. Perhaps in the basement at the academy? Seems unlikely. Maybe at the Lucas residence? Seems too obvious.

“We’re still trying to figure that out,” she says, pulling up her phone. “But I need to get you three back to the bunker so I can go do some investigative research.”

We don’t argue, all piling into the SUV without another word. Billie sits between us again while Dana cranks up the

heat. I wonder if my parents would know anything about what's going on. Maybe they'll know where the society is going to hold the change of power ceremony. We left our phones back at the bunker, though, out of respect for the funeral service. It's another reason why Dana wasn't able to get a hold of us.

“We gotta freshen up and head to the hospital, too,” Christian says so only we can hear him in the backseat.

I nod, recalling what Holden told us about Everlee's mom. When he said she had something about the autopsy, it reminded me how crazy fast this all happened. She was murdered, brought to the hospital, and then buried within 48 hours? It was done too quickly for it to be legit. Patrick was in charge of it all and pointed a flashing arrow right at him.



“What's at the hospital?” Billie asks the second we're in the bunker alone.

“Everlee's mom runs the morgue now, right? Well, she asked Everlee to pass along to you that she'd like to speak with you,” Christian answers, shrugging out of his wet, muddy button up. “We think it has to do with your mom's autopsy and Patrick pushing her burial through so quickly.”

“But we don't know that for sure. That's why we need to get over there,” I add, kicking out of my heavy sopping wet dress shoes.

Billie hurries to the bedrooms, her cute little butt peeking out from the bottom of Christian's suit jacket. We follow her, pulling our clothes off as we go. We're all nude, our eyes dancing over the other's bodies. I love the way Billie's cheeks tint pink when she's excited, her lips parting when her gaze goes from my cock to Christian's.

He walks up to her and grabs her chin, tilting her head back so he can kiss the tip of her nose. "We'll make sure you're taken care of, little hellfire, but we really need to get up to the hospital."

I never thought I'd see the day where Christian chose his priorities over sex, but here we are. He's right, though, we need to get our asses up there before someone catches wind of Everlee's mom knowing something. No showers for us yet, but Billie tries to make her hair look presentable, with a low bun at the base of her skull. It works.

After I dress into something clean and dry, I sit on the edge of the bed and pull on fresh socks. Billie's dressed in a little sundress that shows her ass when she bends over, and I don't know how much I like her wearing it.

Grabbing her wrist, I tug her toward me and grab her throat. She peers down at me, a flash of surprised shock swimming through her gaze.

"Don't bend over, Billie. Nobody gets to see you but us," I warn.

Her throat bobs when she swallows, her lips parting as she slowly nods. "Yes, master."

I smirk, tightening my grip around her throat as I stand and tower over her. She looks up at me expectantly, and I shake my head. “You’re playing a dangerously seductive game here, sweetheart. Let’s get what we need to get done so we can bring you back here and tie you to our bed. Isn’t that right, Christian?”

Glancing up at him, I see him leaning against the small dresser with his arms crossed over his chest and a sexy smirk playing on his lips. “She has no idea what we have in store for her.”

I shake my head and look down at her, moving my hand from her throat to her face. Squeezing her cheeks, her mouth parts. My dick hardens when I look into her sweet, wet mouth, waiting for me to put something in it.

“Who’s pet are you, Billie?” I ask.

“Yours,” she mumbles without hesitation.

“Yeah?”

She nods, blinking up at me.

Gathering the spit from inside my mouth, I lean over hers and let a small ball fall into her mouth. She moans when my saliva hits her tongue, and I groan when she runs her tongue over her teeth, enjoying what I’ve just done.

“Jesus fuck,” Christian rasps. “Knock it the fuck off. We have to go and now I’m hard as a fucking rock.”

I let out a deep, dark chuckle as I lower and kiss her top lip before releasing her. “You’re not the only one, brother. And

nice use of the word fuck in every sentence.” I throw my hand up for a high five, getting one in return. “We gotta go.”

Putting on our game faces, Christian and I both adjust our erections as Billie leads the way out. Billie jumps up front with him, while I dip into the backseat. But when I look up, I only get harder when Christian reaches over the console and pulls her legs open. I can instantly smell her arousal, inhaling deeply as I lick my lips and sit on the edge of my seat.

“Tell me how wet she is,” I demand of Christian.

Her hands grab at the bottom of her dress, collecting it up around her hips when he slips his tattooed hand between her thighs. I damn near nut in my pants when she lets out a moan, then Christian groans.

“She’s so wet, Z. Fuck, she’s wet...” he says in a sandy voice as he pulls his hand out and holds it up to my mouth.

I take his two middle fingers into my mouth and suck her sweet cunt juice from him. The two of them mixed together is like my own personal elixir.

“Put them back in my pussy. Please,” Billie whimpers as she reaches up and takes his hand from my mouth, guiding it back between her legs. Her head falls back against the seat as Christian finger-fucks her.

The sound of his thrusting fingers combined with the smell of her is too much. I lean back in my seat and undo my jeans, slipping my hand inside to wrap around my dick. I’m hard as steel, stroking up and down as I revel in the scene before me.

Christian's eyes are heavy with lust as he leans over and tells her, "Grab my dick and make me come, little hellfire." He looks back at me, seeing that I'm jerking off to the sight of them, and his gaze only darkens. "Fuck, Zeke..."

I stroke harder and faster when Christian moans, Billie's arm moving up and down in the same rhythm as my own. She moans loudly when Christian pounds his fingers into her, the top of his palm no doubt rubbing against her clit.

Our heavy breaths and small whimpers of pleasure fill the car as we all come undone. I grunt as my toes curl, cum shooting out of the tip of my dick as I try not to hit myself with it.

"Ah, shit. That's it, Billie. Fucking come," Christian instructs.

She lets out a sobbing whimper as she shakes in the passenger seat, her breathing becoming erratic as she comes on his fingers. My dick is so sensitive, still pulsing with waves from my orgasm.

"Yeahhhhh," he cries out, his eyes growing even heavier as a flush enters his cheeks. That's his "O" face when he comes, one I'm recognizing pretty quickly.

After several minutes of the three of us settling down, I can't help but laugh as I put my dick away and curse as I sit up. "So much for getting to the hospital in a timely manner. Fuck," I laugh. "Got something up there I can wipe this off with?" I ask, holding up my hand covered in my cum.

Billie turns in her seat and gets on her knees, grabbing my wrist to steady my hand. Is she about to—? Fuck me, she is. I let out another groan as I watch her lick my fingers clean, moaning each time my cum hits her tongue. And I can't stop staring.

“It's a good thing I came in my briefs,” Christian states as he pulls out of the cave-like parking shelter and merges onto the empty highway.

We'll get to the hospital one way or another.

And when we do, it's not long before the nurse at the front desk is buzzing us through the security doors without trouble. Everlee's mom must have been waiting for us. Billie slips her hand into mine as Christian leads the way toward the morgue.

“Where are you three headed?” a security officer asks, stopping us in the middle of the hallway.

Christian hooks a thumb over his shoulder toward the elevators. “To the morgue. We have an appointment with—”

“Ms. Vera,” I answer for him, knowing damn well he doesn't remember Everlee's maiden name.

He sizes us up for longer than necessary before he nods and waves us on. That was actually kind of weird. You'd think people who were already permitted behind locked doors wouldn't be stopped by security.

We nearly run to the elevators in hopes not to be stopped again, hitting the “**B**” button for the basement.

“What information do you think she’s going to have?” Billie asks.

“I don’t know, but it must be something weird if she’s coming to you first and not the authorities,” I reply.

The elevator doors ding and slide open as we step out of the box. It looks like the morgue’s office is straight ahead, and when we reach the door, Everlee’s mom smiles at us through the window. She waves us in as she finishes a phone call and hangs it up.

“I’m so glad you guys are here. Holden informed me of some things and—” She closes her lips and looks beyond us into the hallway. “Shut the door. Come on in. Have a seat.”

Christian and Billie take the two seats in front of her desk as I shut the door and stand behind them, crossing my arms over my chest. I don’t have a reason not to distrust Ms. Vera, but I also don’t know if I can trust her, either. Mr. Van tried to fuck her over, and she ended up with a high authority job upon his incarceration. She could be just as sketchy as the rest of these pricks.

She reaches into a drawer to her left and pulls out a manilla folder. “This is your mother’s autopsy, Billie, and I wanted you to come here and see it because I don’t want another repeat of what happened with Mrs. Van and Holden.”

Okay, she has my attention.

Pulling out the paperwork, she lays it down so Billie can read it when she leans forward. I tower over everyone and read

from above, but I don't understand what we're looking at.

“This is the most generic autopsy any John or Jane Smith could ever have—textbook type autopsies. I may be new at this job, but I'm not an idiot. They claimed your mother was murdered in prison, yet this autopsy would signify that she died from a heart attack.”

“So, how is a heart attack a basic autopsy?” I ask.

She looks up into my eyes when she says, “Because the most common cause of death is heart disease. Nobody questions a heart attack.”

Billie snorts. “But you did...”

“Yes, I did, because when I looked back at the security footage, all I saw was a black body bag rolled through the hallways. The cameras in the actual examining room mysteriously cut out just as they rolled the body in. I've worked here long enough to know these cameras don't just *cut out*.”

The three of us look between each other, not saying a word, before Billie turns back to Ms. Vera and asks, “So you don't think my mother's dead after all?”

“Well, I didn't say that, but something is strange. Patrick Lucas was in here for roughly twenty minutes, hurrying to process along because the funeral *had* to take place this morning.” She leans back in her chair and shrugs. “I don't know how much kids your age know about this kind of thing,

but it doesn't take a brain scientist to understand he's hiding her death—or fake death.”

Christian bolts out of his chair and turns to me with wild eyes, rushing out, “I think I know where she is!”

Chapter 43

CHRISTIAN VERADIN

“**S**peak to us, brother,” Zeke demands from the passenger seat as I shift gears like a wild man, flying through the mountain roads.

I look in all three mirrors, making sure we’re not being followed, though I don’t know why the fuck we would be right now, anyway. Fuck, I’m paranoid as shit right now.

“Think about it,” I shout, downshifting to take this sharp curve in a drift. “There is one person who keeps showing up in our lives—one fucking place we’d *never* look.”

They’re waiting for my big reveal, but I have to focus on the road for a second. This stretch is nothing but sharp ass curves as we descend into the valley. I didn’t want to think anything of it, but why else would the society assign me to fuck Mrs. Astor? She has to be part of the society, and then we see her at Billie’s mom’s funeral like she’s one of us?

“Mrs. Astor,” I say loudly, slamming my hand on the shift.

“Who?!” Billie shrieks from the backseat.

“Your little boyfriend’s mom,” I answer. “CJ!”

“Holy fucking shit,” Zeke rushes out.

“Yes! Thank you!”

Billie leans forward, a confused expression on her face. “But why the hell would she have anything to do with it?”

I shake my head because I honestly have no idea. “I’m hoping we’ll find that answer when we get there. Where the hell are our masks?”

“Back here with me. Dana threw them in before she took off,” Billie says, holding up the Jason and Myers mask so I can see them in the rearview mirror.

“Perfect. We’ll park in the alley behind the house and sneak up to the back basement window. She never locks it because CJ sneaks out that way or some shit.” I look up into Billie’s reflection in the mirror, seeing the raw jealousy looking back at me. “I’m sorry, B, I really am.”

She shakes her head, pushing away the jealous thoughts, too, I assume. “It’s not your fault. They forced you to do it.”

“I need you to stay in the car, Billie,” I tell her, knowing she won’t like it. And when she tries to protest, I cut her off. “Baby, I don’t want to worry about you when we’re scoping out the place. I don’t want her to see you. We’ll have the masks.”

Turning into the familiar alleyway behind their middle-class home in the valley, I pull the car parallel in front of a garage I know never gets used. It’s where I always parked when I came

here to pay her a visit. Billie hands us the masks before we pull them on.

“If we’re not back in—” I look at the clock to calculate a proper window, “—in twenty minutes, call Dana.”

“And please, for the love of fuck, baby... stay. In. The. Car,” Zeke scolds her.

“I promise,” she whispers. “Please be safe.”

Zeke’s out of the car before he can reply, but I throw our girl a wink and boop the tip of her nose. “We’re professionals, little hellfire.” It’s a total joke, but the smile on her lips makes me feel better about leaving her.

As we make it around the backside of the fence, I point to where I want Zeke to kneel, and he gives me a nod. We move low and fast, staying in the shadows as much as we can until we’re in the thick bushes lining the outside of the house.

“Over here,” I whisper to Zeke, pointing behind me to the basement access.

Giving me another nod, he scurries in front of the back door and jumps into my bush. “What’s the plan if she’s here?”

“I hadn’t really thought about that,” I tell him honestly.

He rolls his eyes. “It’s a good thing blowing our loads really cleared our heads. Jesus, okay, here’s the plan—”

They cut his plans off when a woman’s muffled screams come from inside the house. I scurry toward the basement access and pull the heavy wooden door open. Zeke runs over

and dips inside before I follow him, shutting the door behind us.

When we descend the cement stairs, we're met by a pitch black room. I don't remember it being closed off to the rest of the house, but I'd only been down here once when she wanted me to—*nope, not going back to that nasty memory.*

I take out my phone and hit the button on the side to illuminate the screen, flashing it around the room to see our surroundings.

“Where are—” Zeke asks, silencing himself when the basement lights are turned on.

We stumble backwards into the corner of the little room we're currently standing in. The walls of it are old boards with vast spaces between them. If the person on the other side of the wall looked hard enough, they'd probably see us.

I tug at the Myers mask so I can see through the holes better as I step up to one of the cracks to peek out. Two figures in black robes descend the basement stairs with a woman flailing in their arms. She's naked, her wrists bound and tied off to her ankles. I turn my head to get a better view and see that it's Billie's fucking mom!

Stepping back, I wave Zeke over so he can see, too. He peers through the boards with me as we take in the fucked up scene in front of us.

“Shut her up!” a woman's voice booms from the top of the stairs.

The two robed figures place Billie's mom on an empty table in the center of the room before they tie her arms and legs to each end. She's thrashing and screaming; so piercing it makes my eardrums ache. Then they tape off her mouth and block her screams.

What in the actual fuck is going on?

After she's secured to the table, the robed guys move to a fireplace mantel behind them to light one candle after another until about fifty white candles are going. They don't talk to each other as they go about their tasks, lighting more candles around the room before one pulls out a silver chalice from beneath their robe, setting it on the table beside Mrs. Lucas.

Another pair of feet trudge down the steps, knocking dust onto our heads as they descend into the basement. They're both dressed in black hooded robes as well, hiding their identity. These two move differently than the first two, almost as if they're new at this.

One of them stands in the corner beside the fireplace, hiding in the shadows and not moving. The other guy moves to the side of the table and drops to his knees. My gaze seeks the first two figures, finding one standing at the head of the table and the other at the foot.

This is some real dark, ritualistic type of shit.

The lights in the basement turn off; the candles are the only light now. Billie's mom thrashes on the table as a single set of footsteps sound on the stairs. They're moving slowly, each

creaking board sending my anxiety further into outer space. I glance at Zeke, who's waiting with his breath held, too.

They're fully robed, too, moving toward the fireplace to stand on the other side of the table from the man who's kneeling. I pull my mask up to make sure I'm seeing what I'm fucking seeing right now. The person on the other side of the table has a huge ass animal skull over their head—horns reaching upward in a swirl-like direction.

I reach out and grab Zeke's biceps when the man kneeling on this side of the table shrugs out of his robes and reveals himself—Patrick fucking Westminster. And when I squint my eyes to see what's on his flesh, I inhale a sharp breath, taking in all the strange shapes and symbols that have been carved into him. I can't tell if they're old or new from this far back, but who the fuck would do that to themselves? Jesus.

“Do you, Patrick Alan Westminster, kneel before The Sons of Reapers to devote your entire life—living and dead—in exchange for regaining your seat of power?”

“I do,” he replies with his head down, never looking up once.

“In order for you to regain your seat, you understand you must provide a sacrifice in the form of blood?”

“I do.”

The skull-wearing figure pulls a dagger from within their robe, gliding the tip of its sharp blade against Mrs. Lucas's arm. She jerks away the best she can in her restraints, but she's

not going anywhere. They offer the blade to Patrick, who takes it and stands on wobbling legs.

Zeke smacks me, then points through the boards, probably wondering why the hell we're not stopping this yet. I point upstairs and then behind us toward the exit, trying to tell him we should get out of here because we're kind of trapped.

I grab his hand and turn toward the stairs, but we don't get far when two very large, robed figures stand behind us. My neck bends at a ninety-degree angle as I look up at this monster of a dude before their fist connects with my face. The cobweb coated ceiling above spins as the room goes black.

Chapter 44

BILLIE LUCAS

Where the hell are they?!

I'm watching the clock like a hawk, waiting for the twenty minutes to be up so I can call Dana. I don't like that they came up with this plan on their own without any kind of backup. Hell, they didn't even have a plan.

Staring down at my phone again to check the time, I don't notice when someone runs up to the side of the car and yanks the door open. I scream at the top of my lungs, turning so my back is to the opposite door, my feet kicking out at my attacker, who's wearing a black hooded robe.

"Help me!" I scream, praying that someone is walking by to witness my kidnapping. "Christian! Zeke!" My voice turning from screams to sobs as I kick at my assailant.

"Stop it, Billie. Goddamn it!"

I don't recognize the voice, but they know my name. "Fuck off!"

He grabs a hold of my ankles and roughly drags me toward him. I continue to kick and scream, but he's strong as hell and manhandles me until I'm standing on the concrete and my body is pinned between him and the car.

“Calm the fuck down!” he barks into my ear as his left forearm pins me down, his other hand reaching up to knock his hood back.

“Beau Barrett?”

“Yes. Fuck. We got the call to come to take part in a ceremony of power transition and knew you guys would follow the bread crumbs here. Your boys are inside with my guys, where I have others planted beneath the other robes. We're here to stop this so your uncle doesn't regain any power, but I need you to pretend like I've just kidnapped you from the back of this car when we go down there. Do you understand?”

I nod, unable to use my words because he's crushing my lungs.

“And you understand we need to put on a little show so your boys might get pushed around a little bit, right?”

Again, I nod, but I don't like what I'm agreeing to. The sight of anyone hurting my boys in any way makes me feral. But then again, maybe this will be a good thing because I won't have to act so much.

“You ready?” he asks as he lets up and pulls me from the car.

Guiding me across the street, he pulls the hood back over his head and then grabs me like I'm truly his hostage.

"When this is all over with, mind telling your boys I had to do this in order to save your life?"

"Do what?"

His answer comes as a cool, sharp blade pressed against my neck as we enter an unfamiliar house.

"Jesus, Beau..."

"I have to. Now be quiet, it's showtime!"

We move through a small kitchen, moving toward a door that's cracked open. Beau kicks it open to reveal basement steps going down into a flickering orange haze. He's not nice about it when he shoves me forward, the knife digging deeper into my flesh.

"Who's there?" a woman's voice calls out from somewhere in the basement.

Beau shouts loudly, "Son of Reaper number six hundred seventy-five! I found someone you're going to want to see."

"Very well, come down."

I stumble down the rest of the stairs as Beau shoves me. My eyes adjust to the scene in front of me, taking it all in—hundreds of flickering candles light up the room in an orange glow, several people in the same black hooded robes as Beau stand about the room, my boys are on their knees with knives

to their throats like mine, my uncle Patrick standing before a table with a woman... is that my mother on the table?!

“Mom!” I cry out.

She looks up the best she can in her position, sobbing when she sees me. “Billie, no! God, please help us!”

My boys thrash to get to their feet, shouting profanities and death threats to the two men who won't let them come to me. I scream when they're both smashed over the back of the head or punched in the gut to bring them back to their knees.

“No! Don't hurt them!” I beg.

“Enough!” a woman's voice screams, and it's the figure in the animal skull. “One more fucking peep from your spoiled, slutty mouth, and I'll have him slice it wide open.”

I seal my lips shut, my tear filled gaze moving back to my mother on the table. She's alive! Though I'm not entirely sure how, or what the hell is even going on. And she's filthy, as if they've dragged her through a mud pit and left her out to dry before bringing her down here.

“Shall we continue, please?” the leader asks in an annoyingly calm tone of voice.

“You can't pass power without the presence of my father,” Christian mumbles from his folded over position across the room. He's holding his gut as he leans back to look the skull bitch in the face. “So you don't have the *power* to exchange shit.”

The room falls silent before the woman stalks toward Christian, my heart pounding as I watch it unfold. She reaches her hand out from beneath the robe, grabbing his face with her long fingers and tilts his head back.

“Then it’s a good thing I killed him this afternoon while you chased your little pet through the woods, isn’t it?”

“You’re lying,” Christian rushes out without a smidgen of remorse on his features. I’m sure after everything his father has put him through, this is a relief.

She turns his head this way and that, tsking her tongue in disbelief. “The Society did a wonderful job making you their plaything, Christian, because you’d never be strong enough to rule.”

Shoving him back into the men standing behind him, the woman turns and mumbles without any emotion in her voice, “Kill them both.”

“No!” I scream, thrashing in Beau’s arms to get free.

I stare over into both of my boys’ eyes and beg the universe to make a miracle occur. They can’t die. If they’re murdered before my eyes, I’ll take this knife out of Beau’s hand and slit my throat. I can’t and won’t live without them.

They fight for their lives, but the two men behind them are beasts, easily overpowering both of them. I’m sobbing, begging and screaming for them to stop.

Time seems to move in slow motion as I watch a memory flash of my time with them—all the kisses, touches, bites, and

fucked up moments. The way they found love for each other while they found it for me. This can't be how our story ends; it just can't. There isn't anything poetic about this ending, though some might beg to differ.

My stomach knots up when I think it's the moment their throats are slit, but something else happens entirely, as if I'm in some kind of weird dream.

Everything happens simultaneously—fast like a blur, yet slow enough that I caught every single movement. The two men release their hands from around my boys' necks as they drop their blades. As if in a single motion, they surge forward and grab the woman wearing the animal skull, pinning her arms to her sides while placing a blade upon her throat next. Patrick is flat on the floor as the man who stood at my mother's feet holds him there. Beau has released me to assist holding Patrick down. The man at my mother's head turns on the robed figure in the corner, shoving him to their knees.

And in one synchronized movement, every hood is removed and the animal skull drops to the basement floor. Everyone seems to freeze, taking in the identity of each hooded member with shock.

Beau's younger brother holds CJ captive in the corner. CJ's mom is trapped between the two men who are always with the Barretts, while Beau himself kneels on Patrick's back, beside a man who's strangely familiar.

“You're going to regret this, Beau.”

But he laughs, standing to turn and look at CJ's mother. "Nah, I don't think I will. In fact, you're going to regret being on the wrong side of history."

Turning, Beau points at the man holding my uncle and then bows to him. I'm lost, wondering who the hell this man is.

"I'd like to introduce you to Jack Lucas—the rightful heir and leader of the Reaper chapter."

The room spins as my heart plummets into my gut. He's my father. My father, who's supposed to be...

"Dad?" I whisper.

Mom raises her weak head, glancing at the man who's supposed to be her dead husband—my dead father—and she sobs. "Jack! Oh, my God!"

The small basement room is filled with her sobs as my father runs to her, covering her naked, dirty body with his robe. I'm frozen in shock, watching my parents reunite in the most fucked up way. He kisses all over her face as they cry together. The sight makes me super emotional, tears building and falling down my face.

"Billie!"

I snap out of it when my boys surround me. Zeke grabs my face and forces me to look at him as he looks me over. Christian stands beside him, an arm wrapped around Zeke's back while his other hooks around mine.

"You scared the hell out of me," Zeke scolds. "I thought you were really going to get yourself killed to save us."

Sobbing, I nod and say through my trembling lips, “I’d happily die to save the both of you.”

“No, baby, no. Don’t ever fucking say that.” He squeezes my face harder before he pulls me to him, slamming his lips against mine.

He kisses me like he’s never kissed me before—like he truly thought he was about to lose me. Someone clears their throat and we break apart. My cheeks heat to a million degrees when I find my father looking at us, but honestly, he can’t just come in here all these years later and start barking orders at me. Besides, I’ll be eighteen soon, graduated from Reaper Academy, and readying myself to take over the society after him.

The deep, low chuckle coming from CJ’s mom makes the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. “It’s laughable that you think you’re all going to live happily ever after. Are you forgetting who I am? Or the oath that was sworn between our families?” she snarls out.

I’m confused by her words because now that my father is back, he takes charge of the society and—oh, fuck... If I was promised to Patrick’s son—my *cousin*—then does that mean I’m forced to be with him, regardless?

My father stands tall, facing her with his shoulders squared. “Oaths have been broken before. Perhaps all of it should be null and void, since they forced me to run from the feds after committing illegal crimes for a leader who never followed the oaths.”

I'm so lost, watching this all unravel before my very eyes, but still having so many questions. And the one at the top of my head is, "Who am I promised to? Who's my cousin?"

All eyes turn on me and the boy's hold on me becomes more possessive. Seems I'm not the only one who wants to know this because everyone turns their eyes to CJ's mom for answers. She smirks, looking at CJ himself. I shiver when the memory of our *date* at the pool hall invades my thoughts. Jesus, I let my cousin grope me while I pushed my ass into him. *I think I might be sick.*

"No fucking way," Christian barks out.

Shrugging, CJ looks me directly in the eyes and says, "And I almost had ya, didn't I, Billie? You liked that a middle-class boy from the valley was into you. I was someone you could easily control because you were losing all control in your own life."

My eyebrows shoot straight up to my hairline. Who the fuck is this kid, and where has he been hiding? Something about his demeanor makes me ask him one thing. "Have you known about this plan the entire time?"

His grin widens. "For my entire life, Billie. My mother raised me like the rest of you elite pricks, but I was different because I was the chosen one."

Zeke snorts, letting out an incredulous laugh. "Chosen one? You realize they promised you to your first cousin, right? That's incest in all fifty states."

“Fuckin’ sick,” Christian adds.

And it’s now that I realize my boys are stealing the show back, and I won’t lie and say it’s not turning me on. They step away from me, moving around the room like vultures circling their next meal.

“He actually believed he had a chance with our girl, Z,” Christian taunts first, smirking wickedly.

Zeke barks out a laugh. “With *our* girl? Nah, brother, that would never happen. Blood oath or not, he’ll have to kill us both if he wants her.”

“And it looks like we have the upper hand now, doesn’t it?” He grabs a knife from the edge of the table, stalking toward CJ like a madman, blade high to intimidate. And it works.

CJ cowers into himself, flinching behind the younger Barrett brother who happily steps out of the way. With the blade tight to his throat, Christian slams CJ up against the wall and laughs like a hyena.

“A couple of pity hangouts with our girl got his head ten times bigger than it should be, Christian,” Zeke says, urging his best friend on.

This excites me, my heart pounding to push the adrenaline through me like a freight train. I’m going to reward them so good tonight; they don’t even have a clue.

“It d-doesn’t matter. The only way to stop this reunion is to kill me right now,” CJ says through clenched teeth.

“Do it,” I say without hesitation.

“Billie.”

“No!”

Our mothers say at the same time, both fighting for their child in one form or another. It’s admirable that my mother doesn’t want to see me turn into a murderer, while his mother doesn’t want to see him die. But I feel like this needs to happen. I won’t be free from the oath if he’s alive, and he’ll be my sacrifice to accept power. It’s really a win-win—for me. He’s shit out of luck.

But before I can urge Christian to end his life again, the basement door bursts open and a thunder of footsteps descends on us. I whip around and see a small army of FBI agents storming the basement, yelling at everyone to get on their knees and place their hands behind their heads. And everyone complies.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa! Only those three are under arrest. Let the others go, boys,” Dana orders, pointing at CJ, his mother, and my uncle Patrick. “Oh, look... you’re about to be arrested as a family. How sweet.”

For a bitch, she’s funny. And her joke gets her a spit in the face from CJ’s mom. Reaching up to wipe it away, Dana lets out a dangerous chuckle and shakes her head. I’m thinking that Dana’s just going to walk away, but she punches CJ’s mom right in the nose.

An agent drops the woman to her knees and cuffs her wrists, and Dana stands tall and proud over her. She’s on top of the

world right now. I can't be mad when someone wins in their life; it sure took her long enough, but who's judging?

I turn my focus back on my parents, who are clinging to each other like they can't get enough. A tall man with mostly gray hair wearing a dark blue FBI jacket walks up to them and shakes my father's hand.

"I expunged what crimes I could, Mr. Lucas, and pardoned the others. On behalf of my department, I'd like to extend an apology for the time lost with your family. And we hope when you take back leadership that we can have a healthy relationship."

Whoa. I look at Zeke, whose eyebrows are all the way up, looking back at me with shock. This guy looks like he's a big deal and he just welcomed my father back to Reaper after wiping his record? What have I missed?

"Thank you, Lance. You have no idea what joy you've brought back into my life. I couldn't have done this without your help."

"Nor I without yours. You know who to call if you need any help to transition back into your life."

And with that, he walks away from my father, who looks right at me and smiles. I smile back, unable to move toward him. He's a stranger to me—a man who hasn't been in my life since I was a little girl. We know nothing about each other anymore.

His expression falls to a hard look when my boys step up to me and wrap me in their arms. It's obvious he doesn't like the idea of me being with two guys, but it doesn't matter what he thinks because nobody can ever break the three of us apart. When people see us, they'll know we're all together. Where Christian and Zeke are, Billie will be, and where Billie travels, her boys they will follow.

“Well, Dana, ya did it.”

I look over Christian's shoulders and see the same tall gray-haired man talking with Mrs. Robinson. Dana laughs, nodding her head with pride as she shakes his hand.

“It took ya long enough, but you finally finished your first case. Congratulations, Agent Witt.”

She looks up with haughty eyes, smirking. “Thank you, sir.”

“And it's with great despair that I'm afraid to inform you that you're under arrest, Dana Witt. You are being detained for the following reasons—Sexual activity with a minor, extortion, bribery, coercion, kidnapping, endangerment of a minor times three, and sharing confidential information regarding an open-case. You have the right to remain silent.”

My jaw has never fallen open so far in my life. Dana's being arrested after cracking her case! Holy shit!

“Whooooa,” Christian draws out with a laugh.

“I don't know if that's instant karma, or eighteen years' worth of karma coming up to bite this bitch in the ass,” Zeke adds with his own laugh.

“You can’t arrest me! I cracked this case wide open! I did that!” Dana shouts, as she thrashes her arms, trying to break away from being handcuffed.

The tall man steps back as the arresting agent guides Dana toward the stairs. “I gave you several extra weeks of freedom because I knew you were so close to cracking the case, Witt. We’ve spent almost two decades on this bitch. There was no way I was arresting you before we solved it. And fortunately for you, we found Mr. Lucas almost too late. His late arrival kept you out even longer.”

This guy is taunting the hell out of her, but I can’t say I blame him. It’s actually quite fun to get under her skin. She looks in our direction and all I can do is raise my hand and give her the bird.

Fuck you, lady. Fuck. You.

“You little cunt!” she screams for all of us to hear her loud and clear before the agent shoves her into the kitchen and out of sight.

And right behind her is the happy family of misfits—the family that will be excommunicated together. At least Uncle Patrick won’t be lonely this time around.

The Barretts don’t wait around either, following up the last of the agents, and now we’re alone with my parents. I hold on to my boys for strength, knowing we’ll be parting ways when this conversation is over because I’m still a seventeen-year-old senior living under my parents’ roof. Wow, that sounds weird to say.

“We have so much to talk about,” my mom whispers, holding onto my dad like her life depends on it. I can’t tell if my heart melts or breaks when she looks up at him—confused by the sight of him, but also enthralled that he’s actually here. She still has it bad for him.

If that’s the case, I hope they can understand that I share that same deep love with Christian and Zeke. They have to. It might be the only way they’ll let us be together.

“Why don’t you have the boys drive you home and we’ll meet you there,” she offers, and I know it’s not an invitation but a demand. At the end of the day, we really do have a ton to talk about.

“You know we’re not just going to drop her off with you, right?” Christian asks with a scoff, as if my mother is crazy for assuming everything will just go back to being normal right away. “Until we know she’s a million percent safe, where she goes—we go.”

My dad glares at him, his jaw tight as he squares his shoulders. He’s been back in my life for five seconds and he’s already challenging one of my boyfriends. But then he crosses his arms over his chest and slowly nods.

“The idea of my little girl being with two men isn’t something a father wants to think about. But I can’t deny the way you protect her, the way you clearly love her—both of you. I’d be completely nuts not to give you my blessing. My daughter has three protectors now.”

I smile, wiping away a stray tear on my cheek as I nod at him. “I’m so glad you said all of that because I’d have been with them, regardless. We’d have run away together.”

We all break into a soft rumble of laughter, my dad rubbing his jaw as his grin widens. “She’s stubborn just like her daddy, isn’t she?”

My mom chuckles and says, “Oh, you have no idea, Jack.”

Jack throws the three of us a wink as he wraps an arm around my mom’s neck and heads for the stairs. When they hit the middle, he stops and says over his shoulder, “Well, come on, guys. Let’s go home.”

My heart explodes in my chest, a sob tearing from my lips as my boys carry me to the stairs after our new family.

Chapter 45

BILLIE LUCAS - GRADUATION DAY

“Say cheese!” My dad singsongs as he holds up his phone and snaps several pictures of me with my boys.

The three of us are in our caps and gowns, standing in front of Reaper Academy, but I keep ruining the pictures by sticking my tongue out.

“Damn it, Billie, give me *one* good picture and this will all end.”

I laugh, nodding at my dad. “Okay, sorry. A good one. Here it comes!”

He holds up his phone again and this time I actually smile when he takes them, but then he lets out an annoyed grunt. “Damn it, boys! I wanted one!”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Lucas, I’ll show you how to use Photoshop to get a good one,” Holden offers, slapping him on the back.

The boys rush up to Holden as the three exchange their bro-hugs. Everlee gives me a hug, having a sheepish smile when she looks at them.

“Boys, am I right?”

I laugh, agreeing with her, but they’ll always be *my* boys. “They’re something else, alright.”

“Oh! Get them all in a picture!” Zeke’s mom says in a whiny voice as she steps up beside my parents. “Just look at them. They’re all grown up.”

“God, Mom, can you not with that shit?” Zeke asks, completely embarrassed by his mom.

But instead of fighting our parents, we all huddle up and pose for a picture. The original crew plus one awesome wife. And after that’s taken, Tiffany and Macy run up and get in the picture, too.

If you told me six months ago that we’d end up having a normal high school graduation, I would have laughed in your face. Here we are, though, and it couldn’t be more perfect. We part from our family and take off toward the ceremony area.

But before we get there, Christian stops us both when we’re semi alone and grins as he reaches into his back pocket.

“I thought about saving this until after we graduated, but I want to see you in it now, little hellfire.”

He pulls out a thin, black leather choker that has the letters *C* and *Z* burned into the sides. My heart pounds as he steps

forward and wraps it around my neck. It might only be a choker, but it means so much more between the three of us.

“Our pet,” Zeke rasps, as he steps up and wraps his arms around me.

“I got us something, too,” Christian adds, pulling something out of his other pocket. “One for each of us.”

He holds up two leather bracelets that match my choker, handing one to Zeke, who puts it on without hesitation.

“We’re now bound to each other.”

“Forever and ever,” Zeke and I whisper in unison.

After we share an embrace, and a few soft private kisses, we head over and find our spots among our peers. I’m only a few chairs down from Zeke, but Christian is three rows back, and he looks annoyed as fuck.

Zeke leans forward and gets my attention by making a psst sound with his lips. I look at him with a grin, shaking my head. He winks and then stands, moving to me where he glares down at Mike Luckhurst sitting beside me.

“Switch spots with me, dude.”

“No!” Mike whines. “We won’t be alphabetical then.”

“*We won’t be alphabetical.* Shut the fuck up and move down. We’ll switch back before we walk across the stage. Jesus.”

With an annoyed groan, Mike switches spots with Zeke. He falls into the seat next to me, then pulls me onto his lap. I let out a yelp and grab his shoulders.

“Zeke!” I scold.

We get some dirty looks from our peers, but we don't care. It seems we didn't make most people happy with our decision to be together. I've heard some kids saying it's like sharing, like we're cheating on each other with each other. They're a bunch of morons and will never understand. Too bad for them, though, because this kind of relationship is beautiful, and I feel sorry that they'll never know what this feels like.

“Christian was wondering what kind of comforter we're getting for our bed because he says quilts make him too hot, but he's allergic to down and—”

I giggle, framing his face. “He's super picky already and we haven't even moved in together yet. Do you think he's going to be the drama king?”

Zeke smirks, looking over his shoulder at Christian, who's watching us with a smirk on his lips. “Oh, yeah, most fucking definitely.”

Falling into Zeke, I laugh into his neck before shushing us when the headmaster starts her ceremonial speech for graduation.

After the first row stands and accepts their diplomas, our row is next. I stay in front of Zeke, his arms wrapped around me, as we walk in unison toward the stage. When we come to a stop, Mike rushes back to us and taps Zeke on the shoulder.

“We're about to be called onto stage, dude. Go back to your spot.”

“Alright, Mike. Everybody just calm down,” Zeke jokes as he pulls his arms from around me and kisses the top of my head. “See you across the threshold, hot lips.”

He moves to his spot a few behind me when the headmaster says my name. “Billie Lucas.”

Plenty of cheers come from the stands, but the loudest ones come from our peers. I’m surprised by this, glancing into their faces as I walk across the stage. They’re not looking at me like I’m their enemy, but someone they admire. And after the start I had to my senior year, I’ll gladly take this kind of ending.

“Congratulations, Billie,” the headmaster says, handing me my diploma with one hand while shaking with the other. Her gaze drops to the leather choker secured around my neck with a scowl, but doesn’t remark on it.

We find our seat again, waiting and watching for Christian to make his walk across. And when he does, me and Zeke shoot up out of our seats and cheer our boyfriend on. He takes the diploma and shoves it into the air with a fist, cheering back at us. We garner a few chuckles through the crowd.

His line is the last one to cross the stage, so when they head back to their seats, Christian slips into our row and joins us. We embrace in a hug before I kiss the side of Christian’s neck and then Zeke’s cheek.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce you to your class of 2023!” the headmaster says into the microphone as we all stand, grab our caps, and toss them into the air.

“Congratulations, graduates! Now go out into the world and make a difference!”

I throw my cap, but I’m not concerned with its whereabouts because my boys are kissing the hell out of me, taking turns with my mouth.

Christian pulls me in for a bear hug as he buries his face into my collared neck and says, “I can’t wait to see what’s in store for us, little hellfire.”

I smirk when I lean back to look into his eyes. “For all three of us, but I think I already know it’s going to be fucking amazing.”

Zeke chuckles, stepping up behind me. “Hell yeah, it’s going to be. Now let’s go celebrate our freedom by getting stoned and fucking each other’s brains out.”

I swear I hear a scoff coming from someone around us, but we ignore it and get the hell out of here. Lacing our hands together, we leave the ceremony area and meet our families out front again. There are so many people milling about, taking final pictures with their seniors before it’s all over with. Luckily, our parents don’t pull out their phones again.

“So, what’s your guys’ plans now?” Mr. Lungren asks the three of us.

We look at one another and shrug. “College, of course, but we’re not looking that far ahead. Let us get through graduation night first, yeah?” Zeke asks in reply.

Mr. Lungren would be lying if he said we haven't planned everything out already. He knows we're all planning on attending college, and during those four years away, my dad is going to guide the society of Reaper back on track to being the way it was before greed and evil men took over.

And then when we return home, I'll be sworn into being the next leader of Reaper with my boys sworn in right beside me. In four years' time, Reaper will have three brand-new bosses.

"We've got a date with our girl, if you all don't mind," Christian says, wrapping an arm around my neck.

All gazes drop to the choker, but again, nothing is said. Nobody questions our relationship anymore because they know there isn't anything they can say or do to break us apart.

"Have her home by midnight," Dad calls out when we walk away from them.

Zeke waves him off and hollers back, "Whatever you say, Mr. Lucas!" Even though we all know they aren't taking me home at all tonight.



“Who’s our good fucking girl, little hellfire?”
Drool runs down my chin when I answer Christian’s question. “Me. I’m your good fucking girl.”

I can't move from my position—my hair parted and braided so they could tie said braids to Christian's headboard. Zeke's fingers dig into my flesh as he pounds into me from behind.

“And what do good girls get?”

“Ah!” I cry out when Zeke's girth stretches me wide open. “They get more dick,” I whimper.

“Yes, they do.” He smears the tip of his cock against my wet, swollen lips before I open wide, my eyes moving to the leather bracelet around his wrist. “Fuck, she's so greedy. You like my dick, baby?”

I whimper and sob around Christian's thick dick fucking upward into my face. The piercing at the tip tickles the back of my throat again, making more drool spill out of my mouth.

Zeke pulls out just to grab himself and slap my ass with it. I moan around Christian's cock and bounce my hips up and down, silently begging Zeke not to stop. He slaps me a few more times, alternating ass cheeks, before he sinks back into me.

My head yanks back as I cry out, my pussy clamping tight as I come all over Zeke's big, thick cock. The pulsing is almost too much, my entire body shaking as I relax my walls and feel the spurts of my squirting.

“Yeahhh, that's it, Billie,” Zeke praises. My eyes roll into the back of my head as he fucks me relentlessly. “Fuck. Come on, baby, drench me.”

Christian grabs my jaw and collared throat with both hands, tilting my head back as I sob, begging Zeke to, “*Never stop fucking me!*”

“Ooooh, yeah. Look at her when she comes on your cock, Zeke,” Christian says in my face, watching my morphing expression as I come unraveled. “She’s so fucking pretty.”

“Shiiiiit,” I draw out in a high-pitched whine as my pussy convulses and tightens until I’m squirting all over Zeke’s thighs and the waterproof blanket below us. “Fuck. Yes,” he says between hard thrusts.

It heightens when Christian spits on my face and then smears it with his thumb. “Fuck yeah, Billie, keep coming on his dick. Let him fill you up.”

“Please fill me up,” I beg, rocking back on Zeke to fuck his cum out of him. “Make me take all of it.”

Christian chuckles. “She’s a greedy little pet, isn’t she?”

With a groan, Zeke empties his cum into my tight hole, popping out when he’s finished a few thrusts later. He flops down on the bed beside me, looking spent and thoroughly fucked. I lay my head on his chest the best I can in this tied up position, but don’t get too long to rest before Christian’s moving behind me, guiding his decorated cock back into my leaking pussy.

And when he slips his thumb into my ass, he says, “My turn to fill you up, little hellfire.”

THE END



This is most definitely *not* the end.

The Reaper Boys will be back, and when they return, it'll be
SAVAGE as f*ck.

About the Author

LULU WATERS is the author of *The Boys of Reaper Academy* in addition to several other titles ranging from sweet to morally gray. A devoted book lover, Lulu has won multiple awards and is a bestselling author of the highly anticipated first book of Reaper Academy — *VILE*. She currently resides in Minnesota with her husband, who's her soulmate, her two fur babies, while nursing an unhealthy addiction to caffeine, chocolate, and fictional boyfriends.

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