



Revenge
OF THE
Syndicate

THE SYNDICATE SERIES ♠ BOOK TWO

NATALIE NICOLE

Revenge of the Syndicate

The Syndicate Series – Book 2

By Natalie Nicole

A stylized signature of the author's name, 'Natalie Nicole', written in a cursive script. The signature is enclosed within a thin black rectangular border that is open on the top and bottom sides.

ROMANCE AUTHOR

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This book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language.

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Dedication

To those that enjoy the wicked and wild world that is smutty romance... Here's to you.

Also... Fuck the Chad's.

Trigger Warning

This book has significantly more triggers than book one. Without saying too much because I could give away spoilers. There are talks of childhood abuse, drug abuse, human trafficking, and murder, amongst a potential few others. This book is darker than book one for a reason. Characters need to go through their growth and this is part of the process. Of course there are intense sexual scenes that involve one woman with three men. There are also male/male scenes, BDSM influences, and other 18+ scenes. Read the book at your own risk. You have been warned.

Prologue

“Is she in the building yet?”

“Yes, she has been in there for about twenty minutes. She should be coming out soon.”

“And the doctor knows what to say?”

A knowing smirk flits across my face. “Of course. I made sure he understood his role in this process. If he wants to keep his job and family in one piece, he will follow our directions to the T.” I pause for a moment. “She gets called back immediately, and he shows her his findings about how her heart condition is getting worse. He gives her an unsure route of what the next steps are other than vast amounts of testing. She leaves distraught and then I catch her off guard.”

“Excellent. And which location are you taking her to again?”

“That all depends on how she reacts. This whole process has taken far longer than any of us expected.” I can almost sense his understanding nod along with the others.

A scoff comes from the background. “Of course it’s taken longer than any of us expected. That retched nightclub incident ruined everything for us.”

I nod, even though they cannot see me. “I still apologize for that whole ordeal. I wasn’t aware they would be there.”

“Water under the bridge. Nothing we can do about it now.” I hear an alarm ding followed by a few choice words. “We have to go. They are pulling up the driveway as we speak. Keep us informed and make sure we know where to go. Also, don’t inflict too much damage before we are able to get proper video footage to send to her family. Understood?”

I catch a glimpse of an extremely upset Bethani walking out of the medical building door. “Understood,” I quip before

ending the call. They will forgive my brash ending when this falls into place. By the looks of it, everything is going perfectly.

I scan the roads quickly to see how much I need to deal with that could become a potential issue. Thankfully, everything is still on holiday schedule and doesn't open for another hour or so. With the lack of students in our town currently, activity is minimal, and I smile.

Watching as she gets closer and closer to me, I can see the devastation on her face at the 'terrible news' she received. I can also see she has put on some weight.

"Looks like someone needs to go on a diet. I can't have some fluff on my arm," I mutter to myself.

I can't wait until she is under my control. Stupid bitch will need to learn her place quickly if she wants to live. I won't tolerate her attitude. At all.

With only a few steps to go, I glance over to the lackey next to me. He knows what to do and just nods. My adrenaline starts to pump as she comes nearer, and I start my countdown.

Five... Four... Three... Two... One...

Showtime.

Chapter 1

Bethani

“What do you mean my arrhythmia is getting worse?” My jaw nearly hits the floor as the doctor just stares at me with an incredulous look on his face. “I haven’t been having any issues or feeling like my heartbeat is going off the rails. So, I’m not sure where this is coming from.”

He studies me momentarily before settling back into his stone facade. “I’m sorry to tell you, Miss Reece, but the test results are showing that it is getting worse. We need to start looking into more in-depth testing before we can come to a definitive treatment procedure.”

Stunned for a second, I hesitate before I ask my next question. “What other testing can we do other than what has been done?”

“We will start with an extensive blood test and look at all of your levels to see if anything is causing this change, then go from there.” He shrugs dismissively before standing and going over to pick up his tablet. “I’m ordering the blood test now. A nurse will be in shortly to draw your blood, then we will call you and go from there.”

After living with my guys the past few months, I’ve picked up on a few of their rather brutish traits. While they normally piss me off when they are acting like overbearing cavemen, right now I’m utilizing the things I’ve seen them do to my advantage. My eyes narrow to slits, and I cough to get the good doctor’s attention back on me.

When he finally glances back, a brief look of shock passes over his face. It’s almost like he thought I’d just take this lying down. “Sir, I understand this is your specialty, but I feel like you aren’t being honest here. Is my heart okay, or do you really believe it’s actually getting worse?”

That damn odd look crosses his face again. The one that makes me feel like he isn't being fully honest with me. But it's gone just as fast, before an almost irate one crosses his face.

"Miss Reece, as a doctor, I state facts and *not* my thoughts. The tests conclusively say your arrhythmia is getting worse. You can either get the blood work done and we can move forward with the plan in place, or you can find another doctor." He slams the cover over the tablet before heading to the door. "Now if you will excuse me, I have other patients that I need to see. Have a good day."

And with that, he walks out of the room leaving me in a world of shock.

A few minutes later, the nurse comes in to take my blood as I run on autopilot.

My mind is racing at the information I've just heard, and I'm not even sure how to process it all. A prick from the needle has me wincing and brings me out of my thoughts.

"Sorry, Miss Reece. It only hurts for a second, but we are almost done," the nurse states as she efficiently does her job, which makes this whole fresh hell slightly better.

It doesn't take her long to finish up and explain that they will be in contact shortly with the results and to schedule my next appointment. I thank her, since she wasn't a giant dick bag like the doctor, and walk out of the office to head back home.

As I'm waiting for the doors to open, I reach into my purse in search of my phone to text Giovanni. With everything that's been going on since the stupid gala, I honestly don't remember if I mentioned this appointment to them or not. Even so, knowing they had to be at Sinclair's family estate for the after Christmas tradition had them in glum moods this morning.

A ping from the elevator snaps me out of my frantic haze long enough to step in, press the ground floor button, and continue my crazed search.

“Shit,” I mutter. How the hell did I forget my phone? My back hits the wall of the elevator, followed by my head. I can only imagine the cavemen attitudes I’m going to have to put up with when they find out about this.

Groaning, I think back on how great this morning was, well, minus the three grumpy boyfriends, before it went to complete shit.

A deep moan leaves my lips as Giovanni slides his beautiful dick deep in my fluttering pussy walls, and my previous orgasm’s aftershocks threaten to ruin our fun before it even begins.

“Christo, Tesoro!” Giovanni deeply moans as he finishes burying himself to the hilt. “You’re so damn perfect.” He nips at my ear, sending a shiver through me even though the hot shower and three sexy as sin men give me no reason to be cold.

“Told you to wait a damn minute, asshole.” Declan’s petulant whine comes from the shower floor as he struggles to regain his senses. “Her orgasms have been insane lately.”

I glance down from where Giovanni has my front pinned against the shower wall and give him a salacious smirk. “Aww... What’s wrong? Can’t hang—” My words are effectively cut off as Giovanni quickly pulls

almost all the way out and slams back, hard, into my pussy. His pace is slightly more possessive and demanding than normal, which has my eyes closing and my head falling against the shower wall as I attempt to stay standing.

“Oh God!” I moan as Sinclair makes his presence known again by gripping my breasts and toying around with my nipples, while another hand reaches towards my clit and pinches it. The rush of sensations rolling through my body has me quickly thrown into another orgasm. My head falls back into Giovanni’s shoulder as a scream rips from my lips and I fall into pure ecstasy. A hand around my throat has my eyes flashing open to meet with Sinclair’s lust blown emerald eyes.

Another pinch to my clit threatens to catapult me into another orgasm, but Sinclair’s hold tightens a little more and he shakes his head, giving me one of his signals that he wants me to hold off on coming. Dominant bastard. Narrowing my eyes, I contemplate my options on if I want to be his ‘good girl’ and listen or be a little bit of a brat.

I've quickly learned in our Dom/Sub relationship that I rather enjoy some of the punishments he has dealt out. A few were quickly turned into a hard limit, like the ball gag. I did not enjoy being gagged, and he wasn't a fan of not being able to hear me scream. So, he threw those fuckers away and added that to the hard limit addendum within our contract. But other than that, and a few other twisted items, our sex lives have been phenomenal. It's about the only thing going right lately.

"Kitten!" Sinclair's Dom tone brings me out of my little side thought. His eyes narrow in annoyance and my pussy pulses around Giovanni's dick, making him groan as his fingers dig slightly into my hips. I know Sinclair wants a reply, so I steel myself to focus.

"Y...yes, sir?" I ask breathlessly. My body is fighting to stave off another orgasm, and I know Giovanni is fighting too but somehow, Sinclair keeps us both from euphoric bliss. Jerk.

With a quirk of his brow, Sinclair asks, "Would you and Giovanni like to try something?"

I go to answer but Giovanni beats me to it. “And what the fuck would that be, Sin?” he grits out. “Not really in the mood for one of your games, dickhead.”

“Not even to see if that delicious pussy of hers can take us both at the same time?” Sinclair deadpans as my mouth falls open in shock. It’s something we’ve talked about, but I didn’t think he’d want to do it now!

Giovanni’s hands grip my waist in a deliciously dark way as he starts to violently pound me into oblivion. “You son of a bitch! Why couldn’t you suggest that earlier before I was this close!” More profanity falls from his lips in English and Italian, but I’m too far gone to follow anymore of the conversation. Between the thoughts of two of my sexy lovers deep dicking me, and now Declan’s tongue and lips on my clit as his hands reach up to fondle Giovanni and myself, they have me seeing stars.

My vision blacks out as one of the most intense orgasms tsunamis through me. My mouth falls open and nothing comes out as my body seizes up in a vice, tearing Giovanni’s orgasm from him unexpectedly. As he slams home one more time, the feeling

of his hot cum flooding my already overflowing walls penetrates my senses just enough to allow a pitiful whimper to fall from my lips.

“You two are fucking delicious,” comes the smart remark from Declan below us as he laps up our shared juices like he is starving for it.

I slowly come to my senses and with great focus, lower myself until I’m on my hands and knees on the shower floor. When I feel like I have enough strength, I raise my head in challenge until my eyes come in contact with Sinclair’s massive erection. He is sitting on the shower bench as he glares at us in both amusement and rage. I can tell he isn’t thrilled about what just happened, but he also loves watching me come and suffering himself as he waits.

Working my way over to him, I use my hands to prop myself up on his massive thighs, before reaching for his cock and giving the end a little flick with my tongue, eliciting a deep rumble from his expansive chest. “Would you like me to take care of this little problem, sir?” I ask in my

sweetest tone, knowing what is going to happen next.

Standing up, he towers over me as he firmly takes hold of my hair. Just enough pressure to send my pussy gushing at his possessive hold over me. His eyes tell me I've hit just the right nerve as he speaks. "Open up, kitten. Daddy obviously needs to fuck the sass out of that smart mouth of yours."

Arms grabbing ahold of my arm in a vicious way has me violently thrown from my amazing daydream moment in a terrifying way. I go to scream when a massive hand comes up to cover my face. The grip has me wincing and ready to react when a pair of lips come close to my ear and the voice has me going completely still. "You even think about opening your stupid fucking mouth and I'll break your neck, bitch."

Peter.

My eyes are wild and frantic as I glance around, praying for someone to notice what is going on. It's only when I see how dead the streets are I realize that it's still winter break, so most of campus and the surrounding streets are on holiday hours.

Which means, I'm *completely fucking screwed.*

I hold still long enough for Peter to think he has the upper hand while my brain quickly delves back into the past. Where my life was nothing but pure survival. It's not something I ever try to let break past the invisible barriers in my mind, not because it's humiliating, but because it took me forever to change my way of thinking, and I don't ever want to be that person again.

When Peter finally starts to shuffle me to a beat-up black SUV, I react. My arms are free, mostly because he thinks I'm just a docile woman, and I use that to my advantage. I quickly take my arm and bring it forward, only to launch it straight back into his gut. A giant 'whoosh' sound falls from his lips as his tight grip on me loosens, and I take that chance to break free.

I kick him and start to run, only to be stopped by someone stepping out of the vehicle. His eyes register shock, almost like he wasn't expecting me to fight back, but quickly falls away into a steely determination. His size is slightly intimidating, falling somewhere above six-feet, but not Declan's massive six-foot-six stature.

Just as quick as I stop, I'm moving again. I'm all too aware of this tango and know if I stop for too long, I'm screwed. I plunge ahead, straight towards him, and then quickly step to my right. It throws him off just enough to get around him and I keep sprinting towards the end of the road. My lungs burn but I know I need to keep going. If I don't, they catch me, and I'll be damned if I go down without a fight.

I'm almost to the end of the street, when the next thing I know, the air is forced from my lungs as a massive body collides with mine, tackling me to the sidewalk. Pain ricochets throughout me as we tumble in a mass of limbs against the ground, black spots flashing across my vision as one of their skull's crashes against mine. I'm temporarily dazed, but my body is still in fight mode.

I thrash. I kick. I scratch and flail my arms like a deranged psycho, but the attempts are useless. The cocking sound of a gun has me in an instantaneous freeze. My eyes slowly trail to the source of the sound while my traitorous body remains frozen. Peter stands above me, while his friend with a black handgun pointed directly at my head with one of the most wicked smiles I've ever seen. A look of pure malice and demonic rage oozes from his body as his smile switches to a sneer.

"Last fucking chance, you stupid whore. Either get in the vehicle or I blow your brains all over this concrete for your

stupid ass boyfriends to see.” He kneels closer to my level and sticks the barrel of the gun straight under my chin. Tears threaten to fall, but I won’t give this stupid ass the pleasure. “So, what’s it going to be, Bethani? Are you going to die today or not?”

I’d rather take option three, which is to go home, and you fall off a cliff, you stupid pencil dick prick. But it’s not an option and I know I can survive Peter’s stupid ass. I also know if I want to see the guys again, I kind of need to be alive for that.

So, against my better judgement, I whisper, “I’ll go.” Knowing I could still just as easily be signing my death certificate, but hoping it’ll give the guys enough time to find me or for me to escape this house of hell I’ve stepped into.

Peter’s demeanor instantly changes back into his usual ‘Everyone’s favorite sniveling frat boy’ as he stands and dusts off his suit. He turns to walk away, and I think I may have another chance to escape when he turns back around and gives me a look of disgust. “Don’t even think about it. I meant what I said. I’ll blow those brains of yours all over this sidewalk. Although I’d much rather use you for your intended purpose.” He then strolls back towards the SUV as his friend hauls me to my feet. His hands grip into my upper arms as he forces me to follow.

We reach the vehicle quicker than I would prefer and Peter opens the door. As his friend steps closer to me, leaning down to probably scoop me up, I snap my head back and connect with his nose. A satisfying crunch noise follows as he starts swearing. I go to turn in hopes of landing a punch on the prick when Peter snatches my arm and throws me into the side of the vehicle. Black spots dance across my vision again as my head hits the window. In my dazed state, Peter is able to toss me into the vehicle and quickly shut the door before I’m able to do more damage.

They both get in and Peter starts driving, oblivious to the fact I’m aware of where we are. Well, at least right now I do. Or maybe that’s part of Peter’s plan. Let me see everything that is happening, knowing I can’t do shit about it. I sit back,

crossing my arms over my chest as I fume. My mind is whirling a million miles a minute, assessing every option and possibility of how to escape this shit and get back to the loves of my life.

Loves of my life? Where the hell did that realization come from and why now, *NOW*, of all damn times did that have to make itself known? But it's true. Truer than anything I've ever felt in my entire life, and gives me all the more motivation I need to break down some mental walls I've fought with for years to keep standing. The walls that hide the little demon that has been begging to come out to play, since I killed my mother's one pimp at age twelve when he tried to convince her that using me would give her more drugs and power in his little system.

He never saw me coming either, sitting there on the ash-covered and liquor-soaked couch, holding her fix in front of her as he tried to convince her to utilize me.

He thought I was just some dumb little girl that was quickly turning into a woman quicker than others, was fast asleep in my room. But I remember the look of shock on his face as that knife hit his back and the color drained from his face. My mother screaming at me but then quickly realized the blessing it was.

Her debts were settled with his death, and she quickly took all of his things before packing us up and moving us a few miles down to another week-to-week apartment complex in a new drug hood she wasn't known in yet. The new dealer gave her free shit for a month when she told him what I did. He quickly scooped up the new territory and flooded his pockets with more dirty money.

Closing my eyes for a moment, I let the remainder of those walls crumble to dust as the flood of disgusting memories flow through me.

The stealing of food to survive. Dumpster diving for clothes when I didn't have a way to get on public transport for the local shelter that took pity on me. Nights of tears and sleeping in a closet when we didn't have heat in Seattle's harsh

winters, with all my belongings surrounding me for heat as my mother's sexual noises with her man of the hour went at it.

The millions of taunts I received at school, knowing I was the most pathetic child within those inner-city school walls. When I finally hit the foster system. The perfect first couple only kept me for six months, because that was their rule. They took us when we were the most broken and gave us tools to survive our hells, gave us ways to lock down our horrors and use our past to become the best version of ourselves, before letting us know they would always love us but had others that needed them more now.

An odd calm sets over me in all this as I accept my past as my new present. It's almost comical how quickly the pieces fall into place. An even harder resolve settles over me as the one I've had protecting me blows away. I don't need to be that weak person that everyone loved to see and assumed I was.

The only ones that saw through that facade and love provoking the psycho within are Sinclair, Giovanni and Declan. My lovers. My fucking Kings. The ones I'm going to get back to after I figure out what exactly Peter wants with me. Well, after I play a little game of my own against him and then kill him.

A smile crosses my lips as I think of my dark and dangerous Kings and how much they are going to enjoy knowing their Queen is right there with them. Ready to fucking demolish anything in her way to get back to them like I know they will when they realize I'm gone.

"The fuck has you smiling, doll face?" comes Peter's annoying voice from the front of the vehicle.

Opening my eyes with my newfound revelations pulsing through my veins, I smile and lean forward to better attract his attention.

"Oh nothing... Just thinking about all the wonderful ways I'm going to enjoy our time together."

His chest puffs up in arrogant fashion as he drives, thinking he has won so quickly. "Really, doll-face? You finally

come to your senses and realize who your real master is?”

I may have been able to play along, but him thinking he is my master. Yeah, no.

My eyes turn hard as the venom-laced words fall from my lips. “Master? You’ll never be my fucking master, you pencil dick. You will never be anything more than an inconvenience. A pain in my ass and one of the biggest mistakes of my life. Also, don’t ever call me a doll again. You haven’t earned the right for pet names, unlike my Kings. And when they come for you...” I trail off, laughing.

“They won’t come for me. You’re lying, you stupid bitch. You were just a temporary toy for them until I got you back where you belong.”

Composing myself, I finally answer. “Like I said, I don’t belong to you, Peter. Never have and never will. So get that through your stupid ass head. And temporary? Ha! Bitch, they are my Kings and I’m their fucking Queen. They *will* come for their Queen and burn down this whole world in the process. So enjoy what time you have left of your pitiful existence. It’s coming to a violent end and I can’t wait to see it. Hell, maybe I’ll join in on the fun and help watch the life drain from your eyes.” I shrug and I see his eyes go wide as saucers in the rear-view mirror.

He sputters for a second before glaring at me in a hilarious rage. Then turns to his friend. “Shut her the fuck up.”

“Gladly. Bitch broke my nose.”

His punch knocks me out cold, but I welcome the darkness.

Chapter 2

Giovanni

Sitting here in the back of our Tahoe, my eyes start to blur after staring at bumping computer screens for the past five hours. “Dude, we have to stop. I need to fucking move around or something. Anything for five minutes of not going cross-eyed over these screens. My head is pounding, and my stomach is in knots. I need food.”

I’m met with silence. Glancing up from the computer, I realize why. Sinclair and Declan both have headphones in as they tune out the world while Sinclair races towards Seattle. What should be an eight-hour drive just because of the twists and turns through mountains, is looking to be closer to a six hour drive. Impressive considering Declan is our resident speed demon driver with Bethani pulling into a very close second.

Bethani. My Tesoro and our whole damn world. Well, her and if what that devil app on my phone let us know, our child. *Cristo*, my heart lurches and threatens to stop as the thoughts that have been terrorizing my mind since we realized she was gone try to tear me in two.

The fact that we are driving away from her instead of torching that whole corrupt town to the ground to find her makes my guts twist and the bile in my throat fight to come up. But this is beyond her. Beyond us, and we need the backup. We also need to explain to them who we are and pray on everything we’ve never prayed on before that they let us live long enough to see her again.

“Fuck!” Declan screams as he slams his fist into the front dash, cracking it. I don’t say anything, just watch as one of my best friends and fellow lover suffers like we all do. The problem with Declan is he has been completely sober since

Bethani came into our lives, and right now he is teetering on a severely fragile edge. One that is all the more willing and ready to bring him back into that unstable hole of blackness. Ever since we were children, he has had his giant heart on his sleeve and has never been one to shy away from his massive feelings.

Deciding to help, I close the laptop and set it to the side so I can reach up and put a hand on his shoulder. It's not in comfort, because the only person that can truly offer that is Tesoro, but at least he will know I'm here for him. Sinclair too, but he is too much of a bastard to offer comfort. Deck flinches, but slowly turns his head to face me as he pulls his earbuds out. His eyes are swollen and red from fighting against tears and my heart shreds a little further. "We are going to find her. You know that, right?"

He nods but doesn't speak at first. I'm getting ready to go back to the laptop when he speaks. "Then why in the fuck are we going up here first? At first, yeah, it seemed like a smart idea because of the email. But now it just doesn't make a damn bit of sense."

"We need their help, Declan. If we found out about Bethani's family, there is a guarantee that someone else did too. We need to establish ourselves with them and get their support and resources. Resources we don't have right now." Sinclair finally joins the conversation, and I'm wondering if the bastard had his headphones in without listening to anything and was ignoring my requests. Asshole.

Not entertaining Sin's answer, Declan retaliates. "Resources? We have a fuck ton of resources, man. The hell are you talking about? We need to get back to town and tear it the fuck apart until we find her!"

Sinclair snorts while keeping his focus. "Our fathers have resources that we utilize and take advantage of, man. We have a few that don't mean shit in this situation. I'm also not exactly trusting the fact that they don't have a hand in kitten's disappearance. Which if they do, then all those resources are completely fucking useless to us. We also don't know of the Carina Cartels relationship with the Kostov

Bratva. Everything we do will instantly be reported back to them and it will make it that much harder to find Bethani. Speaking of, G, what did you find out about that appointment she was at or the building?”

Leaning back, I grab the laptop and open it back up. “From what I was able to dig into without breaking too many laws, it was her appointment we requested she get with the cardiologist for that checkup. Problem is, I can’t hack too much further into the records or the building itself.”

“Why the fuck not, man? This is bullshit!” Deck rages.

“For one, I don’t have all my fail safes like I do at home, Declan. Working remote is a whole freaking issue, and this laptop doesn’t have all the protection like my setup at home. For two, the building is owned by Carter Pharmaceuticals...” I trail off as strings of curses fall from their lips. Yeah, news I wasn’t prepared for either but to some degree, wasn’t totally surprised.

The number of properties our fathers conglomerate businesses own is astounding.

They have their hands dipped in almost every demographical venture possible. Some are just tax write-offs, other launder money, some are silent partners that just helped a family member of The Trident. But the big businesses are legit and make enough money that I’m positive plenty of the smaller ones go completely unnoticed.

“So, what do we do now?” Declan asks, erring more on edge. Trying to control his urge to drown out his pain with pills and alcohol, sometimes a deadly cocktail of those and more.

Sighing and leaning back into the seat, my hands scrub my face as I try to formulate a plan. “Other than making it to the Seattle in one piece? I’m honestly not sure, Deck. This is nothing but a shit show and damn good chance of being our last fucking day on Earth. I searched Bethani’s family and it’s wild as hell.”

“How can they be worse than our families?” Declan scoffs and sulks.

“You have no idea. The only flaw in their history is losing Bethani, which is still a sore spot seventeen plus years later. Her father, Viktor Kostov, single handedly tore apart a massive human trafficking ring. I’m talking spent multiple years torturing members of the trafficking circle while slowly infiltrating with the higher ups. Spent years using random mules to drop off anonymous videos to the FBI to help them with the case. The family has heavy ties to their mother land and actively fly back and forth. The family deals mostly in rare weapons and extremely unique gemstones. They dabble with drugs mostly just to keep lower-level members on the streets so there are eyes all over their territory. Big on respect. You think you can take over any of their areas...? Dead within twenty-four hours. They’re completely ruthless and none of them are afraid to shed a little blood. They are damn near untouchable and basically run most of Seattle. Which makes no sense how Bethani flew under the radar, and they couldn’t find her. Apparently Bethani and Alexei are the illegitimate Kostov heirs. Konstantin Kostov is their older brother and current leader.”

I can see the wheels turning in Sin’s head as he poses the next questions. “What happened to Viktor then? You obviously stated that Konstantin is the current Pakhan. And what about Bethani and Alexei’s mother? Also, Bethani’s name doesn’t sound very Russian if you ask me.”

“Dude... You are asking questions that I can’t even attempt to answer.”

“What? The great Giovanni finally found an obstacle he can’t hack?” Deck snickers, and I throw a scowl his way. Huffing out a breath, I quickly shut him up. “Oh, I could. But I’d rather not piss off our potential brother-in-laws slash uncles to our possible child, jackass. I’d also really enjoy seeing our kid be born and grow up.”

The vehicle goes silent as they both mull over my statement. I’m not sure about them, but I know where my feelings stand with Bethani... Or whatever her real name may

be. I love her and plan on marrying her one day, and fucking her full of more kids. Never really crossed my mind before because until her, I'd come close to a vasectomy just because I didn't want to reproduce with someone my dad chose as my future.

Archaic as fuck and a total joke seeing as how Nonno told my dad to marry whoever he loved, status be damned. But they have become nothing but power-hungry tyrants and will stop at nothing to get what they want.

A giant groan comes from Declan. "Fucking hell, man. Why did you go and have to say all that?"

Scoffing, I say, "It's the truth! That's why! I want her back just as bad as both of you do but I'm not going to sit here and bullshit. I fucking love her more than anything in this world. I'll gladly give up every damn bit of wealth and luxury we have for her. None of this shit mattered before she turned our lives upside down in the best way possible. At least now I have a goal once she is back with us."

"And what exactly is this goal of yours?" Sinclair curiously asks.

I shrug, oddly feeling self-conscious. "Do whatever it takes to keep a smile on her face. If it's kids, give her all the damn babies we can handle. If it's moving to the country and living on a farm, guess I'll figure out how to be a damn farmer. Doesn't matter to me as long as she has a smile on her face."

Chapter 3

Declan

After Gio's confession, the vehicle falls into an uncomfortable silence for the last forty-five minutes of the drive. His confession has thoughts zinging so fast through my head, I can't keep any of it straight.

Do I love Bethani? Fuck yes. I'd cut my dick off and present it to her on a silver platter if she asked. Do I always want her smiling? Duh. What moron doesn't want their girl happier than when she gets her favorite meal, dessert and movie night of her choice? A dumb one is the correct answer to that. But would I *really* do anything she asked?

That's what trips me up. If she asked me to go to therapy for my issues, I'd probably laugh then grab a drink. If she asked about all my secrets, the fuck would I do? We can't tell her about The Trident Syndicate. No woman has ever known about it. Sure, there have been guesses, but it's always just laughed about and called some hob knob frat boys club at the campus.

People don't know what we really do. They would balk if they knew our initiation was murdering the person we hate the most. The thought brings me back to the person I chose the night I received my ring...

A cold chill sweeps over me as we walk into the main hall amongst the catacombs below the school, an eerie dread that lives within these walls and all who haunt it. My veins thrum and my pulse skyrockets as we get closer to our marks, kneeling on the

stone covered floor with cloth bags over their heads. They don't know where they are, and they never will. None of the words spoken will make sense to them. They will barely understand what they did wrong. Most of them think they can do no wrong in this world.

As I step behind my mark, with Giovanni and Sinclair on each side of me behind theirs, a tinge of regret races through me. I really didn't want to choose this person, but the one I'd love to have squirming as the life leaves their eyes isn't an option. My eyes flash up to the chairs where my grandfather is sitting with the other two. Gianluca Martinelli and Arthur Blackwell Sr, the guy's grandfathers. Below them are three other thrones, the ones our fathers have sat at for many years. Tonight, after the initiates complete the ritual, we will have a secondary one.

A passing of the thrones where we take our birthright and join the leadership. We have been going over the process for a few weeks now in preparation. I think I remember how it all goes but the liquor and two perks I took earlier are starting to take

their full effect, so things are becoming hazy.

I drone out most of what is being said as I watch our fellow pledges either pass or fail the final test. We are left for last of course. Not like we have a choice either. This process has been forcefully brainwashed into our minds since we were children. Our fathers, they got to enjoy a good chunk of their childhood. Once the guys and myself hit five, our rigorous training practices began. Phantom pains flash along my body as memories flood my system from the beatings my dad gave me when I didn't memorize something correctly or wasn't progressing quickly enough to his standards.

I quickly close my eyes and harden my resolve, the refusal of letting that shit get to me is pushed away and locked back into its box. Opening my eyes, I see the guy Giovanni chose fall to the floor as the blood gushes from his veins. It's almost calming seeing it happen. Maybe all these years of brainwashing did more than I thought they did.

A silver platter comes up beside me and I grab the dagger. The handle is heavy, and the blade is sharp enough to slice through paper.

“Declan Robert Carter... Who is it you choose to sacrifice and why?”

Smirking, I rip off the guy’s head cover before speaking. “I choose Damon Verone. The reason I picked him is simple. Bastard accused me of raping his sister even though the bitch was a thirsty slut for my dick. He just couldn’t deal with that shit, so he tried to start a bullshit rumor.”

Cynical laughter falls from my lips as I grab Damon’s hair and jerk his head back until he can see the fury in my face. His eyes flash with fear as he spews venom my way.

“Fuck you! She didn’t want you... Y... you forced her...” Words die on his lips as I slam the blade through his sternum and straight into his heart with a satisfying crunch of bone. His eyes bulge as I pull the knife out just as quick as I plunged it in. Moving it to his throat, I lean down to whisper in his ear. “She was an easy fuck, and you know it. Trust me, I heard all the

stories of you being a trashy as hell sister fucker. See you in hell one day... Bitch.” Then I slice the dagger along his throat, effectively ending his miserable and perverted life.

His body drops to the stone in a sloppy flop as blood pools around him. I toss the knife down, and glance up towards the stage. The grandfathers nod their heads, satisfied with the result as our fathers glance at me with a tinge of disgust in their eyes. I made a spectacle of the ritual, but I don't give a shit. I preformed the task and didn't fail so they can fuck off.

Yeah... Bethani would probably turn and run if she heard half of the shit we've had to go through, not including signing our own death certificate's if we told her the truth. She has seen us in our matching suits wearing our syndicate rings on a couple occasions. You can always see the curiosity in her eyes, but we have always given the same vague answer. Just a bullshit event with our fathers where they prefer a uniform look. I think, no, I know she has questions. But one of the biggest things she has respected is our hate of talking too in depth about our relationships with our fathers and the past with them.

She knows enough to understand the whole situation is toxic and unhealthy and leaves it alone. But once we get her back, is that going to change? Is she going to be more demanding of our secrets? Or will she chalk us up to be nothing but giant scum that made her already difficult life worse and decide to go with her brothers where she can live as the heavily protected and worshiped Bratva princess?

The thought of her possibly choosing to leave us makes me wish I would have popped those perks before we left. Haven't touched them in two months but the urge to wash those down with a few glasses of scotch and just numb the pain is almost overwhelming. Instead, they sit back in my bag, taunting me like the devils they are.

Needing to take my mind off everything for a moment, I finally break the silence.

“How much longer until we get to the hotel?”

“Not going to the hotel,” is the short response from Sinclair.

Not enjoying that answer, I reply, “And why the hell not, dude? I'm ready to get out of this monkey suit and go demolish a punching bag or something.”

“Because, Deck, we're going straight to the private club her brothers own. We need to make ourselves known as quickly as possible and assure them we have nothing to do with her disappearance and our request for their help. Gio can't hack the traffic cameras in our area since most of the cops get kickbacks from our fathers and they can track the hack back to us, which would put us in an even worse position. We are fucked without the Kostov's help and if they think we have the slightest reason to be a part of Bethani's current missing whereabouts...” He trails off. It's not needed to be said. If the Kostov brothers don't believe us or think we are a part of a scheme, we are dead.

With the Carina Cartel, we had somewhat of an understanding. Did they like it? Hell to the no. Could they argue with it? Not really. Plus, they love Bethani so that helped. The Russian Bratva with a cold vendetta that knows no limits?

Yeah... Walking the thinnest sheet of ice ever.

Groaning, my head slams back into the headrest. “How long until we get there? I'm ready for this walking dumpster fire of hell to be over with already so we can get back home and find sunshine.”

“Ten minutes.”

“Fine,” I mumble.

To the dot, ten minutes later we are walking down the sidewalk of Seattle to *Baba Yaga*, one of the many private clubs the Kostov family owns. But from what Giovanni could gather, it's the one Konstantin and Alexei most frequent. I had to ask what *Baba Yaga* meant and it's a Russian folklore with a few translations depending on the person. But 'Boogeyman' was a popular one in non-Russian culture from what the internet said.

As we get to the door, my nerves are about completely shot. I have no idea how this is going to pan out, but for the sake of sunshine and our potential child, I'm going to have hope. Don't really have a damn choice.

The bouncer steps in front of us as we walk through the nondescript steel door to the simple foyer area. The walls are a matte black and the floor is a white and grey marble. Nothing else except the longer hallway with a door at the end. You may be able to walk in, but that doesn't mean you will get far. “Da! Who are you and why do you come here?” he barks at us with a heavily accented, no-nonsense tone. His size is around the same as ours, but he probably has a seventy plus pounds on us of solid muscle.

I'm not normally one to shy away from a good spar against someone, but this son of a bitch could probably tear my ass in two without breaking a sweat. I glance to Sin, hoping he will speak since he is the most ruthless of us, but Gio surprises me by talking first.

“Here for a couple drinks and hopefully a conversation with Konstantin or Alexei Kostov.”

The bouncer bristles with a protective rage over his bosses. “What business do you have that could be so important to bother the bosses? They do not have time for party boys.”

My temper flares, but Sinclair must catch on and elbow's me in the ribcage to chill the fuck out. My face turns

into a scowl, but I keep my ass in line.

“Not party boys, sir. We just happen to have information on their missing sister and figured they would appreciate the knowledge.” Sinclair speaks and I almost laugh at the comical face of the bouncer.

His eyes go wide as saucers in shock before he speaks. “*Nyet!* Not possible!”

Giovanni goes to his phone and flips over to an album named ‘Tesoro’ before handing it over to him. “Other than the first photo which is the only one she has of her as a toddler, here are random pictures I’ve found of her throughout the years up until recently where she is with us. We aren’t trying to bullshit you. I also have an email with DNA evidence to prove this information, it hit my mailbox this morning from New York by a private company.”

Swear words fly from the bouncer’s mouth as he quickly flips through the photo album before handing it back to G. His hands shake as he opens his phone and starts barking into his phone in rapid fire Russian that I can’t even begin to understand. His voice gets louder and louder, I’m going to assume from trying to make whoever on the other line believe him. He stops and glances at Gio. “If I give you password for Wi-Fi, you air-drop photos to number I give, yes?”

Giovanni nods and they quickly go through the process. It’s not even a minute after the photos send that you hear a massive uproar from down the hallway. The bouncer jerks his head at us to move out of the way while pocketing his phone. As we go to move the door at the end of the hallway, it flies open, and a massive amount of people rush towards the exit in a mad dash of fear and panic. We wait as they all practically fly out the door like their asses are on fire. When all is quiet again, the bouncer looks at us before nodding. “Go. They are waiting.”

As he assumes his position of stone, we glance at each other before leaving the comfort of the wall and heading down the hallway towards what I can only assume...

Is going to be the fiery pits of hell.

Chapter 4

Bethani

When I finally wake up from that cheap shot punch from Peter's friend, my head throbs a little, but the pain is nowhere near the hell I felt back in September from the brick wall he slammed me into. My entire body aches, but it's nothing I can't deal with. Even if I wanted to sit here and mope, I need to figure out where the hell I am and how I can escape.

Glancing around the room, I notice it's dark outside from the moon shining through the blinds. I can make out a lamp on a table beside me. Risking the chance of letting someone know I'm awake, I reach over to turn on the shitty lamp. I blink rapidly to let my eyes adjust, and once they do, I sit up and look around.

The room isn't much bigger than my old 'dorm room' before the guys barreled through my life and uprooted it to their penthouse, but this one doesn't have mold everywhere at least. The walls are a plain white and there is only the one window. I only see the one door too, so I know that limits my options for escaping unless the wall has a hidden spot that is just that well matched up a person can't see it. The only other things in the room are the lamp, the table it sits on and a small twin bed with a sheet and pillow.

I go to the window and glance out to see if I can get an idea of where I'm located, but the lamp throws off a glare against the window, so I shut it off. Slipping my fingers between the blinds, I separate two of them and glance out.

A wide and long patch of grass is all I can see until it hits a massive expanse of trees. Other than that, I can't tell if there is anything to give me a clue as to where I am. Closing it back up, I go to the bed and lay back down. I rack my brain to see if I remember anything of the drive before I was knocked

out and I make the chilling realization I didn't pay attention to anything before I started running my mouth.

"Shit shit shit!" I whisper yell to myself in a scolding tone. How the hell could I have done something so fucking stupid?

My eyes flood with silent tears as I tear myself a new one in silent frustration.

I should have paid attention instead of trying to be some badass.

Taking a few deep breaths, I give myself a few minutes to wallow in a pity party before drying my eyes. I don't have time for these damn tears.

Hearing footsteps head my way, I quickly fix myself to appear like I'm sleeping. I hear a key slide into the lock before the door clicks open. I keep my breathing even, so I don't give away that I'm awake and the door shuts soon after.

As the key is being turned to re-lock me into this prison, I hear the person speaking. "Yeah. Still asleep. Damn idiot is probably stoned and thought he saw the light flip on in the room. Don't know why..." His voice trails off as he walks down the hallway.

My mind scrambles with the little information I was able to gather just now.

A. I'm locked in here.

B. I'm for sure on a second story of this building, maybe third.

C. There are guards surrounding wherever we are so that is going to make a window escape even harder.

Deciding that I can't figure out anything else until daytime when I can better see the outside and possibly deal with an appearance from dumb ass, I curl up under the sheet and stare at the wall until I fall asleep.

Chapter 5

Sinclair

We slowly make our way down the hallway in a single file line. As we reach the still open door, I take a deep breath and exhale before stepping into the massive room. I look around and take an appreciative view of what I can see is an exceptionally designed space, but seeing almost twenty hardened Russian Bratva members all trying to dismantle us into dust with their glares alone, stops me in my tracks. At least half of them have a gun drawn and pointing at us, with the others easily on the ready.

I considered strapping up myself before we walked in. Then decided that probably wouldn't be an intelligent idea and chose to come in here with no protection other than my fists. Declan and Giovanni followed suit, so if this goes bad at least it'll be fucking quick.

We stay still, standing next to each other as we stand-off against the guards. They range anywhere from the look of a professional bodyguard all the way to the one guy that looks like he is a half-step from being diagnosed as a clinical psychopath. This whole scenario is daunting as fuck but amps up another ten degrees when an icy voice bellows from the balcony area.

“Identification, check them, then bring them up!”

Three of the more professional looking guards approach us while holstering their weapons. “Hand over your driver licenses,” one of them barks while they all stick out their hand. We quickly grab them out of our wallets before handing them over and wait for further instructions. “Arms out, legs apart.”

My nerves grate at their demands, but I comply since we have no choice. I'd much rather tell him to ‘fuck off’ but instead, I bite the inside of my cheek until I taste blood while

complying. They each give us an extremely thorough pat down, only questioning the multitude of piercings Declan has and quizzically looking at us when they hit our groin region. We all just nod at their unspoken question. Yes, we are all pierced dick morons, and they all visibly shiver at the thoughts no doubt running through their minds.

After the pat-down they all stand up and grab hold of us while walking towards the staircase. All others stay silent, ready to annihilate us at the drop of a hat. We reach the massive black lacquered staircase with crushed red velvet runner where one leads the way up while the other two stay behind us.

As we reach the top of the stairs, my mind decides to think of my gorgeous kitten.

Does she resemble her twin and older brother or is she just her own brand of unique beauty that stands on its own? When we reach the top, I instantly have my answer.

Bethani, Alexei and Konstantin all have the same intense aqua eyes and matching chocolate wavy hair. While Konstantin and Alexei obviously have theirs styled in a similar fashion to us, I can see that the one brothers hair errs on a longer side like Declan's. Just not as wild.

Both brothers are hulking bastards matching closer to Declan's towering height, and are standing in front of the chairs they were once sitting in. They have well-fitted, black dress pants on and black dress shoes. Both are covered in tattoos from what I can see. Sleeves rolled up to their elbows and a few buttons undone on each dress shirt, which shows expansive and intricate designs that rival in comparison to Declan's expensive body art. The only difference in the men are their tight-fitting dress shirts. One is wearing a blood-red shirt, while the other has on a pitch-black one.

I'm going to assume the one in all black is Konstantin, but I can't see a definitive tell to give away who is who. All we know is Bethani and Alexei are both 21 while Konstantin is 33. And right now, whichever one is Konstantin, is holding

his age like a fucking champ which gives me hope our kitten is going to be a stone-cold fox for years to come.

Fuck... What am I saying? She is always going to be pure perfection wrapped in brat ass sin that loves when I brand her full ass with my handprint.

Shit. Stop fucking thinking about that shit!

The brothers nod to the one guard who finally steps forward and hands over our licenses to them. They both take a quick glance before returning their eyes to us while tossing the pieces of plastic on the table. While originally their looks had a more skeptical and guarded air to them, now their eyes blaze with pure rage and hate.

I don't even think, just act. I quickly throw my hands up in the air in surrender before dropping to my knees. Declan and Gio follow suit quickly, that quiet understanding between us. Whatever they saw on our licenses has them instantly hating us and I know the only way to have a word with them is to show surrender.

My body wants to revolt in retaliation to my quick surrender, but I shut that shit down quickly. If I ever want the chance to tie my fiery little kitten up and paint her pretty ass red before sinking my cock into her perfect dripping pussy again, I need to put a tether on my take no shit attitude.

While the brothers still look pissed, the complete fire behind their eyes has died a bit at our quick surrender. The one in red speaks first in a not as heavily accented but still brutish Russian tone. "To what do we owe this so-called visit of information? Especially from the likes of you three." My eyes go wide in shock at his accusatory tone. The likes of us three? We don't even know who the hell these guys are so how in the fuck do they know us?

"Sir? I'm not quite following your question. How do you know who we are, and we had absolutely no clue who you were until we until about nine hours ago?" Giovanni asks. Always asking the right questions. Thank fuck. Because I know Declan and myself sure as shit wouldn't ask the right thing.

They both glare at us in an accusatory tone before the one in black speaks. “You don’t know who we are? Do you really think I’m supposed to believe that?”

“No offense, but yeah. The only reason we know who you are is Bethani’s DNA results we got in today that gave her a paternal match to a Viktor Kostov. Her birthday is November 15th and she just turned twenty-two about six weeks ago. We have the results and photos. Were you not the person I just sent about forty photos to?” Giovanni asks in a weird tone before looking towards me. “Who in the fuck did the bouncer have me send shit to?”

Before I get the chance to reply, the brother’s fire off in angry Russian shouting at the others still surrounding us. Before we know it, the bouncer at the front door is now in front of us along with another. More shouting and yelling go back and forth between the four before the brothers whip out their Glocks and shoot the one Giovanni must have sent the photos to. He drops to the floor in front of us in an unceremonious heap. The blood pools around him in a crimson wave.

My fingers twitch with their own urge to shed blood. The metallic smell of the blood fills my nostrils and my senses revel in the joy. With everything that has happened today, my body and mind finally come in to focus together. Everything I’ve been keeping at bay around Bethani hits me like a Mac truck and I wonder how I’ve ignored the temptation for so long.

I glance towards the brothers as some of their guards file in to clean up the mess. They are quick and efficient; I’ll give them that. A slight chemical smell dulls my yearning a bit to focus better on the task at hand. But it doesn’t temper that twisted compulsion within me that is begging and clawing its way just below the surface. That fucker fights within me, itching to draw blood with my bare hands.

I close my eyes and take a few steadying breaths. Feeling more in control, I open my eyes to and glance to the guys. They both have that worried look on their faces. They know this is the one thing I struggle to control. The only thing

that has kept the monster locked away is my feisty little kitten. And until she is back in our arms, I'm going to unleash the bastard and let him out to play.

I give the guys a knowing nod, letting them know I'm in control before turning back towards the brothers. They are sitting back down in the chairs with tumblers of vodka in their hands, slowly swirling the clear liquid while studying us. The one in red takes a sip before addressing us. "I am Konstantin Kostov, Pakhan of the Kostov Bratva. This is my little brother Alexei. Sergei here tells us you have information about Natasha. The fool that was with him chose a different story to tell, therefore he is no longer with us. Let that be your only warning if you so choose to be here for any other reason than what you have said."

Well... Not exactly a promising sentiment, especially when we tell them she is missing.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Chapter 6

Konstantin

There is excitement running through me at the news. When Sergei told us what happened in the foyer, one of our comrades in the surveillance room verified he spoke the truth. Our second in command gave us the signal he spoke with no ill intentions, we quickly executed Sandar. He was a somewhat useless fool anyways. Although his intentions behind lying to us over this when we have been searching for almost nineteen years for Natasha... Unacceptable.

Therefore, he paid with his life. Simple as that. We do not have time for insolence and stupidity.

As my men finish cleaning up, I assess the men in front of me. Arms up in the air and kneeling in a quick surrender. I am not sure what to feel about this. From the extensive information I have on their families, this does not seem like a personality trait that is common amongst the men.

As I swirl the Stoli around in my glass, I finally down it before addressing them. "I am Konstantin Kostov, Pakhan of the Kostov Bratva. This is my little brother Alexei. Sergei here tells us you have information about Natasha. The fool that was with him chose a different story to tell, therefore he is no longer with us. Let that be your only warning if you so choose to be here for any other reason than what you have said."

There is no reason to give them any other warning or apologies. I have no time for nonsense like that. I smirk as their eyes go wide in confusion. "Are you already fearing your life? Did I catch you in a lie?"

The one named Declan laughs. "Not afraid to die. Just shocked, man. Bethani's real name is Natasha? Holy shit."

I lean back in my chair. "Da. Natasha Yelena Kostov. What does she go by now?"

“Bethani Larie Reece,” the one named Giovanni answers.

I nod my head and hum to myself. How did that bitch get away from us for so many years with Natasha? My anger spikes and thankfully my brother starts his usual talkative antics, the little shit. “Sergei said you had proof it’s our sister, correct?” Giovanni nods. “Well... Bring that shit over here! I need to see if it’s really my sister!”

Giovanni glances to me for permission and I give him a nod of approval. Yet again, these families are not ones to bow down or give up. So why are these three in a submissive state? As Giovanni hands Alexei the phone he tells him to swipe right to see all the photos. Alexei excitedly moves his chair closer to me before facing the screen for us to see. When the first photo pops up, my heart momentarily stops.

Мое маленькое солнышко. *My little sun.*

I hear the audible gasp from my brother as he begins to slowly scroll through the photos. My heart shatters into a million pieces as a blind fury begins to unfurl in my gut. As the photos progress, I notice there are many missing gaps in ages. Before I know it, I’m very quickly seeing pictures of an amazing grown woman. Eyes that match ours and our father’s. Her beauty is a realm of its own. Tears quickly build in my eyes, and I let them fall as my fists clench.

“I was thirteen when Alexei and Natasha’s mother took her from us. A shopping trip to New York for the children was her excuse. Father demanding they take the full security detail with them and her violently refusing, stating she can’t deal with the overwhelming cage feeling. He reluctantly agreed. I remember my little sister crying that day when they left. Her and Alexei were inseparable, and they adored me as much as I adored them.

“I remember Father and myself doing whatever it took to make Alexei smile, assuring him they would be back soon in time for Christmas. We always celebrated the American

holiday here, then flew to Mother Russia for our traditional celebration in January. This was the year the twins finally understood what it all meant. I remember being more excited about watching my little brother and sister opening gifts than even asking for presents of my own. Then we get the phone call..." I stop to pour four fingers of Stoli and quickly swallow it down, relishing in the familiar burn as I continue.

"Something bad had happened and we were needed in New York. I'd never seen my father in such turmoil as he was that day. We ended up in New York five hours later. The one guard their mother allowed with them was in the hospital when we arrived. She drugged his morning coffee and damn near killed him. Father and his crew scoured the streets for days. He even called in favors and forgave debts to find them. While he always loved Alexei and me more than anything in the world, Natasha was his little ray of sun. His fiery little mini that had him wrapped around her tiny little fingers."

The boys laugh and I send them a glare before the quiet one, Sinclair, speaks. "No offense, Konstantin. Kitten has us wrapped around her fingers also."

"Us? The fuck does that mean?" Alexei asks in a visibly irritated tone.

They are all quiet for a moment before Declan stands and brings Sinclair with him.

When they are all standing before us, Declan runs his hands through his hair before speaking. "I'm just going to say it. Rip the fucking Band-Aid off so you guys have time to think. We are all dating your sister and in love with her. Like stupidly, insanely, she hangs the moon and stars in love with her. And before you guys blow our heads off, she has agreed to it. Not once have we ever done anything she didn't agree to other than saving her from her stupid fucking ex and moving her into our penthouse on campus and making sure is utterly fucking spoiled and loved like the damn queen she is. She keeps our asses in line with zero issues and has brought out the best in us. I honestly don't know what I would do without her in my life. She is fucking perfect. So yeah..." He finishes and shrugs his shoulders.

A torrent of feelings storm through me. Confusion.
Anger. Pain. Pride. Longing.

But before I have time to digest all this information, my
asshole little brother goes off the rails.

Chapter 7

Declan

Alexei absolutely fucking snaps at my confession. He roars in rage and before I can even catch up, he has me tackled to the ground in a blind fury of fists. He gets a few solid hits on me before my brain catches up and I go on the defense. I'm quickly blocking blow after blow from him before I get the chance to land a solid hit to his ribcage. As he doubles over me, I take the advantage and use the training I've had to start grappling with him and flipping him off me.

Scrambling to my feet, I swipe the blood dripping from my nose before charging at Alexei. We collide in brick wall fashion while throwing haymakers left and right at each other. I land a solid hit to his cheek while he lands one on my ribs too. I'm not even paying attention to the fact that I should be defending myself better, just purely focused on not stopping before him. If we have any chance of proving ourselves, losing to him is not an option.

I finally get the opportunity to gain the upper hand. Using my shoulder, I rush into him and shove him backwards until he trips over a chair and we both go down on a coffee table of sorts. While it's probably a sturdy piece of furniture... tonight, it splinters under the weight of us both. The wood cracks and splinters around us. We both stop for a moment at the wind is knocked from our lungs, but it doesn't take him long to get the same idea as me. Quickly rolling away from each other, we each grab a broken table leg. Before we have the chance to attack each other, a gunshot goes off and Konstantin's bellowing voice stops us in our tracks.

“ENOUGH!”

We instantly drop the table legs and turn towards his brother like scolded children. I don't even bother risking a glance at Sinclair and Giovanni. I can feel their heated stares

already burning a hole through me and I can only imagine the amount of bitching I'm going to hear later. Oh, fucking well. I'm not going to sit there and get my ass kicked so they can suck a donkey cock.

“Everyone. Stand*down*.” Konstantin's tone gives absolutely zero room for rebuttal.

His brother goes to say something, but Konstantin gives him the glare of all glares and his mouth instantly snaps shut. With a snap of his fingers, people are instantly on the move. Chairs are brought over for us to sit on and glasses and another bottle of vodka. He motions for us to all sit down and we quickly follow suit. Tumblers are filled and passed around. Before anything else happens, Konstantin gives the command for the club to be shut down, locked up, all cameras to be turned off and for everyone to leave. A few waver, but he just tells them he will be in contact when he is ready, and they all finally leave.

Konstantin raises his glass, and we all follow suit. We clink and all take a healthy swig before settling into an awkward silence momentarily. Soon enough it's ended.

“I want to know everything.”

It's an hour later, and between Giovanni, Sinclair and myself, we tell them everything that we've been able to dig up on her past. Giovanni conveniently had her file folder from the system tucked into the back of his suit, which saved us a bunch of time. He covered the basics and told them they wouldn't like what they had to see, which they didn't. Both shattered a few tumblers before saying 'fuck it' and just taking a swig from the bottle when their emotions flared. We have been heavily interrogated about our relationship with her and while you can tell it is not something they are even remotely thrilled about, for now they are tolerating us solely because we have given them more info than they have been able to gather in years.

Konstantin finally finished the story of her disappearance, which pissed me off and caused me to throw a glass of my own. Her mother faked their deaths. All the cops ever found were torn up clothes that matched items Bethani and her mother packed, random locks of hair and drops of blood near a river. Cops swept the area and river but came up with nothing. New York went through a rare Indian summer that winter, so the waters were high before plummeting back to frozen temps. They searched for months, but finally cops told them that they were most likely dead and declared the case closed. Guesses were anywhere from wrong place wrong time to a rival crew that took advantage to send the Kostov Bratva into turmoil.

We haven't even gotten to the topic of where Bethani is right now and why our exact reasoning for being here. The elephant in the room is growing at a rapid rate and my mood finally drops from the leftover adrenaline after the fight and the vodka flowing freely through my body. Not one to miss shit, Konstantin instantly catches my drastic change in mood. "There is something that bothers you. Spit it out."

I sigh as I wonder how to word the question. "You haven't asked where your sister is yet and I'm wondering why."

He nods. "Da. I'm very curious as to where she is and why it's you three here instead. I have a few thoughts, but I'd much rather hear it from you."

"Can I ask a question first?"

"Is it relevant to what I want to know?"

I shrug. "Not sure. Good chance though."

He ponders before waving his hand through the air. "I'll allow it. So far you three have answered my questions without lying, so I'll give you this."

Shit. Figured he tell me to piss off and answer his question first. Damn it.

"So uhh... How do you know who we are? Do you guys do business with our fathers or something? And where is your

dad?”

His demeanor instantly changes back to that hardened Russian crime boss mode in a flash. Gone is the more relaxed attitude and back is that stone facial expression with flames in his eyes. Fucking hell, me and my big god damn mouth. Welp, may as well go grab my shovel and start digging.

“You really do not know, do you?”

My eyebrow quirks as I risk a glance to the guys. Similar expressions are plaster on our faces as we look back. “What do we not know?” Sinclair asks.

Alexei fires off a spew of slightly slurred Russian, and I’m sensing their accents come out the more they drink. Giovanni turns to me. “Man, I’m really fucking regretting not taking Tesoro up on those Russian lessons.”

The brothers’ eyes go wide in shock. “She speaks Russian still?” Is her twin’s question.

“Yeah. Fucking fluently.” Sinclair chuckles. “She has cussed my ass out in Russian more times than I care to admit. Offered to teach us all too.”

Konstantin looks at us. “Any particular reason for her choosing our mother tongue?”

I shrug and glance to the guys. “No clue. Never asked. What about you guys?”

Sinclair shakes his head. “Meant to, especially after her tongue lashings, but other uhh... activities tended to happen.” He visibly cringes at that and looks towards the brothers. “Sorry. I’m not one to apologize for my actions, but yeah. Didn’t meant to bring that topic up.”

While they don’t seem happy, they wave it off. Thank fuck for vodka.

Giovanni finally speaks up. “Yeah. I finally asked her. She was curious about learning some Italian since my family is from there, so I asked about why she chose Russian. Her only real reason is the language felt comforting to her and she loved the history. She also said it clicked easier to her. She

tried to learn Spanish in LA and got by, but it didn't click. When she got the chance to choose her extra classes, she saw that was an option and chose it. And when she started learning it, she said it made sense." He laughs. "I was fucking gobsmacked by it. Like I glanced at one of her textbooks and felt like the biggest moron."

"That makes sense. Father spoke mostly Russian to us. She was extremely fluent for three years old."

A silence hangs over the air at the mention of their father. Konstantin goes to stand and walks towards the wall where a bookcase resides, pulling out a framed photo.

He walks back and hands it to us.

It's a photo of Viktor Kostov with Konstantin, Alexei and Bethani. Glancing at it, even in my borderline drunk state, the familial resemblance is fucking astounding.

"That photo was taken for their third birthday, four weeks before Natasha and their mother went missing." He takes a swig from the Stoli bottle before resting his elbows on his knees and his chin on his steepled hands. "You ask how I know your families so well, da?"

We all nod.

He nods before speaking. "My father was a member of your precious Trident Syndicate and was a great friend to your fathers."

Fucking what?

Chapter 8

Sinclair

My mind absolutely spins at their admission. “What do you mean? Your father was a part of the Syndicate?”

Konstantin glances my way. “Da.” He looks back to Alexei and nods. Alexei reaches into his pocket and tosses something my way. I catch it and my jaw drops when I realize what it is.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

It’s The Trident Syndicate’s insignia ring. As I roll it around in my hand, all the familiar etching and markings slice my soul in two. When I turn to see the inscription within the ring, my gut churns. ‘*Ante Infeditatis Mortem*’ and the name ‘*Viktor Kostov*’ are etched in the familiar script that matches the one I’m wearing. Shutting my eyes, I hand it over to Giovanni. I don’t bother opening my eyes for a minute. Of all the possibilities that rolled through my head on the way up here, this sure as *fuck* wasn’t one.

I scrub my hands over my face when Declan starts swearing, and finally open my eyes to the pairs that match my kitten’s fiery stare. I can’t tell what is going behind their studious glares, but I can only imagine I’m not going to enjoy the answers.

“A male Kostov has been a member of The Trident Syndicate since its founding, generation after generation all the same as you three. Our father was the last Kostov to be initiated. Probably the only reason Alexei and myself are not dead is because we were children, and your fathers didn’t think we knew anything.” He laughs. “Or they were too busy scrambling around after Father tore apart that precious fucking trafficking ring they were so fucking desperate to be a part of

that they forgot about us... Well, minus taking enough time to murder our father and cover their worthless fucking tracks.”

I have no words. For once in my fucking life, I’m stunned into silence. No retorts. No controlling thoughts. Absolute. Utter. Fucking. Silence.

And I’m not the only one. Obviously. G and Deck both stare at them. Eyes wide and completely slack jawed. If I was in a state other than dumbfounding shock, I’d probably chuckle at the tumbler that slips from G’s hand and clatters to the floor.

“I...I...” Yeah. It’s that bad I obviously can’t form a coherent god damn sentence.

Alexei starts to laugh. Hysterical laughter that echoes through the room. It takes him a moment to calm down before he can speak. “How is it you three know so little about that *precious* syndicate you all cherish so much?”

That... Now *that* brings me out of my temporary stupor. I level him with one of my signature glares as the rage freely flows through my system like the purest shot of adrenaline I’ve ever had in my life.

“Precious? *Precious?*” I snort. “Yeah... All that *precious* fucking society has done for us is given us a fucking life full of trauma. The lies we’ve told when a teacher asks about the new bruises or fucking cast we wear, knowing that if we tell the truth the consequences will be ten times worse. Knowing I’m the product of a contract marriage and nothing more. My own whore of a mother wanting nothing to do with me.” My hands wave towards the guys as my fine-tuned control further slips away.

“Giovanni watching his mother slowly drown herself in alcohol until it killed her because his dad is nothing but a man-whore and constantly cheating. One of the servants becoming her world as he supplied her vices. Declan has the scars on his back to prove what type of parents he has.” I stand and snatch the bottle of vodka, guzzling some down.

I furiously pace as I continue my rant. “Forced to learn how to torture and kill people only to be tortured ourselves if we showed emotion or weren’t effective enough. Being put on ridiculous pedestals at that fucking college of hell. Everyone looks at us in awe and horror. Constantly being put into a show monkey mode as not to be anymore of disappointments than we already are. Making fake identities to start our own businesses so we have something to fall back on when we are threatened again and again to be cut off. And the best fucking part? Earlier this year being told we are all getting married this summer to who the fuck ever they choose for us. All parts of their business deals to further secure their god damn places in history. All we are to them is little fucking puppets, dangling from strings that are barely hanging on. Waiting and some days praying that they will end our miserable existences.”

Finally, I turn to all their stunned faces. I *definitely* should not say what I do next, but I can’t stop the torrential word vomit that has come over me. “And I’d do it all over again, every sick and twisted moment. Every broken bone and bruise. All the mental and emotional abuse. Because you know why? It led us to your sister. Your absolutely amazing sister that has gone through so much shit and can still have the most blindingly beautiful smile that knocks the wind out of my lungs every fucking time. I’m so damn in love with her, no, *We* are so damn in love with her, it’s sickening.”

My knees finally give out as my resolve fully cracks. Tears blur my vision and I let the bastards fall. “We were forced to the family gathering today. When we got home, our penthouse was trashed. Realizing we hadn’t heard from Bethani today, we searched the place for her. But all we found was a fucking picture of her walking out of the doctor’s office and a note saying she was gone. At the same time, Giovanni got the DNA email. She wasn’t sure she wanted the results.

Then an alert pops up...”

I inhale deeply before raising my face to my potential maker’s, tears freely flowing as I do the one thing I swore I’d never do. “I’m fucking begging you guys. Help us find your

sister and possibly your niece or nephew that's growing inside her. Help us bring back the love of our lives and potential child before we lose them. I don't know about them, but I'll do whatever you want for your help. Our town is owned by our fathers, and we don't have a fucking leg to stand on without you because they are most likely the reason she is gone."

My head bows back down as I let go of the control, and my emotions fully obliterate all sense. I roar in rage as all the thoughts of our kitten and child being in danger threaten to push me beyond any of the pain I've ever felt. This is worse. Knowing she isn't beside us as we all wait on a pregnancy test result. Flickers of her gorgeous body with a proud round belly. Visions of us all chasing a house full of kids by day and pounding more into her at night. Everything thrashes and crashes in my head.

I fully realize what Giovanni meant earlier, but I was too focused and fucking stubborn to let the emotions permeate my mind.

I'll give up my life for her. I want her and only her for the rest of my life. If we can't get her back, I'll happily put a bullet in my head so I can see her on the other side.

Because a life walking amongst the living... It doesn't mean shit without her by our sides.

Groaning, I wake up with the biggest pounding headache of my life. I roll to my side and realize I'm on a couch. How in the *hell* did I get on a couch?

"About time you woke up, dickhead." A voice I think is Declan's? Fuck, for once I have zero clue and don't give a shit.

"What happened?" I ask, wincing as my voice sounds like steel drums being furiously pounded within my thick skull.

"*Christo.*" G swears. "You mean other that being drunk off your ass?"

"Sure... That." I wave a hand around.

“Well, you went on a typical psychopathic rant where you spilled a good amount of shit we went through as kids. You basically stated our hatred for the syndicate, our parents and the school,” Giovanni says, and I don’t remember any of it.

“And? That’s not that bad.”

“No, it’s not.”

I don’t like his tone. “Why do I have a terrible feeling that’s not all I said?”

Declan decides this is the time to cut in with his booming voice, furthering my new decision to abstain from the devil called Stoli Vodka. “Because it’s not, dumbass! You just had to go and tell them about Bethani being gone, possibly pregnant with one of our children, then basically swore your allegiance to the Kostov Bratva before screaming and crying until you passed out.”

My mouth decides it’s time to be a wiseass even though my brain screams otherwise. “We aren’t dead so it can’t be that bad.”

Deep laughter comes from somewhere near me and I now regret being too chicken shit to open my eyes sooner. “*Nyet*. You aren’t dead yet, but the option is still very much on the table.”

Ah fuck.

Slowly, very slowly, I sit up. My body protests but I force my eyes to open, squinting as I slowly take in our surroundings. “Where the hell are we?”

“Kostov compound,” Alexei answers while looking at me like he is ready to kill me.

Scrubbing my hands over my face, I take a moment to gain momentum before standing and walking to the table where they all sit. Somehow, I’m in a pair of sweats and t-shirt like the rest of them. I pull out the chair and flop down like an unstable child, which apparently, I am right now.

A cup of coffee and Tylenol are slid in front of me, and I greedily chug that shit down. I pour a second cup and do the same. I'm pouring the third one when I realize I should probably apologize, even though the thought makes me want to rage. "I guess an apology is in order, right?"

Konstantin just takes in the giant ass train wreck that is me now and waves it off.

"Not necessary. While the outburst and information weren't *all* welcomed, it was needed for my decision."

My mouth becomes drier than the Sahara as I croak out, "And that decision would be?"

Since he is, you know, the Pakhan of the Russian Bratva, of course he has us standing on rusty nails while we wait for our fates. Finally, after what feels like way too long in my awful hungover state of mind, he delivers us our fates.

"We will help you find our sister." Thank fuck! "But there are... conditions."

Well shit.

"Condition one, you three follow our rules. While you were passed out, Giovanni explained more of the issues you are facing in Sonoma, and he will be working with my tech person to hack the systems. Condition two, when we find our sister, if she needs any medical attention, we control where she goes and the security measures that go in place. Condition three, no secrets. Whether you three like it or not, she will know about The Trident Society. Finally, condition four, you swear your allegiance to us. Depending on how well you cooperate and help us during this mission will either help or hinder your rank."

Sitting back, I glance to the guys. "Your thoughts?"

Declan simply says, "Anything for sunshine."

Giovanni nods. "Already said it before. I'll do whatever for her. And before you ask, I already asked how she knew about our song. Viktor used to sing to them as children. He must have sung that to them for some reason."

I just nod and turn my gaze back to Konstantin and Alexei. Standing up, I hold my hand out.

“Konstantin. Alexei. You gentlemen have a deal. Let’s fucking find her.”

Chapter 9

Bethani

Ten Days Later

“You ready to give in yet, princess?”

Dear lord, his voice is so damn annoying.

It's been over a week since this jerk got his slimy hands on me and my resolve is slowly starting to wane. I've maybe had three pieces of bread and if I'm lucky, a glass of water each day. My head throbs, stomach constantly rolls, and I have absolutely zero energy from the minimal sleep. He keeps saying as soon as I agree then I can eat and drink as much as I want. Yet again...

“Already told you, dumbass. *I might* consider it if you told me what I was agreeing to. However, your pencil dick keeps getting in the way, so the answer is still fuck you.”

His backhand across my face doesn't come off as much of a shock. He has slapped me and pushed me into the wall quite a few times when he doesn't get his way. The boot to my stomach though? *That* one is new and hurts like hell. Pain ripples through my body as I grit my teeth and force myself to keep from screaming in pain.

“You stupid...” He starts saying but a knock to the door stops Peter from doing whatever it was he was planning next. He quickly steps out and locks the door and I can hear heated voices while I try to steady my breathing.

I will the torturous pains to go away, but my brain and body are at war with each other. My mind says, ‘*We've been through worse, we can handle this!*’ while my body says, ‘*I can only function so long*’

without food before I shut down, idiot. ' Yeah, I can *most definitely* feel the difference from the first day or so until now.

My mind and body have been through an utter avalanche of emotional highs and lows over the last week. Being stuck in this stupid room the whole time has left me with a bunch of time to fully allow everything I've blocked out over the years to hit me in full force. All the terrible memories of being hungry, cold, terrified, picked on and a million other things keep crashing against all the utterly amazing times I've had with Declan, Sinclair and Giovanni in a further attempt to drag me down.

But every time the terrible memories try to win, I remember how hard I fought and what I had to do to get away from that shit. I keep fighting against the horrific parts and remind myself that I am strong enough to get through this. I will get through this, not *only* for myself but for the guys. We've had our talks and they slowly let me in more and more as time went on about some of the hell they lived through.

Do I think they've been completely honest? Absolutely not. But have I been completely honest with them? Nope.

I'd probably go lick a dirty sidewalk before admitting to them I've killed someone.

Damn it. Now that I'm thinking about the guys, stupid tears decide to fall again. I miss them so damn much but at the same time, I'm so utterly pissed off at them.

Where the *hell* are they and why am I still freaking stuck in this fresh hell?

If I wasn't three stories up with nothing but a concrete pad to break my fall, I'd have already broken the damn sealed windows and jumped down to kick their asses for taking so long. Then I'd demand they fuck me for a week straight as penance. Perks of three boyfriends. When one is well spent, there are two others with long and thick mouthwatering

pierced cocks ready to go. I snicker to myself at the thought. Yet again with these god-awful all over the place emotions.

One minute I'm more determined than ever, another I'm crying, and now I'm quietly laughing to myself and horny. I really need them to get here before I well and truly lose my mind.

I finally get myself back onto the bed, and lean against the wall with the pillow between my stomach and bent knees when the door unlocks, and Peter comes back in. I leave my face void of emotion since I know it only pisses him off more.

“What? Come back to beat on me some more since you know I won't have sex with you?”

His fingers twitch with the urge to hit me again, but for some reason he just stuffs his hands in his pockets before speaking. “I'm going to give you two choices.”

“If one is killing you, then I'll take it.” I probably shouldn't be a smart ass, but I can't resist pissing him off.

He doesn't take the bait, which has me narrowing my gaze at him.

“It's really quite easy, princess. Either you marry me, or we sell you off to the highest bidder.” He shrugs like it's choosing between pizza and ice cream. “Your choice.”

“E...excuse me?”

“I'm not going to repeat myself, Bethani. I gave you your choices and now you need to make a decision.”

I'm stunned. “And you really think I'm going to choose to marry your stupid ass?”

“I'm the much preferable choice. Even though we could get a pretty penny for you since you are a missing Bratva heir. But I'd much rather have you as my submissive little whore willing and ready whenever I want.”

Even though I should be wondering what he meant by the ‘missing Bratva heir’ comment, all my mind is conjuring up are disgusting images of being *his* wife and him toting me

around like some plastic prize. He has always hated my curves and said I needed to lose weight. He also said I'd look better blond and wearing more makeup. So, between all his prior statements when we dated and his 'choice' just now... I see nothing but red.

It takes everything inside me, but I gather the unknown surge of strength to launch myself off the crappy bed and punch him square in the face. His head snaps to the side and he falls back the inch or so into the door as shock takes over his face. I quickly go to land another punch, but he deflects it and lands his own solid punch to my gut which has me doubling over, and he takes the advantage to shove me back on the floor. He lands himself above me and wraps his hand around my neck.

The feeling is a flashback to the night the guys saved me, but this time I'm not drugged from a cocktail.

My body protests as he starts squeezing harder and yelling at me, but I tune it out. I know he is hurling insults, but I stay still long enough and close my eyes to let him think he has won. As soon as he lets go, I fight not to take a deep breath and count to three before opening my eyes and kneeling him straight in his dick. As he falls over beside me and starts to dry heave, I quickly scramble to reach the door. I'm able to open the door only to be blocked by three mammoth ass guards.

They are all equally terrifying in their own rights, but all standing together as a giant wall. Yeah. I'm not going to be able to leave.

They all slowly make their way towards me and back me into the room of doom until my legs hit the back of the bed and I land square on my ass in defeat. The one walks over to Peter and hauls him to his feet before muttering something in his ears. He just pushes the guy away and adjusts himself in his pompous looking suit.

After righting himself, he finally turns back to me. "Twenty-four hours. Next time I come in here, you better have your decision made or I'm making it for you." He then storms out of the room as his goons follow. I don't move or let my

expression falter until that taunting ‘click’ of the lock sounds off, sealing me back in this prison.

I make my way slowly back to the pillow and curl myself in a ball as the adrenaline wears off. My thoughts are plagued with what all he said as I fall into a restless sleep, praying that my men can get here within the next twenty-four hours before I really am forced to make a choice I don't want to make.

Chapter 10

Giovanni

Later that evening

“Thirty minutes out. Everyone understand their positions?” Konstantin barks out through the comms we all have in our ears as five heavily armed SUV’s barrel down the highway towards Bethani’s location. A bunch of da’s and yes’s filter back through until he feels like he has heard them all. “Хороший. Keep the comms clear until we are five out unless there is an emergency.”

These past ten days have been nothing short of pure hell. It took Sven and me damn near three days to crack through all the security protocols for the medical building, DMV records, shell companies, Washington’s children services and finally the traffic feeds. We all chose to hack the traffic cams last, which was probably a damn good thing.

Watching Bethani fight off Peter—who we now finally know is Sheamus Peter O’Sullivan—and his goon filled all of us with an insane amount of pride and complete and utter seething fury as we watched her fight like hell before the sick bastard pulled a gun on her. Alexei and Declan both turned into chaotic messes and proceeded to spar against the lower-level member for hours in the gym. They both kicked everyone’s asses, then demolished a punching bag or two. Sinclair simply asked Konstantin if he needed anyone disposed of and then went MIA for ten hours as someone drove him around with a clean-up crew to follow behind. He came back covered in blood but slightly less murderous.

Konstantin just swore a few times before sitting down beside Sven and myself to watch as the vehicle pulled away and we tracked, lost a few times, then found the vehicle and kept tracking until they finally arrived at their location. He

also may or may not have called in a few favors back in the home country and had a satellite cross *slightly* over its territory and had some imaging sent our way. May or may not have had a top-secret military drone sweep the location at night also, but I'm not quite sure since I don't understand Russian.

All I know is we have spent a shit tons of hours planning, making back up plans, *then* making back up plans for those. We have done tactical drills, spent hours at his personal range firing off all the various weapons we have strapped to us now, and helped with plans he has in store for his empire.

While at some moments I'm not sure if they still want to string our asses up and bleed us dry, we have all reached a general truce and somewhat bonded.

We've learned more about our fathers and some of the downright disgusting 'projects' they are involved in than we ever thought was possible.

The biggest one... well, after tucking their tails for a few years and letting the heat fall off them from possibly being outed, they used all their connections to restart the human trafficking ring. Only now, they are top of the food chain and not just trying to buy their way in.

We also concluded that that is where most of the scholarship students have sadly landed. While they all thought they were finally getting the chance to make their lives better, our fathers took them and sold them off to the highest bidder. It's one of the most twisted and sickening things ever, and I'm ashamed to even share a last name with them. I haven't loved my father in many years, but now I just down right despise the man with everything in me. While our plans on that front haven't made any progress yet, we all have a deep-seated vendetta against them that burns even brighter than before.

I glance at my watch and see we only have ten minutes until we reach our location.

Closing my eyes, I focus on all the plans we have and how long we will have until shit hits the fan.

Ten acres. Twenty-five thousand square feet of house. The systematic signal jammers we need to run perfectly. The forty-seven guards against the twenty-five of us.

Although, the twenty-five of us are going to be one hell of a force to stop. Two Russian kingpins that haven't seen their sister—who they thought was dead—in pushing twenty years. Their twenty men that all have excessive amounts of military service, mercenary experience and are all borderline psychopaths in their own rights.

Then you have us. The three men she absolutely slayed into pieces, and brought us to our knees. The fathers of our child growing inside her. My damn heart and soul I would have been willing to rip out and offer to her with no questions asked. I don't want it back either. Because if she is mad at us... well, then I guess I'm going to be groveling my way back into her good graces.

Alexei's voice filters through the comms. "Five minutes."

My eyes open and my laser focus comes into full force.

We can't fuck this up.

"How the hell were you able to wipe out their security systems and comms so easily?" I whisper-yell to Konstantin and Alexei as we make our way through the trees. It's pushing 2am and we were fully prepared to use the night vision, but the full moon has lit up the area well. Not sure if that's a bad omen or a good one, but I'm going with good.

"Simple," he replies. "Sent a couple of my best girls and they worked their magic. Quite easy when these men want to get laid, and a pretty woman conveniently has a flat tire."

"I thought—" I start, and he cuts me off.

"Da. But not in the way you think. Fully legal. The girls are treated like royalty, and they pick and choose if they want

to... play. No one is forced into blasphemous shit like this.
Бля никчемные уколы!”

I give no reply since it's understood what he is explaining. While yes, he deals in prostitution, he at least gives the women a safe environment for their chosen lifestyle. I can respect that because women should be allowed to fuck who they want and not be considered a whore.

We all pause as we reach the tree line and eye the massive mansion in front of us. Tension is at an all-time high as we wait for the signal from Konstantin's crew. They are taking out all the outside guards, before they give us the signal, then we strike.

I wait with bated breath as the *click click* sound through our earpieces send us into attack mode. We silently charge towards the fortress, guns raised as all the others follow suit. We also have a few men stationed at the underground entrances and a backup van that's waiting to be filled with any survivors. *Not that they will live for long.* Other than rescuing Bethani, the goal is to capture as many as possible and Alexei is going to have some fun of his own.

As we reach the back door, I glance around. The building is a massive rectangular structure. More windows than I can count and all very basic and inconspicuous looking. If only that were the truth. After digging through the shell companies, we finally found the owners. Yeah, our fathers' names are all over this. While they have it branded as housing for troubled individuals, it's where they hold the auctions for their trafficking ring. The black-market live auctions and bidding means all the wretched scum of the earth can just log on, bid on their choices and have them sent to their locations to do whatever depraved acts their new 'owner' commands.

“Ready?” Declan asks as he stands in front of the door. We all nod and Declan does what Declan does best, goes apeshit crazy. His body slams into the door, breaking it off the hinges as he dives down with it. We all quickly step in and start firing as doors come flying open and guards attempt to get a heads up on us. In a matter of seconds, six men are

splayed out on the ground with blood oozing out of their lead filled bodies. “Whoops. Not sorry.”

I hear a snort and chuckle from the others, but we are all on the same page.

Sweeping our weapons around, we all clear each room as we make our way to the others. When we all gather in the main area, Konstantin directs everyone to their positions. All the others take the stairs towards the second and third floors while we take the elevator to the third floor which is marked with about 100 bedrooms, which are even smaller than the ‘dorm’ Bethani lived in before she came into our lives. The third floor also has tons of maze-like corridors to throw the victims off, with a hidden lift so they never really escape.

As we were stalking towards the house, I thought I saw a very dim light in the one corner peeking out of a window. If my memorization of the plans are correct, I know exactly where to go. I haven’t told anyone yet because I’m not sure if it’s what I saw. But if she is there, that’s the way I’m heading. The ping of the elevator alerts me that we’ve reached our target location and as soon as the door opens, I’m out.

Stupid mistake.

In my haste, I barely miss the bullet that flies by and crashes into the floor, like a dip shit. “Fuck,” I mutter but thankfully the others are more prepared. A shot to the shoulder from Sinclair drops the guy as he cries in pain, while Deck knocks his ass out cold. A noise to the left has me quickly reacting and sending a bullet into a guy’s knee. He is knocked out by Konstantin who then turns on me. “Fucking idiot.”

“Yeah. I’m aware.”

“You really think my sister will welcome me if she finds out I let one of you idiots die under my command?”

Pausing, I think for a moment. “Doubt it.”

“The fuck was that for anyways?” Konstantin demands.

I quickly decide to go with the truth. “Thought I saw a light in one of the windows. I’m certain I know where the

room is located through this fucked up maze of hell and jumped the gun. Won't happen again."

He sends off what I'm assuming is colorful language about my stupid ways, which I deserve. "Don't do it again. Got it?" I nod in confirmation. "Good. Head that way. One of us will follow behind shortly."

With a thumbs up, I'm off again in my determined search of Bethani. I stalk, as silently as my big ass can suited up in full tactical gear, and I slowly clear room after room on the way. I can hear the others, barely, as bullets fly into walls. In only a couple minutes I've cleared every room until I hit the last hallway. I pause before turning to see if I can hear voices.

It only takes a minute, but I finally hear the muted sounds of at least two men.

Realizing I need silence on my side, I methodically pull the sniper rifle off my back. This son of a bitch is some insane concoction Alexei thought up and built, but the asshole created gold. Smaller than most rifles, it doesn't 'need' to be propped against anything to be accurate as fuck. Silent, and the only reason you know someone is hit is when the Molly-coated slugs hit the target. The entry is small and precise. The exit wound is a massive explosion that destroys what it encounters.

I take a quick glance past the wall to see two men standing next to each other on my side of the wall and one across from them. Leaning back, I think of a crazy ass idea that sounds like something only Declan would think of. Crouching down, I steady my breathing as my pulse spikes. With extreme caution, I wrench myself around and take aim. My finger barely squeezes the trigger, and the slug gets sent.

Knowing I won't have time, my reaction is instantaneous. I whip the gun towards the third guard as the first two go down in my peripheral, screaming in pain as their lower limbs are shredding into bloody pieces.

The third guard watches in horror as his friends' gurgling screams get softer and softer, finally ceasing when the blood loss is too much. I feel the others as they come up behind me, but I'm too focused. "Where is she?" I grit out.

With shaking hands, he trembles as his hand raises and points towards the door. Without another thought, I'm charging down the hallway with the others. A door opens to the side of me, and I don't even think as my fist slams into the person's face, sending them to the ground in an unconscious heap.

My limbs are on auto pilot as I reach the door I'm aiming for and kick it open.

"Tesoro?" I whisper, and my heart feels like it's lodged in my throat.

Her body makes a pitiful whimper sound and I'm instantly at the bed by her side.

"Come on, Tesoro. Open those beautiful eyes for me, baby." Even with nothing but a dim as shit lamp beside her, I can see the exhaustion on her face. She looks like she hasn't eaten much which makes her normally full features slightly gaunt.

I go to rest my hand on her shoulder, but her eyes fly open in horror. I don't move as a knowing look crosses over her face. "G...Giovanni?" Her voice is weak, but she is fucking *alive*.

"Yeah, Tesoro. We're here. Sorry it took us so damn long, baby."

Finally, she glances and sees the others. Her gorgeous eyes fill with tears as she launches herself into my arms and I welcome the thud of my head hitting the floor.

I wrap my arms around her as she sobs in relief, and I fight tears myself. Words can't even express the fucking elation coursing through me that we have her back with us. If I wasn't grateful before, I damn sure am now. Making the decision to drive to Seattle saved her from whatever life of hell our fathers had planned.

"Hey Tesoro, think you can spare a hug for the others?"

A small laugh falls from her lips as she shakes her head, and I could damn near skip at the sound. I go to sit up and

move us, but she winces and my stomach drops.

“What’s wrong, Tesoro?” I ask in a damn near panic.

It takes her a second before she can answer. “He kicked me in the stomach a few times earlier and I can’t get the pain to stop.”

Fuck!

I look to the others as we all share the same sickening thought. The baby. It’s only seconds before we all snap into action like our asses are on literally fire. Which right now, I’d prefer that. Konstantin is instantly on the phone belting out demands. Alexei is struggling with the state of his twin sister, and Sinclair and Declan have us hoisted up in the air so fast I damn near have whiplash.

Tons of apologies are sent Bethani’s way as we all power through the house to the first floor and out of the front door like deranged maniacs. Before we know it, we are all in the vehicle and Konstantin is flooring it out of the compound to the nearest hospital with his extremely trusted, vetted, and top security guards already en-route to make sure we have zero issues when we arrive.

Deck, Sin and I are all reassuring her that we will explain everything to her as soon as possible, and doing our best to comfort her, even though I know we are all dreading the possibilities as we fly closer and closer to the hospital.

Konstantin has us to the hospital in thirty minutes. We figured out this one isn’t under our fathers’ influences somehow and he was quickly able to make it well known that he would be in charge.

As we storm through the ER doors, people look at us in shock. Five men all dressed in black tactical gear with weapons strapped to us, and a few of us with blood covering our faces is an intimidating sight. Some of them flee. Others are just too petrified to move.

We don’t say anything, just go through the door separating the waiting area from the ER rooms where a doctor, nurse and bed are already waiting for us.

I gently lay Bethani on the bed and go to kiss her but the doctor has an oxygen mask held over her face and they are quickly rushing her off before I can blink. My anger flares and I go to charge after them but Konstantin's hand lands on my shoulder.

The bastard has the nerve to stop me in my tracks when I see tears falling from his eyes. My chest heaves and I bend over to stop the flood of guilt that wants to drop me to my knees.

“As much as it pains me to stop us from following, we must. None of us are in the right frame to be near them. We need to step back, wait for Kraus and the team to get here with all of our belongings and make ourselves look presentable for her.”

I turn a knowing scowl his way. I know he is right. That doesn't mean I have to enjoy it.

Ten minutes later, Kraus and his team show up. We all step into a few of the empty rooms, unload all our stuff, clean up as best as possible in a sink and change into comfortable clothing.

Soon after, we all are stuck sitting in chairs for hours while we wait for an update.

Chapter 11

Bethani

I'm not quite sure what time it is, all I know is I'm lying in a hospital bed. I can feel the needles in my arm and the oxygen cannulas that are in my nose. A pleasant warmth has washed over my body from the painkillers, dulling the once stabbing pain.

Flashes before I finally fell—well, before the drugs fully kicked in and I passed out—of being rescued and doctors talking to me keep blipping across my dreams.

“Yeah, Tesoro. We're here. Sorry it took us so damn long, baby.”

“I'm so damn sorry, sunshine.”

“I promise, kitten. We will never let anything happen to you again.”

“Yeah. We have our sister. We are on our way there. If we get there before you, secure the perimeter and acquire her room before speaking with security. Pay them off and let them know they are on vacation until we leave.”

“Okay Bethani. Just need to do this ultrasound to check on the baby.”

Wait a minute...

My eyes slam open and quickly slam back shut as the lights damn near blind me. “Son of a bitch!”

I start to rapidly blink until everything comes into focus and I feel like I can see again without spots dancing across my eyes. I know there are others in the room, but I continue to study the holes in the ceiling as I garner a proper train of thought.

Feeling like I’m ready for it, I take a risk and glance to my left. Sitting there in chairs, that are way too small and look extremely uncomfortable, are my guys. All three of them are staring right back at me with haggard looking faces. “You guys kind of look like shit.”

The massive ball of tension that has been clouding the room lifts a little as their eyes widen, before deep laughs fall from their lips and the first glimpses of the smiles I love so much, filter across their faces. A pair of rumbling laughs to my right has me whipping my head in that direction.

A familiar pang lands in my chest as eyes so strikingly like mine bore into me.

Where the feeling comes from, I’m not sure. “Who the hell are you two?”

The brief smiles that crossed their faces quickly fall into matching stoic expressions and again, a weird familiarity to it passes me.

The one that looks slightly older than me stands and cautiously approaches me.

With a glance back to the guys, they do nothing but nod. Do they know them? Why is he approaching me and not them?

He reaches the side of the bed and finally speaks. “You do not remember me, but I remember you, **Мое маленькое солнышко.**”

My little sun? I study him as I mull over the words. My eyes go wide as a memory I’ve never remembered before slams into me like a boulder.

“Ah Мое маленькое солнышко. Always giving your brother and me a scare with your sneaky ways.”

I giggle as my dad pulls back the curtain, exposing me. “Da Da! You find me!”

His smile is big as he lifts me into his strong arms. “I did, Natasha. I’ll always find you, my precious little sun.”

“H...holy shit,” I whisper. “K...Konstantin?”

A dark chuckle falls from his lips as a blinding smile stretches across his face. “Da.” He turns and nods for the other to come up and I’m in just as much awe. “And this ugly brat is your twin, Alexei.”

It’s been almost two hours since I woke up. While the past two hours have given me more information than my brain feels like processing, it’s been oddly rewarding also. Now that Konstantin and Alexei have both shared stories from our past that I was a part of, vague snippets here and there have caught me off guard. They have said specific phrases in Russian that somehow give me a flash back of my father. They also have interrogated the living shit out of me about my life after I disappeared. Even though it was hell, I explained the places we lived and various street names I remember or schools I went to.

It hasn’t been all been sunshine either. I’ve cussed them all out a few times as the anger spiked. My attempts to control it have gone in vain also. It’s just caused tears which has pissed me off even more. While I’m happy as hell that they saved me, I’m pissed it took so damn long. Konstantin tried to explain that he refused to go in unprepared, but I’d just cut

him off and tell him he could have blown the place to hell if it meant I got out of there sooner.

“So did you guys find Peter or is he still out there?” I’ve been nervous about asking. I don’t want to be afraid but it’s slightly hard not to. Realizing it was him that sent all the threatening shit to me wasn’t fun to admit either. Declan ranted and raved. Giovanni asked why I didn’t just give him the information so he could track it. Sinclair just gave me one of his brooding pissed off looks that always sends lustful shivers through my body.

“Yeah, we got him, sunshine. G knocked his ass out and your brothers have him... somewhere,” Declan answers. I send a look towards them, but the jerks have great poker faces.

“Nice try, Tasha. Not saying shit.” I just flip Alexei off as he snickers.

I adjust my pillow before speaking. “Really going to have to get used to the whole Natasha thing.”

“What are your plans on that?” Konstantin asks, and I just shrug.

“I’m not really sure at this moment. I like the Natasha name, but I also like the name I’m used to. I’ll think about it and go from there.” He doesn’t seem happy about my answer, but he doesn’t get to choose which name I decide to keep. I turn back to the guys. “So, am I ever going to get a hug or anything from you three or are you just going to sit there the whole time and look at me?”

Alexei coughs and gets a dirty glare in return. “Okay. Protective brothers need to calm the hell down and go find coffee or something. I have a feeling you two are the reason they haven’t even moved from their seats.”

“Nyet!” They both bark at my request.

With a smug look on my face, I cross my arms over my chest as best as possible with the IV’s attached to me. “Suit yourselves then. I’ll just start talking about our sex lives together and all the fun stuff we get into. How about that?”

Looks of disgust plague their faces as they both quickly stand. “Nope. Fuck no. *Not* hearing my twin talk about her sex life. Fucking gross!” Alexei snarks as he storms out of the room. Konstantin just shakes his head before coming over to kiss the top of my head. “Still causing trouble as usual. I see that hasn’t changed.”

“Don’t try to accost her either. Little shit ended up putting purple dye and glitter in my body wash as revenge.” Sinclair pouts and I just send him a wide smile.

“That day turned out quite fun though. Or am I wrong?”

His voice drops just enough, and I know I’m provoking him. “Behave kitten.”

My brother swears before waving us all off and walks out the door. As the door closes, the room falls into a silence for a moment. It’s unnerving since none of us are usually *this* quiet. Well, except for Sinclair when he is in one of his moods or when I’m provoking him for sex.

“I love you. All of you,” I rapidly blurt out while fiddling with the blanket that’s draped across my lap, deciding to break the god-awful silence with something that has been on my mind since being kidnapped.

Next thing I know, my head is being tilted up as Giovanni crushes his mouth to mine. His lips are more demanding than usual as his tongue swipes across my lips and my mouth instantly opens for his. Our kiss is hot, heavy and over way too fast before he breaks us apart and rests his head against mine. “I love you too, Tesoro.”

The demanding grunt from Sinclair has me turning towards him as he speaks.

“Fucking love you, kitten.” I can’t help but laugh.

“Really? Had to drop the F-bomb in there.” He just gives me one of his signature smirks before leaning down and taking control of my mouth with his demanding one. Our kiss is just as passionate as Giovanni’s and the familiar sparks flutter across my skin and ignite my soul on fire. He finally

pulls back and goes to speak but a knock at the door has our attention diverted.

“Hello. I’m Dr. Rose. I’ll be the one taking care of you during your stay here. How are you feeling, Bethani?”

The guys go back to their seats as they resume their caveman stances. The only one that hasn’t made the effort to be intimidating is Declan. I can’t get a read on his expression. It’s almost like he is timid or maybe afraid?

“I mean the drugs are obviously working. The pain isn’t bad, and my stomach feels a million times better than it did yesterday. I mean I know I’m going to feel like hell eventually, but right now I’m happy I’m not.”

Her gaze doesn’t meet mine. “Yes. Well between the fluids, feeding tube we pulled out earlier and pain meds, you are going to feel a little bit better, but your body has gone through trauma so lingering effects can last a while. It’s a good thing you have a solid support system in place but I’m also going to recommend speaking to someone for the benefit of your mental wellness.” The tone of her voice is ominous, but she continues to speak. “The miscarriage can cause an extreme dump in hormones as your body tries to adjust back to its normal state.”

I couldn’t have heard her correctly, right? “H...hold on. Miscarriage? What are you even talking about?”

The stunned look on Dr. Rose’s face could be considered comical if it was any other situation. “Oh. Oh my. You didn’t know you were pregnant with twins?”

Chapter 12

Declan

The look on sunshine's face has me out of my chair faster than I can even think.

“Does she *look* like she knew? Do *any* of us look like we fucking knew?” I demand.

The doctor just pales as she stares up at my towering frame. “I...I...” She stops and composes herself. “I’m sorry. I thought you were all aware of this. The doctor last night was already gone when I got here. I’m just going off the notes that were given to me at the nurses station.” She glances down at the clipboard. “Dehydration with intravenous fluids. Slightly malnourished and a nasal was inserted for 6 hours to help until she woke up and could try solids. Ligature marks on her neck with no lasting effects. Severe bruising along her stomach. When they did the ultrasound, they discovered she was already in the process of dilating and passing the twins. They helped her along since she was unconscious.” Her eyes turn back towards me with a pleading look, and I don’t even give two shits.

“So why in the fuck were none of us informed before this? Yeah, we suspected she was pregnant. But Jesus Christ! No one confirmed or denied! What in the hell!” I’m so damn ready to snap it’s not even funny.

“Declan. Please... Just stop for a second.” Bethani’s quiet voice breaks through my blinders and my head turns to her. She has tears streaming down her face and everything I’ve been holding back just snaps. I head towards the bed, carefully climb on and she welcomes me as sobs of grief flood through me.

Her arms wrap around my head as she cradles me to her chest. My arm is just below her breasts, so I don’t add any

more pressure to her already battered abdomen and like the damn warrior she is, she fucking comforts me even though I know she is going through an immense amount of pain. She just sits there and takes my agony while asking the doctor more questions along with Sinclair and Giovanni.

The next day

Numbness. Bleak and utter numbness. That's the only emotion that seems to truly categorize how I've felt for the last twenty-four hours.

After the doctor left the room, her brothers came back in and I was able to be coaxed out of my sunshine's arms where they explained all I missed, even though I was right there.

Between the lack of food and water, and fuck wad's boot kicks to her stomach, her body went in to fight or flight mode and the miscarriage was the result. When she was in the ER, they tried to stop the labor until they did an ultrasound, where they realized their tiny hearts stopped beating so they quickly helped the process along, so Bethani didn't go into shock or anything.

Now as I sit here staring at the walls, everyone argues over what the names on the girls' birth certificates should be. Yeah. *Daughters*. Jesus, if my mind wasn't spinning enough as is, learning we should be celebrating the news we had fraternal twin girls on the way. Instead, here we all sit in various stages of the grief cycle.

Giovanni is in an ultra-affectionate and problem solver mode. He is showering our girl with tons of love and doing whatever he can to make her life as simple as possible. God only knows what he has ordered off his damn phone that is going to be waiting for us when we get back to school.

Sinclair and Alexei have both turned into demonic bastards. They have been working together on ways to torture Peter and the rest of the crew for how to best squeeze as much

information out of them as possible. While I can normally just ignore Sinclair's murderous tendencies, currently he is downright scary. The only time he isn't is when he is talking with Bethani.

Konstantin has remained the most relaxed of us all, at least from what everyone can see. But I've heard pieces of his conversations on the phone where he is setting up an insane amount of security detail for us, as well as his plans to follow in his father's footsteps and bring down the vile trafficking ring. He is also calling in massive favors to make sure our names aren't involved anywhere because he has zero trust that our names haven't been forged on documents. He says it could take months, but he is willing to do whatever it takes. I believe his crazy ass.

Me, on the other hand? I've basically been in some sort of weird trance. I've barely moved from my chair, haven't slept in almost forty-eight hours, couldn't tell you if I've eaten or not, and have barely said ten words. I'm completely clueless on what to say. It's like what little of my mind that works has just walked the hell out the door, and I'm just stuck here in this catatonic state. I'm here but I sure as fuck am *not here* here. It almost feels like I'm just watching everything from above like a creepy ass ghost.

"Hey Declan?" Bethani's voice drags me from whatever I was looking at. That's when I finally notice. "Where is everyone?"

She gives me one of her inquisitive looks before replying. "Asked them all to give us a few minutes to talk in private. Plus, they have all been annoying the crap out of me with their hovering and..." Her hand waves around in the air. "Shit. I can't even figure it out, but they needed to be gone before I stab them."

My head tilts to the side. "And I haven't earned the right to be stabbed yet? That's a first." Her scowl has me sending her a cocky smirk, but she is too damn smart and catches on.

"Nice try, Declan. You aren't going to deflect and do your usual shit you get away with it." She pats the bed. "So,

get your giant ass up here and sit down.”

I groan like a petulant child but give in and stand up. My body aches from sitting for however long and I take as long as possible to stretch out and prolong this. I’m not even sure why the hell I’m being like this. Well, I am, but I’m just trying to avoid admitting it. When her heated stare feels like it’s going to burn me alive, I finally give in, walking over to sit down on the bed beside her.

She reaches out and snatches ahold of my hand, and all those familiar tingles every time we’ve touched are there and it makes me want to reach out and kiss her. I don’t though, and it kills me a little inside. All I’ve done since we got her back is sobbed into her arms like a moron. G and Sin have both opened their damn hearts and poured out their feelings to her like it was nothing. Me? Not shit. It both infuriates me and taunts me that I can’t even figure out how to say the words.

“We never even met them, but I already miss them like crazy,” she softly says, almost like she is afraid to vocalize it. I glance up to see her gorgeous face, but she is gazing out the window. “Looking back, how did we miss the signs? They were there, subtle, but there. I’m not even sure how I missed going and getting my shot, but I did. Then they said somewhere around my birthday weekend is when the girls were conceived.”

That damn pain in my chest flares up again at the thought of the girls. “H...have any decisions been made for them? Seeing as how I obviously haven’t contributed shit for conversation.” That need to know is there now that I realize how much I’ve probably missed.

“A little. We still have until tomorrow to get it all figured out. I asked if they could cremate the girls even though they are so little and they said yes. So that’s being done. When we get them back I want to do something special with their ashes. The names are still completely up in the air.” She breathes in deep before speaking again. “Like they asked for a last name, and I didn’t know what in the world to say. How

can we even choose? I refuse to make that type of choice when they are *OUR* children. Fuck the DNA testing.”

Her gaze is fierce when she finally looks at me. “It doesn’t matter because you *all* would have been their dads. They would have been your spoiled rotten princesses where I’d constantly have to wrangle your dumbasses to quit spoiling them, and then my idiot brothers would have swooped in and spoiled their asses even more. They would have been overwhelmed by all the love and support from us and annoyed when all five of you scared off any guy that wanted to date them.”

I’m impressed by her stance on the situation. Enthralled with her feisty nature. But the comment about the girls dating? Yeah... Fuck off with that shit. *Hell to the no.*

A chuckle falls from my lips as I hit her with the best case of sarcasm ever. “You are damn delusional if you think we’d *ever* let any punk ass boy within a hundred miles of them, sunshine.”

She tries to smile but looks away again. My hand squeezes hers tighter as I try to express how I feel. “I’m not sure exactly how to process all this.”

She contemplates my reply. “Together.” One word. It’s simple but holds all that make the million other possibilities useless.

We let the silence wash over us. It’s comfortable. Something I’m not used to but am enjoying. I think of what she said about the girls’ names. I now remember some of the options the others said and think about how none of them fit. I pull my phone out and search for a minute, trying to find names that fit.

“Mila and Gabriella Kostov. How does that sound for names for the girls?” Bethani doesn’t say anything, so I continue to ramble. “You said you didn’t want to choose between any of our last names so what if we gave the girls your last name? Well, the one you were born with. It doesn’t

make sense but who gives a shit? They're our daughters and everyone else can go lick a horse ass for all I care." Her laugh stops my nonsense.

When our eyes meet again, everything slowly clicks into place and makes perfect sense as she blesses me with a small smile.

This whole situation has torn us apart and completely devastated us. It's not something any of us expected but would have gladly welcomed. Anyone else? No way in hell. But her. Abso-fucking-lutely. Repeatedly. She says no more kids then fine by me. She wants more and I'll do whatever it takes to give her as many babies as her heart desires.

While we may all be in agonizing pain right now, if we stick together, we will be alright eventually. It's going to take days, weeks, hell possibly months before this permanent ache in our hearts dulls to something more tolerable. It's never going to fully go away. I don't want it to ever go away. I'll always welcome this slight burn.

Because in this moment right here...

I realize Bethani's completely and utterly it for me. I'm never going to love someone else in the way I love her. No one will ever compare to her. It's impossible.

Everything about her sets my soul on fire in the best way and makes every shit thing I've ever gone through worth it. I'll go through it all again and again if it means she's there at the end of it all. She brings out the best of me, of us.

Bethani is going to be my wife one day. Wait. No. She is going to be *OUR* wife one day. I don't care if she wants the wedding of the century that rivals a royal ceremony or wants something with just us. I'll do whatever it takes to make it happen. If it involves setting the world on fire? Guess I better stock up on matches and lighter fluid. Because her happiness is our happiness. Every emotion she has, it's ours.

I'm not sure where it happens, but next thing I know, I'm off the bed and down on one knee. "Bethani. Natasha. My sunshine. This is the absolute worst fucking timing in the

damn world, but I can't stop it. I don't want to stop it. I'm sorry I haven't said it yet, but I love you. I love you and I want to marry you. Don't care what else gets thrown our way but if we deal with it all together like you said, it won't matter. We can survive any obstacle that faces us. I don't have a ring, obviously, since I'm an idiot but I'll pick out whatever you want. So, what do you say, sunshine, will you marry a big dumb doofus that is so stupid in love with you it makes no sense?"

Fresh tears fall from her eyes before she sends a brilliant smile my way and starts laughing. "You're timing *is* shit, Declan, but yes. Yes, I'll marry you because you are the biggest damn goofball ever and you always find a way to make me laugh. Where you lack in normal social protocol, you make up for in so many other ways."

Her eyes soften. "And I love you too. Now get up here and kiss me before I take that food tray and smack you for taking so long to come to your massive revelation."

I jump up in the air like a kid on Christmas and scream out a 'yes', before diving to the bed as carefully as my hulk like frame can to have her in my arms and smothered in kisses. Our tongues clash as she swipes hers against my lip ring before tangling together in epic firework fashion. Tiny hands tugging my hair as mine cradle her beautiful face.

"Did you *really* just propose to my sister without a damn ring?"

Ohhh... shit. "Uhhhh... How much of that did you guys hear?" Nope. I am *not* turning to face any of them. Nope nope nope!

"Enough."

Damn it!

Bethani sends whichever brother spoke a glare. "Oh, shut up, Konstantin. I said yes and you can't fucking stop it so

just deal with it, *big brother*. Same goes for you Alexei, so knock off the attitude.”

Everyone files in and I hear the door close as Alexei grumbles. “Still should have had a ring if he wasn’t going to ask us.”

“Don’t need your permission... *Either* of your permissions to marry them when the time comes.”

Someone reaches over me and uses his fingers to tilt her chin up. “Does that mean you’re going to say yes when G or myself ask you, kitten?” Of course, it’s Sinclair.

Bethani smirks. “Giovanni? Yes. You, on the other hand, may need to persuade me a bit.”

He barks out a laugh before leaning down to kiss her. “Little shit. Always with the damn snark.”

“You love it.”

“Wouldn’t want you any other way, kitten,” He retorts.

And that’s how we spend the rest of the day. Slowly making progress to heal as we all take turns cuddling with Bethani, while her brothers gripe and grumble about all of us and how they are going to get used to it. We sign the girls’ certificates, knowing they will always be in our hearts while we make plans. For the future and all the shit we must deal with once we all get home.

When everyone is finally crashed out, I head to the nurse’s station to grab a clip board, paper and a pencil. As I sit there, I sketch out a tattoo idea for us all to get to memorialize our girls.

Mila Renee Kostov and Gabriella Yelena Kostov.

Chapter 13

Giovanni

One Month Later - Early February

“Is he finally gone yet?” Declan grumbles, and I can’t say I don’t share the same sentiment. Since Bethani was released from the hospital, Alexei took over her old guest room and has been a giant pain in the ass since.

While I get that he has missed his twin sister and is desperately making up for lost time, I’ve been ready for him to go back to Seattle since day two of him staying here.

“He’s never really going to be gone, just not up our asses for an hour if we are lucky,” I say with a sidelong glance. It earns me a snort, although Declan’s normal snark isn’t there.

This past month has taken a massive toll on us all in one way or another, especially as we all have resumed classes, us three especially since we graduate in June. But there has been a weird air surrounding the campus. It’s unsettling how calm everything has been. We haven’t even heard anything from our fathers, which has had my stomach in complete knots due to the unknown lengths they are obviously willing to go through to achieve their nightmarish fantasies.

Konstantin has been here a few times also; once to make sure we are keeping up on our end of the agreement, and he also decided to purchase real estate in the area. He says it’s for visiting but we all know it’s a shit excuse. Alexei slipped one night and said something about expansions and possibly setting up a meeting with the Carina Cartel to discuss business matters. Which means we would be the middlemen for it. Fantastic.

The first visit, he made sure we ‘opened up’ to Bethani about The Trident Syndicate and some of the shit we’ve had to

do over the years for it. That is one conversation I'll be happy if I *never* have again in my life. *Cristo e cracker*, was she furious with us. Especially when Alexei just had to be *that* guy and let it be known she was kidnapped to be used as a pawn in gaining control over the Kostov empire.

Their goal was for her to agree to marry Peter and if Konstantin and Alexei ever wanted to see her alive again, they would agree to give up control to our fathers at all the major shipping ports in Washington they have influence over. If she didn't, they were going to sell her to the highest bidder with the proof she was the missing Bratva heir, and whoever wanted to own her would have all the leverage in the world. The other goal was to make us all completely unstable and agree to their heinous arranged marriages, which all involve major players that have expressed extreme interest in the trafficking ring.

That whole weekend was a giant nightmare. Declan was ready to stab Alexei for opening his damn mouth. Bethani threatened to cut our dicks off for keeping shit from her. Sinclair and myself were at each other's throats because he blamed me for not being able to use my 'stupid fucking tech genius' to not find this shit out, and I blamed his ass for just being alive.

When Konstantin finally had enough of our 'childish attitudes' as he put it, he sat our asses down and made us all see sense. Alexei got told to quit fucking meddling and a bunch of other shit we couldn't understand, because Russian language, and he finally apologized.

He told Bethani that while she can be pissed at us, it's not worth it. Us giving up knowledge on the society basically means we've signed our death contracts and if word gets out that she knows... Then she better pick out a headstone for us. He also told her that was part of his agreement when we met with him. He knew what he was asking and was testing us to see if we really loved her. Another test for us to earn his approval for dating her. Yeah, she threatened to chop his dick for that one stating we didn't need his damn approval. But he

took it in stride while also mentioning to her that all of us share the same sentiment. While Arthur, Lorenzo and Robert all hate and despise us, we all loathe them even more and we need to keep that in mind.

She wasn't thrilled but she said she could understand since she was keeping secrets of her own. Bethani shared all the shit she dealt with finally, including everything that never made children services records. Realizing she had murdered a scum bag dealer and pimp was shocking to say the least. We all sat there like bumbling fools while she told us story after story. By the end of it, we were all proud as fuck that she is as stable as she is, and even more in love with our hell cat than before.

Bethani has never ceased to amaze Declan, Sinclair and myself, but her admissions were pivotal in us coming back together instead of completely falling apart. Because for a moment, I was almost certain she was going to pack her shit and head back to Washington with her brothers. I was fully prepared to deal with the aftermath of her not being in our lives anymore, even though there was a slim chance that I'd have just requested slaughter along with Declan and Sinclair for betrayal of the cardinal Trident ruling.

It's been three weeks since that weekend of hell, but it's also been three weeks of agonizing discussions, where we have all discussed in depth all the traumas we've been through. We have made plans of how we are going to work on taking down our fathers without damaging ourselves in the process. Figured out true career paths that we all want instead of what is expected of us. Reworked our contracts in the sexual aspect, because Bethani determined that Sinclair needs to learn he doesn't always have to be in control in the bedroom to feel settled. He wasn't thrilled but decided to give it a shot. She also gave Declan tasks to do when he feels like his emotions are getting too hard to handle and he wants to dive into his pills and alcohol for comfort.

We have had many late-night bedtime conversations where we have talked about our futures. Thankfully, it's together as a team. Sinclair and I haven't proposed yet but we

both have ideas for that. Declan is determined to marry Bethani as soon as possible. She has been hesitant because she thought we would all travel to a country where it's legal and do it at one time. But with everything going on, our options are currently limited, and she was reassured that when the time comes, it'll happen. But for now, she can get married to Declan with zero jealousy and we will be her fiancé's whenever we propose. That seemed to make her happy and she said she has an idea but is keeping it tight lipped. We also talked about the prospect of more children. Right now, she is back on the shot, but she wants more kids with us eventually. She still stands firm of us all being equal fathers with no DNA testing unless there is a health issue. Even then, we stay as a team and let the shit fall as it will.

The biggest thing right now though? Bethani was cleared for sex again the other day, and we are all desperate sons of bitches for Alexei to get the fuck out of our place so we can rechristen this whole place with her sinful moans and our dicks finally getting wet. We swore off sex of any kind, even our hands, until she was ready. I'm to the point now where even thinking about it has my dick coming to life here on the couch like a damn teenager with zero control.

“Damn it.”

Deck glances from the TV to me. “Problem?”

I glance down to my dick then back to him. “What do you think?” His attention diverts to my erection and his hands grip the pillow in his lap. “Don't give me that look either. I've had to deal with your dick near my ass almost every morning. *That's* been torture.”

“Are you trying to make me break our promise to sunshine? Because I'm seriously considering it right now.” He pauses and shifts, and I get a glance at his dick trying to break free from his sweats. “I really want to bend your ass over this couch and fuck you so god damn hard you can't walk for a week.”

Now my own damn hands are white knuckling a pillow. “God that sounds fucking fantastic.” And I can imagine it so

clear in my head right now. One hand gripping my dick as he deep dicks my ass in one of his punishing paces that is so damn good it's not even funny. But I'm also so turned on just the slightest touch would have me coming in my pants right now.

Sexual frustration at its damn finest.

Bethani's voice filters from the bedroom. "Hey! You three all mind coming in here? I've got a question."

"Not sure I can move right now but sure I'll figure out how to walk," Deck mutters while we both try to stand up. It's painful and uncomfortable. As we make our way towards the bedroom, I tell him to think about our parents having sex. I get punched but we can deflate our dicks in a quick fashion. I'm currently regretting the choice to not be able to get myself off with my hand. Love sucks sometimes.

"Any clue what she wants?" Sinclair comes up from behind us as we reach the closed door to the bedroom. "Where the hell were you, dude?" I ask, since he is well versed in sneaking up on us.

His answer is one of boredom. "I was in the kitchen listening to you assholes talk about sex and trying not to come over and kick your asses."

Smirking, Declan reaches over to pat Sinclair's face. "Aww... You finally want to play with one of us? Promise I can make it gentle for you."

He doesn't reply, which has me asking. "You really considering it, man?"

His shoulders sag as he runs a hand through his hair. "Always been curious. Just didn't know how to verbalize it. Yet again another wonderful side effect from my father." Yeah, I feel that one. His father is a big-time homophobic bastard so I can easily see why Sinclair would bury the curiosity.

Instead of letting it get him down, I just put a hand on his shoulder. "Well, whenever you're ready to try, let one of us know and we can go from there. Now let's go inside and see what Tesoro has in store for us today."

He nods and we all enter the empty bedroom. “Kitten, where are you and why are we in here?”

She doesn't say anything just walks out of the closet in the god damn sexiest lingerie I've ever seen in my life. “Holy shit,” I whisper. My dick is back up to full attention as she struts over to us in a sultry walk.

My eyes greedily roam up and down her curvy body, taking it all in. Five-inch black stilettos, fish net stockings that go up to mid-thigh connecting to a matte black corset top, that has her full tits fighting gravity in the best way possible as they bounce with every step. A tiny scrap of lace covers her soon to be full of dick pussy, and my mouth waters as I think about tasting her again. Her hair is straightened and pulled back into a tight ponytail I can't wait to wrap my hands around, and she has dark eye makeup which makes those bedroom eyes pop. The only color on her is a devilish shade of red on those full lips. I want them wrapped around my cock.

When she finally gets a few feet away from us, she stops. My fingers itch to touch her.

One hand on her hip, and one of Sinclair's black riding crops in the other.

We go to move but she holds out the crop and motions it back and forth to stop us.

With a wicked smile, she says, “Tonight, I'm in charge, boys. So, you better remember that if you want to come.”

Oh, sweet Jesus.

Chapter 14

Bethani

“Tonight, I’m in charge, boys. So, you better remember that if you want to come.”

Oh, I’m thoroughly enjoying the looks on their faces right now while those delicious cocks of theirs are bouncing behind the confines of their pants. I’ve been aching for our sexual encounters, but I had to wait on the confirmation from the OBGYN to ‘resume normal activities’ as she called it. There is absolutely nothing normal about our sex acts, but I let her think all was well. She isn’t prepared for that information yet.

But now that my brother is finally gone for a week, and I’m going to be taking full advantage of our contract change where I get to be in charge on occasion. We all need this so bad to fully reconnect.

And after hearing what I did when they stood outside the door? Oh yes, my pussy is going to enjoy being a voyeur for a minute or two. “Clothes off and hands clasped behind your back, gentlemen.”

They quickly scramble to comply with my demand, and I almost want to laugh at how they stumble and curse while getting naked for me. When they are all back to standing in their naked glory, I take a few moments to appreciate my dark and dangerous kings. The broad shoulders, tapered waists, lick worthy v’s that lead to their long and thick pierced dicks. Thick thighs and firm asses I want to sink my teeth into. Full lips, chiseled jaw lines and various eye colors that have entranced me since the beginning.

With a crooked finger and sultry tone to my voice, I say, “Get up on the bed, Sinclair. We are going to play a little game.” You can see the twitch in his eye and his urge to

correct me. With a flick of the wrist, the riding crop in my hand makes a satisfying smack against his ass. He hisses as I speak. “Better behave or I’ll tie you up.” The glare I get from him has my pussy throbbing. I’m *almost* tempted to say screw it and let him have his way. But I’m enjoying being in charge too much right now to give in.

Sinclair sits on the bed and cocks one of his smug ass eyebrows. “Didn’t say where, kitten.” Fine. I’ll give him this one. And *only* this one. “All the way on the bed Sinclair. Prop yourself against the headboard.” When he is finally up there, I glance to Giovanni. “Now. Seeing as how I heard that little conversation before you guys came in here, here is what we are going to do... Giovanni, get up on the bed and start making Sinclair feel good. Then when he is calm and ready...” I trail off as I glance to Declan. “Then I want you up there sucking his cock. And don’t even try and argue this, Sinclair. It’s happening or nothing happens until you agree.”

Groans and muttered curses fall from their lips. “Jesus, kitten, you *heard* that?” I can tell Sinclair is nervous, so I walk over and climb on the bed. Quickly straddling his hips.

“Would you prefer if I warm you up to the idea first?” I can see his Adam’s apple bob up and down as he considers it. Reaching down, I pull my thong to the side and lower my drenched pussy to his cock and slowly rub back and forth in a punishingly slow pace. “Does it turn you on thinking about Declan sucking my juices all off you?” My voice is heavy with lust as I moan at our contact.

“Fucking hell, kitten.” Sinclair breaths heavily. His pupils are blown and I can only imagine the looks on Giovanni and Declan’s faces.

I motion for them to come join us and it’s not long before they are both up on the bed on either side of me. “Kiss each other,” I command.

They both get closer until their knees are touching Sinclair’s torso as they embrace in a passionate kiss. With their cocks right in front of me, I reach out to wrap a hand around

each one. Their moans sexy as hell as I slowly work them up and down. Drops of pre-cum leak from dicks, dropping onto Sinclair's abs. He is in shock over it all. "You okay with all of this?"

His gaze goes from his stomach to my face. "God yes, kitten. Don't stop."

The tone of his voice doesn't falter, so I know he isn't lying. I break up Declan and Giovanni's make out session. "Giovanni, lean down and kiss Sinclair." He does, and *good lord* does he kiss Sinclair. His hands wrap around his face as he tilts his head and crushes his lips to his. It takes a moment, but Sinclair finally succumbs to his hidden desires and opens his mouth to Giovanni. The sounds coming from them are intoxicating and I can feel my pussy gushing on Sinclair's cock.

"Well, that's fucking hot. Never thought I'd see the day." Declan chuckles and that's my cue.

I un-straddle myself and point down. "Get to sucking, *fiancé*." My tone is bossy, but Declan gives me a wicked smile before leaning over to give me a quick peck on the lips.

"Your wish is my command, sunshine."

Declan opens his mouth and sucks Sinclair's fat cock straight down until his nose is flush against Sinclair's abs. He groans as he quickly works his way up and down his dick with no issues, and I swear I can feel the vibrations from them shaking the bed. Jesus, this is some of the hottest shit I've ever seen. Seeing as how they are all currently entertained, I get off the bed to get lube and a condom out of the bedside table. Tossing the condom at Giovanni startles him as he looks back to me. "What's that for, Tesoro?"

I just toss the lube to him. "I'm pretty sure you know where my mind is going, Gio."

It takes a moment but understanding crosses his face. "You want me to fuck Deck while he is blowing Sinclair?" I

just give him a small smile and nod. “Yup. This isn’t just about you three reconnecting with me. It’s about all of us reconnecting in the best way possible, *together*.”

He pops open the lube as he makes his way down the bed. “What about you, Tesoro? Where are you involved in this?”

“Oh, I’m going to enjoy the show for a moment before straddling Sinclair’s face and riding him.”

That gets all their attention for a moment. Collective growls fill the air while they stare at me with so much heat and lust. It has shivers running down my spine. While I once hated it, now, *I love* their growly alpha male caveman noises. It has my pussy walls clenching and gushing at the same time. “Back to work, boys. Unless you’d like a few smacks from the crop for disobeying me.” Sinclair’s hips jolt up from the bed and catch Declan off guard. The idea of taking a little pain always turns him on just as much as dishing it out. I can definitely feel the appeal. Maybe I’m a little bit of a masochist and sadist myself.

I grab the crop and run it slowly up and down Sinclair’s torso. His body shakes with pleasure when I give him a firm smack on his left nipple and his eyes roll back. I give him a firmer one on the right to catch his attention. “You don’t come until I’m riding your face. You hear me?” My tone gives no room for disobeying me and I can see he enjoys it, which is surprising.

“Fucking hell, woman. Trying to kill me.”

I go to say something, but Declan’s deep guttural moan grabs our attention.

Giovanni is slowly pushing his way into Declan’s ass and my jaw drops at the sight of them all. Giovanni’s ragged breathing as he bottoms out and pauses. His fingers are white knuckling Declan’s hips while Declan’s cock is dripping pre-cum all over the bed. His throat constricts and tightens around Sinclair’s cock, and Sinclair’s abs tighten at the sensations.

“My God, you three are a fucking porn star sight right now.” My voice is plastered with lust.

Giovanni’s heated stare finds me as he speaks through clenched teeth. “Hop up, Tesoro. I’m not going to last long. Declan’s ass is almost as tight as your dripping cunt.” I glance down to see he’s right; my thighs are glistening and I’m so wound tight I could explode. I grab the lube and squirt some on Declan’s fingers. He doesn’t need any more direction and knows what I’m asking.

As soon as I’m close enough, Sinclair reaches down to tear my thong to shreds and buries his face between my legs before I can get situated. He has me straddling his face as his tongue goes to work swirling around my clit before moving down to plunge into me. One hand has a firm grip on my hip while the other reaches between us to start pinching and pulling my clit at a rapid-fire pace.

The sounds coming out of my mouth are damn near porn star worthy as my body gyrates above his face. I’m somehow able to reach down and pull one of Sinclair’s legs up so Declan has better access and I have something to hold on to. As soon as there is space, I watch as Declan’s lubed fingers reach between Sinclair’s ass cheeks and start teasing his hole. Giovanni has resumed moving and is reaching down to jerk Declan’s dick at the same punishing pace that his hips are moving. Watching his dick piston in and out of Declan’s ass, as Declan works Sinclair’s cock like a pro while plunging his fingers in and out of his ass, has my whole body feeling like it’s on fire.

This whole scenario is something I never expected, but I’m so damn happy it’s happening now. Our bodies find a rhythm for a few minutes before we all turn into complete animals. We are racing to finish as our movements all start getting sloppy and violent. We start fucking each other in fury and when a hand pinches my clit harder than it’s ever been pinched before releasing it, I’m just done. A lust fueled scream falls from my lips as my pussy walls constrict around Sinclair’s tongue and I flood his face with my release. The pleasure coursing through my body sends me to another solar

system, and I'm barely able to hear the other's finding their own releases down a throat, all over the bed and deep up an ass.

My body gives out and I tumble to the side in a boneless heap as my vision slowly returns. There are truly no words to describe how amazing I feel right now. My body is on a damn cloud of pleasure and knowing there is even more to come has me smiling like crazy as I speak. "So... Which one of you wants to fuck like we're making a baby first?"

Chapter 15

Sinclair

Well holy shit. When we walked in the bedroom and saw Bethani in drool worthy lingerie that accentuated all those perfect curves, I was not expecting everything to take the wild one-eighty it did. But as I'm laying here with my eyes closed, my flaccid dick twitches against my thigh as I calculate over everything that just happened. I've always had a slight interest in men, specifically G and Deck, but with the way I was raised, yeah... no.

The few times I ever mentioned that a male looked great or was dressed well, my father would beat the shit out of me when we got home. Even though I told him many times that I was just being respectful and complimentary, my words fell on deaf ears. The assumption was there, and it was deemed worth of beating it out of me until I couldn't sit for a week. *'Blackwell men are not permitted to be attracted to the same sex. It would be detrimental to our reputation,'* he would say as the paddle whipped my ass black and blue.

So, I learned how to bury that shit as deep as I could, even when I suspected Declan and Gio were showing interest in each other. I've always been tempted to say something, especially once we moved here to campus. But terrible flashbacks always got in the way. When we got to the room a little bit ago and they asked, my shoulders slumped as I fought giving them an answer but I decided to say screw it and deal with the memories later.

Little did I know our kitten heard the whole damn thing and proceeded to take *full* advantage of one of the contract changes we made. She curbed my insecurities and took control

of the situation knowing I'd never be able to. Now I'm laying here in a mess of sweaty sated limbs gearing up for round two.

I thought I was in love with this woman already but Christ, she just paved a whole new lane of love like a damn wrecking ball with that act she just pulled.

“So... Which one of you wants to fuck like we're making a baby first?” she says, and she instantly stiffens as she realizes her words. That fucking dark pain rears up at the thoughts of the girls as they sit in two tiny pink urns here in the bedroom. My eyes fall towards them on the shelf, and I almost feel sick at the thoughts of our daughters being in here seeing what we just got up to.

Standing, I toss on my sweats and grab a t-shirt before walking over to them. I kiss each one and gently lay the shirt over them. Yeah, it's probably weird, but I'm protective as fuck over their innocence, even though they aren't here anymore.

Turning back around, I see Bethani's hands over her face as she starts apologizing.

“Oh my God. That was such a shitty thing to say! I'm so damn sorry.”

I can see the pain etched on her face and my brain quickly flips into the zone of getting her out of this shitty state of mind before our whole night goes to complete hell. Walking over to the bed, I scoop her up in my arms and motion my head for the guys to follow. We all head into the closet where the hidden door to the playroom is. It's nothing fancy or huge like the club we took her to, but it's better than having someone I don't want to find out what exactly my preferences are.

Stepping inside, one of the guys flip on the low lights while I head over to the custom padded spanking bench. I lay her over it and go to work on grabbing a rope and pulling it through the circular bar in a Lark's nest tie, then use a simple single column tie on each wrist. It's easy for her to get out of if she decides everything is too much but also keeps her in place. I nod to Declan and Gio as they walk up behind her to use the

padded ankle cuffs that will keep her legs bent and open for pleasure.

When she is fully restrained, I reach down using two fingers to tilt her head up so she can see me. “Is this what you need, kitten? Do you need us to punish your sweet ass and then fuck you like the dirty girl you are?” I stare into her eyes as the dominance I crave powers through me.

Her small, “Yes, Daddy,” of submission has my cock roaring back to life until it’s a damn steel rod.

Definitely not into the daddy kink but her occasional use of it has always turned me on like no other. “You know the rules, kitten. Green, yellow and red. What’s your color right now?”

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Giovanni holding one of the felt covered paddles. I nod and he walks back over with it. She doesn’t want hurt tonight, she just wants out of her mind and that’s what we are going to provide for her.

“Green,” she whispers. I lean down to give her a kiss that lets her know we are all feeling the pain she does then stand back up to grab the paddle from Gio.

With methodical precision, I take the paddle and slowly start teasing it up and down the length of her inner thighs. Up and down each one over and over until her breaths start to hitch and she exhales sexy little moans of pleasure. I tease her until she can’t take it anymore then give her a quick swat against each ass cheek. Her body lurches up but since she is restrained, she can’t wiggle around like she wants to.

I go back to teasing but she decides to act up and growl at me. Instead of scolding her, I just adjust my stance so I can give her what she wants. My swats are firmer now as they move up and down her slowly turning pink ass. Every few smacks, I land one just over her dripping cunt and the noises that come from her spur me on even more.

I’m in my zone as I punish her the way she wants. I’ve almost forgotten Gio and Deck are here enjoying the show too. A tap on my shoulder stops me. Turning back, I see a wicked

glint in Declan's eyes. "Want to make this more fun?" My eyebrows quirk as I question him. "What did you have in mind?"

He replies by walking behind Bethani and popping open a bottle of lube and squeezes a good amount into her crack. She yelps a bit at the temperature change, but Declan goes to work on warming it up by using his fingers to tease all around her hole before plunging a finger inside her.

He teases and finger fucks her ass until he has three fingers inside her twisting and turning her into a lust drunk mess. Giovanni steps up beside him, and I watch as he takes his place behind her now and slowly works one of the vibrating butt plugs into her.

When it's fully seated and turned on inside her, he grips her hips and plunges his cock deep into her perfect cunt which sends her over into an orgasm. Giovanni doesn't let up. He fucks her hard and fast, their skin slapping against each other until a second one has him shouting his release.

Not to be outdone, when Giovanni steps away and drops to the ground as he catches his breath, Declan steps up and sinks inside her. His body leans over hers as he grinds his hips into hers over and over while pulling her breast free from the corset. He kneads her breasts in his massive hands until he can't take it anymore. Their moans start turning feral as his rhythmic gyrations switch over to long and deep thrusts that hold tons of power. When he tweaks her nipples, Bethani starts to scream out her fourth and most powerful orgasm. Her body stiffens up and her head falls forward as she struggles to catch her breath. It's only a few more strokes before Declan's body stills and I can see all their fluids spilling out of her body.

It's sexy as fuck to see her so damn full of us it won't stay inside her. But I can see the physical changes in her as she is starting to come down from all the stimulation. I may *crave* to be inside her like no other right now, but I know her body is close to its limits for the night, especially after everything she has been through. I'd be a shit bag of a Dom if I decided my needs were more important than hers.

So instead, I command Gio and Deck to get their asses into the bathroom and draw her a bath while I take the time to undo the restraints and get the rest of her clothing off her. When she is fully naked, I pick her up and make our way to the bathroom, whispering words of encouragement to her about how well she did and how much we love her... while telling my dick it needs to calm the fuck down.

If someone would have told me at the beginning of the school year that I'd be a love drunk fool in a poly style relationship with my two best friends and the most phenomenal woman to walk the earth, I'd probably laugh in their face and shoot them for saying something so fucking stupid.

Now I'm sitting in a bathtub with my feisty little kitten, with zero intentions of sex as I pamper her like the fucking queen she is. I take the time to undo her hair, wash and condition it before taking extreme care of her body. She gets the frou-frou oils massaged into her skin; her body towel dried before I rub lotion all into her body. Then the others take over getting her dressed in her favorite nighttime clothes and get her into bed while I shower all the girly shit off me.

When I'm finally done and back in a pair of sweats, I walk out to the sight of all three of them tangled up and fast asleep. My stupid ass heart flutters from happiness.

Saying *fuck it*, I toss whatever is left of that bullshit 'man card' shit my father tried to force into me out the window as I climb into bed and settle next to Declan.

Sinclair Blackwell, ladies and gentlemen, is officially a god damn sappy mother fucker... and for once, I don't give a shit.

Chapter 16

Declan

Beginning of March

“You sure about this, sunshine?” I ask her again, for the millionth damn time probably. I’ve still been unsure about this since she brought it up in the hospital with her brothers. Those fuckers readily agreed to their little sister’s request like the damn psychos they are.

Sinclair and Gio go back and forth on it while I’m flat out against it. I think this is going to be detrimental to all the progress we’ve made. As we have got closer and closer to today, I’ve had more and more urges to drink myself to oblivion so I don’t have to be coherent for this shit.

“For the last time, Declan, yes, I’m sure about this.”

Sinclair growls. “Knock off the attitude, kitten. Declan is just worried.”

Finally, she stops and turns back towards us. “You guys don’t get it. I didn’t know about them and maybe if I did, I would have done things differently to protect myself until you got there. But I didn’t and because of that reason, they aren’t still here.” Her eyes close and she takes a deep breath. When they reopen there is a burning fire of fury and vengeance behind them. “That son of a bitch took our girls from us, so I’m taking his fucking life.”

As she spins back around and resumes her walk to the end of the hall where her brothers are standing, I’m stuck in place. As I chew over her words, I completely see her point. None of us knew if she was pregnant, we just assumed and the unknown of it all was a major tension during those ten days.

And everything that has followed since? It’s been hell on and off. From horrid moments where she looked like she like

she was ready to dump our unworthy asses, to insane highs where we have bonded and found our love again. Fuck, she even agreed to marry my dumb ass and has yet to change her mind.

So, as I stand here like a fool, I'm filled with the confidence that this choice of hers hasn't been made on a whim. It's been thought over and calculated to the point that she probably has seventeen different outcomes for what goes down tonight.

But the one I don't see as an outcome? Regret. No, as my damn vixen of a fiancé struts her ass the last few feet to Konstantin and Alexei, there isn't an ounce of regret at what is about to happen.

Not sure if I should be turned on or worry some more, but as my jeans turn slightly uncomfortable, I have a feeling this whole thing is going to turn me on like no other.

My eyes roll and I shake my head as I resume walking to the others because of course, the idea of her ending this stupid bastard has my cock ready to go. Well, the whole idea of her slightly unhinged like us is a turn on. Whoops? Is there a kink for I want to fuck my little killer when she is done? If not, I'm making one up.

Bethani's ass grazes against my cock as she bumps into me. My eyes bulge and I stifle the urge to moan so one of her brothers don't shoot me. "Really Declan?" She asks with an amused tone and sly glint.

I shrug. "What? A man can change his mind, can't he?"

"Change his mind about what exactly?" Alexei questions. I glare at Bethani, but she just smiles and turns to her brother.

"Oh nothing. Mr. I've-been-against this is suddenly extremely turned on by what's about to happen." She finishes by reaching back and cupping my cock.

You can guess what happens next. I can't control the noise that comes from my mouth with her hand using the perfect pressure to tease me. Fucking devil woman.

Shocked and appalled looks cross Konstantin and Alexei's faces while Sinclair and Gio snicker. I flip them off and send the brothers an 'I'm sorry, I think?' shrug and smile. Our girl just laughs like the terror she is.

"You do realize I'd love to be married to you before I die, right, sunshine?" My voice is gravely and lust-filled. *Keep adding to the offenses, Declan. Doing a stellar job. Insert eye roll.*

I'm pulled into a quick kiss by her before she speaks. "They know better than to kill any of you. Unless I tell them to of course." I wrap my arms around her, plunging my tongue into her mouth for a quick searing kiss.

Pulling back, I glance down at her. "Fucking love you, sunshine. Now let's get this shit over with so we can turn this night a little more X-rated." I finish with a firm smack to her leather covered ass. She yelps but I can see how this excites her just as much as it does me.

Yeah, all of us are well and truly fucked up in the head. Oh well, chaos loves company or something like that.

With an eye roll, Konstantin grabs a key out of his pocket and unlocks the door. He enters first, followed by Alexei and then us.

As the door shuts, Peter finally decides to lift his head and acknowledge us. His face is a battered fucking mess, except for his eyes. Clothes are tattered and stained with blood. But the mother fucker has the damn nerve to smirk at Bethani. "Finally ready to admit who you belong to, princess, huh? I mean it took you long enough but that's alright. I can put you in your place quick enough."

Oh hell no.

My blood pressure skyrockets as my fists clench and I'm ready to throw punches at his delusional ass. *Princess? Put her in her place? Belong to him? Yeah... You can suck my left nut.*

I can see Sinclair and Giovanni's bodies gear up the same as mine. Hell, even Alexei and Konstantin are barely able to restrain themselves at his blatant disrespect towards Bethani.

Bethani though? She just laughs like a demon possessed and slowly saunters her way towards the chair where he is tied up. His pathetic gaze roams up and down her before snarling in disgust. "I see you packed on the weight again. Thought I told—" His words are cut off when Bethani rears back and lands a solid right hook to his jaw. The sounds of bone crushing have me cringing along with the others. Peter cries out in pain and I'm wondering how Bethani isn't. When her arm rears back again, I see why.

The overhead lights have the bloodied brass knuckles on her hand shining like a beacon as I watch them land again. Her words are harsh as she speaks through gritted teeth. "That first punch is for all the shit remarks you said when we dated. The second was for drugging my drink at the club and attacking me. The third..." She pauses as her fist lands in his rib cage. "Was for kidnapping me."

And I'm not going to lie, but when she tosses the knuckles to the ground and reaches behind her back to grab a switchblade? *Holy sex and suck offs.*

Yup... I'm officially turned on in the worst way possible as I watch her walk around numb nuts and grip his hair to pull it back, so he is looking at her in an awkward angle. His jaw hangs open at a weird angle and he struggles to breathe from the crushed rib cage. It's insanely morbid knowing I'm enjoying that these are his last moments, but I've never claimed to be sane.

"Just so you know, *Sheamus*, we figured out your plans. Capture the Kostov sister and use her as a pawn for leverage is probably one of the most over played tricks in the book. We also know your little hard on with being considered a son to the Trident leaders." He stutters as he tries to speak but she grips his head harder.

“Yeah. I know *all* about it so don’t even fucking try. But the one tiny detail you and their fathers forgot?” Her voice drops as she stares into our souls. “You don’t fuck with the dark kings’ queen. The consequences are deadly.”

And with that she uses the switchblade to slowly slice across his neck. Blood gushes out as he struggles for a moment before blood loss takes over. In under thirty seconds, the piece of shit is dead. The knife gets tossed to the ground as Bethani uses her hip to push his lifeless body over. “That was for Gabriella and Mila.”

And I will now admit I have a new kink unlocked after that little show.

Giving zero fucks to who else is in the room, I stalk my way over to her and hoist her up into my arms as her legs wrap around my hips. My hands take refuge in her hair as I angle our mouths and crush our lips together. Her laugh is silenced when her back hits the wall and I take *full* advantage of the gasp falling from her lips. I tangle my tongue with hers as I grind into her pussy. Her lustful moan had my cock fucking twitching with the urge to be buried deep inside her.

Tearing my face away from hers, I turn to her brothers. “Unless you want a show, I’d suggest making yourself scarce.”

“You’re really going to fuck my sister near his dead body?” Alexei asks in horror.

I scoff. “Like you haven’t done fucked up shit when sex is involved before.”

His look is annoyed but he knows I have him. Even though I *really* want to strip off her skintight pants and fuck her against the wall, I decide to *act* grown up for a minute. “Fine. Since you kept cum dumpster there alive for sunshine *and* you guys are following out with phase two of the plan, I’ll spare your thoughts of me defiling your sister in the best ways possible. Now tell me which room I can take her to before I change my mind and you guys get a strip show.”

“As long as you four don’t fuck in my kitchen, dining room, office or our bedrooms I don’t give a shit. Just get out of here before I make you wait until you get home.” Konstantin’s tone is flat but all the go ahead I need.

Spinning with Bethani laughing in my arms, I turn towards the door. When I’m rushing towards the staircase, I holler back, “Hood of the vehicle sex is hotter than shit so don’t temp me!”

Their curses are furious but I’m already halfway to the main level, and I just laugh. Pushing through the door, I take a quick scan and see a massive couch in a family room. Yup. Decision made. As I make my way to the couch, a hand on my arm stops me.

“This way, Declan,” G says as he tugs me another way.

“But the couch is right there!” I whine like a toddler as he shoots me a glare and keeps on his pace with all of us in tow.

Whatever. Instead, I just adjust one of my hands so I can reach down the back of Bethani’s pants. It’s uncomfortable but I’m just able to slide my fingers across her folds. “Fuck me, sunshine. You’re soaked.” I push two fingers in as far as I can, and she clenches around me. “Naughty girl is just as turned on as we are. Do you have any idea how sexy it was watching you take his life?” My fingers work her as fast as they can while we walk, and her head falls back on a moan. “Didn’t know that could be a turn on but I swear I about came in my fucking pants when you slit his damn throat.”

We finally make it into whatever room G chose and I don’t even care. I see a deep couch and a great idea starts to filter through my head. “Hope we have lube and condoms.” I finally pull my hand from her pussy, and she groans in frustration. Smirking, I set her down. “Suck on these fingers just like you’ll be sucking on Giovanni’s cock in a few, sunshine.”

My sexy little siren obeys as I push my fingers that are coated with her juices deep in her throat. She sucks them back like a Hoover and swirls her tongue. I swear I’m almost

jealous of G but then I think about how well her pussy grips my cock and the way my piercing flicks back and forth inside her. *God*, it's a damn delightful sensation.

My fingers pull from her mouth in a sexy pop, and I waste zero time stripping her bare. In no time flat, she's standing there in all her naked beauty. I drink in those amazing curves of hers, the rise and fall of her luscious breasts as they heave up and down from her heavy breathing. "Gorgeous. Just freaking gorgeous."

One of those deep blushes crosses her face, which makes her even more heavenly to my eyes. I'll never get sick of seeing her in her simplest form like this. She is my damn salvation and there will never be enough words to let her know how thankful I am for her.

I shrug out of my jacket when I notice G and Sin are near us and completely naked also, my dick takes notice of their dripping cocks and my mouth waters at all the sexual energy surrounding me. The rest of my clothes follow suit in quit succession, and my stupid ass damn near falls when I attempt to take my jeans, boxer briefs and socks off at the same time. I send a middle finger to the snickering assholes surrounding me but I'm quickly back on my feet with a shit eating grin.

My hand grips my cock as my heated stare falls on my sunshine.

Chapter 17

Giovanni

The hungry gaze Declan has on Bethani is as sinful as it is sexy. Watching him sometimes with that predatory gaze is entrancing. I'm so into watching them I don't even realize when a massive body wraps around mine slowly. I almost jump out of my skin but quickly settle into the body when I remember it's Sinclair.

"Getting brave now, are we?" I snark as his arms wrap around my waist from behind. He doesn't say anything, but his tensing body has me realizing that this is a massive step for him, and I just acted like a dick head about it. Instead of saying anything, I just reach around as I turn my head and pull him in for a heated kiss.

He doesn't reciprocate at first but it's not long before his grip around me tightens and he opens for me. His cock is settled firmly between my ass cheeks as we fight for dominance. I know Sinclair is the dominant one most of the time, but I'm thoroughly turned the fuck on as I fight against him. His growl sends a shiver down my spine, and he gains control when his hand wraps around my cock and gives it a purposeful stroke before using a finger to toy with my slit and piercing.

Holy shit. My eyes cross and legs threaten to shake at how damn good he is. Fuck me running, I'm going to be screwed if he finds a way to be in control for all of us because the way he already has me wanting to beg for mercy is a damn tragedy.

"Well, that's hot," Bethani says on a sultry moan. My eyes open to hers and I can see why she is moaning. Declan has her bent over the bed with his face buried in her pussy, going to town on her like the feast she is.

I glance back to Sinclair. “Think she needs a little incentive from you before we join the party.”

That heated glint flares in his eyes as he turns his face towards her. “Be a good girl and come for Declan. Soak his face with your dripping cunt so we can come play too.” He emphasizes his tone with a tug on my cock that has me groaning. Bethani’s face twists in ecstasy as her body seizes up from the orgasm and I struggle against the urge to fuck Sin’s hand until I’m spilling all over it.

Breaking away from him but not wanting him to think it’s because of him. I grab hold of his hand and tug him to the bed with me, but not before reaching down to my jacket and grabbing the condoms and lube I stashed in there. I’ve become well versed in always being prepared, especially now that we are all together.

As we reach the bed, Declan is finally coming up for air. “I swear I could eat your pussy for breakfast, lunch, dinner and dessert and never need anything else.” His face is dripping from her, and I round the bed to kiss him, needing her taste on my lips. As my tongue runs from just below his chin and towards his mouth, I can feel Sinclair insert himself into the mix as he quickly mimics my moves. Our groans turn feral as we reach Declan’s lips and the next thing I know; we are quickly involved in a three-way kiss. It’s our first time doing this, but the passion is insane as the room heats up by a hundred degrees. We fight against each other for purchase and by the time we all pull back, my mouth is swirling with the flavors of each other and Bethani’s juices.

Not wanting to forget about our girl, I turn back to her. “Sorry Tesoro. Pretty sure you opened the flood gates.”

She gives me a wicked smile before laying back on the bed with her head hanging over. “You’ll be forgiven if I can taste you.”

Yeah, like I’m going to deny her anything she ever asks. I move over into position and slowly tease her by running my cock over her lips, loving how they shine with my pre-cum. Not to be outdone, when I run the head of my cock back over

her lips, she quickly opens up and sucks me into her. “Fuck,” I groan as my hips jerk into her, but she laughs around me, and the vibrations send lightning bolts through my spine.

I prop my hands on either side of her and slowly work my hips up and down, relishing in the feel of my cock sliding in and out of her mouth. My balls start to tingle, and I pull out, so I don't finish in her mouth yet. “Christo. You are a damn magician with that wicked mouth of yours.” I pull her up and bring her to me. Our kiss is sweeter than the ones I shared with Sinclair and with Declan and Sinclair together, but still fully infused with that haunting intensity that I hope never dies between any of us.

Breaking the kiss, my lungs burn in the best way possible as I lean my forehead against hers. “So how are we doing this tonight, Tesoro?”

She blinks and I can tell I've caught her off guard. Those aqua blue eyes are almost bottomless black pools of lust as she thinks. Quite frankly I could care less how this plays out, but my dick is beyond ready to blow; my blood supply is leaving my brain at a rapid rate.

“How about I ride Declan, you from behind and I can blow Sinclair?”

I go to reply but Sinclair beats me to it. “Get your ass on top of Declan then, kitten. You know you want to be our good little slut and take three cocks at the same time.” Bethani looks like she is about to raise hell but with a swift hand, Sinclair has a glowing red handprint across her ass before she can smart off. The yelp turns quickly into a groan as Sinclair shoves two fingers into her cunt and starts an unmerciful pace of finger fucking her.

He puts a hand around her throat and puts just enough pressure that instantly has her riding his fingers like mad. I can see her body showing signs that she is about ready to come when he pulls away.

She whimpers at the loss, but I know better than to interfere when he is like this with her. “You don't get to come

until we are all inside you. Don't tempt me, kitten. I'll edge your smart ass all night if you want."

"No. Fuck that, Sinclair," Declan says as he lays back against the pillows and quickly pulls Bethani with him. "Not going to make me wait all damn night, asshole," he grumbles. Bethani quickly positions herself on top of him and sinks down. The sight of her tight pussy sucking him in, and their guttural noises have me quickly sheathing my dick with a condom and lubing up a few fingers before moving behind her to tease that tight ring of muscle.

She slowly starts gyrating her hips over him as my fingers make their way between her crack. She is barely aware of my finger moving in and out before I add a second and third finger. When I can feel her fully relaxed and pushing back into my fingers, I remove them and slather the condom with more lube. I push against her back a bit so she is almost chest to chest with Declan.

I line my cock up and slowly start to push into her. "Christo. So. Fucking. Tight." I breathe out through gritted teeth as I push in further and further until my hips are tight against her voluptuous ass. Testing my luck, I lean back a bit and slap her ass on the opposite cheek from Sinclair. Her body tightens around us like a vice and my eyes cross so fast I almost pass out.

"Fuck you, G. Fuck you," is Declan's response to my ass brand. His voice is heavy as he struggles. Bethani is still locked around us tighter than ever and I think I may have sent her into an orgasm. It takes a moment, but she finally relaxes around us and I don't feel like I'm going to be a one-pump chump.

Regaining some composure, I reach down, and grab hold of Bethani's breasts as I tug her up against me. "You good, Tesoro?"

She hums a response. "Mmm... Never better, Gio." I smile into her hair as I slowly start a gentle rhythm in and out of her. I can feel my cock against Declan's as we fall into a tandem rhythm. We are fucking in our normal mad craze, and I

love it. Our bodies move in a sensuous motion as Sinclair finally moves to stand above Declan. This room I found earlier has a four-poster bed with rails all the way around, which is working to Sinclair's advantage as he props one hand against it and the other to guide himself to Bethani's willing mouth.

She opens up as he slides inside. "Such a greedy girl, hmm? You love having three fat cocks fucking every hole, don't you, kitten?" She shivers at his filthy statement, but it takes her closer and closer to the edge of the cliff better than anything. Sin has a way with words, but with sex he is absolutely vile, and she loves it. Hell, I'm a fan myself.

We all move in perfect harmony before the tension that winds up inside us gets harder and harder to ignore. Declan makes his stance on the bed wider, so his thrusts are deeper, harder and frantic. His hips piston to the point where both our cocks are sliding home at the same time more and more. Bethani's moans are getting deeper and louder, even with Sinclair's cock pushing all the way down her throat every few thrusts.

Our voices are ragged and broken as we all curse and moan. I can vaguely make out Russian curses from beyond the door but I'm too far gone to give a shit. Declan warned them so they are just going to have to deal with their little sister having mind blowing sex.

I glance up to see Sinclair struggling to hold on, and I smirk to myself as I reach my hand up between his legs and use my lubed up hand to cup his sack. His eyes go wide as his head falls back when I start to massage them in my hand, before moving a finger to his taint and press into it while circling at the same time. His hips stutter as he loses full control. I watch as he swears to the ceiling as his body stops, and I can see his cock twitch and flood Bethani's mouth with cum.

I'm so entranced watching her, that when she pulls away and her head falls back against me, I'm slammed with a brick wall of tingles. My balls have pulled into my damn body and the orgasm rails into me harder than a linebacker. "Shittttt!" I roar as my cum spills into the condom.

My body is over-stimulated by the time I come down from the high, enough to move the muscles that twitch in that weird ‘fell asleep’ sensation as I pull out. I collapse on the bed in-between Sinclair and Bethani as the world comes back into focus from the most mind-blowing orgasm known to mankind.

“Holy hell and cannoli. That was fucking amazing.” It takes a moment to get those simple sentences out, but we are all laughing and agreeing.

My body becomes sluggish and sleepy as we all settle, and I’m vaguely aware when I peel off the condom and toss it to the floor. I’m too damn comfortable to worry about it now. Somehow a blanket is pulled up over us all and I’m grateful as I mutter out ‘I love you’ to them all and crash into the realm of the dead sleep.

Chapter 18

Lorenzo

The next day

“Do we have any idea behind his reasoning for the vague message to meet him here? He knows we don’t come to this property unless absolutely necessary.”

After a month of on and off radio silence, my patience has worn with the boy. While he has proven himself over and over to us at how he will be a much more motivated and proper suitor to the empires, his actions since retrieving the girl have been rather unsavory. While at first, he kept us updated, now he has gone off the radar. His reasoning saying one of the guards found suspicious activity near the compound of our most lucrative venture and he needed to lay low and take heat off the area.

So, with that reason alone, I’m confused and curious as to why we are meeting here.

Sighing, Arthur speaks. “I’m curious myself. The message was cryptic, yet urgent.”

“Urgent my ass,” Robert snorts. “He was so urgent to go off grid, even though we confirmed via the security system no signs of trespassing. Now, he suddenly summons us here. It’s preposterous that we are even complying to this.”

I give a hum in the terms of agreeing as I sip my drink. “It is rather odd that you went with this, Arthur.”

“It’s simple really. Her life is extremely valuable. If Sheamus can get her to comply, then we hold all the power and will be able to properly expand the way we need. If she doesn’t, well then there are a few offers for her that can very well do the exact same for us.”

I raise an eyebrow. “How much exactly?”

He just chuckles. “After putting out a feeler or two to the right people of course, they have finally got back to me. There are a couple offers close to the billion-dollar range. Let’s just say the potential of utilizing the Bratva princess has it’s perks for many of our clients.”

We all laugh and toast to the potential prospects coming our way when the limo unceremoniously jerks to a stop and throws us around. The divider quickly goes down as our driver speaks. “I apologize for the abrupt stop, sirs, but you need to see this.”

I’d personally love to chew him a new asshole for ruining my suit, but his tone has the hairs on the back of my neck standing on end. Instead of grumbling, I make my way to the door and open it.

I step out first, Arthur and Robert are quickly behind me. Surveying the area, nothing seems amiss. The wonder of it has me quickly working my way to the front of the limo since everything else looks in order. When we reach the front, I see why he stopped so abruptly.

The guard who should have been in the shack, is laying in the middle of the driveway with his body sliced opened and his guts spilling all over around him. He has been there long enough that flies have started to make him their home and a stench has permeated the air.

“How is this not showing up on any of the feeds?” Robert asks as he steps back towards the driver. I look to Arthur as Robert starts directing the driver to the wider side of the driveway so we can get around.

Instead of speaking, Arthur just motions for us to quickly get back into the limo. As we do, he tells the driver to move and then puts the divider back up. “Something isn’t right. The system is showing perfect working order.” He flips his phone to us, and there on the camera is the same security guard that is currently turning into a vile mess on our pavement.

We all sit back in silence as we ponder what we are driving into. Thankfully we are in our reinforced limo with specialty glass and solid steel all around. But the possibility that our secret has been leaked has my worries in multiple places.

As we get closer, the usual cacophony of guards we have about are missing, almost in a state of abandon. As we reach the front door of our venture, not a single thing is out of place. No bullet holes to be seen or anything that would suggest foul play. But my gut tells me there is something nefarious in the air.

“Shall we walk around the outside or do we think the inside is the place to investigate first?” I ask with caution.

“Inside,” is Robert’s clipped tone as he steps out.

We quickly make our way inside and make note of the green light on the keypad, which should always be red when the door is closed.

As we make our way closer and closer to the main foyer area where we greet our clients when they prefer to make their transactions in person, a foreboding smell hits our nostrils. We walk with extreme caution in the event this is some sort of heist. We know how to quickly escape if need be, due to the events of our first time in this venture that exploded due to extenuating circumstances from the Kostov rat we had explicit trust in for many years.

Viktor Kostov and his Bratva brigade were members of our Syndicate Society from the beginning of its inception, yet a terrible judgement call on our behalf almost cost us everything. It took us years to gain traction again as we kept everything completely by the books until our fortunes gave us true status to do as we wished.

The sight we walk into as we reach the foyer is utterly horrifying. Our guards are scattered about along the floor and staircases as their bodies show various stages of decomp. The odor has crept into my skin and is burning my nostrils. My eyes water as I pull out a handkerchief from my pocket to hopefully mask the smell.

We take in the massacre as a lone body sits in the middle. Their battered head leans to the side and from here I can see a small notecard pinned to the rope securing the body.

We all slowly make our way over as the bodily fluids covering the marble tile has made it slippery. Reaching the body, Robert goes to move the head and we are all horror-struck at the mangled remains of Sheamus. His body has been desecrated almost to the point of being unrecognizable.

A pang of loss strikes me. He was more like a son to us than our own children. Our viewpoints were so in line it was astounding. He was a proper gentleman that made us proud.

“Fucking hell.” Robert curses as he hands the note to Arthur.

Arthur reads it and omits his own string of obscenities before handing it to me.

My eyes scan over the note.

You thought you had her. You thought wrong.

We know your plan.

To think you can overthrow us is laughable.

KK.

“I have to give them credit.” I laugh since there is nothing else to do. “I honestly didn’t think they were smart enough to figure out what was going on or that they had enough balls to go speak to Konstantin Kostov. Maybe we have been underestimating them this whole time.”

I toss the note to the ground and spin to head outside, mostly to alleviate the smell that is soaked into my clothing but also to think of another plan.

Robert sends a message to the cleaner while Arthur makes plans for a new guard crew that we so obviously need

now. I pace back and forth furiously as I ponder our options.

“Do either of you have an idea on what our next steps should be?” I ask as my mind has chosen to give me nothing that can be considered a worthwhile idea.

“Not at all,” Robert quips in annoyance.

“I’m currently drawing a blank myself. Let’s go get cleaned up, gentlemen, and head to dinner. I don’t know about you two, but I could go for some caviar and a well-aged Scotch while discussing options on how we are going to handle this situation. We also need to summon the Trident to see where those *brats* are located.” Arthur is curt in his delivery, and I can see the frown lines forming.

He is correct though. We reek of rotted flesh, and I’m perturbed about it. He has also brought up the unusual silence of our spawns. Normally they are causing us more headaches than they are worth, but lately they have been oddly behaved. I’m disgusted that I didn’t realize sooner that things were so askew.

As we all ride back towards our mansions, an idea forms in my head that I believe will become our best work yet.

Chapter 19

Bethani

March Twenty-Third - Declan's Birthday

“Kitten... While the last few surprises you have thrown our way have been rather fantastic, blindfolding and subjecting us to your driving is *not* my idea of a good time,” Sinclair whines beside me while he white knuckles the ‘oh shit’ handle above him.

I take advantage of him not being able to see and roll my eyes but he, *as usual*, catches on. Growling in that deep voice I love, he says, “Strike one, kitten. You know better than to roll your eyes at me.”

Knowing after he sees what I have in store for us that my strikes will go away, I tap the breaks a little harder than necessary and laugh at their reactions. Swear words fly out of their mouths and they threaten to take off the blindfolds. “Oh stop, we are five minutes away. Suck it up.”

I can feel their heated stares burning through the coverings, and heat pools to my thighs.

Putting the vehicle in park, I take a deep breath to steady myself. “Okay, you guys can take off the blindfolds now.”

I’m holding my breath as they take in where we are. We’ve talked about this, and Declan even drew up a design. But I know how particular they are about where to go, so I may or may not have glanced at Declan’s phone while he was sleeping to figure out where to go.

“Okay. I know where we are, obviously.” Declan waves his around his body to note his expansive array of ink I love to look at. “But the question is why are we here and wait... how did you even find out about this place, sunshine?”

My eyes find his in the rearview mirror. His gray orbs flash a mock scowl as I smile at him. “May or may not have looked at your phone when you were sleeping a couple weeks ago.” He obviously isn’t impressed by my antics, so I’m quick to add, “I have a surprise to go along with this. I couldn’t have any of you asking questions or storming over here like the cavemen you are to demand answers. Because none of you can tell me you wouldn’t be nosy assholes like that.”

“We’re not *that* bad, Tesoro, give us some credit,” Giovanni chips in, and now it’s my turn to scowl as I turn around to face him.

“Oh really? Hmm... Let’s see how quickly I can prove you wrong.” My hand flies up as I start to tick off points. “One, you put a tracker on my phone the night you three rescued me. Two, Sinclair had a hidden app on my phone where he could see everything I was doing. Three, what would you three do if they told you this appointment was to get my nipples and clit pierced?” Giovanni’s piercing eyes turn icy as his gaze penetrates through me in anger as he contemplates my last point.

“Fuck that! The only piercer in there is Tiny and he isn’t going anywhere near you,” Declan snaps.

Sinclair’s firm grip grabs ahold of my chin and he tilts my head towards him.

“Kitten, if you so choose to get those done, fine. It’s your body to do as you will with. But so help me God if *any* fucking man other than us sees what’s ours, I’ll pluck his fucking eyes out with my bare hands before shoving them down his throat and crushing his fucking windpipe.” Swoon. I love provoking them like this.

Such a damn turn on. “You are fucking ours, baby. No one else’s. Do you understand me?”

Those emerald eyes swirl, entrancing me as always but I nod my head. “Yes, sir.”

He holds my gaze for a second longer before dipping down to kiss me.

“Let’s go see what your surprise for us is kitten.”

“How you holding up, sunshine?” Declan asks beside me as he holds my hand. He isn’t fazed by the tattoo gun whirling noises around us or the rapid stabbing notions from the needle as it pierces our skin.

Slash goes over the one spot again and I wince. “Not terrible but I kind of feel like kicking him when he goes over the same spot over and over.” He pauses to glance up and smile at me, which is met with demonic growls.

Slash stops tattooing to accost them. “Seriously? I’m gay as fuck, you fools. I’ve asked to suck each of your dicks more times than I can count and have made it well known I’d consider leaving Tiny for one of you fine specimens. Plus, she made sure I was the one to tattoo her since we all know how damn obsessive and possessive you ass faces are.” He turns back down to my arm and resumes, mumbling nonsense about how tattooing with a hard-on is difficult enough when one of them show up here.

Tiny finally chooses that time to step out from one of his rooms. Well, Tiny isn’t tiny by any means. He is probably an inch or so taller than Declan and built like a brick shit house. His arms cross over his chest as he deadpans. “They barely tolerate your diva ass when they are here, let alone a lifetime with you, sizzle tits.”

My eyes bulge at the nickname and Giovanni spews water out of his nose in a coughing fit. Slash chews Tiny a new one for exposing his nickname while I laugh my ass off. Tiny shrugs him off and gives me a knowing glance. I give him a thumbs up which earns me speculative glances from the guys, but I just shrug them off.

Shortly after, we are all finished up with the memorial tattoos Declan sketched for the girls.

My right wrist and all of the guys’ right shoulder blades have the same thing. A gorgeous pair of bright pink Flame Lillies with Mila and Gabriella entwined in each stem. Declan

said the girls were rarer than any boring rose and needed to be properly memorialized. Tears prick my eyes and I wrap my arms around Slash, who stiffens in fear from my towering oafs.

“Thank you,” I whisper out. My voice is choked up, so it comes out hoarse.

Slash wraps his arms around me as he speaks. “Oh honey, you are so welcome. I know this is probably in poor taste but whenever you four decide to have more, you just tell Uncle Slash so he can come babysit the prettiest damn babies in the universe. I’m almost jealous of your indoor plumbing right now, sugar.”

His goal of bringing my spirits up works, as I start to laugh. The tears in my eyes dry up as I think of him as a woman. “Oh gosh. I can’t picture you as a woman.”

“That’s because his god damn ego couldn’t handle tits and a twat,” Tiny retorts. Laughter fills the shop as Slash feigns anger but then shrugs because he knows Tiny is correct, and he walks over to give his ‘giant honey bear’ a hug.

As we settle down and the guys stand to leave, I stop them. “You ready for part two?”

Curious stares meet my eyes. Instead of answering, I grab Declan’s hand and walk us to stand in front on Tiny. “What’s going on, sunshine?”

My eyes dip to the floor as a small smile crosses my face. I raise my stare to his. “Happy birthday, handsome. You okay with getting married today?”

“Wait. What? H...how?”

His hesitation has me regretting this idea. “I mean if you’d rather do something different, that’s fine. I just figured since you’ve always said how your birthdays suck that this would be a great way to start changing that and—” His finger shushes my rambling and I’m almost terrified to look at him, but I do.

The sight of my towering fiancé... Well hopefully husband in a few... Has me gasping in awe.

Declan's blinding smile is one of the most genuine ones I've ever seen cross his face. His slate eyes have unshed tears and even with all his ink and piercings and wild hair, he is still one of the three most beautiful people in this whole damn world.

"You really want to get married today, baby?" His voice is soft with a hint of awe behind it.

Sending him a smile of my own. "Of course. I wouldn't have threatened to stop talking to my brothers if they didn't help with all of this if I wasn't serious, Declan. How else would I have been able to get a Washington marriage certificate if it wasn't for them? Well, that and all of your rings."

"All of our rings?" Giovanni asks, which causes me to roll my eyes. Sinclair can fuck off too.

"Yes. *All* your rings. You really think I'm going to let anyone see only Declan with a ring on and think they can take a crack at you two? Hell no. I'll beat a bitch blue with a bat if any of them thirst sluts even try to look your way."

That earns me some chuckles as Sinclair and Giovanni step closer, while Declan wraps his arms around me and buries his head into the crook of my neck. I can feel his whispered 'love you', which tells me he is completely cool with my idea. He has been so damn anxious to upgrade me to 'wife' status that he has damn near derailed my plans a few times.

"So, what does this all mean, my devious little kitten?"

I send him a salacious grin. "Well, *sir*, it means that Declan here is becoming my husband and you both are being upgraded from boyfriend to fiancé. Think you can handle that title?"

His eyes soften as his hand brushes my cheek. "Damn straight I can handle it, Bethani. You sure you can hand handle three over-protective men that worship the ground you walk on?"

“Ha!” I snicker. “I can handle you three just fine... What about you, Giovanni? You alright with all of this?”

He snaps out of his silence. “Absolutely. Although I’m still stunned you pulled all this off. Did Declan’s shit proposal scare you off, so you had to jump the gun on us?”

Declan reaches out and swats Giovanni in the chest while grumbling out a ‘dick head’ comment into my shoulder. I just shake my head. “Not at all. You are both more than welcome to ask me whenever you’d like. I just wanted to stake my claim. Now can we please get on with the ceremony so we can go back home and celebrate properly?”

The innuendo of us going home and tangling between the sheets has their asses moving into gear.

Tiny gets us all in place and proceeds with the vows. We choose simple and standard vows with the promise of more heartfelt ones later when we can all have the proper ceremony that will legally bind us in another country, regardless of if it’s considered legal stateside.

Declan slips my band on my finger as he says his vows, and I follow suit. Our union is sealed with a passionate and wicked kiss that leaves no guessing as to when we will be consummating our marriage, which is as soon as we leave. After we finish, I take my other dark kings’ hands and slip their bands on their wedding fingers, finishing each with our own fever inducing and panty dropping kisses.

Grabbing their hands, I snap a photo of them all together and smile. I chose custom matte black titanium rings for them with individualized inscriptions for each of them. They are my dark kings until the end of time and a gold band just didn’t make sense for them. I designed a custom one for myself also. It’s the same black matte finish and titanium metal but is set with a three-carat cushion cut red diamond with two one carat ones on each side. All our rings are somewhat understated yet hold the air of unique and different.

We are our own element in this world of havoc, fused together through trials and tragedies. Bloodshed and brewing

storms. Our love will always be a tsunami waiting to strike, ready to rein terror amongst the world around us.

As we settle back into the vehicle with heated promises of worshiping my body until I'm unable to move, a calm washes around my soul.

I'll live for these men just as fiercely as I'd sell my soul for them.

Chapter 20

Unknown

“And you are sure you can forge everything to make it look as realistic as possible?”

His unsure tone has me scoffing at him. “I’ve been doing this shit since I was fifteen. If you don’t believe in my work, then find someone else. I’ve made my millions doing this shit in my sleep. Although I will warn you... my prices are the way they are for a reason. I’m the fucking best and the fact that you even question my merit makes me want to charge you double.”

This pretentious fool is just the same as the rest. Always making demands and then getting their frugal panties in a twist when they see my fees. I charge what I charge for a damn good reason. I’m the best in this twisted world of forgeries. No one can find a flaw in my work unless I want them to.

Even then, if they fuck up and get burned, there is no way to pin me. I’ve spent way too much time hiding my identity behind the screens of my computers. I wear sunglasses to meetings and the super itchy but expensive wig that hides my real hair color. There is only one person in this world who knows my identity and I’ll be damned if I ever cross paths with him again.

Tapping my cheap nails against the table grates their nerves but I’m about two seconds from walking away. The one in the middle realizes I’m not relenting and slides the file folder to me with the details of what they need forged. I take it and slide it in my purse.

Standing, I go to leave but not before speaking over my shoulder. “First half of the payment better be in the account by midnight unless you’d prefer this file end up in the wrong hands.”

They start their rambling, but I keep walking. I don't have time for their attitudes or grievances.

If they want the job done, and done right, they know what to do.

Well... If they know what's good for them at least.

Chapter 21

Sinclair

Giovanni and Declan are in class while I lounge here on the couch watching some documentary with Bethani napping in my arms. My mind rolls over some of the events from the past couple weeks. There have been three demands for our attendance at the Syndicate, and about a million calls and texts from our fathers with not-so thinly veiled threats about our absence and the repercussions we are facing for our blatant refusal to acknowledge or attend the meetings.

Now that we have settled into this new normal of zero secrets, I find myself less and less in need of the iron clad control I usually crave with the intensity of a thousand suns. It's still fully there, but with our truths all out on the line, I find myself enjoying something so mundane as this right here that it sometimes unsettles me.

Before, I never would have ignored being summoned; however, while I despised being a puppet, I was still able to control the result. If I felt like causing a ruckus, I'd cause a fucking ruckus and deal with the mess afterwards. Now though?

I'm so far in the unknown of our fathers' plots for revenge, relying on the Kostov brothers to handle the ensuing blizzard of fire heading our way, yet I'm not itching to take control for once.

I'd rather just be here in the moment with Bethani asleep next to me, consequences be damned. And we all know there are going to be reactions to our actions. It's just the when and where and how bad they are going to smack us in the face that we wait for.

Bethani shifts in her sleep, causing her perky ass to rub up against my dick. He takes immediate notice of the friction

and instantly perks up in my sweats. I squeeze my eyes shut and attempt to will the fucker to settle himself, but he just perks up even more like the horny bastard he is. You'd fucking think with all the action my dick gets that it wouldn't be able to function, yet again it proves me wrong. I reach down to adjust myself and accidentally brush against the backs of her thighs near her ass.

The little vixen just lets out a breathy sigh in her sleep as her ass wiggles back and forth against me even more before a small snore escapes her lips. My eyes roll because only she would be capable of sleeping through sex. I love her ass more than life itself, but she sleeps like the damn dead most nights and snores like a fucking lumberjack.

She has accomplished waking us all up in the middle of the night with her bed hogging, blanket stealing and freight train snoring. I know she is a terrorist half the time when she is awake, which I love and hate, but it doesn't even hold a bar compared to her demon ass when she sleeps.

Speaking of her sleeping, I'm wondering if she is dreaming of us. I test my hand on my stomach to see if it's cold and when I realize it's not, I slowly make lazy motions on her lower back as I inch her sweats down a little at a time. It doesn't take long for me to get them past her ass, and I bite my lip when I realize she isn't wearing underwear.

My hand makes its way over the curve of her ass and to the junction between her legs. My finger lightly trails along her cunt, and a groan slips past my lips when I feel her soaked. For me? For us? None of that matters beyond that she is having a sexy dream and I have every filthy intention of adding to that. Lazily, I push a finger inside her and relish the small flutters as her pussy constricts. My movements stay minimal because I'm not quite ready for her to wake up yet, but I add the second finger and enjoy her sleepy noises of desire.

Her body starts to react to my ministrations, and I can't take it any longer. I shove my sweats down far enough and grip my dick as I adjust and guide myself to her entrance. My cock is lined up and pushing in when I wrap my arm around

her waist. Her pussy envelopes me as I slide in as muttered curses fall from my lips. Her body is an addiction of the best kind.

When I'm seated fully inside her, I pause for a moment. Mostly to stop my ass from blowing but also to take note of our hands that are now entwined with our bands comfortably sitting there, like they have always belonged. We may not be married yet but her fierce and protective claim over us was the sexiest thing in the world.

"You better start moving or I'm going to be pissed you woke me up," she mumbles as her eyes open in a sleepy daze. Leaning down, I capture her mouth as my hips pull back and thrust into her. My pace is measured and unhurried as our tongues dance together in a sensuous rhythm. Even with all our clothes still on, this feels like the most intimate sexual encounter we've ever had together.

Bethani's hips gyrate against me, which causes fantastic sensation changes every time my cock slides back into her. One time its shallow and pegging her g-spot. The next I'm so far inside her my dick is hitting her cervix. Our breathing becomes ragged as we fight against the pull to start fucking like mad men.

One of my arms snakes under her so I can reach under her tank top to tease a perky nipple while the other slithers to toy with her clit. Her body winds tighter and tighter as she reaches her peak, and my lower spine starts to tingle as I get closer to my own.

"Sin...clair. Oh God," Bethani whimpers when everything becomes too much and she shatters into oblivion, pulling me right along with her.

"Ah shit," is my grunted response as our bodies lock up. I'm not even able to properly describe this insane feeling washing over me as my dick pulses inside her over and over while her greedy cunt takes it all.

I drop a kiss to her temple and pull the blanket off the back of the couch to cover up when I feel my eyes become

heavy. “Love you, kitten,” I murmur as sleep finally pulls me under.

I’m abruptly woke up from my sex coma by a bucket of water being dumped on my head. “Son of a bitch!” I scream as my teeth instantly start chattering from the frigid temperature. My body jolts off the couch as I go to tear into whoever is the biggest fuck in the world. My stomach drops and I’m silent as I’m met with the six furious gazes of our grandparents. “Uhh... Sorry about that.” I’m not exactly sure what I’m apologizing for yet, but I figured I better start off with that.

Pops just tuts at me. “Sorry? That the best you can come up with, boy?”

Well, Pops, seeing as how I was just sleeping like a damn baby before you so rudely woke my ass up, yeah, that’s all I’ve got for you at this moment. I don’t say that though because he is looking at me like the time he busted my ass for stealing candy when I was a kid since it wasn’t on my ‘permitted list’. I quickly start racking my brain for all reasons as to why I’m being met with such hostility. As the brain fog finally lifts. “Oh, fuck me,” I mutter.

Whoops. Guess who has been using the new cell phone from Konstantin and forgot to alert the grandparents about the change after transferring all his shit over and tossing his old one on a charger and just ignoring the damn thing like the plague?

Yo Alex Trebec! can I get a ‘Who is Sinclair Blackwell?’ for a half a mil?

“Pay up, bitch.” My eyes fly to the kitchen where Bethani, Giovanni and Declan all sit with a damn bowl of popcorn near them. Declan has his hand out towards Giovanni as G pulls out a fifty from his pants and slaps it into a triumphant looking Declan’s hand.

“Wait. You assholes bet on how long it would take for me to figure out my screw up?” My face screws up as the

annoyance flairs. “Why in the hell didn’t you dick heads tell me?!” I question.

“Because I gave them explicit orders against it.” Pops’ tone bring my attention back to him. “I figured my own damn grandson would finally remember to inform him of all of the changes to his life. But no, he decides to take a page out of Declan’s book and act like an utter moron.” Pops turns to Declan. “No offense, boy. We all love you but some days you are a complete dip stick.”

Declan shrugs while popping a piece of popcorn in his mouth. “No offense taken, Pops. I usually do earn that title with pride. Bet you never expected me to be the first one married though.” His smug tone causes my eyes to cross.

“Kiss ass,” I mumble, which brings all the focus back on me. Just wonderful.

Why don’t you shove your foot a little further into your mouth, huh? My subconscious taunts me.

“You really think you are in any position to be mocking someone, Sinclair?” His question is completely rhetorical and thankfully I’m smart enough this time to keep my mouth shut.

Fuck you, subconscious. I win... Well this time at least. I have a feeling this conversation is far from over so it would be in my best interest to not get too far ahead of myself.

“Took you long enough to catch on.” He goes to say more, but Nonno decides it’s his turn to rip me a second, wait probably third, asshole.

“Now you listen here, and you listen here good and well, Sinclair Arthur Blackwell.” *Cringe*. “We fully understand you are grown ass men and are fully capable of making your own choices. But if you ever pull some shit like this again, I will personally drag your ass to Italy myself where you can pluck grapes by hand until your fingers split open.”

Yeah. I know I'm in deep shit when Nonno threatens *that* specific punishment. Giovanni got it one year when we were kids. He hasn't touched grapes since and becomes visibly ill when he must drink wine.

I Sigh. "You guys are right and I *am* sorry about that. I don't know what all the three traitors over there have told you guys—" I'm cut off when the fuckers all chime in with an '*everything*' and my arms cross over my chest when I turn to square up against them. "Really. Everything? I find that hard to believe."

My grandma chimes in. "Your fathers and that atrocious plan for Bethani. The Kostov Bratva. God rest Viktor's soul. Very nice man. Declan and Bethani's nuptials plus the engagements, which we will be discussing *that* topic later." All four of us shrink at that one. But Grandma continues.

"The Syndicate drama, and don't give me that deer in the head lights look, Sinclair, we have known for years, just avoided certain topics. We also know the reason for those matching tattoos." My grandma trails off as she tears up a bit, and God damn this stupid honesty shit.

"That's pretty much the main reason I've avoided talking to any of you..." All the grandfathers' arms wrap around our grandmas in a comforting motion as they nod at me in understanding.

"We sympathize, Sinclair, but it is zero excuse to ignore us. Got it?" My Pops levels me with one of his signature looks that tells me if I fuck up again, my ass may as well dig a hole. I nod in silence since my brain has finally caught up with the world. Pops seems satisfied with my grovel since he knows I'm not giving another inch and continues. "Good. Now let's all put this behind us and maybe make a video call to the Kostov's while we make some dinner and catch up."

As our grandparents make their way to the kitchen, I head towards the bedroom to change out of my soaked clothes, but not before scowling and flipping off the three traitors that are going to have hell to pay for their stunt.

Chapter 22

Alexei

The Same Day

“Hold up. ОТЕЦ did what?” I ask on a laugh.

Konstantin and I are sitting here in his office at one of the nightclubs he owns, with tumblers of Stolli as the flat screen mounted to the wall shows us Bethani, Sinclair, Declan, Giovanni and their grandparents as they feast on a massive spread of dishes. Really makes me wish I was there to join the festivities instead of the drive thru trash I had before coming here.

The woman who told me to call her Nonna responds. “Oh, your father was quite the instigator. I’m not sure how many times he convinced these fools to do something stupid which landed them on the couch for a night or two. That night though was one of his finest moments. Had these three drunk off their feet, they believed we were dressed as Playboy bunnies. I’ve still got that wretched group photo of them all somewhere at the condo here.” She has tears falling down her face because she is laughing so hard. “Viktor dropped them off at the hotel suite with a shit eating grin while our husband’s stumbled around and rambled on about how we got there first and changed so quickly. They deserved those hangovers they had the next day. But I did get that vacation home in Monaco after that, so it worked out well.”

“You let me pass out on the tile floor! Woke up hungover, frozen and sore,” Gianluca Martinelli gripes but his wife rolls her eyes.

“And I’d do it all over again, Amore mio,” she fires right back.

Everyone else is in hysterics over their bickering, even my brother. This video chat is the happiest I've seen my brother in years other than when we found out Natasha, shit, I mean Bethani was still alive, and we reunited. For now, she has chosen to keep the name that she has known for nineteen years, minus the new Carter last name, rather than default to her given name. I can't say I blame her, but it still stings deep down.

I've argued with her in private about it, but my twin has a stubborn streak that is parallel with Konstantin's. You can tell they got that one from Viktor for sure.

"So how are things around campus since the last time we chatted?" my brother asks when the chatter dies. "We have exhausted what we could from the informants and are moving on to names to see where that will get us."

Bethani's men are silent for a moment until Giovanni speaks. "Had quite a few summonses for Syndicate business but we've ignored them all. All our things have been transferred to the new phones you gave us with the new numbers, but our phones are constantly buzzing. They haven't given any hints via the voicemails or text messages, though I'm sure they are becoming more and more enraged. The most recent threat has been excommunication from the Syndicate..." He trails off and cringes when my sister turns on him.

"Excommunication? What exactly does that fucking mean, Giovanni?" Her voice is icy and my chest swells with pride at how resilient my sister is.

Giovanni doesn't shrink and I sit back, ready to enjoy the shit show. Sinclair scrubs his hands over his face. "Kitten, in our world, excommunicated is basically the highest form of treason. Which means our rebellious acts are punishable by death."

My sister is dead silent, which I've quickly learned means she is about to bring hell down on them in three... two...

The chair she was in bangs against the floor when she abruptly stands. Both hands go on the table and her voice is shrill. “So let me get this straight. You morons have known that massive fucking detail this whole damn time and, what? Decided to play stupid by not mentioning that? What in the ever-loving hell are your problems? That is a conversation I should be included in when you choose to ignore your damn responsibilities. Especially when your lives are on the line!”

Since we have a computer screen and an eight-hour drive give or take between us, my brother steps in like a damn fool. “Bethani, they have been under my order. I told them to ignore—” My twin doesn’t give him the chance to finish as she tells him to shut up in perfect Russian.

“So, the great Konstantin Kostov just snaps his fingers, and everyone just falls in line, is that what you are saying? Well, let me tell you this, brother...” she spits at us, “I don’t give a shit about your status. It means nothing to me. I’ve fought like hell through the years, and I’ll be damned if just because these пезды swore their allegiance to you that I am not included on decisions. Especially ones where their lives are now in jeopardy! Hell, mine is probably still on the line, you arrogant twat face!”

Bethani turns and heads out of the view of the camera, cursing up a storm and calling everyone except for the grandparents and myself every degrading term she can think of in Russian. I’m thoroughly impressed by her insults and chuckle at her creativity. The grandmothers chase after her, leaving us all to sit in silence. Well, the grandfathers sit in silence. My brother, brother-in-law and soon to be brothers-in-law all stew at the proper ass reaming they just received, while I sit here with a smile on my face. Although they do slightly deserve it since we were not informed about the wedding until after it happened.

“Alexei, can I even begin to fathom what colorful insults Bethani just hurled at these Grade A doorknobs?”

I chuckle as my brother scowls at me. “Well, the first insult she called them was cunts. The rest? I’m going to say it is in my best interest to stay silent. One of your lovely wives

may walk back in and I'm not about to repeat what my foul-mouthed sister said in mixed company. With all due respect of course." I tip my glass towards the screen before slamming it back.

My brother calls me a brown nose under his breath, and I put a hand on his shoulder and pat it. "Aww... Is the big bad Bratva boss crabby because he got scolded by his little sister?" I snicker and he gives me one hell of a punch to the shoulder.

"Alright, kids. Playtime is over. But a small word of advice. You all need to understand that while our lives lay on the more underground side of life, transparency with your significant other is important. You may think you are protecting them, but you are causing more destruction in the process. Now, Giovanni, let's move this call to another room," Mr. Blackwell directs, and his gaze lingers to us. "Gentlemen. We have some topics to that need to be discussed at length and plans need to be made."

Well shit... Back to the fucking grind we go.

Chapter 23

Konstantin

Three Days Later

“I do not have time for this shit, Lex. Remind me again why we are here?”

My brother just gives me a blank look. “Do I really need to answer that?”

The elevator stops and the doors open to the penthouse. I don't even bother replying as we step out. He may be correct but I'm not going to give his punk ass the satisfaction of me admitting that all this chaos is legitimately my fault. Alexei would never let me hear the end of it.

As we stroll through the foyer area and into the main room, I'm met with a solemn sight. Giovanni has headphones in as he types away like a mad man at the kitchen island. He has books and coffee cups scattered all around him. Doesn't look like he has slept much either.

While our conversation the other day with their grandfathers ended up going on for much longer than I had time for, I respect these men. They were great friends with my father, despite him being ten years their junior. They shared many amazing stories I've never heard about him and his position as the Bratva Pakhan. Even though my father led with an iron fist and was a ruthless leader, he was apparently a very generous and thoughtful man.

So, with their respect earned, I stayed on a family dinner turned conference call while we all discussed strategies and items that needed direct attention in our revenge against the Syndicate leaders. They verified that in no uncertain terms, whatever happens to them is deserved and they cut their losses years ago with them.

It is also with my newfound respect for those I considered enemies until a few days ago that I am here at Blackwell University. I guess my demand for their silence about the excommunication has thrown them into a tailspin and things have been extremely tense here.

When I don't see or hear anyone else, I stride over and tap Giovanni on the shoulder. He jumps and turns to harass whoever disturbed him but changes his tune when he realizes it's me.

"Uhh. Hey. What are you guys doing here?" His tone is weary, and the poor fool has bloodshot eyes from lack of sleep.

I sigh. "I may or may not have caused a bit of an issue with my demands." His eyebrow cocks in a *ya think?* motion but I continue. "Which has been brought to my attention by hot head behind me and a message or two from your grandparents. So, fear not, here I am to fix everything."

He snorts and turns back to his laptop. "Good luck. This is the most furious I've ever seen her. She is back to sleeping in her old room and barely says two words to us. If you think you can fix this shit, then good fucking luck."

"Is that where she is now?" I ask. He goes to reach for his phone and stops.

"Probably? She turned off all this shit to let us know of her location so." Giovanni trails off. He goes to put his headphones back on, but I snatch them from his hands.

I turn to Alexei. "Go get his ass in the shower and find the other two. Make sure they are all cleaned up while I deal with the most stubborn individual known to man." Lex nods, his demeanor serious. My brother isn't my second in command for no reason.

When he is tasked with a job, he is the most serious and resourceful person ever. He has never failed any of his assignments and takes his role beside me in the ranks with the most dedication I have ever seen. So, I know giving him this assignment should be a cakewalk.

Satisfied, I turn and head towards the spare room that was once hers. I can hear shuffling and bickering behind me, but I ignore it with my own quest. When I reach the door, I knock. After a moment of silence, I open the door and walk in.

Bethani is in the bed reading. “What?” she sasses without looking up.

Pinching the bridge of my nose, I glance to the stars. “Always wanted a fucking strong personality for a daughter didn’t you, Father? Well, you fucking got it. Thanks for leaving me to deal with the shit.”

My sarcasm is heavy as my little sister gazes my way finally.

“You ready to start acting like a grown ass woman yet or are you going to continue this bullshit of ignoring those men out there like they are a piece of trash?”

She scoffs and slams her book shut. “Real fucking rich coming from you, Konstantin.”

“Excuse me?” I demand. “Go on and elaborate on that some more, little girl.”

If she wasn’t my sister, her furious gaze *might* scare me, but it doesn’t. “I’m not a little girl, you prick. I’m a grown ass woman.”

“Ha!” I laugh. “Well, your little fucking temper tantrum says otherwise. If you are such a ‘grown ass woman’ as you just said, then why in the fuck did I have to make a damn eight-hour drive here to deal with your brat ass? Please, I’m fucking *dying* to hear your lame fucking excuse.”

She is silent so I continue. “That’s what I thought. You don’t have a damn excuse worth verbalizing. So, you can just sit your ass right there and listen. While I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt because there has been a bunch of changes to your life lately, this right here is a fucking joke. You want to be little miss badass? Well part of that is dealing with shit you don’t want to deal with. Those men out there love your snob ass so fucking much they risked their god damn lives when

they walked through my doors. I almost gave the order to have them assassinated for their names alone. But instead, I gave them a chance to explain their appearance.” I pace the room as I continue my rant.

“And what did I realize? Other than finding out my sister is alive? That she had three men who loved her more than anything else in this damn world.” I stop and to face off against her. “Those men pledged themselves to me, with zero questions, to make sure you were brought back alive. Signed their fucking souls to me, all for fucking you. So yes, as the mother fucking *Pakhan* of the Kostov Bratva, I made that choice to withhold information from you for your fucking benefit. So, if there is anyone to be upset with, I’m right fucking here. But you better grab a ticket, princess. The line is long, and I quite frankly don’t give a fuck. I’ll do it over and over again if it involves keeping your ass safe and protected. Put yourself in my position. What would you do if you thought your sister was dead for nineteen damn years only to realizes she is alive? You’d do everything in your power to make sure she was fucking protected, regardless of withholding information from her that will upset her.

“So, grow the fuck up and turn your location service back on before I take matters into my own hand. Because I can promise you, if you think I’m pissed now? Try and fucking defy me again. Let me find out you are treating your husband and fiancés like shit over something I explicitly forbade them from telling you. I give no fucks if you are my sister. I broke a man’s neck for a hell of a lot less and I’m not against dragging your ass from this school and locking you back into a damn prison until you pull your head out of your ass.”

I don’t even acknowledge her as I storm out. She wants to act like a fucking child so I’m treating her like one. When I see Alexei standing there with the guys, all with wide eyes from my screaming, I snap my fingers as I stride to the elevator. I pitch my voice so she can hear me. “Come on. Fucking diva wants her alone time so she can fucking have it.”

None of them argue as they trail behind me. “Can I ask where we are going or is that uhh... Not allowed?” Declan

says with caution.

As I punch the button for the elevator. “We are going to your club. I set up a business meeting with the Capo from the Carina Cartel since *someone* had to pull me from my affairs in Seattle. So, if said someone can find her head that is currently shoved so far up her ass, Ivan will be standing guard at the bottom of the elevator to transport her over there.”

As the elevator goes down. “Hope you boys have Stolli or another quality vodka there.”

“Just told the manager to go pick up ten bottles. Should be there by the time we arrive,” Sinclair lets me know.

“Fantastic. May have to give you your stars earlier than expected just for putting up with her. Fucking women.”

That earns me a chuckle from them. But what they do not know is I’m already in the tedious process of expanding the empire and doing whatever I can to make sure they have their proper placement in the ranks, which is right near the fucking top with me and Alexei.

Chapter 24

Declan

“Well, you drive a hard bargain, Pakhan, but I have to admit that even a man of my power would be stupid not to agree. You have a deal.” Konstantin and Mr. Carina stand and shake hands over the deal they brokered here over three bottles of vodka and two bottles of tequila.

I could tell you I knew half of what was going on but I’d be fucking lying. My mind has been back at the penthouse wondering how Bethani is. Is she still pissed at us? Is she ever going to talk to us again? And the worst one. Do I need to prepare myself for a divorce?

That one has been haunting me like no other the past few days. I’ve actually slipped and popped a couple pills just so I could fucking sleep in my old bed. After months of sharing a bed with three other people, going to sleep by yourself is a real fucking smack in the face. Sinclair stole Giovanni’s bed because he couldn’t handle being in his room either and G has been sleeping on the couch. Well, sleeping there when he isn’t doing whatever it is on his computer.

Alexei shoves a tumbler in my hand. “Come on, man. Time to celebrate! This is all good, da?” His accent is heavy as shit, and I almost can’t understand him. I toast him and slam the liquor back. The old burn that used to control me feels as welcoming as a heated blanket being wrapped around you.

G stares at me as I reach to pour a second glass. His judgmental eyes tell me all I need to know. Yup. Declan has fallen off the fucking wagon. There are more cheers to the new arrangement, but I’m not able to celebrate.

Standing, I walk over to the balcony and stand in the same spot as I did the night Bethani came into our lives. Fucking comical how that night I was in emotional turmoil

and I'm in the same damn place now. My hand swirls the clear liquid around the glass, and I'm hit with regret. In the past few days, I've picked up every vice of mine with open arms and I wonder if I'm ever going to be able to break free from their chains.

Not like it matters. If she chooses to leave us, I'll give it a week tops before I'm dead from alcohol poisoning or overdose. I've had both before and they suck camel cock but I'd take that any day over dealing with the thought of losing her.

Fuck it, I think as the second shot goes down smoother. Konstantin has a driver for us so at least I don't have to worry about wrapping my car around a telephone pole. Well at least not tonight.

My phone buzzes and I look down to see the door guy calling. "Yeah?" I clip out.

"Full capacity, boss, but I've got a chick here raising holy hell and threatening to kick my ass if I don't let her and her bodyguard in. Says she is your wife. What do you want me to do? Call the cops on these fools and shut down the line for the night?"

My stomach somersaults as I confirm with him if it's Bethani. His description is spot on, and I laugh at his stuttered response when I verify that she is in fact my wife and to let them in. As I hang up, my eyes rover around until they find her.

Her and Konstantin's security guard are slowly pushing their way through the packed crowd. I see her glance up once or twice, no doubt seeing my imposing silhouette as I stand here like a predator waiting to strike on his prey.

Which I am. I stalk her every movement and every hair swish. Every single fucking facial expression when someone bumps into her. I almost want to tell the guard to help her but then realize I'd break his damn hands for touching her.

When they are close, I make my move. G and Sin ask me what's up but I don't reply. They want to know, they can

find out for themselves. Konstantin gives me a smirk and I flip him off.

I power down the steps and stand at the bottom in the darkened hallway. We have our bouncer to keep anyone we don't want in out of here, but the lower lights help deter morons from thinking they can come here.

The guard lets her through, but she doesn't say anything. Her head is down in defeat as she heads my way. The alcohol and pill I took earlier has taken a slight edge off the raging storm inside me, but not by much.

I startle her when I speak. "Finally pull your head out of your ass, sunshine?"

"Jesus Christ, Declan! Warn a person why don't you?" If I wasn't in such a cynical mood, I might have considered it. But seeing as how she has made my life hell the past few days? Fuck that.

"Really think you are in any fucking position for that type of request?" She flinches at my harsh tone.

"That wasn't a rhetorical question, Bethani. Answer me."

"N...no. I'm not," she whispers. I can hear it, but I'm not satisfied in the slightest.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you. Want to try that again?"

Her spine stiffens slightly, and my cock takes notice. Oh, if she wants to play, I'll fucking play.

Finally, her gorgeous gaze meets my terrifying one. "I said no, I'm not in a position to make that type of demand."

"Damn straight you're not. I heard every word your brother said to you." Her eyes go wide. "Did any of that cross your mind when you choose to be a bitch to us?"

I can see her breath hitch a little and I revel in the power I hold right now. "He was right you know. We didn't want to leave you out of the loop on that. We fought but he put his foot down. His goal was keeping you happy. That's all *any* of us

want. We want you happy and protected and fucking safe from the god damn devils breathing down our necks.”

“I...I can handle myself.” She attempts to infuse confidence in her tone. But I can see it falter.

I stalk closer to her. Slowly. Predatory. Enjoying how she steps back a little. My head is so fucked for her it's in a tailspin.

“Quite fucking aware of how well you can handle yourself.” I step closer. “Doesn't mean you get a fucking choice in how we choose to protect you as we see fit.” Another step. Her back finally hits the wall. “You think I enjoy being a fucking puppet and following orders?”

My hands hit each side of the wall around her head, caging her in. “N...no.”

“No what, Bethani?”

Her pupils are dilated, and I can see her nipples protruding through the skimpy as fuck dress she chose. Another flare of anger erupts as the realization dawns on me. “You wear this little number to get attention, sunshine? Trying to test what little bit of willpower I'm holding on to?”

I give her time to respond. She finally does. “No, I didn't wear this for attention. I wore it because it's comfortable. A...and I don't think you enjoy being a puppet either.” I can hear the honesty in her voice, which is good.

This little black number on her hugs every fucking curve like it was molded to her body. My fingers twitch, wanting to touch her, but the air needs clearing beforehand.

“You're right. I fucking despise being an obedient little monkey. But I went and did it anyways. Traded one devil for another. For you. I tore a section of my soul that belongs to you and sold it to Konstantin. Giovanni, Sinclair and myself *all* did it. And we'd do it again. Over and over until there is nothing else to give and we'd still find more. Because we fucking love your crazy ass.”

I cave and reach a hand over to caress her face before wrapping her hair around my hand. “So, when you want to get pissed at us for not telling you something, realize this. Konstantin is our Pakhan now. Our boss. What he fucking says goes. Doesn’t matter if we are your husbands or not. I disobey a direct order... He makes an example out of me. You really want your brother taking my life?”

I swipe at the tear that has fallen. Be it from my grip on her hair or my words, I’m not sure. Don’t really care either. “No.” Again, my cock jumps at how docile she is right now. My rational head wouldn’t enjoy this every day but right now I need it.

“Exactly. Everything would turn into a war zone if he had to make an example out of us because you want to be in the damn loop. Shit doesn’t work like that in our world. It’s an obey or die world. And quite frankly, I’d rather enjoy you and your cunt a few more years before I meet my maker. So, are we going to have any more issues like this?”

A devilish glint lights up her eyes. “Probably. But you all expect that from me.”

“Oh, I absolutely do, little wife. But if you ever put me through the hell you have these past few days again. Shit won’t go down the same.” I tug her hair harder. “Your brothers won’t save your sinister little ass and I’ll take a page or two from Sinclair’s book. I’m rather finding the benefits of his punishments. Now get on your knees, sunshine. I’ve got a dick that needs some attention.”

I release her hair, and she drops to her knees. Her hands fly to my belt, and she works to free my throbbing cock. Her finger slip inside my waistband and the cold air sends a shiver up my spine as it my ass and dick. I’m fully aware of all the bodies surrounding us, but I don’t give a shit.

Hell, I’ve probably fucked quite a few of the chicks on the dance floor. Chicks that have fought each other before over my dick. Bet they would love to catch sight of this. Thankfully I shot a text to Len, one of the newer bouncers, and told him that no one comes past him. Perks of a Bratva kingpin for a

brother-in-law, our new security has been trained by his people, so they are the best.

Bethani's tiny hand wraps around the base of my cock and she gives me a firm tug. Pleasure breaks through my viscous haze as her tongue licks the underside of my shaft from base to tip. She swirls her tongue around my piercing before snaking her tongue in the hoop and giving it a tug.

"Don't toy with me, sunshine. Suck my cock." I moan loud as hell when she finally sucks me in her mouth and pulls me to the back of her throat. My hips involuntarily jerk and she gags. Her eyes shimmer as I prop one hand against the wall and the other goes to her hair. "I'm not going to be gentle and you better not fucking touch yourself."

Hands go behind her back and she gives me a head bob. That's all the permission I need. I hold her head in place as I begin to fuck her face. My hips piston in and out of her mouth and every time I push too far and she gags, I swear I could almost come from the feel of her throat constricting around my head.

What little makeup she put on is now streaming down her face and the ruined look fuels my lust. As soon as I start to feel the tingling at the base of my spine, I pop myself out of her with a satisfying sloppy wet sound. My dick is dripping from her saliva and my pre-cum mixed together and I can't wait to add another bodily fluid to the mix.

I hoist her up, slam her back against the wall and crash my lips to hers. Our teeth and tongues war with each other as I reach down to jerk her dress up over her wide hips. If we were anywhere else, I'd rip the damn thing in two. But we have to go back upstairs, and I'll be damned if anyone gets to enjoy her body other than us.

I'm finally able to get the bastard over her hips and when I do, my hand lands a solid smack to the side of her ass. She screeches from the stinging smack, and I devour the moan that follows.

"Is that cunt of yours drenched for me, sunshine?" I murmur to her as my hands shred each side of her lacy

underwear. I bring the material up near my face and break the kiss. “Fuck me, sunshine. These panties of yours are dripping.” She watches me as I take the underwear and inhale her sweet scent. Knowing I’m not going down on her, at least not right now, I flick my tongue against them and gather some of the fluid on my tongue. “Fucking delicious.”

I push her underwear in my pants pocket and hoist her up into my arms. Her legs wrap around my waist, and I use a hand to line up with her pussy. When the head of my dick is notched against her opening, I use the wall to hold her in place as I slam myself inside her. Bethani screams and I put a hand over her mouth to silence her a bit.

“Christo,” Giovanni swears, and my attention is pulled from Bethani. I just stare at him and Sinclair as my hips pull back and thrust back in.

I’m so fucking geared up and desperate for release, I grab her underwear and toss it towards them. “Here,” I grunt. “Those fuckers are drenched. Fuck each other’s cocks with them. G can tell you how good a double hand job is.”

I turn back to focus on sunshine, but the sounds of belt buckles and deep groans have us both tilting our heads.

Sin has G backed into the wall, dominating him with his mouth while his hand wraps around their cocks. Sinclair is using Bethani’s underwear for lube as they start thrusting into his hand.

Bethani moans and I give a dark laugh. “Does watching them fuck like that turn you on, sunshine? Does watching Sinclair take control of Gio turn you on while I fuck you here where anyone can see turn you on, baby?” I emphasize my questions with harder and deeper plunges.

Her head falls back into the wall as more filthy sounds fall out of those swollen lips. I lean into her to whisper into her ear. “Arms around my neck, sunshine. I’m about to fuck you into next year.”

When her arms are tight around me, I pause my thrusts long enough to hook my arms under each of her legs and I

spread her as wide open as I can. The sight is absolutely depraved. “You look so damn good like this. Shit. All open and needy and taking my cock like a champ. Look down, baby B. Watch my cock slide in and out of that greedy cunt.”

Bethani struggles to lift her head, but she finally does. Our foreheads touch as we both watch me pounding into her. “Get the fuck over here you two,” I growl.

Sinclair and Giovanni bitch and moan about ruining their fun until they step close. “Well look at our good little kitten. Is Declan making you feel good, kitten? Punishing that pussy.”

“Yes, sir,” she breathes out. I’m back to my frantic pace as Sinclair starts his bossy shit.

He wraps one hand around her throat and the other around his dick while instructing G to play with her clit as he wraps his free hand around his cock also. They both start jerking their cocks, while aiming their hips towards Bethani and me. I have an idea of what’s about to happen, so I dig deep for more energy.

“We’re gonna come all over that pussy kitten. Make you walk around here with our come spilling out of your... Cunt. Shit!” Sinclair dick jerks and he starts shooting his load all over G’s hand that is working Bethani’s clit.

“Christooo,” Giovanni groans and follows in Sin’s footsteps. My dick is dripping with their cum as I slide in and out of her, and the added lubrication makes my eyes cross.

“Get her there!” I grit out as my balls suck up and my spine burns. I feel two of G’s fingers slide in around my cock as he pinches her clit, and it’s game fucking over.

I burry myself in her as deep as I can go. “Sunshineeee,” I moan as the blood pounds behind my ears and our bodies convulse against each other as we lose ourselves to our orgasms.

Fireworks. Explosions. Train collision. Call it what you’d like but I swear this is the longest and strongest orgasm

of my life. My head rests against hers and the chaos dies inside me.

The urges have retreated back to their boxes, and I finally feel whole again. I pepper Bethani's neck with kisses while I make my way to her lips. I capture them in a soft kiss before pulling out of her. A loud plop sounds, and I glance down to see a massive puddle of our releases.

"Well, that's hot," Gio breaths out and I laugh, a real one, for the first time in days.

With care, I let Bethani's leg fall back to the ground one at a time and all of us take a second to fix our clothes. "You all good, sunshine?"

Her arms wrap around my waist. "Never better, Declan. I love you." The last part is whispered.

I tilt her head up so she can see us. "We love you too. You just gotta understand... You can be our little psycho all you want, and we will stand beside you, but some shit we may not be able to tell you at all or right away." She nods and squeeze me harder.

"Come on, sunshine. Give your other men a kiss and let's get back up to where your brothers are. Surprised we haven't heard from them yet."

"Oh, one of them fucking heard and saw you son of a bitch! Warn a man next time!" Alexei screams from midway up the stairs. "The hell is wrong with you four!"

We head towards the stairs where Alexei is sitting with his head in his hands. "Why were you coming down here anyways, Lexei?" Bethani questions, and when Alexei finally shows his face, I turn hysterical.

"Bathroom. Fucking private bathroom. Came down to use the bathroom and what do I see? My sister's twat, naked asses and three dicks. Wait. Are you guys pierced down there or am I hallucinating?"

We all smirk, but Giovanni answers. "Best damn bet I ever lost to Declan. You're sister sure as hell enjoys them."

All the color drains from his face as he stands. "I'm out. Go fuck right off. All of you." He charges down the stairs past us and slams the bathroom door. He is still swearing as we walk up the stairs to where Konstantin takes in the fresh fucked state of us all and shakes his head.

He motions for us to sit down as conversation picks back up and El Capo congratulates us, before the discussion reverts to the new pipelines, territory and other random shit I couldn't care less about right now.

The only thing that matters to me are the guys on either side of me and the woman dozing off in my arms.

Chapter 25

Giovanni

Mid-April

Sinclair and Declan aren't happy with me, but the small band that matches Bethani's wedding band has been burning a damn hole in my pocket for weeks now. This was supposed to be a surprise from all of us, which it still is, but I had to bribe them by agreeing to do a couple of their final papers before we graduate in five weeks so I could snag the massive reveal. Worth it.

"Any specific reason that we are here in Seattle heading towards my brother's estate?" Bethani asks from the passenger seat in my Rover.

I glance over to see her stunning face but turn back to the road before I wreck. Instead, I grab ahold of her thigh and keep my hand firmly in place. "You'll see, Tesoro. Can you open the glove box for me?"

"Sure." She pops it open and grabs the night mask from it. "I'm going to assume you want me to put this on, correct?" I chuckle at her flat tone.

"Yeah. Put it on, Tesoro."

"What is it with you guys and blindfolding me?" She grumbles but slips it on over her head and sets it into place.

I just roll my eyes. "Don't act so enthused, Tesoro. You've enjoyed blindfolding us all a few times if you remember correctly."

A sexy laugh falls from her lips. "Mmhmm." Oh, I know exactly which time she is thinking about, and I have to adjust in my seat to relieve some pressure. Damn it, dick. *Now* is not the time to be gearing and ready to go, at least not yet.

When I pass Konstantin's driveway, I can see him in the driver's seat of his SUV. He nods and I shoot him a thumbs up

as I pass by. If this is how he is going to act, I may start regretting this purchase. Well, I'm already on pins and needles just because of the memories this town holds for her.

As I pull in the driveway, my nerves twist more and more. My palms are clammy on the steering wheel and as I pull to a stop, I feel like throwing up. "Go ahead and take it off, Tesoro." It comes out croaky because my mouth is as dry as a damn desert.

When she pulls it off, those eyes I've fallen in love with go wide with shock, and a gasp falls from her lips as she takes in the estate we purchased a few weeks ago.

She turns to me. "What is all this, Giovanni? It's beautiful."

Clearing my throat. "It is. Twenty-seven acres. Seven thousand square feet. Completely updated. Ten car underground garage, sauna, pool, gym, movie theatre and whatever else. Tons of bedrooms and bathrooms." My rambling draws a blank for a second. I go to speak again but a finger shushes me.

"Giovanni, I can see it's a massive house with a bunch of land. But why are we here?"

My gaze roams around the place as I speak. "We bought this with some help from Konstantin a few weeks ago. A surprise for you. He wanted there to be a place close by to him so you could visit whenever you want but still have space from him and Alexei when they annoy you. We wanted you to be able to be close to family but also, we needed a location in this area since we now are loyal to the Kostov Empire. I spent weeks looking around before this one came available." I shrug and turn to her. "We've been through hell these past few months and this seemed like a promising step in the right direction. A fresh start of sorts. We graduate soon, and you still have two more years down at the university before you graduate so we won't be moving here, but at least it's now an option if you want to live here permanently in the future. If not, then it can be a second home for us. I know Seattle holds

tons of shitty memories for you but I'm hoping this will be the beginning of a lot of good ones for us."

I reach out and cup her face, bringing her to me. "Our lives are always going to be complicated and messy to some degree. But as long as you are in it, then damn me for eternity because I don't want anyone else but you and the morons. I want to celebrate our girls every year and show their younger siblings that just because we are the furthest thing from conventional, doesn't mean we are wrong. So, what do you say, Tesoro?"

Her smile is blinding and her soft yes makes my heart soar in ways I wasn't even sure was possible for a sorry ass soul like mine. Our lips find each other's, and our mouths open as our tongues dance together. We fuse ourselves together as closely as possible in the constraints of the vehicle. She pulls away first as she smiles at me. "And yes, to the other part as well, Gio. You can put the ring on whenever you'd like."

"How in the hell did you know?" I think back to any chance she could have found out but I'm at a loss. I know I hid this ring in a spot her short ass would never look. Unless she recruited Sinclair or Declan, which is freaking possible since we are all fucking putty in her hands.

She laughs and pecks my lips. "As soon as you started speaking about the house, it all fell into place. You are a hopeless romantic and this grand gesture has your name all over it. Let me guess, on the back deck is where some lights are set up and you planned on showing me the whole place, taking me out back and using the water backdrop for the perfect proposal. Right?"

I sit back in my seat and frown. "I'm not *that* fucking predictable, am I?"

She snickers, further confirming my suspicion. "You absolutely are. But that's one of the many things I love about you. So how about this... We recreate a couple of our moments the first time we were in here alone, then wait on the guys to get here before we go inside and look at

everything, then order pizza later and enjoy the sunset on the deck?”

“Fine,” I mumble as my seatbelt goes off and I start stripping my clothes off. I may be annoyed at her horrific accuracy but I’m not stupid enough to turn down sex. As our clothes come off and I pull her sexy naked body over my lap, my dick jumps for joy at this pity sex. She slams down me just like our first time, and all those unforgettable memories flood back through me as I do everything in my power to fuck her in every position again before the guys get here.

I reach three out of four before the doors open to my Rover, and Sin and Deck step in and we fuck like animals until I’m sure the suspension is shot from our sweaty antics.

As we sit here on the back deck in sweats after demolishing a few pizzas and christening a few rooms in the house, I slip the black band with blood diamond flecks surrounding it on to her finger. “We will get them fused together after Sinclair proposes so you don’t have to worry about losing them.” She studies the addition to her finger as she speaks. “I’d have to be dead before these come off my hand, but I’ll digress and appease you all tonight.”

As she snuggles in closer to us, Sinclair shifts around. My eyes find his and I’m curious as to what is running through his head. “So, kitten, care to tell us why you missed your birth control appointment last week?”

Wait... What?

She stiffens beside me but then squares her shoulders. “The only reason I got it the last time is because my body needed to heal, and I didn’t want to risk anything else. And prior to that, I refused to take a chance of something happening. I’ve always hated the side effects and how they make me feel. In all honesty, I’d much rather not be on it at all.”

“What happens when you become pregnant again, kitten?” Sin inquires.

“Then we welcome the baby or babies with open arms,” she snaps but then apologizes. “Sorry. I didn’t mean for that to come out that way. What I’m trying to say is I don’t want to wait. Our lives are chaotic on the best days. If we sit around and wait for things to calm down, we will never have kids. We have all talked about this, you guys want more, right?”

Sinclair rolls his eyes. “Of course, kitten.”

“Uh... Duh,” Declan adds.

My hand wraps around her stomach as I image it rounded with a baby growing inside her. “Damn straight. So does that mean we need to go inside, get out of these clothes and practice until we get it right?”

Deck and Sin waste no time as they stand and Sinclair scoops Bethani and tosses her over his shoulder before he heads inside “You and me are desecrating the kitchen island, kitten. I’ve always wanted to drizzle melted chocolate over your body and feast on you like the dessert you are.”

I glance at Declan, and we both start stripping out of our clothes as we head inside for a long night.

Chapter 26

Unknown

Two Weeks Before Graduation

“Well?”

They finally look up from my work. “Could be better but it will work.”

I grit my teeth as I try to keep my composure. “Your requirements have changed four different time in a month.”

“And the problem with that would be?” he snarks in that arrogant tone of his.

I scoff. “Your original demands and the timeframe alone were annoying enough as it is, but I agreed because I enjoy a challenge. Now I’m just tempted to take all of it back after treating me the way you have. So, you have two choices; either send over the rest of the payment plus the additional fees for your insane demands, or give me my work back and find someone else to be your bitch.”

He just chuckles at me and next thing I know, a gun is pointing at my head. “I think not. You see, it’s time the rules changed a little.”

“Oh yeah? How exactly do you plan to do that?” I’m surprised by how steady my voice is.

He slides a file folder my way. “Go ahead. Open it.”

Usually, I’d tell someone like this to fuck off but with the gun pointed to my head, options are limited. Shock mares my features as I flip through the pages. “H...how did you find all of this?”

Everything I’ve fought so hard to conceal is laid out in front of me like a wicked taunt, and I bite my tongue to stop the tears.

“If you really think we are that stupid and didn’t have you tailed the whole way home so we could utilize what we

found against you, then you are a lot dumber than I thought.”

He grips ahold of the wig and tears it off me, ripping my own hair out with it. I won't give this sick bastard the joy of watching me scream. Instead, I clamp my mouth shut.

“You can keep the initial payment we gave you, seeing as how you so obviously need it.” He mocks my situation and I fight against punching him. “But here is how the rest is going to go. If you don't want everything exposed, you'll walk out these doors and keep your pathetic mouth shut. I have a couple buyers that always express interest in certain objects. They enjoy those that can't fight.”

My eyes slam shut as nausea rolls over me and he shoves my chair to the ground. I go to retaliate but the sound of his gun stops me. “Get the fuck out of here before I change my mind, you stupid whore. Your services are no longer needed.” He crouches down until his demonic eyes meet mine. “And just remember... We will be watching you.”

Chapter 27

Sinclair

Week Before Graduation

“Success! Fuck yeah!” Giovanni yells from his bedroom, successfully scaring the shit out of everyone.

All our grandparents are here, along with Konstantin, Alexei and some of their top Lieutenants for our graduation ceremony in a couple days. Right now, we are all sitting in the kitchen around the island before another event.

Blackwell University has a week-long ceremony of celebrations, interviews and a shit ton of other crap I have zero interest in attending. But we all know how that goes, I’m stuck attending every damn event.

“Hell are you going on about, Giovanni? Christo! I spilled my tea from that outburst!” Nonno Martinelli scolds him. Don’t mess with the man’s tea.

“Awww... Did G finally get that penis pump to work right so he can join the big boy league?” Declan says, and what water I was drinking is now shooting out of my nose as I choke. Turning to cough into the sink.

“Fucking prick.”

As I’m cleaning up, I hear a smack, an ow and then Bethani scolding him. “Really, Declan? How are you going to get through the interviews this weekend?”

I can imagine his smartass grin. “I’m not. Probably going to make an ass of myself and piss everyone off in the process. Oh well.”

As I’m turning around, I flip him off. “You make me shoot water out of my nose again and I’m kicking your ass.”

“Challenge accepted,” he quips mischievously, causing all of us to groan.

Nonno grumbles in Italian, Pops looks amused and Grandpa just glares at Declan. “Declan Grant. You embarrassing your fathers is one thing. You embarrassing all of us, will get your ass kicked. You hear me?”

And Grandpa for the win as Deck slumps in his seat. “Fine. Buzzkills.” Bethani just pats his shoulder and kisses his cheek.

“So, this is what family fun is? Interesting,” Konstantin says as he studies all of us.

“What do you mean?”

He looks at all of us before speaking. “I have vague memories of my grandparents. Viktor was a later in life child for them so by the time I came around they were all way older. Plus, they all lived the old school Russian traditional way. Joking around was not a big thing. By the time Lex and Tash were born, they were gone, and my mother defected back to Russian. So, it was just the five of us and their mother was a handful to say the least. Then add in the Bratva, and family bonding goes down on the list even further.”

My grandmother stands and rounds the island to embrace him in a hug. I *almost* laugh at his stiff expression, but I value my life. He finally melts into the embrace as she speaks. “Well now you have a massive family. So, you better prepare for Christmas this year because you will be hosting.”

His face goes pale, and he stutters.

Yup. Now I’m laughing. Hysterically.

He pins me with a look, but I wave it off. “Relax. That basically means these three women will be showing up to your house about ten days before and turning shit into a Christmas wonderland. You won’t have to do shit, except stay out of their way and say, ‘yes ma’am’ when they need your help.”

Konstantin sags in relief before turning to Alexei. “You. When they get there, you are off duty. Whatever they want, make it fucking happen. I get a report from them you are being a shit and you can kiss your second in command position gone.”

My grandma just kisses his cheek before walking back and high fiving Nonna and Nina. “Score! We get to decorate this year! Arthur...”

All three grandfathers pull out their wallets and grab a credit card out to toss to them. “Here. Now leave me alone.”

“What’s the limit on this one?” she asks, and he scowls. They snatch their cards back and hand over the metal ones. Our grandmothers smile like the wicked women they are before heading to the living room to make their decadent plans.

Nonna turns back towards us. “Oh Konstantin! We almost forgot. Do you have blueprints for your house?”

His look is skeptical. “Da.”

She smiles. “Good. I’ll need those mailed to me no later August 15th. Custom Christmas trees are a bitch to get in once September hits. And I’ll also need about twenty of your men on one of the days we are there.”

His eyebrow pops as he looks at her like he is confused as hell. “Do I want to know?”

The old bat shrugs. “Depending on the size of your place, there will be ten to thirty delivery trucks. Also, make sure they dress warm, and one is good with a chainsaw. We will have to scour the properties for the perfect Christmas tree in the main room. And let it be known if they mess up my tree acting like fools, I’ll break their hands with a wooden spoon.”

With that she turns and walks away, leaving Konstantin speechless. I walk over and pat him on the shoulder. “And you just got schooled by a five-foot Italian woman. Welcome to the club.”

He swears in Russian before turning to me. “Is she *always* like that?”

Nonno chirps in. “You mean going from her sweet old woman look to having you hook, line and sink before threatening you?”

Konstantin just nods.

“Of course.” Nonno chuckles. “Why do you think I married her? Well, that and she makes a damn fine Cannoli.”

We all cheers to that, because it’s fucking true. Konstantin still looks like a fish out of water when G finally comes in with a massive stack of papers. He takes one look at Konstantin and stops. “Nonna got his ass with her sweet first, threat later, didn’t she?”

“What do you think?” Nonno says, and Gio laughs before shaking his head.

“What is all that?” I ask, and his face turns solemn. Shit. This can’t be good.

“With the help of Sven, we were finally able to crack some protocols.”

“And?” I ask.

He sighs. “And the assumption is correct. Ninety-Five percent of the scholarship students here that were under the same premise as Bethani have been sold in the trafficking ring. They used the “good deed” premise as a massive tax write off for the school and slowly funneled the kids into that compound. I’ve got hundreds of hours of ‘interviews’ where these kids spoke with one of the HR people. They used the footage to get information for their buyers. The only reason Bethani made it so far is because of her resemblance to Viktor.”

The mood turns dark, and we stay silent as he continues. “I’ve got emails galore of them planning this all out on how to get your DNA, their plans for Peter taking over everything instead of us and how he sought you out. Plus, mountains of other things. There are even plans of how they were going to take control of the Kostov empire and a few other major players. The Carina Cartel is one of the names on the list. And all of this is under a massive foreign umbrella Corp that all leads back to Blackwell Industries, Carter Pharmaceuticals and The Martinelli Entertainment. This... Is like some international operation to have complete control of every major underground powerhouse in the world or something.”

What in the fuck are we up against?

Chapter 28

Bethani

First weekend of June

“So, what happens now that you guys have finally graduated from the oh so wonderful world of Blackwell University?” I ask with a snicker as I plop down on the couch between the guys.

The guys graduated on Thursday evening, in grand fashion of course. The college ceremony was a whirlwind of celebrities, business moguls and even a couple foreign dignitaries, all there to watch their children graduate. It was wild and the last couple days to follow was just a giant extension of Thursday. Parties, interviews, rubbing elbows to make yourself look better in the eyes of your parents. All things we were forced to go to, but thankfully we avoided their fathers as much as possible minus the mandatory moments.

Like during the interviews where their fathers talk about how well the boys were doing and they couldn't wait to see how well they did in the companies and in the coming future with not-so-subtle hints of weddings.

Well, we know how well that went.

My handsome ass fiancés and husband all laughed that shit off and proceeded to tell the interviewer that they would not be stepping into their fathers' footsteps anytime soon and had other ventures they were interested in, tradition be damned. Then walked out the interview, leaving their fathers and everyone around them in shock on live TV. Afterwards, we all went to dinner with the grandparents and my brothers. Well, them and the mountain of armed guards.

Still getting used to that whole ordeal, but whatever.

“Am I sensing some attitude there, kitten? Should we take this to the bedroom where we have more toys to deal with that snarky little mouth of yours?” Sinclair’s hand floats across my thigh, slowly inching its way up and gripping near my now clenching pussy. Now that I know what’s going on, I’m thoroughly enjoying the heightened libido boost. My head tilts towards Sinclair, noticing how that thick cock is quickly coming to life, and I make a slow show of taking it in before raising my eyes towards his.

“Mmmm... You love my attitude and snark, Mister, so don’t even act like it’s an issue all of a sudden.” I throw him one of my smiles I know he loves.

His smoldering eyes turn soft before he speaks. “I do, kitten. I’ve loved your damn attitude since the beginning, even when it pissed me off more than anything in this whole world. Knowing you got to play with the dumb asses next to us...”

“Dickhead!”

“Jealous ass!” Comes from Declan and Giovanni as pillows slam into us in retaliation. All I do is laugh. Idiots.

After a second of being bombarded, Sinclair goes back to speaking. “Anyway. Yes, of course I was jealous.” He sends a scathing glare towards the guys. “They got to be with you and all I wanted to do was be there right along with them. I’m not used to working for it. None of us are. We’d just snap our fingers and everything we wanted was handed to us. You. Our feisty little hellcat changed all that. Threw every damn idea we had on love and relationships, which were pretty much non-existent, and tossed them out the window on fire. You’ve helped us become better men. We love you more than anything in this damn world.” He stops as a fucking rogue tear falls down his face, and I quickly reach up to swipe it. I’m fighting the urge to burst into tears myself. “You and our sweet little girls that those fuckers took away from us are our fucking world.” His words cease as he goes to stand and gather himself. A few tears fall from my traitorous eyes at the mention of our babies that would probably either be in our arms or about to be in our arms right now if it wasn’t for Peter.

He may be dead, but I'd give anything in the world to bring him back and make him suffer more for taking Mila and Gabriella from us. That ache will never fall away... It's always going to burn a raging hole in our hearts until the end of time. But we've become stronger because of our girls. Thinking of them, I glance down at the matching tattoo's we all share.

As my fingers trail over the twin flame lilies with halos just above, my heart aches. I wonder what our sweet girls would have looked like. I know the guys wanted them to look like tiny clones of me, but I was hoping to see their dads' eyes in their tiny faces. It's something we will never know, but as I glance down to my now flat stomach. I hope the girls sent us this gift as a slight ease to the heartbreak in their absence.

A snuffle beside me has me glancing towards my husband and other fiancé. Declan is leaned back with his head facing the ceiling, silent tears rolling down his face. Giovanni has tears rolling down his face too, but his gorgeous blue eyes are staring right at me. I reach across Declan and grab Gio's hand, his instantly gripping on for dear life, and Declan's arm wrapping around me to bring him even closer towards them. "I love you," I say. Loud enough they all hear. "I'd go through all the hell all over again, tenfold, as long as it led me to you three."

"Anch'io ti amo, Tesoro," comes from my sweet fiancé Giovanni.

The broody bastard, now my fiancé, a voice I thought I'd forever hate comes rumbling from behind us. "Love you too, kitten, more than I ever thought was possible." I feel the weight of Sinclair as he drops back beside me and snakes his hand around my waist, needing that touch too.

A chuckle comes from my giant, tattooed husband as he finally glances down to me with those flawless storming gray eyes, slightly swollen from crying. "Words will never be enough to express how much I love you, sunshine. You, these two dumb morons beside us and our little stars in the sky are my heart and fucking soul."

We take a minute to savor the moment, enjoy the peace and quiet that has somewhat settled over our souls. I think now is the time to share the news I found out this morning while they were still sleeping, but Giovanni starts speaking. “To go back to your earlier question... We need to go up to Seattle this week sometime and see your brothers.”

I move to sit up more. “Oh really? What do my over-protective brothers want this time?” I finish with an eye roll. I do love Konstantin and Alexei, but sometimes they are even more of a pain in the ass than I feel like dealing with. I understand why they are hell bent on knowing my whereabouts and my every damn bodily function, but I already have the three beside me that do well enough on their own.

“Come on, sunshine... They aren’t that...” Declan trails off when I give him a glare.

“Don’t even think about finishing that sentence. I’m pretty sure they are... No they *are more overbearing and annoying than you three. Which I didn’t even think was flipping possible but somehow, they made the damn magic happen and bam! Two Russian overlords of pain in my ass! Why the hell can’t we just FaceTime them so they can see I’m fine? Not like they don’t already blow up our phones constantly anyways.*”

“Bethani...” Giovanni tries to placate my annoyance, but I’m on a roll that I may or may not get to explain the reason as to why... Eventually.

“Come on, Gio. You know it just as well as I do. I love them but this is getting ridiculous. They need to chill out before I kick their asses.”

“Kitten. *Enough,*” Sinclair demands, which sends a shiver through my spine at

his tone, but still not enough to stop my mood change.

My arms cross over my chest as I send him a scathing scowl. “Fine. Give me one damn good reason as to why *we have to be up there, and I’ll consider not kicking their asses right along with yours.*”

His look says I’m in for a world of hell and I’m feeling sassy anyways so bring it. “Your attitude *will be discussed shortly, kitten. Very shortly. But first I’m going to answer your question. The reason we are going up there is we need to swear our allegiance to the Kostov House... Officially. It’s time for us to get our brands.*”

Well, that knocks the wind out of my sails.

Staring at him blank faced, my mind starts spinning for a second before hitting the ground running. “Excuse me? You guys are what? Swearing into the family officially? For what reason? Why would you even do that when you already swore your allegiance?”

“It’s quite simple. We made the deal with your brothers not only to save our lives, but to save yours when we needed the extra manpower to rescue you. There are also other things we discussed back then that need to be dealt with now. Business deals to be ironed out, possible expansions where we have resources that can be beneficial amongst other things. But you know all this already. There are other ideas he has that we may be to help with. Your brothers gave us the time they wouldn’t normally give others and now it’s time to make our union whole. When we shook their hands, we knew the day would come where we wear the Kostov ink. You are a Bratva princess whether you like it or not, Bethani. This was going to happen at one point or another regardless.”

His reasoning is sound, I'll give Sinclair that. Doesn't mean I have to be happy about it. As I start to come up with a response, the TV lets off a noise that draws out attention. Seeing the alert below, Giovanni quickly turns up the volume and switches over to the channel.

"What the hell is that in the sky there?" I ask the room. It looks like debris just falling from the sky at random and I'm wondering what caused it. A news anchor takes over the screen and starts rambling as the video cuts out and goes to start over.

"What you just saw was a live video footage from an anonymous source that was sent in an hour ago. Our crew is catching bits and pieces off the scanners as it comes in, along with an influx of callers. We cannot confirm or deny yet, but from what intel we have gathered so far, the plane that blew up shortly after takeoff was a private jet belonging to one of the founding families of Blackwell University.

"Another source has reported that they saw three elderly gentlemen board the plane along with 2 pilots and a stewardess before the doors closed. We are still waiting on travel manifests and police reports to come in to confirm, but if these reports are true, our community is going to be suffering from a devastating loss."

The TV flips back to the video, and right there on the side of the jet as it goes to take flight is the Carter Pharmaceuticals Logo. The plane takes off into the air and makes it over the rest of the airfield before exploding like a bomb, raining pieces of shrapnel down amongst the trees below.

My stomach drops and I know I don't have to explain. I quickly take off and sprint to the closest bathroom, which was once my room. My stomach heaves as I make it to the toilet, but nothing comes out. This can't be happening, can it? We just talked to Nonno, Pops and Grandpa this morning along with Grandma, Nonna and Nina on a breakfast call since we were all exhausted from everything this weekend. I dry heave and dry heave, trying to make something come out and feel

better, yet nothing comes. My brain slightly registers it got sick earlier after breakfast and my head snaps up. Shit.

Knowing I need to get my ass in gear. I stand up flush the nothing and reach for my phone.

Me: How quickly can you guys get down here?

Konstantin: 2-3 hours with chopper. Почему?

Alexei: кому нужно умирать?

Me: Not sure yet. But something bad is happening and I don't trust what's going to happen next. Just get here and bring backup! Possibly a few lawyers. Also, airfield is probably shut down so yeah. Good luck! Я люблю вас!

My phone continues to ping like crazy. I easily assume it is demands for more information and for me to reply but I need to get back to the guys. Besides, my brothers understand I wouldn't ask something like this of them if it wasn't necessary. And with the way my gut is churning, I know something bad is about to happen.

As I walk out the door of my old bedroom, a lounge bang noise scares the shit out of me. Thinking it's one of the guys, I head back towards the living room to assess the damage but am stopped in my tracks as soon as I step into view.

Our living room is filled with a SWAT team, all weapons pointed at Declan, Giovanni and Sinclair. Three cops are behind each as they kick their knees out from under them before pinning them face first into the carpet. Each officer violently grabs hold of their arms and twists them behind their

backs as they handcuff them while reading off their Miranda rights before bringing them back up on their knees.

“Don’t even think about moving or you’ll be shot!” shouts one of the officers, and it takes everything in me not to storm over and punch him in his sleaze ball face.

“What in the fuck is going on?” I shout, which brings many of the guns to be trained on me, but I don’t flinch. I refuse to let them think I’m a damn coward, especially when I know this has everything to do with their fathers. The whole police department is in their pockets and this whole scenario reeks of Arthur, Robert and Lorenzo.

One of the cops steps my way. “Miss, please stand back and let us do our jobs, which is take these dangerous criminals into custody. Unless you’d like to be arrested also.”

My gaze hardens as I realize it’s the police chief that’s talking to me, the same jerk that ignored me last year when I went to him about Peter. “And just what exactly are you arresting them for, Officer Mendoza?”

He just ignores me while turning towards the guys. “Declan Carter, Sinclair Blackwell and Giovanni Martinelli; you are under arrest for the murders of Arthur Blackwell Sr., Gianluca Martinelli and James Carter.”

[Continue reading in book 3 –
Rebellion of the Syndicate](#)

A stylized signature of the author, Natalie Nicole, written in a cursive script. The signature is enclosed within a thin black rectangular border.

ROMANCE AUTHOR

Other Titles by Natalie Nicole

The Syndicate Series

- Dark, New Adult, College, Reverse Harem

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Rebellion of the Syndicate

[Kindle](#)

Author's Note

I hope you guys enjoyed Revenge! This book definitely took its toll on me. Even though reading Amazon reviews killed me, I took notice. This book is shorter than Saints, but I also spent way too much time finessing this into a more condensed book with the same amount of the goodies.

I wrote the book, then slashed almost half of it out because it was too damn wordy. So hopefully everyone still loves it even though it's shorter!

Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go get my caffeine obsession in check before we start on Rebellion and the destruction of those dick head fathers **J**.

Play List

- 1. She Will (feat. Drake – Lil Wayne)**
- 2. Alpha Dog – Great Dane**
- 3. Pony – Ginuwine**
- 4. Run This Town (feat. Rihanna & Kanye West) – JAY-Z**
- 5. 6 Foot 7 Foot (feat. Cory Gunz) – Lil Wayne**
- 6. Take Me To Church – Hozier**
- 7. Wishuwell – GhostBoi**
- 8. Godzilla (feat. Juice WRLD) – Eminem**
- 9. Still Falling For You – Ellie Goulding**
- 10. Rap God – Eminem**

- 11. Hail To The King – Avenged Sevenfold**
- 12. Back In The Days – Bad Wolves**
- 13. Piece of Me – Britney Spears**
- 14. HYFR (feat. Lil Wayne) – Drake**
- 15. Lollipop (feat. Static Major) – Lil Wayne**
- 16. Play with Fire (feat. Yacht Money) – Sam Tinnesz**
- 17. Ego – Willy William**
- 18. Throwed Off (F*** Everybody) [feat. Solace] – Treal Lee & Prince Rick**
- 19. Earned It – The Weeknd**
- 20. Talk That Talk (feat. JAY-Z) – Rihanna**

21. Birthday Cake (feat. Chris Brown) - Rihanna

About The Author

Natalie Nicole is a 30 year old author. Her hair is purple. Her addiction to coffee is ridiculous and she pretty much avoids human interaction. Which is hilarious since she also bartends for fun. As you can see, she sucks donkey butt at talking about herself... So if you'd like to know more, here are ways to contact her.

Tiktok: authornatalienicole OR
auth_natnicole since the first one is
borderline banned.

Facebook: Author Natalie Nicole

Instagram: authornatalienicole

Stay Sinister Bitches

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To my coffee pot... You deserve an award because I have abused you beyond belief.