

GODS OF RAVENCREST UNIVERSITY



# SINFUL GOD

TRINA M. LEE

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GODS OF RAVENCREST UNIVERSITY BOOK 2



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# FOREWARD



This is a dark bully/enemies to lovers romance where the girl gets all the guys. Please be mindful of the following possible triggers when reading.

This book contains: bullying, abuse, assault, violence, blood, drug use, non/dubcon, stalking, and other dark themes. If you have any questions regarding the subject matter, please email [trinamleeauthor@gmail.com](mailto:trinamleeauthor@gmail.com).

# CHAPTER ONE



## RAINA

“Well, I’d say we’re fucked.”

Gage’s declaration echoed in my ears. That was putting it lightly. I couldn’t tear my gaze from Jenna’s decomposing corpse. Nothing so disturbingly revolting had ever passed before my eyes, and I’d seen some shit.

Havoc pulled me back into the house. I let him. What choice did I have? The crazy motherfuckers may have just collared me like a damn dog but we clearly had bigger problems.

“We need to do something now,” Havoc barked, pacing a circle around the table before shooting off toward the front entry. “The tarp in the garage. We’ll wrap her in that.”

My hands vibrated as adrenaline surged in my veins. Not knowing what to do, I went to the kitchen and started randomly opening cupboards.

“Where do you keep the booze around here?” I opened the fridge, finding beer. No deal. I needed something stronger than that.

“Freezer,” Knight said, dragging a hand through his hair. He sucked in deep breaths, muttering something about it only being eight in the morning.

I didn’t give a shit what time it was. This was no regular morning. Not only had I been dragged out of my dorm against my will, I’d been collared like a pet with the body of a missing girl in the backyard. The weight of it all was too much. I hadn’t had nearly enough sleep for this.

Finding a frosty bottle of vodka in the freezer, I pulled it out and helped

myself. I didn't bother with a cup. I drank straight from the bottle. One swallow wasn't enough. I kept going.

Suddenly, the bottle was yanked from my hand. Gage slammed it down on the counter. "What the hell are you doing? We have class in less than an hour, a body in the yard, and you're chugging vodka like it's water. What is wrong with you?"

"Me?" I gaped at him. "You're the only one who's chill and you still want to go to class? What's wrong with *you*, Gage? Are you that desensitized to this shit already? Or did you have a hand in leaving Jenna in the backyard?"

My temper flamed hot. I'd been on edge for weeks now. I had no patience for Gage's bullshit.

He grabbed the vodka bottle by the neck, shaking it at me. "I can't think of one reason why I shouldn't shove this bottle up your tight ass."

I took a step toward him, getting up in his face. "I fucking dare you to try."

Gage's lip curled in a silent snarl. "I'm starting to think you're not worth this much trouble. No pussy is worth this shit."

Knight snatched the bottle from Gage's hand, putting the cap back on and shoving it into the freezer. "You both need to shut the hell up and cool it right now. We have actual problems here. There's a goddamn body in the backyard. We could all end up in prison if we're not careful. Now grow the hell up and make yourselves useful."

Both Gage and I stared at him, shocked that he'd told us off. Everyone was on edge. The alcohol I'd chugged warmed me, helping to numb the worst of the butterflies in my stomach.

Havoc returned from the garage clutching a big blue tarp. "Shut the fuck up, all of you. We have shit to do if we want to keep enjoying freedom."

“Easy for you to say,” I snarked, my hand going to the collar locked around my neck.

Ignoring me, Havoc continued giving orders. “Gage and Knight, help me wrap Jenna’s body and stash it in the garage. We can’t move it anywhere until after dark. Raina, keep watch while we do this.”

The very real threat of prison got my legs moving. I followed Havoc outside, doing my best not to look directly at Jenna. My mind raced with terrible thoughts.

Someone had been keeping her all this time. Just waiting for a chance to do something like this. Who would be sick enough to do such a thing? Gage? I wouldn’t doubt it. Although I didn’t think he’d make such a reckless move against himself and his friends. Since he’d been screwing around with Jenna at one point, this kind of thing could hurt him the most.

While the guys laid out the tarp on the patio next to the table where Jenna sat propped, I kept an eye on the two neighboring houses. One of them had a view of the patio if they were to come out onto their own back patio. I watched their back door like a hawk. My body was so tense it hurt.

The crinkle sounds of the tarp sent a chill into my bones. What the hell had my life become?

“Don’t touch her with your hands,” Gage snapped, sounding as tightly wound as I felt. “Knight, go get some gloves or a towel.”

I bounced from foot to foot, waiting anxiously for them to finish. “Come on, guys. Hurry it up.”

“Would you like to take my place while I keep watch?” Gage hissed in my direction. I flipped him a middle finger but said nothing.

“Shut it or you’ll both be doing it alone together,” Havoc spat in a loud whisper. He shot a vicious scowl at each of us.

Knight emerged from the house with rubber cleaning gloves and a few

dish towels. “This is all we’ve got to work with. It will have to do.”

Together they lifted Jenna’s body onto the tarp and wrapped it. Knight made a face, like he was trying not to throw up. I stood several feet away. Even that felt too close.

Once she was thoroughly wrapped, they took her into the garage. I went back into the house, thinking about going for the vodka again. I needed to not be coherent right now.

For a moment, the emotions swelled wildly within me. They threatened to become too much. Tears filled my eyes as I rubbed my forehead and swore. I wished that I’d never gotten my dumb ass kicked out of Hillside Prep. None of this would have happened.

With a hand on the counter to steady myself, I sucked in a shaky breath. I would not cry. Not here. Not now. I willed the storm of emotion back, trying desperately to stuff it deep inside me.

“Fuck me, are you crying, Cherry Pie?” Gage’s voice cut through the silence. “Tell me you’re not crying. Knight will cream his panties.”

I didn’t know what he meant by that, and I didn’t care. Turning my back toward him, I leaned heavily on the counter, shoulders shaking with the need to unleash everything. The urge to scream it out racked me.

“You and me will stay home to keep an eye on things,” Havoc said to Knight as they reentered the kitchen. “Gage and Raina will go to class. We can’t all be missing from campus today.”

“Careful, Knight,” Gage snickered. “Raina’s crying. Think you can handle that?”

I whirled around as Knight skidded to a halt. “I’m not crying, you jackass. Just trying not to lose my shit and have a mental breakdown. Is that okay with you?”

Knight took one look at the unshed tears glittering in my eyes and spun



on a heel. Then he was gone, up the stairs to the second floor. I stared after him in confusion.

“Anyone going to tell me?” I asked. “Never mind. I like to be surprised. What’s this about going to class? I’m really not up for that today.”

“You and Gage need to go. You both have connections to Jenna that incriminate you. Showing up and going about the day like normal is the safest plan. Knight and I will stay here to make sure nobody gets near the garage. Tonight we’ll get rid of the body.”

I gnawed my bottom lip. He had a point about Gage and me. He’d been messing around with Jenna. I’d punched her in the face in public. We would naturally be suspects if her body was found, especially if it was found here. Although Gage was more likely to be blamed regardless. As much as I wanted to knock his teeth out, I didn’t want him to be falsely accused of a crime he didn’t commit.

I believed with every part of me that Gage was more than capable of killing a person and feeling no remorse. And yet, I didn’t really believe he’d killed Jenna. Someone else was at work here.

“Fine, I’ll grab my things.” Since most of my stuff had been deposited in Havoc’s room, I went up there to get what I needed for the day.

I noticed that Knight’s door was closed. What was his deal? Big baby.

After stuffing my phone and wallet into my laptop bag, I met Gage at the front door. Havoc handed him keys to his car. Gage still hadn’t replaced the car that I’d ruined. Oops.

“Are you going to be able to keep your shit together?” Gage asked when we were in the car. “This can’t be your first dead body.”

The first dead body I’d ever seen flashed through my mind. A man that had threatened to hurt my mom and me to get back at my dad. He’d come to the house. He’d left wrapped in plastic.

“Of course not. It’s the first one that could land my ass in trouble though.” I dug through my bag for some lip balm, glancing over at Gage. “You’re not worried at all?”

He shrugged. “What’s the point? There will be nothing left of her to find after tonight. Why would you be concerned? Pretty sure your daddy can clean up your messes. He cleaned up Nikki, didn’t he?”

My jaw dropped. “You’re a real fucking peach, aren’t you? What a shitty fucking thing to say.”

I stared out the window, refusing to acknowledge him for the rest of the drive. Once we parked on campus, I got out of the car and stormed off toward the building. Gage easily caught up with me. He grabbed my bag, using it to slow me down.

“What’s your problem? Slow down, goddammit.” Gage forced me to walk at his pace. Letting go of my bag, he possessively held my arm instead.

“Are you sure you don’t want to just get a leash for this thing?” I angrily gestured to the collar locked around my neck. “Maybe that will make it easier for you to control me.”

Gage pretended to consider, nodding his head. “Yeah, that’s actually not a bad idea. Can you calm down a bit? No need to be so pissy. Is it shark week or something?”

It took me a second to realize what he was asking. I scowled. “No, I’m not having my period at the moment. Not that it’s any of your business. Do you really have to manhandle me?”

We passed a group of people standing around outside talking. I didn’t want anyone to see Gage holding onto me like a dog that kept running away. I tried unsuccessfully to discreetly pull free of him.

Gage moved his grip from my arm down to my hand, sliding his fingers between mine. He held tight, squeezing a little, exerting his will.

“I don’t have to,” he quipped. “I want to.”

“Is this really necessary?” I hissed, lowering my voice so as not to draw attention.

So much for that. Several people took notice of the two of us together. Most of them were female. Big shock. One girl straight up glared as we passed. I could just imagine what people would say. The last thing I wanted was for anyone to think I would sink so low as to willfully be with Gage Corwin.

“Pretty sure it is. You’re too tightly wound. You might be a flight risk.” With his free hand, Gage dug his phone from a pocket. He thumbed around on the screen before showing it to me. “See this? That’s you right there on the map. Try to run and we’ll be all over you.”

I let the disgust I felt show all over my face. “Impressive. That must make you feel like a tough man, huh? Pathetic.”

I walked two steps in front of him, forcing him to walk faster. If he wouldn’t let go of my hand, then he could at least keep up. The sooner we got to class, the sooner I could get away from him for a while.

Gage waited until we were right outside our first class of the day. Then he pulled me against him, gripping my chin to force my gaze to his. His hazel and blue eyes searched me.

“Do you really want to know what makes me feel like a badass, Raina? Violently fucking the attitude out of snarky little things like you. Now be a good girl and go take your seat. It better be right next to mine.”

He let go of my hand, motioning for me to enter the classroom. Now I was fired up. I lingered, waiting for a few people to file into the room.

When nobody was within earshot, I said, “You’ve never known anyone like me. Never fucked anyone like me, and you know that it will take a lot more than your cock to tame me. Why else would you do everything you can

to keep me?”

I didn't wait for his reply. I strolled into the classroom like I didn't have a care in the world, leaving Gage standing in the hallway stewing.

## CHAPTER TWO



## HAVOC

“You expect me to wait here while you guys go dump Jenna’s body?” Raina slid a suspicious glance across the table to Gage. “Don’t tell me that you’re leaving me here with him. I’ve reached my capacity for Gage today.”

Gage paused with his burger halfway to his mouth. Nailing her with a wicked glare, he took a vicious bite of burger, holding eye contact as he chewed. Pointing a finger across the table at her, he snarled, “You’re next.”

“You’re revolting,” she said calmly before dropping her gaze back to her plate. Swirling a fry through some barbecue sauce, Raina popped it into her mouth.

Every little thing she did was far more sexy than it should have been. I eyed the drop of sauce that stained her fingertips. Would she freak out if I leaned over and licked it off? Yeah, probably.

“Actually, Knight will stay with you.” I reached over to pluck a fry from her plate. I’d already finished mine. “I don’t trust you and Gage to stay alone together. You’ll probably find a way to kill one another.”

“Good call.” Raina nodded. Gage merely snickered.

I wasn’t lying though. I didn’t entirely trust him with her. He had a dark streak that went deeper than I think any of us knew. Although I still felt guilty for suspecting him of hurting her when we’d thought she was dead, I didn’t trust the way he looked at her. Like he wanted to wrap his hands around her neck and just keep squeezing.

It was a hell of a gorgeous neck though. Especially with our collar

encircling it. I'd like to give it a squeeze myself. Watch her eyes grow wide as she struggled to breathe. I shifted awkwardly in my seat, trying to subtly adjust my hard on.

"Stay inside," I continued. "Both of you."

Knight sat back in his chair, sipping a beer. "No problem. I have a project to work on tonight anyway. Are you sure you won't need my help?"

I shook my head. "It's cool. We shouldn't be long. A couple hours maybe. Sit tight."

"Where do I sleep tonight, Havoc?" Raina asked, nibbling another fry. "Don't say in your bed. I'm not a doll. I need my own space."

Much as I hated to admit it, I'd enjoyed having her curled up next to me last night. She was being far too agreeable though. Too nice and calm. That wasn't like the Raina Monroe I'd been getting to know.

"You can sleep at the foot of my bed," Gage offered with a smirk. "Like a dog."

Raina glared daggers across the table at him. I half expected her to throw her plate at him. Instead, she coolly said, "Or, and hear me out, you can go fuck yourself."

I stood up, not in the mood to deal with this shit. "There's a body in the garage. That's our priority. Until we deal with that, I don't care where anyone sleeps, and you can all go fuck yourselves. Cool?"

A sassy little smile played about Raina's lips. Damn, I wanted to spank her ass until it was red and too sore for her to sit down. I motioned for Gage to join me as I left the table and swiped my keys from the counter.

Leaving Knight and Raina behind, the two of us entered the garage. Fuck me, it smelled awful. I almost choked on the stench in the air. The fucker that let Jenna get this nasty was a sick piece of shit. Worse than even Gage.

His usual sarcastic dark humor was absent while we picked up the tarp wrapped body and shoved it into the trunk of my car. I'd backed the car into the garage earlier. We both knew how serious this was and how dead we'd be if we got caught with what was left of Jenna. My father would probably kill us himself for drawing such attention and heat to him. Or he may just let us rot in prison.

My father and I had never been all that close. It was always business with him. He communicated by giving orders, and he had no patience for idiots or mistakes. Sometimes I suspected he thought that I was both.

He sure did adore my sister though. Star was a seventeen year old princess. Spoiled as hell. Daddy's little girl. It made me want to vomit more than the stench of Jenna's carcass.

I pulled out of the garage and carefully backed out of the driveway. We'd argued over whether or not to wait until later. It was dark already but still early. Gage had wanted to wait until after midnight. I'd opted for earlier, believing it was easier to blend into traffic when the streets weren't empty.

"Can't help but notice you didn't bring a shovel or anything," Gage remarked. He leaned against the passenger door, angled to face me. "What are you planning to do with her?"

I kept a close watch on my mirrors, making sure we weren't followed. Raina's stalker was out there somewhere. He knew she was with us now. Why else would he dump Jenna on our patio?

"The incinerator," I said with a shrug. "Seems like the safest way to make sure she can't be found."

Gage nodded, his platinum blond head bobbing in the darkness. "Solid idea. A little risky though."

The incinerator was in the basement of an old building my father owned. He and his people used it to destroy plenty of evidence, including the

occasional body. That meant getting in and out without running into someone would be difficult. He also had cameras watching the place.

“Whatever. He basically told me to clean up my own mess when we thought Raina was dead. Too late for him to start caring what I do now.” Keeping an eye on my speed, I drove like a senior citizen on Sunday. Nothing to see here, Officer.

Gage tapped his fingers on the dash, beating out a rhythm that only made sense to him. “Fair enough. Speaking of Raina, how long do you think you can keep Maverick from finding out you’ve staked a claim on her?”

I slid him a sidelong glance. “Me? Hey, I wasn’t the one who inked her and snuck into her room alone to finger her with my own blood. Don’t try to put this all on me, dude.”

“Answer the question.” Gage’s tone was hard.

I chuckled. Transparent fucker. “Hell if I know. Why does it matter? It has nothing to do with him.”

“That’s not how he’ll feel about his son fucking the daughter of his rival.” Gage’s laugh was low and devious. “He’s going to lose it.”

Part of me didn’t give a shit what my father thought about us claiming Raina. It had nothing to do with her father or mine. I didn’t owe anyone an explanation.

What would I even say? That Raina had gotten under my skin the moment I saw her sitting there on the grass at that party? That I couldn’t stop myself from antagonizing her, needing to know what she was made of.

Fire and brimstone, that’s what. God, I loved Raina’s wild spirit. I’d wanted to break her, to see how far I could push her. I still did. I had a feeling she would keep surprising me.

We made it to the east side of town where the incinerator dwelled. The building was an old stone structure. It had been used as a storage facility as



long as my father owned it. He used the basement to store shipments of drugs, guns, and other sordid items while they were awaiting transport to their final destination. The upstairs was filled with legal shit. Mostly electronics and other items he sold legally online using various business names. None of which were associated with his real business of course. He ran several legal businesses to help hide his illegal activity.

I backed up to the rear door, the entry closest to the basement. Killing the engine and the lights, I scoped out the area. Nobody else was currently here. Perfect. We had to move fast.

“I’ll unlock the door and disarm the alarm. Then we’ll take her straight in and down to the basement.” I pulled the key card for the door from my wallet and got out of the car. My hand strayed to the gun inside my jacket. If Raina’s stalker somehow followed us, I wanted to be prepared.

I unlocked the back door and disabled the alarm. Thankfully, my dad hadn’t changed the code without telling me. That had happened before. Damp musty air hit me in the face. Still smelled better than Jenna.

We worked quickly, taking the tarp wrapped body out of the trunk and quickly down the stairs, avoiding all but one camera. It was our lucky day. The incinerator door stood open. It was empty. We tossed the body inside and closed the door. In moments, I ignited a fire inside. Then we waited.

I knew better than to walk away and leave anything unattended here. Never knew when the wrong person might come along. Or the cops. This building had never been raided, but there was a first time for everything.

“You know we’re going to have to kill this guy,” Gage said, pulling a joint from his jeans pocket. “The asshole who’s stalking Raina. He killed Jenna. He wants to kill Raina. Right now the only thing standing in his way is us.”

I leaned against the stone wall, my gaze sweeping the dusty gray

basement. Other than a furnace and a pallet filled with perfectly precise packages of cocaine, there wasn't much down here.

"I know. We'll kill him. We just have to find out who he is first." I shook my head when Gage offered me the joint.

He sucked in a large toke and chuckled. When he spoke, smoke spewed from between his lips. "We could just use Cherry Pie as bait. It's the easiest way to draw him out."

I frowned, not liking that idea. "It's too soon for that. After the move he just made against us, I say we wait. See if he does something else."

"Assuming it's a man," Gage countered. "Maybe a woman was working with Nikki."

I'd considered that and every time came to the same conclusion. It was most definitely a man. Probably someone close to Desmond Monroe. One of his closest partners or friends. Someone who wanted him out of the way so they could take over his life. They already had his wife. Until Raina killed her.

"I don't think so. Chances are it's one of Monroe's right hand men. Maybe Raina will know something about those he's closest with. It might help." A noise upstairs made me stiffen. Had I imagined that?

The contents of the incinerator were engulfed. Still, it took a few hours to burn a body. The door was designed so nobody could see inside. I'd really hate to have to explain this to anyone.

"Did you hear something?" I asked.

No sooner had I spoken than my father came down the stairs with a man I didn't recognize in tow. Fuck me. His brows shot up in surprise. He must have come in the front and not seen my car out back.

"Christian," he greeted me with a short nod. "I didn't expect to find you here. How are you boys this evening?"

Playing it cool to hide his irritation at finding me here. Good. That meant he didn't want to upset his guest.

“Good. Just stopped by to clean up. We can get out of your way if you need the space.” I pushed away from the wall, ready to leave.

“Wait for me upstairs. I'll only be a few minutes.” Turning a charming smile on the other man, my father steered him toward the pallet of coke.

“Sure.” I left the basement with a sick feeling in my stomach. My mind raced as I concocted an explanation for using the incinerator. I'd have to come by another time to throw the ashes in the dumpster out back.

Gage and I left the building, waiting outside by my car. I needed some air. That muggy basement air felt like shit.

“How screwed do you think we are?” Gage asked. Leaning against my car, arms crossed over his chest, he appeared as unruffled as ever. It took a lot to shake him.

I preferred to fly under the radar as far as my father was concerned. He could be a cold-blooded bastard. But he didn't scare me.

“We're doing the same thing he would do in our position. It's not like we had another option.” I shifted from foot to foot, waiting impatiently for my father to finish his drug deal.

When the back door opened and he strolled out, both Gage and I stood up straighter. The one dull security bulb shone down on him, lighting him up like a dark devil. Maverick Alexander was a forty-eight year old powerhouse who carried himself like a god. He'd always been fearless. Intimidating.

His black hair was a lot like mine except thinner and silver at his temples. We didn't look all that much alike though. His eyes were a brown so dark they appeared black. There was a harder cut to his chin and a slight bump in his nose. He wore an expensive suit without a tie. Always dressed up to make the big deals.

“What the hell are you two doing here?” He cut right to the chase. His serpentine gaze slid over each of us. “What’s in the incinerator?”

Meeting his savage stare, I said, “Our neighbor’s cat. I hit it with my car and didn’t want her to see it. She already hates us.”

I gave a little shrug, like it was no big deal. I didn’t expect my father to buy it. Unless he went down there and looked inside, I wasn’t saying shit.

“Mmhmm. And that took both of you?” He pinned Gage with that stare next, daring him to lie.

Gage remained emotionless. “I only came because Havoc promised me tacos on the way home.”

Jesus Christ. We were so screwed. I didn’t think we could possibly be any more obvious.

“Uh huh. Well, I’m trying to strike a deal here potentially worth millions. Take off before you look like a heat score.” My father looked me over, like he wasn’t so sure about what he saw.

Not wasting any time, I opened the car door. He stopped me with a hand on my shoulder.

“Have you seen Raina Monroe lately?” he asked.

Something inside me tightened at his question. I got the feeling this was a test. My response would determine if I passed or not.

“She’s been at a few parties. Gage has some classes with her. That’s about it. Why?” If he knew what we’d all been up to as far as Raina was concerned, he’d shit himself.

He held my gaze for far too long before nodding. “Alright. Just curious how things are going with her being on campus. We wouldn’t want any unplanned incidents with the Monroes. Keep an eye on her, would you? Get close, but not too close.”

“Right,” I agreed, nodding along. “Of course not. Will do.”

Without another word, he turned away and went back inside. I got into my car, feeling like there was a load of bricks in my stomach.

“That was weird, wasn’t it?” Gage asked as we drove away from the building. “Do you think he knows about Raina?”

Anything was possible. My father wasn’t the type of guy that one lied to successfully. In my defense, he was the one who had told me from a young age that Raina was the enemy. The threat to my future. Could he really blame me for forming an obsession?

“It’s hard to say. He’s usually pretty blunt and forthright. Maybe he was just curious.” I knew better than to let my father know that Raina was in our house. Hell, if he knew we’d inked her and claimed her, he might just disown me.

I didn’t care. She was too deep in my system. If I was going to run this city one day, then I could do as I damn well wanted. And I wanted Raina.

## CHAPTER THREE



**RAINA**

I sat at the kitchen table across from Knight. A peaceful quiet descended as Havoc and Gage left. They disappeared into the garage, leaving the two of us to clean up their dirty dishes. Pigs.

Being left alone in the house with Knight was a hell of a lot better than being stuck with Gage. That jerk knew how to work my nerves. He loved it. Knight had never been as antagonistic as the others. I was pretty sure I could handle him.

I picked at a few more French fries before giving up. My appetite had been pretty shaky since we'd found Jenna. I kept seeing her face. Her dead eyes. Sickening.

Knight popped the last bite of his burger into his mouth. He brushed crumbs from his fingertips over the plate, glancing at my barely touched food. "Not hungry, huh? I guess that's understandable. Do you want something else? Maybe there's something I can make for you, or we can order in."

I studied him in disbelief. He wasn't nearly as much of a prick as the other two. That didn't necessarily make him safer though, did it? Maybe it was quite the opposite and Knight was the one I should be watching out for.

"That's sweet, but no thanks. I'm good. It's just been a rough day. Doesn't help when I have Gage breathing down my neck in class all day either." I'd gotten a brief break from Gage during the class we didn't share. He'd been waiting right outside the door when it ended though.

Knight nodded, rising to gather the dishes. “He’s a little intense. We all want to keep you safe. Someone wants to hurt you. We’re not going to let that happen.”

“Because you guys want to hurt me and you don’t want someone else to get to it first.” I rose too, gathering up Havoc’s abandoned plate.

Knight paused, watching me carry a handful of dishes to the kitchen. “It’s not like that, Raina. We don’t want to hurt you. Not the way you think anyway.”

I scoffed, opening the dishwasher and shoving dishes inside. “Think Havoc and Gage would agree with that? Somehow I doubt it. This is a territorial thing. Someone else wants to mess with me. You all consider me yours, so you have to do the whole male pissing contest thing. It’s all quite predictable and equally stupid.”

Knight’s chuckle was a warm, sugar coated sound. He joined me at the dishwasher, placing the dishes he held inside. “You’re a real breath of fresh air around here, you know that? It’s nice.”

I frowned. “Not sure I like the sound of that. I’m not here to entertain you assholes.”

Knight popped a dishwasher tablet into the machine and turned it on. Leaning on the counter, he faced me with an adorable grin. “And yet, I’m entertained. Come on, Raina. Lighten up a little. This doesn’t have to be a bad thing.”

“Is it supposed to be a good thing? Have any of you stopped to think about things from my perspective?” Sooner or later, my father would find out I wasn’t staying at the dorm. How would I explain this to him?

“Probably not as much as we should have,” Knight admitted. “We didn’t exactly get off to such a good start.”

“Because Havoc poured a beer over my head. I didn’t do shit to you

guys. Not until he made the first move.” Irritation made my temper rise. I didn’t want to argue with Knight. “You know what? It doesn’t matter. It’s impossible to talk to any of you.”

I returned to the table to grab my phone and check for messages. Maybe Clover would want to meet up for coffee or something. I could use some girl talk right about now.

“Have you really tried to talk to any of us?” Knight challenged. “Let’s talk. We might as well. Unless you’d like to find other ways to pass the time.”

His tone became suggestive and playful. Flirtatious. Knight was a cutie alright. I didn’t trust him as far as I could throw him.

I set my phone down, holding his devilish brown gaze. “Sure, let’s talk. Why don’t we start with you telling me why you ran out of here like you were being chased by rabid dogs when Gage said I was crying? I wasn’t, by the way. None of you are worth a single damn tear.”

Knight’s smile faltered. “I don’t do well with crying women.”

Strange yet interesting. “Why not?” I pressed. “Does it get you off or something?”

When he diverted his gaze, I knew that I’d guessed it. Knight stared past me into the living room. He gnawed his bottom lip before saying, “You could say that.”

“What are you leaving out?” I asked, unwilling to drop the subject. Maybe it was none of my business. However, these jerks expected me to stay here and be their willing sex doll. I deserved to know who I was dealing with.

Knight glanced down at the floor. That one little motion drew my attention. His shoulders were stiff. He shoved his hands into the pockets of his gray sweatpants. The black t-shirt he wore showed off part of the sword tattooed on his upper arm. It was the most laid back and dressed down I’d



seen him so far. In that moment, he looked kind of lost.

Then the moment passed. He jerked his gaze to mine. “It makes me kind of crazy. I can’t stop myself.”

Knowing that I played a dangerous game, I asked, “Can’t stop yourself from what?”

Knight moved fast. He rounded the kitchen island and grabbed me by both shoulders before I knew what was happening. He pushed me up against the tall pantry cupboard behind the table. With a hand on either side of my head, he used his body to trap me.

“Seeing those tears in your eyes made me want to throw you down and fuck you until you cried so hard you couldn’t breathe. Until you didn’t have a single tear left.” Knight leaned in close, his lips brushing over my cheek and down the side of my neck. “And I wouldn’t stop until you were so far beyond crying that all you could do is lie there and take it. Is that what you want to hear, princess?”

A cold chill slithered down my spine. It was followed by a warm rush of excitement. Why did part of me want to test him on this? Not that I could cry on command but damn. So Knight had a dark side after all.

Trying not to react to his mouth on my skin, I closed my eyes, summoning my willpower. “I knew you were all fucked in the head. Don’t call me princess. It’s goddess to you assholes.”

Knight pulled back, turning away before I could read his expression. “Right. I’ll try to keep that in mind, Goddess. I’m going to grab a cold shower. Don’t move a muscle.”

Maybe it was just me but Knight didn’t seem to enjoy being a twisted bastard as much as the other two. Or maybe he just didn’t like being called out on it.

I didn’t move from where I stood in the kitchen. Not until I heard the

sound of a shower from upstairs. Then I stuffed my phone in my pocket and headed for the door. I would drive straight to the café near campus and meet Clover. No big deal. I'd be back before Havoc and Gage.

Once inside the SUV my father had given me to drive, I messaged Clover, asking her to meet. My head was a mess. I needed a friend right now. The Gods were most certainly not my friends.

I carefully scanned the street in both directions before driving away. Nobody followed. That was a relief. Once I turned onto the busy main road that led to the university, it was difficult to be sure. There was a lot more traffic. Still, it was early enough that people were still out and about. I was going to a public place. It should be safe.

Clover was already there when I arrived. She sat at a table near the window, sipping a fancy coffee with whipped cream piled on top. Her face lit up when I walked through the door.

It felt good to have someone excited to see me. That kind of thing didn't happen a lot. I ordered a mocha and joined her at the table.

"How's it going?" I asked. "Tell me everything."

Clover tucked a blonde curl behind her ear. Her bright pink lipstick was almost as loud as her electric blue eyeshadow. "Me? Girl, you're the one who disappeared in the middle of the night. Where've you been?"

Nobody else in the coffee shop paid us any attention, other than a middle-aged man gawking at Clover's colorful attire. I kept my voice low when speaking anyway.

"Havoc and his minions dragged me out late last night," I explained. "Someone is still sending me creepy messages. Apparently, they think I belong to them and that I need to be protected. Like property. Like a pet." My hand went to the collar around my neck.

Clover's eyes widened. "Holy shit. Is that a collar? Seriously? Did they

hurt you or anything?”

I wished I could tell her about Jenna’s body turning up and all the things I’d been keeping secret. Doing that would only endanger her.

“No, they didn’t. Not yet anyway. They’re total pricks though.” I shrugged like it was no big deal and took a sip of my coffee.

Clover frowned and shook her head. “How’s your dad doing?”

I hadn’t hidden much from Clover. Because I wanted her to trust me, I’d told her about the fight with Nikki and the stalker messages she’d been sending. I couldn’t tell her about Jenna’s body turning up. Not until I knew for sure it would never be found.

“He’s going through the motions of cleaning out her things,” I said. “He’s never been one to show a lot of emotion. I think he’s more of a cry in private kind of guy. I’m worried that he’ll blame himself for putting me in danger.”

“And he has no idea the Gods have claimed you as property and whisked you away to their party house?” Clover laughed in disbelief. “Your life is wild, Raina. I don’t know how you do it.”

I smirked into my coffee. “I don’t know either. My dad doesn’t know a damn thing, and I intend to keep it that way. Now tell me what’s up with you lately? Ready for summer?”

Summer was right around the corner. The current term would be over in another month or so. I looked forward to the break. Maybe I could convince Dad to book us on a vacation. Somewhere tropical and sandy. Let’s see the Gods track me then.

Listening to Clover talk about how she couldn’t wait for pool parties and summer flings helped me forget my problems for a while. She gushed about how we should take a road trip somewhere nice which got me thinking about the future. Of course, I had to survive my stalker before I could jump

headlong into any future.

“There’s a party tomorrow night,” she added. “The Angels are hosting it at their place. You should come.”

“I’d love to. Not sure I’ll be able to slip away from my prison wardens, but I’ll see what I can do.” I rolled my eyes, finishing the last of my coffee.

“Bring them. Maybe you can ditch them for a while and have some fun without them. Zane and Lyra will be there too.”

Over an hour had passed since I’d left the house. Knight would know by now. The others must not be back or they’d already have tracked me down.

After Clover left the café, I took a few minutes to give my dad a call. He sounded understandably moody and a little drunk. I made him promise that we would have dinner soon. I worried about him being alone right now.

I exited the café, finding the parking lot empty of people. Wishing that I’d found a parking space closer to the door, I hurried across the lot to the SUV. I rounded the back of the vehicle next to mine and screamed.

A man dressed all in black with a ski mask over his head rushed toward me. Having no other choice, I turned and ran in the opposite direction. The sound of his shoes hitting the pavement behind me had my adrenaline pounding through my veins. I ran fast, my feet barely touching the ground.

Unfortunately, I ran straight toward the parking lot of the business next door. An electronics shop that was closed for the night. There was nobody around to help me. On the other side of the electronics shop was a strip mall with a restaurant and lounge on the end. If I could make it there, I’d be safe.

The masked man was hot on my heels. His strides were longer, and he quickly caught up. The sound of his grunt as he lunged for me reverberated in my ears. I hit the ground, the electronics store parking lot ripping at my skin.

I felt like an idiot. I had not yet replaced the knife I’d lost in the

cemetery the night Nikki tried to run me down. Neither had I thought to carry the small pocket sized pepper spray I'd acquired since. It was stuffed into my bag sitting in Havoc's bedroom.

The man came down on top of me. My instincts kicked in. Rolling over beneath him, I threw an elbow in his face. Then I went for an eye gouge, jabbing my finger hard into his eyeball. He let out an angry shout, punching me in the face.

My head hit the hard asphalt beneath me. Stars exploded behind my eyes. That wasn't enough to make me stop fighting. He fought for my throat, like he planned to choke me to death. No mess. No weapon or evidence.

Who the hell was this guy? What kind of man would hook up with Nikki and do her bidding even after her death? Someone who hated my father? That could be just about anyone. Even someone inside his organization. The possibilities were endless. Maybe he was nothing more than her illicit lover, her accomplice. And now he wanted revenge.

In desperation, I grabbed a handful of tiny pebbles and gravel from the ground beside me and flung it in his eyes. It wasn't easy with the mask he wore.

Unable to get my leg up to knee him in the balls, I tried shoving a hand down between us instead. Once I felt something soft and vulnerable between his legs, I squeezed and twisted.

His shriek was a thing of beauty. Curling into a ball, he rolled off me while trying pitifully to grab a handful of my hair. Jerking away, I shoved to my feet and kicked him hard in the face. He caught my foot, trying to pull me back down. With my other foot, I stomped his arm.

When he let go, I ran like hell toward the restaurant in the distance. I didn't look back. As I reached the restaurant, Knight stepped out from between two cars. He caught me by my upper arms, bringing me to a sudden

stop.

“Raina, what the fuck?” he demanded, his brown eyes wild. “Why did you take off like that?”

“There’s a man,” I babbled. “He’s chasing me. He tried to strangle me.”

I turned to look back at the electronics store parking lot. The man was gone.

## CHAPTER FOUR



### RAINA

“Are you trying to get yourself killed?” Havoc’s voice raised to an uncomfortable level. “Why would you take off like that when you know there’s someone looking for you?”

I crossed my arms over my chest and glared up at him from where I sat on one of the two couches in the living room. Havoc stood over me, doing his best to intimidate. I was still too freaked out from what had just happened to buy into it.

“I knew that she’d run the first chance she got,” Gage said with a smug smile. “I told you.”

He sat on the recliner chair in the corner, smirking at me like an evil villain plotting bad things. I flipped him a middle finger without looking away from Havoc.

“I didn’t run. I went for coffee. It’s not as if I was trying to hide or flee the city. You’re being a little heavy on the drama, Havoc.” Doing my best not to show him how scared I was from the incident earlier, I leaned back against the couch and rolled my eyes.

“You could have been killed. Or worse. What if that man didn’t plan to kill you? What if he wanted to abduct you, Raina? Did you consider that?” Havoc clenched both hands into tight fists, making the veins on his forearms pop. It briefly drew my gaze to the arrow tattooed on one arm.

Of course I’d considered that. I was a woman in a man’s toxic world. I’d learned from an early age not to trust men, as most of us had.

I shook my head and laughed. “Would you really care if he’d dragged me off and sold me to some freak on the black market? You’re not so squeaky clean with the purest of intentions either, you know.”

“Of course I’d care. I don’t like people touching my things.” Havoc stared down at me, a possessive gleam in his impossibly blue eyes. “You should work on your self-defense. Get in some practice. Maybe learn to shoot a gun too. This is no time to take stupid chances.”

“Yeah, sure. I’ll get right on that.” I gritted my teeth as I tried to stay calm. I very much despised people getting in my face and telling me what to do. I’d learned how to fight as a kid. Admittedly, it had been a long time since I’d put it into practice.

Gage sat forward on his chair. His grin widened. “I don’t think she’s taking this seriously enough. We might have to punish her. How else will she learn?”

From the kitchen came Knight’s soft chuckle, like he knew what was coming. I stiffened.

“Screw you,” I spat. “I’m not a child. You can’t punish me for going out. I’m a grown ass adult.”

Havoc nodded thoughtfully. “I think Gage is right. You need to be punished. You were told to stay put, and you left anyway. You’ve really given us no other choice.”

A nervous twitch in the pit of my stomach made me sit up straighter. “You’re crazy. I’m not participating in this demented little punishment fantasy of yours.”

“You say that like you have a choice.” Gage’s dark tone drew my gaze to his. Having two different colored eyes made the crazed expression he wore extra maniacal.

“We can do this the easy way or the hard way,” Havoc said, towering



over me. "Make your choice."

His expression was hard, his jaw firmly set, shoulders tense and ready. He really meant this. Goddamn him. Goddamn all of them.

I looked to Knight to back me up. He'd drawn closer as the discussion turned to punishment. Judging by the excitement in his dark eyes, I wouldn't be finding an ally in him.

I wasn't about to sit there and take whatever sick punishment they cooked up for me. Leaning forward, I slammed a fist into Havoc's sternum hard enough to make him double over. Then I shoved out of my seat and ran. I didn't have many options. Hoping to lock myself inside, I ran for the washroom near the front door.

"Grab her," Havoc grunted, sucking in a pained breath.

Both Knight and Gage were right behind me. I reached the washroom as Knight caught up. Before I could slip inside, he hip checked me aside. Gage was there to catch me as I lost my balance and fell. Together the two of them marched me back to where Havoc waited.

"Big mistake, Bad Girl." Havoc's tone was low and deadly. "When I get through with you, you won't sit for a week."

I frowned, not liking the sound of that. Havoc took a seat in the middle of the couch. The other two forced me to bend over across his lap. Oh, hell no. I thrashed against them, doing my best to break free. The three of them easily held me in place.

Perhaps the biggest shock was when my pants were suddenly tugged down, baring my ass to the room. I gasped. "What the fuck are you doing?"

A second later, I had my answer. Havoc's hand landed against my ass cheek in a resounding slap. Motherfucker was spanking me? Wow. Surely he knew this meant retaliation.

While Gage and Knight held me splayed across his lap, Havoc spanked

me several times. The initial pain was startling, although it quickly subsided into a satisfying sting. Not that I'd let him know that any part of this was enjoyable. I doubted that was his intent.

"You're going to regret bringing me here," I promised, biting my lip as another smack landed on my ass. "You all have to sleep sometime."

"Is that a threat, Cherry Pie?" Gage shook his head and tsked. "Might have to take this punishment to the next level."

He immediately began taking off his belt. My entire body flushed cold and then hot as I fought even harder to get free. There was no winning against the three of them. I knew that. Still, I had to try.

"I will slit your damn throat while you sleep, asshole. I swear to fuck I will." I did my best to crane my neck and glare up at Gage.

I stared unflinching as he slid his belt off and slapped the leather end of it against his palm. Gage quirked a brow, enjoying the power he wielded. Pressing my lips tight together, I held back a yelp when the leather struck my flesh.

It definitely hurt more than Havoc's hand. However, it wasn't entirely unbearable. The third strike made me whimper, although I wasn't sure if it was in pain or pleasure. Both. Definitely both.

"I think she's enjoying this," Knight said, sounding intrigued.

"Well, let's just investigate, shall we?" Havoc's hand descended between my legs, curving from my sore ass down to my pussy. His finger teased my entrance. "Soaking wet. I knew you were bad, Raina, but I didn't know how bad. I can't wait to find out all the nasty little things that make you tick."

"Go to hell, Havoc." My voice strained as I trembled with the effort to contain myself. I felt more than a little ashamed of the wetness between my legs. I didn't want to like it.

Havoc's response was to thrust his finger deep inside me. He pumped it into me several times. When Gage smacked me again with the leather belt, my pussy clenched tight around Havoc's finger. How could she give me away like that?

"Oh yeah, she likes it," Havoc chuckled. "Just how nasty are you, Bad Girl? What else turns you on?"

"Castrating toxic pieces of shit who deserve it," I said, breathy and strained. "You're at the top of my hitlist now, Havoc."

He inserted a second finger, pumping slowly. My threats only served to amuse him. "Looking forward to it. Damn, that ass is red. You're going to feel that tomorrow."

Havoc used one arm across my back to pin me tight against his lap. Someone rubbed my red and sore ass. I think it was Gage. Then he switched it up. Instead of smacking me with the belt again, he looped it around my neck, holding it like a leash.

"Yeah, you definitely need a leash. I think I would enjoy that." He grabbed my chin, forcing me to look up at him from my awkward position across Havoc's lap. "How does it feel to be forced into submission, Raina? I'm willing to bet that nobody has ever had you begging on your knees."

The sheer malicious delight in Gage's eyes ignited my temper. I strained against Havoc and Knight. They made sure I wasn't going anywhere.

"That's right, and nobody ever will, dick," I said between clenched teeth.

The way Havoc drilled my pussy with his fingers was almost too much. I wouldn't be able to hold back much longer. God, how I wished he would give my clit some love too. Was he purposely holding out?

Gage crouched down to look me right in the eyes. Giving the belt a tug, he tightened it around my neck. "I'm glad you think so. It will make victory

so much sweeter when I have you on your knees before me.”

He patted my face before removing the belt. I glared after him as he stalked into the kitchen to pour himself a drink.

Knight released his hold on my arms, moving around me to kneel behind. The touch of his fingers between my thighs followed. Playing the nice guy, he rubbed my clit in teasing circles.

I held my breath, doing all I could to contain the moans that built up inside me. When Havoc pulled his fingers from my pussy long enough to spank my ass again, the dam I'd built inside me broke. I moaned and twitched against Knight's fingers as he worked my clit. Havoc thrust his fingers back inside me, making me cry out.

Gage slammed back a shot of vodka before returning to the living room. He came to stand in front of me, using a hand in my hair to jerk my head up. Forcing me to face him, he pulled his cock out. I fully expected him to shove it down my throat. Instead, he jerked himself off.

As Havoc and Knight worked my pussy, Gage stroked his cock, staring down at me the whole damn time. Gage matched the rhythm Havoc used as he fingered me. Pleasure mounted fast, quickly bringing me to the edge and then over.

I came with a small cry that dissolved into a series of moans. Gage groaned softly and tapped my cheek.

“Open up,” he commanded.

With a haze of desire fogging me, I willingly did as instructed. Gage stepped in closer, releasing my hair as he unleashed a stream of cum across my tongue. The next shot hit me in the face, splashing across my cheek and nose. Just as he'd intended. Motherfucking bastard.

“You're a dick,” I muttered, my words lacking vehemence in the orgasm afterglow.

Havoc let me go and I surged to my feet. Jerking my pants up, I rushed to the bathroom and locked myself inside. Like I'd wanted in the first damn place.

I didn't look in the mirror. I didn't want to see Gage's spunk splattered on my face. It felt like a territorial marking. Fucker might as well have pissed on me. If he tried to do that next, I really would castrate him.

Furiously, I washed my face. The main floor bathroom had only hand soap. I made it work. After drying my face on the hand towel, I stared at my reflection. Rage burned in my eyes. I clutched the edge of the counter, shaking with anger. I didn't risk looking at my sore ass yet. I was far too pissed off.

Closing my eyes, I focused on deep breathing. I needed to stay calm and not give those sick freaks the satisfaction of seeing me this upset. Determined to end this day from hell, I pulled open the door. I wanted nothing more than to go to sleep.

I let out a startled shriek when I found all three of them waiting outside the bathroom door. "What the hell? Are you serious? What now?"

"We moved your things downstairs," Havoc said, his tone oddly detached. "You can spend the night in the basement until we figure out what to do with you."

Grabbing my arm, he pulled me out of the bathroom. He dragged me along to the basement stairs. Knight and Gage followed right behind us.

"Hey, I suggested that we shackle her to a wall. You think that's too barbaric so don't say I never contribute." Gage's flippant remark was followed by a chuckle.

"Hold up," I protested, digging my heels into the carpet at the bottom of the stairs. "Why are you treating me like a prisoner? I'm already wearing your friggin' tracking device."

“Because you’re a runner, Bad Girl. You’ve proven to be a flight risk.” With an unapologetic shrug, Havoc pulled me along through the living area to the bedroom. Then he shoved me inside. “We’ll let you out in the morning for class.”

I gaped at him in shock. All three of them filled the doorway, ensuring I’d never get through.

“I didn’t run. I went for coffee with Clover.” My voice rose to a hysterical pitch. “This is fucked up, you guys. Like really crazy. You can’t lock me in here.”

“It’s just for tonight,” Knight said, sliding Havoc a pointed look. “To keep you safe. We’ll talk about other arrangements in the morning.”

As the door swung shut, Gage muttered something about putting me in a cage. Then my gaze landed on the deadbolt that had been installed to lock me inside. No way they were really this messed up. To lock me in their basement?

The deadbolt slid into place with a devastating thud. Like anyone in my situation would, I grabbed the doorknob, trying desperately to open the door. It didn’t budge.

An enraged cry tore from me. I beat on the door with my fists, shouting for them to let me out. When it became painfully clear that they weren’t going to do that, I ran across the room to the window. It was high up the wall and not all that big. I stood on the bed to get a better look. That’s when I realized they’d used a heavy metal bar to wedge it closed from the outside. Not only that, they’d also piled several concrete blocks as a barricade in case I chose to bust through the glass.

“Fucking psychotic,” I muttered, glancing around the room. There was nothing here to help me.

Reaching for my phone, I found it missing from my pocket. It must

have fallen on the floor upstairs when Havoc pulled my pants down.  
Goddamn him.

Needing to release the swell of rage tightening my chest, I punched a hole in the wall. My knuckles crashed through the drywall, dust settling on the carpet. Not feeling any better, I sat heavily on the bed. Tears of frustration filled my eyes. I swiped them away with the back of my hand, muttering curses to the so-called Gods upstairs.

They couldn't lock me away forever. I was going to make them regret letting me get so close.

## CHAPTER FIVE



RAINA

The one perk of being locked in the basement bedroom alone was just that. Being alone. No self-appointed gods to harass and paw at me. The downside was having no bathroom. What were those sadistic bastards thinking?

When the door finally opened in the morning, my bladder was bursting. I'd already begun to consider ways to tear the door off its hinges. Havoc entered the room, his gaze going to the hole I'd punched in the wall. His jeans were low slung on his hips, his black t-shirt showing off the arrow inked on his inner forearm. Why did such a dick have to be so hot without even trying?

"Was that really necessary?" he asked, a dark brow arched inquisitively.

"Was it really necessary to torture me by locking me in a room with no damn bathroom?" Disgusted by his absolute audacity, I grabbed my bag and stormed past him.

Havoc was right behind me as I ascended the stairs. I needed a bathroom with a shower.

"Get ready for class. Gage will wait for you."

"Excuse me?" I glanced back over my shoulder as I reached the main floor. "I don't need Gage to hold my hand. I can get to class on my own."

Havoc waved my retort away. "It's non-negotiable. Don't argue. After what happened last night, I'm not taking any chances. We're not letting you out of our sight."



“You know what, Havoc?” I opened my mouth, ready to let him have it. The glimmer of amusement in his eyes stopped me. “Never mind.”

Without another word, I continued up to the second floor and into Havoc’s bathroom. I had nothing left to say to any of them. Not after last night. They’d marked me, collared me, and now caged me. What was left for them to do? Did I even want to know?

A shower helped me feel refreshed. It did nothing to calm my simmering temper. I went through the motions of doing my hair and makeup. Trying to focus on each mundane task proved difficult when all I wanted to do was burn this entire house to the ground. Not wanting to show any skin in front of these animals, I wore a simple jeans and t-shirt combo.

I gathered everything I would need for the day and went in search of my phone. Someone had placed it on the kitchen table. I scooped it up and stuffed it in my back pocket.

“Good morning,” Knight said. He gestured to the coffee pot. “Coffee? Toast?”

I let my scathing glare pass over him, saying nothing. Gage watched me over the rim of his mug, like he knew I was about to blow and wanted a front row seat. I let him feel the weight of my glare as well. Ignoring Havoc completely, I stalked from the room and headed for the front door.

“Raina, what the hell?” Havoc called after me. “You can’t just take off.”

Flinging the front door open, I pulled out the keys to my dad’s SUV. Behind me I heard Havoc tell Gage to catch up with me. I quickened my pace, hoping to get into the vehicle before Gage could stop me from leaving without him.

“What’s your problem, Doll?” Gage’s voice rang out behind me. “Don’t even think about leaving without me. I’ll make your life hell all day in

class.”

He would do it too. Cursing him inside my head, I got into the SUV and waited. I didn't so much as glance in Gage's direction when he got inside the vehicle. Staring straight ahead, I started the engine and checked my mirrors. I did my best to pretend he wasn't even there.

“Not going to talk to me, huh? Is that what this is?” Gage settled back in his seat, flipping down the visor. “Not much of a punishment. Nice try, Cherry Pie. You have to talk eventually.”

We'd see about that. I had nothing to say to any of them right now. I kept driving, not acknowledging him in any manner.

We were almost to campus when Gage asked, “Is this really because of last night? We told you that we'd let you out and we did. What's the big deal?”

My hands tightened on the wheel. I didn't know how much more of this shit I could take. At least the man who'd chased me last night didn't play games and find new ways to torture me. I almost preferred my odds with him.

Walking from the parking lot to the school with Gage yattering at me tested my patience. I clutched my bag, concentrating on putting one foot in front of the other. Once we were in class, he would have to shut up.

“Come on, Raina. You know you can't freeze me out all day. You've got to be just dying to tell me off.”

He was right about that one. I stared straight ahead as I stalked through the halls to our first class. I'd hoped to escape him inside the classroom. Unfortunately, he grabbed my arm and forced me along to a seat at the back.

I jerked my arm from his grasp and sat down. What did I have to do to get away from these guys? Last night had crossed a line for me. Being locked in that room had done something. All I wanted was to get away from them.

Maybe I should take off, go to my father and have him get this collar

off me. Of course that would mean telling him about the person working with Nikki and about the Gods themselves. He didn't know they'd claimed me as their property. I didn't want to share anything that would reignite the war between my dad and Havoc's dad. It was my problem. I should handle it. I knew that at some point I'd have to tell him about the stalker working with Nikki. But then I'd have him being all overbearing too.

The thought of returning to the Gods' house didn't sit well with me. I refused to spend another night in that basement. I'd rather find a way to hide this collar until I could remove it and crash at my dad's. The guys would never come for me there.

While Professor Harper spoke, I tuned out. I hadn't slept well, all things considered. I brainstormed ways to get away from Gage long enough to haul ass to my dad's house. Maybe a trip to the restroom.

Aware of Gage watching my every move, I started to slide out of my seat. He caught my wrist, holding me in place. He raised both brows in a silent demand.

"Am I not allowed to piss?" I whispered, trying to tug free.

"You have two minutes." Releasing my wrist, Gage made a show of opening the timer on his phone.

I fired a vicious glower at him, my temper rising when he chuckled. I slipped from the room, careful not to disturb anyone. Once outside the classroom, I released the breath I'd been holding.

The first place I went was the restroom. If Gage checked this stupid tracker, I wanted him to see that I was where I said I was going to be. Having only two minutes put me in a tough spot. I'd have to run for it. Leave the building and run like hell to my car. As long as I beat them to my dad's, I'd be safe. Too bad I'd have to leave my things behind. Maybe Clover could grab them for me.

I popped into the restroom only for proof that I'd been there. Then I opened the door, scanned the hallway for any sign of Gage, and took off. I speed walked my way out of the building before breaking into a run. Sprinting along the sidewalk toward the parking lot, I dodged around people that I passed, not letting anything slow me down. Upon reaching the parking lot, I thought surely this was too easy. That's because it was.

Gage's shout rang out behind me. A glance over my shoulder revealed him pounding along the pavement in pursuit. This fucker definitely tracked me.

I picked up the pace, my lungs heaving as I ran at full speed. Hoping to lose him or slow him down, I weaved between cars, moving from one row to another. For a moment I thought I'd lost him. I could see the SUV in the distance.

Gage suddenly emerged from between two cars. He tackled me to the ground, covering my mouth with a hand to muffle my scream. The breath was crushed from me when I landed. Gage's weight atop me didn't help.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" he snarled, fighting to control my arms as I swung wildly.

My fist connected with his face, splitting open his bottom lip. He caught my hand before I could get in another one. The laugh that spilled from Gage was downright evil. Blood dripped from his cut lip to spatter my face.

"I'm going to stay with my dad. I refuse to spend another night locked in your basement. You'll have to kill me first." I grunted, trying furiously to wipe the blood off my cheek. It was too reminiscent of his cum being in the very same place last night.

Gage turned his head to spit blood on the ground next to us. Grabbing hold of my arms, he rose, dragging me up with him. He made a half assed attempt at smoothing my disheveled hair down.

“Jesus Christ, you’re a fucking maniac, you know that?” He laughed as he wiped the rest of the blood from my cheek. “Fine. You can take my room. I’ll take the basement. Would that make you happy?”

“Nothing about any of this makes me happy.” My voice rose, carrying through the parking lot as I tried to pull free of Gage. He refused to let go.

A voice I didn’t recognize made us both freeze. “Is there a problem here? Are you hassling this lady, Corwin?”

Gage glanced over at the newcomer. His hold on me tightened possessively. “Eat shit, Keller. Just having words with my goddess here. It’s all good.”

Keller. I frowned, trying to puzzle out why that sounded familiar. Then it clicked. This must be Daire Keller. One of the Angels, according to Clover.

Daire was kind of a hottie. His short black hair was disheveled in a devil may care manner. A small black lightning bolt inked beneath the outer corner of one eye managed to be sexy. Or maybe that was the dark glare he fixed on Gage. His green eyes flashed with the promise of violence.

His gaze met mine. “Do you need me to get involved?”

Ah, choices. So easily I could say yes and have him and Gage at each other’s throats. I would definitely have a chance to ditch Gage then. Eyeing up each of them made me not so sure it was a good idea. If they fought and someone was seriously injured or worse, it would be on me. Gage kind of deserved it but Daire wasn’t part of this. There was no need to change that.

“No, I’m fine. Thank you.” I gave Daire an appreciative smile.

He lingered, like he knew I was bullshitting him. Ultimately, he had to take my word for it. “Cool. If that changes, come find me. I’m Daire. Don’t believe anything Gage says about me.”

With that parting remark, Daire set off toward the school. When he was out of earshot, I let Gage have a taste of my temper.

“Would you please let go of me now? I’ve had enough of you, Gage. Enough of all of you. I’d rather take my chances with the stalker. You’re a possessive asshole with a hard on for torment. It’s messed up. You’re messed up. Now get your damn hands off me.”

Gage pretty much laughed right in my face. “Feel better now? Can we go back to class? Trying to get an education here.”

I wasn’t sure that I’d ever experienced the kind of rage that Gage caused. I let him see the absolute loathing in my eyes. Not that I expected him to care.

When I noticed Daire pause at the edge of the parking lot and glance back at us, I let Gage pull me along with him. I didn’t want to cause trouble between the Gods and the Angels. Not yet anyway.

## CHAPTER SIX



## KNIGHT

The sound of raised voices reached me as I approached the front door. The volume grew significantly as I stepped inside. Raina and Havoc were at it again. Well, at least she was talking to us now.

I dropped my things on the couch in the front sitting room before crossing into the kitchen. Havoc and Raina stood on opposite sides of the kitchen island while Gage lounged at the table. He caught my eye as I entered and smirked. He always had loved trouble.

“What’s going on?” I asked, going to the fridge for a beer.

“Raina took off again,” Gage said in a childish sing-song tone. “I had to chase her down in the parking lot. She was going to take off to her dad’s. For shame, Cherry Pie. For shame.”

“Are you trying to stir up the shit between our parents?” Havoc demanded, having eyes only for Raina. “Why the hell would you want to do that?”

“Of course not,” Raina bit out. Her hand rested on one hip in a sassy stance. “I wasn’t going to tell my father anything. I just wanted to get away from you damn heathens. If you expect me to stay here, then give me a room of my own. Even a dog gets its own kennel, right?”

Her other hand drifted to the collar around her neck. The fury that flashed across her face made me do a double take. I suspected that we greatly underestimated the depths of Raina’s anger.

Havoc fell silent. He studied her intently, his expression unreadable.

“I told her that she could have my room.” Gage tucked a joint between his lips and lit it up. “I’ll take the basement.”

“Your room?” Havoc frowned. “Screw that. She can have my room.”

“What about my room?” I joined in, just to be a dick. “It’s cleaner than both of your rooms put together. When was the last time you dirty fucks washed your sheets?”

Raina recoiled with visible disgust. “What difference does it make whose room I stay in? I plan to stay alone.”

“That’s what you think,” Gage muttered around the joint. “You owe us, Baby Girl. Especially me. Eventually, we’re going to collect.”

Raina raised a hand to silence him. “Can you just not talk right now? Mmkay? Thanks.”

Gage regarded her with cool disdain. He puffed away on the joint in silence. I knew him though. He was plotting.

“You can stay in my room,” Havoc declared. “With me.”

Raina’s blonde tresses bounced as she vigorously shook her head. “Fuck that. I want my own space. I’m starting to think that taking my chances with the stalker is the better deal. You guys are impossible.”

“Christ, Havoc, let her take my room.” Releasing a plume of smoke above his head, Gage’s brow quirked upward. “Why do you care so much anyway? Afraid I’ll sneak in there at night and have my way with her and you’ll be none the wiser?”

That was exactly what Havoc wanted to avoid. He’d formed an obsession with owning Raina in every way. He was happy to share her with us as long as we didn’t usurp his position as leader. Because Havoc was an Alexander and Raina a Monroe, he felt entitled to her. Like she was his before she was ours. I didn’t have much of an opinion on that at this point. Although I didn’t trust it not to become an issue between Gage and Havoc.



“Something like that,” Havoc confirmed. “You shouldn’t be alone with her.”

Gage scoffed. “No argument here. That’s not going to stop me though.”

The two of them locked eyes. I didn’t like the way they looked at each other. It usually led to the two of them doing something absolutely fucked up together. Either that or they threw some punches.

Raina gave a strangled cry of frustration and stormed to the fridge. She helped herself to the vodka in the freezer. “I can’t take much more of you guys. Having the stalker take me out at this point would be a blessing. Maybe you two should fight for it. Winner determines whose room I stay in. Hey, let’s make it really interesting. Whoever wins can have me all to themselves the first night.”

A wicked smile stole over her beautiful face. *Well played, Goddess.* Despite everything we’d thrown at her so far, Raina managed to hold her own.

Havoc waved a hand to dismiss her idea. “Very funny, Bad Girl. Do you think we’re stupid enough to fall for that? We’ll be the ones calling the shots so why don’t you just—”

“Let’s do it,” Gage broke in. “What’s wrong, Havoc? Scared to fight me?”

Despite his teasing tone, Gage’s expression was stone cold serious. I wasn’t sure I liked where this was going. Sliding Raina a curious glance, I wondered if she might secretly be an evil genius.

“Fuck off,” Havoc laughed. “Don’t be so easily goaded. Let’s order something to eat before we party. Anyone want pizza? I’ll order extra hot wings.”

He dismissed Gage by turning his back. Leaning on the island counter, Havoc opened a takeout delivery app on his phone. He didn’t see Gage stand

up but the sound of his chair sliding along the floor made Havoc tense.

It made me tense too. The problem with Havoc and Gage was that they were so much alike. For the most part, they were usually on the same page with just about everything. However, those rare occasions when they didn't see eye to eye proved to be especially volatile.

"Come on, Havoc. Don't be a pussy." Gage sauntered up, holding his hands out at his sides. "I'll even let you take the first shot."

Gage plucked the joint from between his lips and passed it to Raina. He leaned on the counter next to Havoc, his face alight with amusement. Havoc's fingers tightened on the edge of the counter.

He turned to face Gage, his jaw clenched. "You're not going to drop this, are you?"

"Hell no. I want that first night alone with Raina. What's wrong? Don't think you can take me?" Gage gave Havoc a playful shove that bordered on serious.

Deciding that this had gone far enough, I raised a hand. "Okay, that's enough. Nobody needs to fight. If you guys insist on doing this, wrestle out in the backyard. Nobody needs to get hurt."

Gage frowned. He didn't want to wrestle. Crazy fucker wanted to fight. I wasn't interested in cleaning up blood tonight.

"Fine." Havoc spoke between gritted teeth. "I'll wrestle you for it, Gage. Try anything dirty and I'll fuck you up."

A gleeful smile lit up Raina's face. Turning to me, she said, "Now things are getting interesting around here."

She almost skipped outside after Gage and Havoc. With a roll of my eyes, I went after them. Someone had to referee.

Havoc tore his t-shirt off and flung it at Raina. She made no attempt to catch it, letting it hit her arm and fall to the ground. Catching my eye, she

handed me what was left of the joint.

“Here you go, cutie.” Raina blew a lock of hair out of her face. “Want the rest of this?”

I accepted the joint, finding it hard to take my gaze off her. Something about Raina had hooked me from the very first meeting. Since then it had grown substantially. Maybe it had been the way she’d glared daggers at Havoc as he poured beer over her head. Maybe it was how hard she’d fought when we caught her in the woods. The memory of being balls deep in her pussy was almost enough to make me challenge the winner of this ridiculous little show.

The sound of two bodies colliding jerked my focus from Raina. Gage had tackled Havoc. The two of them rolled around on the grass grappling for control. Raina let out a little whoop of delight. Yeah, she was definitely an evil genius. She knew exactly what she was doing by manipulating these idiots into a wrestling match.

“Watch out for the pool,” she called when they almost rolled right in. “Damn, this is great entertainment. Feel free to jump in, Knight.”

“You’d love that, wouldn’t you?” I winced when Gage used an aggressive arm across Havoc’s throat to pin him.

“I’m not sure,” Raina replied mischievously. “I’ll have to see it to know for certain.”

Havoc twisted his body, throwing Gage off. They both sprang to their feet, circling each other. Gage moved first, rushing Havoc. Ready for it, Havoc bent down low. He caught Gage by the waist and used his momentum to lift him up and over. Gage hit the grass flat on his back.

“Motherfucker,” he groaned. Rolling over, he was back up quickly, ready for more.

He went at Havoc again. This time Gage grabbed Havoc around the

waist, barreling into him at full strength. The two of them went down. Gage worked to get Havoc into an arm bar. That was a serious move. If these two started throwing down for real, I'd have to separate them. I wasn't too keen on that. I'd learned long ago not to let them fight it out. It only ended in bloodshed and insults.

No matter how many times they'd fought, nothing had ever come between them. The three of us were tight. I didn't think anything could ever change that.

I glanced at Raina. She watched intently as Havoc got free of Gage's hold. She wore satisfaction like a second skin. I got the feeling that Havoc didn't know what he was getting us all into when he brought her here.

Havoc managed to get Gage into a headlock. He held tight, forcing Gage's face to redden. "Tap out or I choke you out."

Gage resisted. Stubborn as fuck. I expected him to pass out. Instead, he jammed an elbow into Havoc's stomach. When Havoc's hold loosened, Gage punched him in the face.

"Hey," I shouted. "That's dirty, Gage."

My protests didn't matter. Not once Havoc punched him back. Raina let out a little squeal and clapped her hands together.

"Let's see some blood, boys," she called. "Give your goddess a show."

Raina claimed that we were fucked up. She wasn't all milk and cookies herself. There wasn't a damn sweet and wholesome thing about her. No wonder we all wanted her so bad.

Gage was the first to draw blood. That's when I called it. His fist connected with Havoc's face perfectly. Blood gushed from his nose. That's exactly what Raina had wanted.

"That's enough," I barked, stepping in between them. I held up a hand to keep either of them from continuing. "You're done. Let's drink and order

food.”

Havoc bent over, letting the blood run from his nose to puddle in the grass next to the pool. His maniacal grin landed on Raina. “And then we party.”

## CHAPTER SEVEN



**RAINA**

“Don’t let me lose sight of you, Bad Girl, or we’re going to have a problem.” Havoc shoved open the front door to the Angels’ house, ushering me in ahead of him. “And don’t accept anything from anyone who isn’t us.”

A surprised laugh burst out. “Are you kidding? I’m not taking anything from you assholes. I learned that lesson.”

Gage and Knight filed in behind us. The house was average size for a typical family. Nice without being fancy. Not that it needed to be. We entered into the living room where people were doing everything from keg stands to dry humping in the corner. Maybe some not so dry humping as well. Damn, it wasn’t even that late yet.

Leaning in close so his breath tickled my ear, Gage snarled, “I promise you, Cherry Pie, that next time we group fuck you, you’ll be stone cold sober, and you’ll still beg for more cock.”

My nose wrinkled, my lip curling in distaste. “I wouldn’t bet on it.”

As Havoc pushed me along through the living room to the kitchen, I scanned the party goers for Clover. She said that she’d be here. We reached the kitchen where people were packed around the six seater table. Others hung out around the island. A back door led into the yard. The scent of fire smoke drifted in through the open door.

Right away Havoc was greeted by people vying for his attention. Guys and girls seemed to want the Gods to notice them. I, on the other hand, was doing my best to not be noticed by them. No way in hell was I hanging with

them all night. I couldn't think of a shittier way to spend a party.

While Havoc was distracted talking shit with some guy I didn't know, I tugged free of him and helped myself to the booze. Selecting whiskey from among the many bottles on the counter, I poured a large splash into a disposable plastic cup. Seeing as Clover wasn't in the house, she must be outside. Assuming she was already here.

Leaving the guys behind, I ventured out into the backyard. A fire burned in a pit in the middle of the yard. A large group stood around the fire, passing joints and drinking. Chairs were littered about the yard, most of them occupied. As I searched the shadowy corners of the yard, I heard my name.

I turned to find Clover and Lyra standing on the outer edge of the crowd gathered around the fire. Clover waved me over, her face lighting up with a brilliant smile. It was almost as bright as her pink lipstick.

"Hey, girl." She pulled me in for a quick hug, holding her drink out so it wouldn't spill on me. "Glad you made it. Did you come alone?"

She glanced behind me, expecting to see the jerks who'd collared me. I shook my head and took a large swallow of my drink. "Unfortunately, no. The old balls and chains are in the house." I met Lyra's uncertain glance with a smile. "Hey, Lyra. Nice to see you. How's it going?"

"It's good." Lyra nervously tucked a lock of long brown hair behind an ear. She clutched a vodka cooler in the other hand. "Same old shit. Work and school, you know."

Making small talk was far better than the cold shoulder I'd expected. Clover had told me that Lyra thought faking my own death to mess with the Gods was screwed up. She wasn't wrong. That's why I didn't hold it against her if she didn't want to let me get too close. Considering the Gods had claimed me as a damn pet, things might get crazier than faking my own death. I didn't want to subject Lyra to that. She seemed far too sweet and

pure for my brand of crazy.

The three of us talked while enjoying our drinks. Basic stuff. A way to engage that didn't require any deep thought. I was just happy to hang with Clover. The girl time meant even more to me these days than ever before. I kept sneaking glances at the house, expecting the jerks to emerge and ruin this for me.

It was a totally different jerk that ruined our vibe though. A guy dressed all in black sauntered over, his hands shoved into the pockets of his expensive jeans. His gaze skimmed over Clover and me before zeroing in on Lyra.

She stiffened when she noticed him approaching. Angling her body to turn her back to him didn't stop the guy from hooking a thumb under the thin strap of her tank top. He pulled the strap away, letting it snap back against her skin.

"That's quite an enticing top you have on there, Corn Flake," he said with a hungry grin. "Who exactly are you trying to entice?"

Lyra's entire body tensed. Her gaze darted about frantically, like a caught animal seeking escape. "Not you, dickhole. Take a hike, Jet. Kind of busy with my friends here."

I studied Jet, giving him a quick, analytical onceover. Hair so dark it was almost black, it matched his eyes. They were also impossibly dark. The firelight reflected in his pupils enhanced the effect. A tattoo on his neck drew my attention. I squinted, trying to make it out. It appeared to be a vampire bite with blood drops spilling down his neck. Edgy. Maybe a little pretentious.

"Too good to introduce me to your friends?" Jet slid a possessive arm around Lyra's shoulders. "They should know me. I'm family."

Lyra's face filled with restrained anger. Instead of elbowing this guy in



the guts, she played along. “Fine. This is Clover and Raina. Ladies, this is my stepbrother, Jet. He’ll just be getting lost now.”

Even when she said something insulting, it came out with a sugar coated quality. Like she couldn’t bring herself to really bring the fight. Upon discovering that this idiot was her stepbrother, I looked a little harder at him. This guy was one of the Demons? The supposed cult? Yeah, right.

“Nice to meet you, Jet.” Beaming her friendly smile, Clover extended a hand. Jet shook it with little effort or interest.

I didn’t bother with a fake gesture of friendliness. That kind of thing wasn’t in my nature. Instead, I eyed Jet up like he was a walking turd.

“Are you finished?” I asked, letting my disgust form my expression.

“Excuse me?” Jet frowned.

“You heard me,” I continued, not at all intimidated by him. “Are you finished with this little show you’re putting on for Lyra? Because I was finished watching it before you even opened your mouth.”

I didn’t care if he was in a cult. What could he do? Sacrifice me? He’d have to get past the Gods first. They’d never let someone swipe their pet.

Lyra’s eyes widened. She went white as a ghost. Jesus Christ. This girl needed to stop taking this guy’s shit.

Jet’s gaze narrowed. Releasing Lyra, he took a step toward me.

“You’re a mob princess, right? That’s cute. No wonder Alexander claimed you. But you might want to keep your mouth shut and show some respect. You have no idea who you’re dealing with.”

Wow. Tough guy talk. Too bad that shit didn’t work on me. I erupted into laughter. Before I could tell Jet where to go and how to get there, I was suddenly pulled backwards into someone’s arms.

Havoc wrapped himself around me from behind. He clapped a hand over my mouth to silence the retort I had brewing. Next to my ear he

whispered, “Shut that pretty mouth, Raina. Or I’ll gag you with my cock.” Louder to Jet he said, “Don’t talk shit to my girl, Reinhart. You really don’t want to start something you can’t win.”

Jet’s stare darkened dangerously. I didn’t expect him to back down. He held Havoc’s gaze unflinching and unafraid. If these dumbasses fought, I was getting the hell out of the way. No way was I getting caught in the crossfire and taking a stray punch. Or worse.

It was the arrival of Knight and Gage that made up Jet’s mind for him. Guess his cult buddies weren’t around to back him up tonight. Must have been busy making sacrifices to the old gods. Playing it cool, Jet held up both hands.

“Apologies, Havoc. I didn’t know she was yours.” After lying to Havoc’s face, Jet leaned in close to Lyra, speaking loud enough for us all to hear. “Don’t forget, little sis, I know where you sleep.”

With that creepy parting remark, Jet sauntered away as cool as he’d come. Unruffled. Definitely a smarmy bastard. I didn’t like that guy. Judging by the revulsion on Lyra’s face, she didn’t like him much either. She watched him disappear into the house. Only then did she relax.

I wrestled my way out of Havoc’s grasp, shoving his hand off my mouth. “For the rest of the night, we don’t know each other. Got it?”

Having him stop me from laying into Jet really ticked me off. I didn’t want to face off with the Gods in front of Lyra and Clover. Or anyone else here for that matter. I just wanted to be left alone to have a good time.

Havoc’s brows knit into an unhappy frown. Before he could protest, Gage cut him off.

“Sure, why not?” Gage snickered, an evil glint in his mismatched eyes. “Sounds good to me. We don’t know each other. Enjoy your night, Raina.”

Slinging an arm around Havoc, Gage steered him away. Knight

lingered, staring at me suspiciously. When I merely shrugged, he wagged a finger at me in warning before following after them.

It didn't take long for Lyra to decide that she wasn't in a party mood after all. After she left, Clover and I refilled our drinks and wandered through the house. We paused to talk to people from school. Clover introduced me to several I had yet to meet. I smiled and nodded, being polite while scoping the place out.

Havoc had crammed in at the overflowing kitchen table where a poker game took place. He caught my eye and patted his lap in invitation. I sipped my drink while slowly shaking my head. I may have been collared but I wasn't on a leash. Yet.

"Is it just me or is Blaze incredibly hot? I want to lick him all over. Maybe bite that tight ass." Clover snapped her teeth together in a biting motion.

I laughed, following her stare to the dirty blond hottie hanging out near the poker game at the table. He was tattooed, his hair long enough to fall into his eyes. My gaze strayed past him to Daire who stood next to him, smoking a cigarette.

"Yeah, he's pretty hot. Who is he?" Feeling my curious stare, Daire glanced my way. Naturally, I redirected my gaze back to Clover.

"Blaze Bixby. He's one of the Angels. I've had the hugest crush on him since we went to eighth grade together." Clover sighed, raising her cup to her lips.

"Let me guess," I said. "You've never made a move or done anything to show interest."

"Not true," Clover protested with a laugh. "I once got my friend to tell him I thought he was cute. I was fifteen, but it still counts."

I studied the two Angels. "Vigilantes, huh? Think that's true?"

Clover let her gaze wander back over to them. “I have no idea. Although I have seen all three of them show up on campus looking like they’d just been in a brawl.”

I couldn’t help but be curious. Especially being a so-called mob brat. Did their brand of justice include my family’s brand of crime?

Both Daire and Blaze ended their kitchen conversations and departed to the living room. I nudged Clover. “Want to get another refill and go flirt? Maybe you can nab yourself an Angel to take home tonight.”

I wasn’t really interested in flirting with anyone but I was happy to encourage my girl. She let me pull her along to the living room where the party was the loudest. The room was packed. It was astounding how many bodies could pile into a room. People spilled down the stairs from the top floor where party goers were most likely hooking up in the bedrooms.

Clover took in the sight of a brunette happily giving head to a guy on the couch. “Shit, that’s bold.”

I couldn’t help but flash back to being on my knees in front of Havoc while he claimed me. I hated that I’d sucked him off in front of several of these guys. Had Daire been there? I couldn’t remember the details. The faces of the people who’d watched were a blur in my memory.

My gaze passed over Gage once before I did a double take. What the fuck? He sat on an armchair in the far corner of the room with a girl on his lap. The sharp sting of adrenaline in my veins got my heart pounding. That little fucker thought he could get handsy with anyone he pleased while I wore a collar with a tracking device? Oh, fuck no.

Gage glanced up to find me staring. He shrugged and mouthed the words, “Do I know you?”

So that’s how he wanted to play this one. Fine then. Game on.

“Why don’t you go talk to Blaze?” I suggested, doing my best to ignore

Gage. "I'll go with you."

I started toward the stairs where Daire and Blaze stood at the bottom in a small group of people. Clover started to follow, clutching nervously at my arm. Daire saw us coming. He straightened up, dropping his cigarette into the remains of his drink. He set the cup down on the table beside the front door.

Before we reached them, we were intercepted by Zane. He came out of nowhere, picking Clover up in a hug. He spun her around, causing her drink to spill. I narrowly avoided being in the splash zone.

"Hey, babe. You look sexy as fuck tonight. Come outside and smoke a joint with me. I had that job interview today. I want to tell you about it." Zane took Clover's hand, leading her toward the door.

She dug in her heels so he was forced to stop. "Hold up, Zane. I'm having a drink with Raina."

Zane whirled around, pretending to notice me for the first time. "Oh shit, Raina. Hey. Sorry about that. I can wait."

For Clover's sake, I kept a smile plastered on my face. I didn't like Zane. He had a vibe that put me on edge. He wasn't a good guy. Deep down I could feel it.

Trying to make it easy for Clover, I said, "No, that's cool. Go ahead and smoke your joint. I'll meet up with you after."

"Are you sure?" She glanced uncertainly between Zane and me.

"Of course. There's plenty of ways for me to keep busy." My smile grew brittle on my face. I wasn't so good at faking it. Clover was friends with Zane, who obviously wanted to get in her pants, and I didn't want to come between them.

They disappeared out into the front yard. I wasn't alone for long though. Daire beckoned me over with a finger and a wink. Um, alrighty then. Let's do it.

I was dying to glance across the room to see if Gage watched. Not that I needed to look. The weight of his stare bore into me as I approached Daire. He wore a leather jacket over a black t-shirt with blue jeans. His smile grew as I drew closer.

“Hello again,” he greeted me. “I hope I wasn’t butting in before. With Gage.”

“No, of course not.” I waved away his concern. “It was nothing. Just Gage being Gage. Thanks for saying something though. That was super sweet of you.”

I placed a hand on his arm and smiled, adding a little extra to it. Maybe I was in the mood to flirt after all. Sipping my drink, I eyed up Daire. Not bad looking at all. I doubted he was any better than any of the Gods. That didn’t matter right then.

“It looked like you two were having a fight. I didn’t know if I should get involved, but it’s Gage, so I thought I’d better.” Daire chuckled, nodding toward the door. “Do you want to go outside where we can talk without shouting?”

It was damn loud in there. I didn’t really want to hook up with the guy but having Gage see me leave with him would sure feel good. This time I did glance back to make sure Gage watched. He did. The woman on his lap stuck her tongue in his ear. He barely noticed. I did though.

“Yeah, I’d love to.” Turning my back to Gage, I let Daire usher me to the front door.

We never reached the door. Gage was there pushing between us before we took more than a few steps. He shoved me aside so violently I tripped and almost fell. My drink hit the floor as I narrowly caught hold of the back of the couch.

I looked up in time to see Gage smash his fist into Daire’s face. The

party erupted in cheers and shouts as a fight broke out. This had not been my intent. Of course, that didn't mean I wouldn't still enjoy it.

There was no hesitation on Daire's part. He hit Gage back with a powerful punch. The two of them went at each other hard, slinging fists back and forth. It didn't take long to bring Knight and Havoc to the scene. They jumped in quickly, attempting to break up the fight. Blaze and another of Daire's friends jumped in too.

The fight ended as fast as it had started. Blaze shouted for Havoc and Knight to get Gage out of here. I guess we were being kicked out. Oops.

## CHAPTER EIGHT



**RAINA**

Gage lost his shit and flipped out in a drunken rage. He made it next to impossible for Knight and Havoc to wrestle him to the car. All he wanted was to tear Daire apart.

At Havoc's command, I got into the front seat with Knight who slid in on the driver's side. Havoc held Gage in a headlock in the backseat, threatening to choke him unconscious. Afraid to meet Gage's eyes and set him off further, I stared straight ahead out the windshield.

"I'll fucking kill that cunt. Get off me, Havoc. Don't think you're safe, Raina. I'm coming for you next." Gage raged from one thing to another. His fury made the interior of the car hot and uncomfortable.

Sucking in a deep breath, I tried not to let Gage's vicious promise unnerve me. It didn't work. I'd seen enough of him to know that he was a loose cannon. Unpredictable. He thought that I owed him. Now he was pissed and seeking payback.

I spent the entire drive back to the Gods' house in silence. Gage burst from the car as it rolled to a stop in the driveway. He stormed up to the house and through the front door. I was conflicted, torn between fearing Gage's wrath and being excited by it. I followed along, keeping my distance.

"He just needs to sober up and cool off," Knight said as we went inside. "Don't worry about him."

Havoc scoffed. "Easy for you to say. You're not the one he's got a hard on for. I'd love to tell you that it's nothing, but if I were you, Bad Girl, I'd



prepare for a rough night.”

A shiver crept through me, leaving tingles in its wake. “Thanks for that, Havoc. Really encouraging. Cool. I love that for me.” Knowing better than to expect either of these assholes to protect me from Gage, I changed the subject. “Can I have a room to myself that I’m not locked inside tonight?”

“Take Gage’s room.” A sneaky little sneer curved Havoc’s lips. “He won the fight to have you take it.”

“I’ll get your things from Havoc’s room.” Knight offered me a helpful smile before disappearing upstairs.

They were seriously going to leave me to Gage. Like that goat chained up for the T-Rex in *Jurassic Park*. Well, screw them. I didn’t need them to protect me.

Not giving a shit if anyone saw me, I went to the kitchen and helped myself to the deadliest knife in the drawer. Then I angrily stalked up the stairs.

“You’ll never get the chance to use that,” Havoc called after me. “You’ll only encourage him.”

As I reached the top of the stairs, Gage shoved past me. He carried a handful of personal items, a toothbrush and razor, among other things. He paused one step below, peering up with a maniacal glint in his crazy eyes.

“Brace yourself, Cherry Pie. Tonight I’m coming to get what’s mine.” Turning away, he continued on down the stairs, going all the way into the basement.

I stood in the doorway to Gage’s bedroom. Everything was dark, a combination of blacks and grays. The curtains, the bedding, and even the wall paint. A double bed was pressed against the wall in one corner. The blanket and sheets were rumpled. The man probably hadn’t made the bed a day in his life.

A desk with a laptop sat in the opposite corner near the window. The blinds were drawn, keeping the streetlight out. Other than a dresser and a closet, Gage's room was pretty basic. The energy in his space felt intense. I'd never be able to relax in here. Maybe I could convince Knight or Havoc to give me their room instead.

That would mean giving Gage the satisfaction of being able to intimidate me. The very thought was unacceptable. Nope, I'd have to suck it up and stay in that psycho's bedroom. The room smelled like Gage. A cedarwood and marijuana combo that held undertones of male pheromones. A cocktail of danger that messed with my head.

Knight appeared behind me with my bag. "I think everything is in here. You might want to double check."

"Thanks." I took the bag and tossed it on the bed, plopping down beside it. "Goodnight."

I just wanted him to leave and close the door. I was done with this night and with all of them. Gage could make all the sick promises he wanted. I was going to sleep.

Picking up on the vibe, Knight closed the door. I slipped the knife under the pillow before digging through my bag for something to wear to bed. Lucky for me, every bedroom here had its own bathroom. I locked both the bedroom and bathroom doors before getting naked. Gage was a lock picker though. I doubted that would do more than slow him down.

After a quick shower, I slipped into a t-shirt and panties. I preferred to sleep without a lot of heavy materials weighing me down. In light of Gage's threat, I almost considered sleeping fully clothed. Nope. That wouldn't send the right message.

I opened the curtains to let the streetlight shine in. I wanted to see that fucker coming before he was on top of me. That would've been a whole lot

easier if I hadn't been drinking. Once I got settled in the bed, I passed out in no time.

Big mistake. I should have forced myself to sit up and wait for him.

The sound of the door didn't wake me. Neither did the sensation of Gage getting into the bed. No, my drunk ass didn't wake up until he helped himself to a handful of my pussy.

My eyes flew open as Gage's hand moved between my legs. He lay behind me, reaching over to grope about between my thighs. My hand immediately clamped down over his to stop its persistent motion. With the other hand, I searched under my pillow for the knife.

"Looking for this?" Gage's chuckle sent a chill through me, right down to the bone. He withdrew his groping hand. A moment later the knife dangled over me, the blade glinting in the streetlight.

"Goddamn you," I muttered. Goosebumps broke out on my skin.

Gage tossed the knife onto the floor. "You know it's going to take a lot more than that to stop me."

From behind he wrapped a hand around my throat, gripping hard above the collar I wore. His body pressed tight against mine. Digging his hard on into my ass, Gage bit the back of my neck. I gasped at the sudden unexpected sting. Inwardly cursing myself for making a noise he'd enjoy, I clamped my lips shut.

"You know what I want, Raina," he murmured in my ear. "Give it to me. Unless you'd prefer that I just take it."

I did know what he wanted. He'd told me right after saving me from my evil stepmother when she tried to run me down with a car. Gage wanted me to fight. He was a sick bastard who wanted a struggle while he held me down and fucked me.

The thought of him doing such a thing sent a wave of heat rushing to

my groin. Dammit. I'd never been one to give in when presented with a fight. I'd always been happy to give it my all, doing whatever it took to win. Was I willing to fight this time?

I was painfully aware of the danger Gage's mere presence signified. The smart thing to do would be to play it meek and mild. Just lie there and submit. There wasn't a single cell in my body that would comply with such a tactic. I just couldn't do it.

What could I say? I'd always enjoyed a good fight.

Knowing exactly what I was doing, I jammed my elbow back into Gage's side. His surprised grunt encouraged me. My attempt to slam my head back into his face didn't work. He was ready for a move like that.

Gage's laugh seemed to fill the room. He caught me by my hair, trapping my head in place. "I knew you would fight. That's right, Baby Girl. Make me work for it."

Jesus Christ, he really was a fucking nutcase. The excitement that skittered through my veins suggested I may like it. I blamed my parents for raising me in a crime family. All I'd ever known were bad men who do bad things.

"You're a goddamn psycho, Gage," I snarled, bending his fingers back in an attempt to pry his hand free of my hair. "You'll have to try harder than that if you want me to submit."

"Oh, I don't want you to submit. I want you to fight right until the moment you come all over my cock." Gage pushed to his knees so he loomed over me. Even in the dim lighting, I could make out the crazed grin he wore.

Peering up at him, I sucked in a shuddery breath. "What the hell is wrong with you? Seriously."

I didn't really expect an answer. He surprised me by saying, "What isn't? Maybe it's because my dad forced me to do some fucked up shit at a

really young age. Maybe it's because I watched him beat my mom to death. Or maybe I just fucking like it."

My mouth went dry. I knew we'd all grown up exposed to violence and crime, but I'd had no idea that Gage's past contained such trauma. It kind of explained everything about him. It sure didn't excuse or justify his behavior, although I saw him much more clearly now.

"I'm sorry," I stammered because it felt like the right thing to say when someone tells you they saw their mom get murdered. "That's screwed up."

Gage didn't want my sympathy. He slapped a hand over my mouth to silence me. "Everything about me is screwed up, Raina. You're starting to figure that out though, aren't you? Do you have any idea what you do to me? You make me want to hurt you, Cherry Pie. I want to hear you scream my name."

My heart picked up the pace. Adrenaline spilled through me, driven by the darkness in his voice. How far was he willing to take this? Would Havoc and Knight really let him hurt me?

Considering Havoc had forced me to my knees and shoved my face into his crotch, yeah, he'd probably stand by and let this happen. He wasn't going to choose his best friend over me. The enemy.

I tried to bring a knee up to go for Gage's balls. He was only going to let me get away with that once. Gage snickered as he blocked my attempt. Using his body to pin me to the bed, he leaned down over me. Like a damn animal, Gage licked up the side of my neck to my cheek.

Slamming my forearm against his, I knocked his hand from my mouth. Then I punched him in the sternum. He grunted and hunched over. I quickly sat up, shoving against him as hard as I could. It took a lot more effort than I expected.

I managed to shove Gage off me. A second shove almost made him fall

off the bed. As he tried not to fall, he made a grab for me. I scrambled toward the end of the bed in an effort to get away.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Gage’s hand was warm on my skin as he caught my ankle. “I’m starting to think you like to be chased. Is that what you want? For me to chase you like prey?”

Gage dragged me across the blanket toward him. I grabbed at the edge of the bed, trying to hold on. He’d wanted me to make him work for it. That’s what I was doing.

“What I want is for you to go fuck yourself.” I couldn’t help the grin that spread across my face. Figuring out what ticked Gage off the most was amusing as hell.

“Is that so?” His wicked chuckle reached straight to my groin. “Sorry to disappoint you, Doll. The only thing I plan to fuck right now is that pussy.”

Gage pulled me closer. Grabbing me by both arms, he forced me over onto my back. I resisted his efforts, struggling against him. His greater strength won out.

Slamming my arms down on either side of my head, Gage straddled me. I twisted and jerked, doing my best to throw him off. Having him on top of me was both exciting and terrifying. Part of me truly did want to escape. I didn’t trust him not to take things too far.

“Is that the best you can do?” Releasing one of my arms, Gage firmly grasped my jaw. He forced me to stare deep into his hazel and blue eyes. “Come on now, Raina. It’s like you’re not even trying.”

He had me trapped. Literally. Not knowing what to do but needing to make a move, I made a fist with my free hand and swung. Gage saw it coming. He invited it. I punched him in the face, making his head jerk hard to one side.

Fuck me. That was bold. Probably stupid too. With little choices left, it

just happened.

Because I couldn't change my course of action now, I went with it. I shoved hard against his chest in an attempt to dislodge him. Gage wouldn't be moved.

Slowly he turned his head back to face me. Sinister intentions were written all over his face. Blood welled up on his bottom lip next to the piercing there.

"How's that for not even trying?" My voice came out higher and louder than I'd expected. Panic rang through every word.

Gage recaptured my free hand, pinning it next to my head. "I've got to hand it to you. That actually hurt. Does that mean I get to hurt you now?"

He leaned over me, lining it up perfectly so the blood from his split lip dripped onto my face. Right onto my mouth. I clamped my lips shut, frantically shaking my head to avoid the spatter. This man and his thing with blood. What the hell was that about?

"Open up, Raina. It's not like you haven't already had my blood inside you. You're going to take all of me." Releasing my arms, Gage grabbed me by the throat with one hand. He used the other to pry my lips apart.

I slapped and shoved at his arms and chest, doing my best to move him. It proved useless. He was too heavy. Forcing my mouth open, he watched intently as his blood spilled onto my lips. It splashed against my tongue, warm and metallic. Unable to do anything but swallow Gage's blood, I screamed.

My scream turned into his name. "Get off me, you fucking lunatic."

I went for a throat punch, and he easily blocked me. Grinning down at me, Gage slapped my fists away. That didn't stop me from trying. I flailed beneath him. We grappled as he tried again to restrain me. I was determined not to make it easy for him.

Gage got lucky. He caught one of my wrists, holding it tight. A small battle ensued as I tried desperately to punch his smirking face while he tried to catch my free hand. Instead of blocking a hit, Gage took it. My fist connected with his face. My mouth dropped open in surprise. He'd been blocking all of them. I hadn't expected to hit him.

It was a solid shot in the face. A likely black eye in the making. Gage's smile grew. He grabbed my arm before I could withdraw. Trapping both of my wrists in one of his strong hands, he was free to do anything he wanted.

"That's going to bruise, you know. I'd say it's only fair that I leave my mark on you as well." Gage pushed my disheveled hair out of my face. Trailing a finger down my cheek to my bloodstained mouth, he leaned in to drag his pierced tongue along my lip.

Then he bit me. Sharp and sudden. I yelped. As blood seeped from the small wound, Gage sucked my lip into his mouth.

He never gave me a chance to gather my thoughts or make a counter move before he began aggressively tearing at my clothes. Even with only one hand, he had no problem shoving my shirt up. He palmed one of my tits, pinching the nipple painfully. I whimpered softly, cursing myself for making a noise.

Pressing my trapped hands against the bed above my head, Gage bent to suck my other nipple into his mouth. I tensed, expecting pain. He sucked hard enough to make me squeak but he didn't bite down. Not until he moved to the creamy white of my breast. His teeth sank deep into my flesh. This time a pained shout broke free.

If I screamed for help, would anybody come?

Doubtful. Just as well. I didn't need their help. Despite Gage's aggression and gibes, I wasn't afraid of him. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.



“Takes a real badass to pin a woman down and fuck her,” I taunted, straining against his hold on my wrists. Yeah, I wasn’t getting out of that. “Does this make you feel like a man, Gage?”

Pressing his lips to the valley between my breasts, Gage chuckled, his laughter vibrating through my body. “I’m not sure yet. Let’s find out.”

He hooked a few fingers in the waistband of my panties and roughly jerked them down my legs. Then he furiously worked his belt loose. I squirmed about beneath him, doing my best to make this difficult.

Gage switched my trapped wrists from one hand to the other as he shed his *Natural Born Killers* t-shirt. When he was naked above me, my heart reverberated in my ears. And yet, wetness pooled between my thighs.

He used a knee to shove my legs apart. No foreplay. Gage wasn’t interested in pleasing me. Only taking me and making me his.

There was no hesitation on his part. No pause in action. He thrust inside me with enough force to make me cry out. Pain or pleasure? All of it. Somehow the two sensations came together in a heady concoction that made me hate myself a little. Gage was a twisted bastard, but I loved what he did to me.

Buried deep inside me, Gage licked the tip of my nose. “You know what makes me feel like a man, Cherry Pie? How fucking soaked your pussy is for me. You like the pain, huh? Yeah, I get it. I like it too.”

Taking advantage of his proximity, I bit his chin. My teeth dug into his flesh, making him suck a sharp breath between his teeth.

“You have no idea what I like,” I hissed, writhing beneath him. “I’m not like you, Gage.”

Moving between my legs, Gage pumped furiously into me. “Aren’t you? That’s funny. Your ridiculously wet pussy says otherwise. You like it rough and dirty. How much can you take, Raina? How far are you willing to

go?”

The mania in his mismatched stare challenged me. Holding his intense gaze, I raised my hips to meet his thrusts. “Try me.”

A wild gleam filled his eyes. Gage let go of my bruised wrists. One hand encircled my neck above the titanium collar. With the other, he fisted my hair, using his hold to keep my head pinned to the bed.

His vigorous thrusts were downright brutal. He plunged as deep as he could go, making insane demands of my body. I clawed at his forearms, leaving bloody gouges behind. Despite the fight I still had in me, I succumbed to his kiss.

Gage’s mouth moved heatedly on mine. His kiss was an assault. An attack on my mouth. He bit the tip of my tongue before sucking it between his lips. I kissed him back with a furious aggression of my own. He needed to know that I would never back down.

As the mad heat between us grew, we writhed together in a vicious display of desire and loathing. I didn’t realize how loud my moans and cries had grown until the door flew open. Knight stood in the threshold, illuminated by the hall light behind him. Havoc appeared a moment later, peering over Knight’s shoulder.

“Get out,” Gage snapped.

“See,” Havoc said with a yawn. “I told you that he wasn’t killing her.”

Knight shrugged, his gaze on the hand Gage had wrapped around my throat. “Can’t blame me for needing to be sure. Take it easy, Gage. If the neighbors hear this shit, they’re going to call the cops.”

They disappeared as fast as they’d come. The door closed, leaving Gage and me alone again.

“Well, then we better give the neighbors a damn good reason to call.” Gage raised up enough to grab me and flip me over.

Grasping my hips and ass, he pulled me up to my knees. One hand on the back of my head shoved my face down into the blanket. A resounding spank on my still sore ass cheek made me gasp.

“Motherfucker,” I muttered, fisting a handful of blanket.

“What was that?” A second slap followed. “Got something to say, Doll?”

Gritting my teeth as he roughly entered me from behind, I snarled, “I said you’re a motherfucker who hasn’t touched my clit once. Not even going to make me come, are you? I guess I can do that myself after you leave.”

Gage clenched a tight fistful of my hair. He jerked my head back and to the side, forcing me to look at him. “I should make you ache for it and leave you hanging. It’s the least you deserve.”

“Do it then,” I taunted. “I can come harder by myself anyway.”

It was far too easy to goad Gage. He was like a rabid animal pounding away behind me. I braced myself for each thrust. To my sheer delight, he dropped a hand down and reached around to target my clit.

Pinching it between his fingertips, Gage murmured, “We’ll see about that.”

A jolt of pain shot through my clit with pleasure hot on its heels. He rubbed it in rough, demanding circles that made my knees shake. It was the perfect amount of pressure to go with his thrusts. Try as I might to fight the moans and cries, I couldn’t hold back. Gage would leave here satisfied that he’d gotten exactly what he wanted.

My body took his cock’s abuse and wanted more. Chest heaving, lungs burning, I felt like I ran a marathon and had yet to reach the finish line. My orgasm built swiftly as Gage touched me just right. I exploded all over his cock, twitching and writhing.

“That’s right, Raina. Your pussy fucking loves me.” He slapped my

sore butt cheeks again. A few deep thrusts later, he pulled out and came all over my ass.

The worst part was that I couldn't even argue his claim. I didn't try. Instead I said, "Yeah, well, I still hate you, so shove it."

His amused chuckle haunted me. Gage flopped down on the bed beside me, leaving me on my knees with his spunk decorating my ass. "You might want to clean that up. Don't get my sheets dirty."

I scowled down at him. "What are you still doing here? The door is that way."

With cum dripping down my ass, I climbed off the bed and stalked to the bathroom. I swung the door shut as it ran down the back of my leg. Now that the fun part was over, Gage's visit was just pissing me off.

Through the door came his muffled reply. "It's my room, Baby Cakes. Besides, I haven't decided if I'm finished with you yet tonight."

I hurriedly cleaned myself up. What a total jackass. Returning to the room, I snatched up my underwear and put them back on. My gaze strayed to the knife on the floor.

Gage's eyes were closed, yet somehow he knew. "Don't even think about it. And take those things off. I want you naked beside me."

I stood there next to the bed, contemplating. Nah, I didn't have any fight left in me after being fucked like that. Stripping down, I got into bed and slid as far away from Gage as possible. To my relief, he didn't force me any closer.

Once I got settled, it didn't take long to fall asleep. I was exhausted. I wasn't sure how much time had passed when Gage roused me by rolling in close to spoon me. His tattoo covered arm went around my waist, his face pressed to the back of my shoulder.

He was sound asleep. Holding me with a tenderness he'd never once

shown me. That was perhaps the most terrifying thing Gage had done all night.

## CHAPTER NINE



### GAGE

“What the hell happened to you? Did Raina do that?” Knight did a double take as I entered the kitchen.

He glanced up from his phone, his coffee mug held forgotten in one hand. He gave a slow head shake, his brow furrowing. Of course, that only got Havoc’s attention. The two of them sat at the kitchen table having their morning cup of caffeine.

Havoc had also been staring at his device. Not anymore. His head whipped up, nailing me with a scrutinizing stare. He took in my black eye and split, swollen lip.

“Jesus Christ, Gage. If Raina looks as bad as you do, I’m kicking the rest of your ass.” Havoc’s gaze followed me around the room as I fixed myself a coffee.

“Settle down, bro. Raina doesn’t need you to fight her battles. I mean, obviously.” I pointed at my bruised and swollen eye before pouring coffee into a mug.

Hell no, that woman didn’t need anyone to defend her. She wasn’t afraid to throw a punch or go for the balls. I loved it more than I’d ever admit to anyone. Raina was the first woman to see the dark parts of me and not run screaming. Instead, she’d stood her ground and fought back. Remembering the wild light in her hazel eyes was enough to make my cock swell.

“I hope you got it out of your system,” Knight said, glancing toward the stairs. “Next time you make her scream like that, I’m stepping in.”

I dumped two heaping spoons of sugar into my mug and stirred before adding a splash of cream. “Sure, join in. We can tag team her.”

Knight’s glare deepened. “You know that’s not what I meant. Watch your ass, Gage. Do you know how fucked we’d be if you get carried away and we end up with another body on our hands?”

“Aww, how nice of you to give a shit about me.” Raina strolled into the kitchen, her tone dripping sarcasm. “My mistake. You only care about saving your own asses.”

“No, Raina, I didn’t mean—” Knight tried to save face.

Raina didn’t give him the chance. “It’s cool. Don’t bother.”

She seemed to be in a real mood today. I doubted she was nearly as hungover as me. My head throbbed in each temple. My mouth felt dry. All I wanted to do was sleep. Partying when I had class the next day always made me feel like shit. I still did it though.

My gaze landed on Raina. She was covered in bruises. It was worse than I’d intended. Shit.

Twin bruises marked her wrists where I’d held them. Purple and blue blotches stained her neck as well. They drew the eye no doubt. Not even the black rose inked on the side of her neck distracted from the marks she bore. I was willing to bet she also had bruises between her thighs where my hips had slammed into her. Damn, I wanted to see. Knowing she wore the evidence of what I’d done to her made me a little crazy. In a good way.

“For fuck’s sake, Gage, look at her.” Havoc flung a hand in Raina’s direction. “Did you have to make it so visible? Christ.”

Raina started to go for a mug, stopping suddenly in front of the cupboard. Whirling on a foot, she said, “Never mind. I’ll get coffee on my way to class. I’m out of here.”

She didn’t wait around. She picked up her laptop bag from where she’d

left it by the front door and walked out. I expected her to slam it but she closed it quietly. Subdued rage. Not smart. Eventually, she would blow.

“Good job, asshole,” Knight muttered with a scowl.

“Go with her,” Havoc barked.

I shook my head, drinking my coffee like I didn’t have a care in the world. “I’m not going to class today. I need to hunt down a decent used car. Besides, it looks like Raina could use the break from me.”

It really was better this way. If I went to class with her, I wouldn’t be able to keep from taunting and touching her. She probably would blow her top then. I wasn’t too keen on having that scenario play out in front of our classmates and instructor.

“I’ll check up on her between classes when I get the chance,” Knight offered. “I have a class around the corner from one of hers.”

“If I wasn’t all the way across the building, I’d keep an eye on her too. At least we can make sure she gets there safely.” Havoc pulled up the tracking app on his phone, watching Raina drive away on the map.

Havoc could judge me all he wanted, but the truth was that he was no better than me. He’d forced himself on Raina with orgasm after orgasm. He’d taunted her, tested her, and chased her through the woods. Knight had been right there with us when we’d chased her, when we’d snuck into her room, and when we’d gang fucked her while high out of our minds. I wasn’t about to concern myself with the opinions of two people standing on the same moral ground as me.

“Raina will be fine. Are one of you guys going to lend me a vehicle, or do I have to call for a ride?” I glanced between Knight and Havoc, waiting for someone to offer up some keys.

Havoc pulled keys from his pocket and tossed them across the counter to me. “Take it easy with my baby. I know how you drive.”



“Yeah, yeah. Don’t worry about it.” I chugged back the rest of my coffee and headed for the door. “I’ll catch up with you guys later.”

As I slid into Havoc’s Lexus, I considered tailing Raina to school. Watching to make sure she got inside unscathed. While I knew she was a fighter, I also knew that it may not be enough against someone who really wanted to hurt her. Instead, I headed for the dealership. I’d keep an eye on her through the tracker app for now.

I headed for the used car dealership that a guy from campus worked at part-time. Maybe he could get me a deal. Hopefully he worked today. I wasn’t sure what his schedule was like. Some students were only part-time.

Jordan was working when I arrived. He showed me a variety of options. From large trucks to small cars and everything in between. I found myself eyeing a black Dodge Charger. It was in good shape. Decent mileage. The price was higher than I’d prefer. I’d have to do some haggling.

“I’ll give you some time to think it over while I sort out the paperwork. I’ll check back in with you in a few.” Jordan disappeared inside the office, leaving me to scope out the car.

Leaning against the Charger, I pulled out my phone. First, I checked Raina’s tracker. She was on campus. Safely in class where she should be. After that, I logged into my bank account, eyeing my savings. Other than weed and food, the rest of my money remained untouched. Not that I was rich by any means, but I was doing okay. Havoc’s dad gave us enough jobs to keep us comfortable. He also paid the rent on the house we shared, which helped a lot.

I sent Havoc and Knight each a picture of the car with some of its information. They were in class so I didn’t expect an answer right away. I also didn’t expect to suddenly be approached by the Angels.

Daire, Cash, and Blaze sauntered over from an SUV across the parking

lot. I hadn't been paying attention to my surroundings. A mistake I was about to pay for. There was only one way they would know I was here. Fucking Jordan had tipped them off. Bastard was probably cowering in the office. No wonder he hadn't come back out yet.

I smiled as they approached. The cut on my lip tugged painfully. "What's up, boys? I don't imagine that you're here to help me car shop."

Nope. They were here to clean my clock. I guess I did have it coming. I'd thrown the first punch at Daire.

He didn't look too bad. Slight bruising along his jaw. Nothing to cry about.

"Not quite," Blaze answered, cracking his knuckles. "We're here to remind you to show some respect when you come into our domain. You fucked up, Corwin."

"Yeah. So I did." I nodded, shoving my phone into my back pocket. Standing up, I held my hands out, inviting their wrath. "Do what you've gotta do."

What else could I do but take it? I'd earned this beating. If I were any of them, I'd do the same. Fighting now would only make it worse. I didn't want to end up in a hospital with machines helping me breathe. I knew how this worked. Taking it was always the safer choice.

Daire stepped forward to throw the first punch. Fair enough. His fist rocked me back several paces. My throbbing headache instantly pounded.

This was all because of Raina. She'd just had to talk to him. She knew exactly what she was doing when she left with him. Provoking the hell out of me. Hey, I'd started it. I knew that. I'd found the first willing chick to squirm around on my lap after Raina's snarky comment about not knowing us for the rest of the night. I didn't want that chick. I only wanted to get a reaction from Raina.

And here's where it led me.

All three Angels took their turn throwing punches in my face. Once my vision blurred and I hit the ground, they switched to swift kicks. I curled inward, arms over my head in an effort to protect my skull.

This wasn't my first ass kicking. Not even close. My own father had left me bleeding and unconscious more times than I could count.

The taste of blood filled my mouth. My ears rang with every kick. Inside me a knot of rage formed.

"Cool it, guys," Cash said, scowling down at me from above. "I think he's had enough. Don't fuck with us again, Corwin. We won't let you off so easy next time."

## CHAPTER TEN



### RAINA

I don't know how I got so lucky. When Gage didn't show up to our first shared class, I was relieved. By the time our third shared class rolled around and he still hadn't shown, I was elated. It was nice to have a break from the smug fuck.

Even though it was almost summer and warming up quickly, I wore a hoodie to hide my bruises. They'd been worse than I expected upon waking. That asshole had left me bruised and raw from neck to pussy. The slightest motion in my chair, a simple crossing or uncrossing of my legs, and I was reminded of Gage's rough touch.

Although I'd never admit it to him, I didn't hate it. Nobody in my past had ever been so unhinged. So sexy and scary at the same time. Every twinge of pain between my thighs sent a warm rush of remembrance through me. Goddamn you, Gage. Get the fuck out of my head.

I'd woken up alone. Gage had already vacated the bed. Hearing them talk about me so flippantly had pissed me off. Instead of having coffee with them or digging up something to eat, I'd gotten the hell out of there as fast as I could. I didn't want to look at any of them. The Gods had made it clear that I was nothing but a pet. A potential liability. Nothing more.

Fine with me. If they were willing to put themselves between me and danger, they may prove useful. When their use ran out, I was gone. The collar wasn't enough to make me stay. Someone would be able to help remove it for the right price.

By the time I finished for the day, I was feeling good. Perky and in a good mood for a change. Getting away from the guys for a while helped. In no rush to get back to the house, I stopped by the cafeteria to treat myself to an iced coffee.

Two girls got in line a few people behind me. It took a moment for me to realize they were gossiping about me. I didn't clue in until I heard one of them say, "She's fucking crazy. She faked her own death."

"Even the Gods know she's a mental case," the second girl chimed in. "She's nothing to them but a way to pass the time. It won't be long before they get rid of her."

I chuckled beneath my breath. How incredibly high school of them.

"I don't know about that." The first girl didn't share her friend's certainty. "Did you see Gage attack Daire at the party? He's never thrown a punch for any girl before."

There was a pause before the second girl said, "Maybe he just doesn't like to share his toys."

Some people would have been offended. Not me. I approached the barista and gave my order. After receiving my drink, I swept past the two women.

Catching their attention, I slowed enough to say, "Trust me, the Gods have no problem sharing, but only with each other, of course."

With a sassy wink, I sashayed away. I felt their gazes following as I disappeared. Slurping on my iced coffee, I sucked back a dose of caffeine. That always hit the spot. Today was turning out to be a pretty great day.

On my way to the parking lot, I pulled a small bottle of pepper spray from my bag. I kept a close eye on everyone, making sure nobody followed too close. I didn't know who the man in the mask had been. He could be a fellow student for all I knew.

Upon reaching my SUV, I thoroughly checked in, under, and around it before getting inside. It angered me to have to live this way. Nikki's partner was still out there somewhere, biding his time until he came for revenge. Having been thwarted once, he would likely double down on his efforts.

The entire drive home, I watched the mirrors closely. Nobody appeared to be following. I reached the Gods' house to find Havoc's car in the driveway. Was he home early?

I entered the house, dropping my bag on the floor near the front door. The house was deadly quiet. Not usual at all for these guys. I was about to call out when I entered the kitchen and living room to find Gage splayed on the couch.

He was slumped over awkwardly against the couch arm, one hand on his head. The other clutched his side. There was blood everywhere. His hands and face. His clothing. Even on the couch itself.

Adrenaline gushed through my veins. I rushed to Gage, dropping down beside him.

"Oh my god, what happened? Gage? Are you okay?"

Carefully, I smoothed the platinum blond hair from his forehead. There was too much blood to make sense of where it came from. Gage's eyes fluttered open. He struggled to focus on me.

"Peachy keen, jelly bean." He gave me a thumbs up that looked painful.

I hurried into the kitchen in search of a cloth, finding a stack of clean ones under the sink. Time moved like molasses as I waited for the water to run warm.

"What happened?" I demanded to know, panic making me frantic. "Who did this?"

I should call Havoc. First, I needed to tend to Gage and assess the damage. He might need a hospital.

Gage struggled to sit up straight. His anguished groan should have brought me satisfaction. It didn't.

"Your good buddy Daire and his friends. Who else?" Gage shrugged, wincing in pain. He was in bad shape.

Returning to him with the warm cloth, I began to carefully clean his face. I stood next to him, lightly holding his chin in one hand. "I can't believe they did this to you."

"Why not? I'd have done the same if I were any of them. Of course, they fucked up, because now it's my turn." Gage's swollen, bloodshot eyes gleamed with a hunger for violence.

One eye was almost swollen shut. The other was bruised black. Blood seeped from cuts on his nose, cheek, and eyebrow. The eyebrow was deep and a little disgusting. His face was decorated in bruises. It hurt to see the damage they'd done. Part of this was on me. Not all of it though. Gage had done his part to incite this incident.

He sat still while I took my time cleaning his face. I had to return to the sink several times to rinse the blood from the cloth. Gage told me where to find first aid supplies in the bathroom. His breaths were heavy with pain. I suggested that he see a doctor and was immediately shot down. He wouldn't hear of it.

I'd almost finished cleaning his face when I said, "I'm sorry this happened. I shouldn't have talked to Daire just to goad you. But you shouldn't have taunted me by having another girl on your lap. Stop with the other women, Gage, or we're done. This little arrangement will come to an end, and I'll be gone. Tracker or no tracker."

He was silent for so long I almost thought he'd passed out sitting up. His eyes were closed now, his breathing even. Gage leaned into my touch. There wasn't a lot more I could do as I stroked his bloodstained hair.

Finally, he said, “I only did it to get a reaction out of you. I don’t want any of those chicks. I wanted to see that fire in your eyes burn. It’s the only thing that warms me these days.”

I was stunned silent. Gage had never struck me as the type to feel or say something so intensely personal. Words failed me. It wasn’t often that I didn’t have a response ready.

Before I could muster something, the front door opened. A moment later, Havoc appeared. He did a double take on Gage’s face.

“Dude, what the fuck happened to you?”

“The Angels happened to him,” I supplied, grateful for the interruption.

Finishing with Gage’s face, I lifted his shirt. He kept clutching his ribs. That worried me. His entire side was covered in bruises. Nothing appeared broken, but what the hell did I know? I wasn’t a mob doctor.

Havoc’s bark of laughter was bitter. “Well, then I’d say we need to pay those stupid fucks a visit.”

What was with these idiots? Would they never learn?

Ignoring his statement, I said, “Your dad must have someone who can come look at him. We need to make sure there’s no concussion or internal injuries.”

Havoc glanced from me to Gage who shook his head vehemently. “Yeah, he does. I’ll make a call. Once Gage is given the clear, we’re going to beat some Angel ass.”

There was no point arguing. They were going to do whatever they wanted to do.

“Count me out,” I said, cleaning up the bandages and bloody cloth. “I’ll stay here and study.”

Havoc opened his mouth like he may argue. Thinking better of it, he bit back whatever he’d been about to say. Pulling out his phone, he started



making calls. Knight arrived soon after. Once he saw Gage's face, he was on board with whatever violent shit Havoc wanted to pull.

"Better keep your doc on standby," I quipped. "They'll have to put all three of you together after because I'm done playing nurse for one day."

"That's what you think." Havoc patted my ass on his way into the kitchen. "Nothing makes me want to go out and get punched in the face more than the thought of you playing nurse."

Knight chimed in his agreement. An unimpressed frown creased my brow. These jackasses were going to get themselves killed.

While we waited for the doctor to arrive, I kept checking in with Gage. His pupils seemed to dilate properly. That was reassuring. He didn't move from the couch though. I brought him water, weed, and even let him press his battered face to my breasts.

"So soft," he whispered, an arm sliding around my waist to hold me close. "So comforting."

With the doctor's arrival, he released me. Keeping my distance, I retreated to the kitchen. I'd come home feeling like I could use a snack. My appetite had soured. I didn't like that they were going to retaliate, and so damn soon.

Nibbling a few crackers, I eyed Havoc. Could I convince him not to go? He was the one calling the shots. Although I was still getting to know him, I'd discovered early on how headstrong he could be. He'd come after me pretty hard. Breaking into my room. Chasing me down and fucking inking me with their mark.

No doubt he would do so much worse to the Angels if given the chance. The Angels were here to play. They wouldn't back down from a fight.

The doctor declared Gage to be slightly concussed with two badly

bruised ribs. He didn't suspect anything internal but left a list of things to watch for over the next few days. He advised Gage to spend a few days in bed. Was that going to keep the psychotic bastard from going out with his friends in search of trouble? Nope.

"Are you serious?" I gaped at the three of them as they readied to leave. "How many more hits do you think you can take today, Gage? Do you have a death wish? Why the hell are the two of you letting him endanger himself?"

My glare fixed on Havoc and Knight. At least Knight had the decency to shrug and muster a guilty expression.

"Chill out, Bad Girl. We'll be fine. I promise. Order us something good for dinner. We'll be back before you know it." Havoc surprised me by going for a kiss, like we were the type to kiss goodbye or something. Then he pressed his credit card into my hand.

I stood there glaring after them. A niggling sensation some might call worry hollowed out my stomach. I would have to care to worry. Since I didn't, I watched the door close behind them without another word.

Just as I'd said I was going to do, I spent most of my time going over stuff from class. That occupied me for an hour. Then the growing urge to snoop got the better of me. Leaving my laptop on the kitchen table, I went upstairs to the bedrooms.

Starting with Knight's room, I hesitated in the doorway. The room was on the smaller side but not tiny. The queen size bed made it appear smaller than it was. I pawed through the drawers of his dresser and desk. Aside from a box of condoms and a sketch book filled with abstract drawings, I didn't find anything of interest.

I moved across the hall to Gage's bedroom. I expected to find something juicy in there. He had a little weapon stash in a box under his bed. Inside I found a tiny switchblade, a large hunting knife, and a box of handgun

ammo. No gun though. Jesus, I hoped he hadn't brought it with him.

His laptop was easy to get into. I'd seen him punch in the password several times in class. Boobies was such a goddamn juvenile password. I sure hoped his bank app password was a lot stronger than that.

Gage's search history contained a healthy amount of porn. He liked to run it silently in class to get a rise out of me. His browser logged right into his email but the inbox was empty. Damn. These guys were boring. There had to be something interesting to find. Gage was so in your face brash and crazy. I guess he had nothing to hide.

Havoc's room seemed like a bust too. At first. The perv had a fuckable rubber pussy in the back of his closet and a small safe. Locked, of course. It was the tablet on the bed that held the interesting stuff though.

Expecting a password or face ID, I was pleasantly surprised when Havoc's tablet opened right up. It never left the house and nobody came in here, so he must have assumed it unnecessary. His mistake.

Messages from his phone were also logged on the tablet. As I scrolled through various conversations with different people, I listened extra hard for the front door.

There were a few flirtatious messages with girls from campus. Nothing recent. All of them were a few months old. Havoc seemed to lose interest quickly based on the conversations I read.

There were also texts with Knight and Gage, as well as a few names I didn't know. What held my interest the longest was the conversation thread with Havoc's dad, Maverick Alexander.

He seemed to be a straight to the point kind of man. No messages checking in with Havoc, asking how his day or week had been. No questions about his classes. Every message either gave Havoc an order of some kind or scolded him for something he did wrong. Damn. My dad had never talked

shit to me the way Havoc's dad spoke to him. No wonder Havoc was such an asshole.

My phone went off in my pocket, scaring the bejeezus out of me. Clover's bubbly voice greeted me when I answered.

"I can't stare at my laptop anymore," she said. "I've done more than enough work today. Want to come hang? We can order pizza or something. Maybe Thai?"

I slid off Havoc's bed, leaving the tablet as I'd found it. "Actually, yeah. Thai sounds good."

## CHAPTER ELEVEN



### RAINA

“Damn, girl. What happened to you? Looks like someone hoovered your neck.” Closing the door to Clover’s room behind me, I flopped down on her bed.

Clover’s mouth opened in a silent O of surprise. “Me? Look at you. Did those jerks hurt you? Seriously, Raina. That is not okay.”

I waved away Clover’s concern. Lightly touching my bruised throat, I said, “Just one jerk mostly. Betcha can’t guess which one. Now tell me who did that to your neck. Please tell me that you hooked up with Blaze after all.”

“Gage,” Clover guessed, eyeing my bruises. Then her gaze dropped as her cheeks pinkened. “I wish I could say I went back to talk to him. I kind of ended up going back to Zane’s room.”

“Girl, what?” I did a double take. “Zane? Do I even want to know?”

I was friendly with Zane when he was around. I didn’t like him though. He set off my creep radar. Which was funny since the Gods never did. They were vicious assholes, but they weren’t creeps. It wasn’t the same thing.

Clover sat on the bed next to me and flopped back onto the mattress. “We were drinking together after you left. He walked me back to campus and then invited me to smoke a joint in his room. It just happened. You know how it goes.”

I did know how it goes. Still, though. Zane? Hell no.

Trying to keep the disgust off my face, I asked, “Was he good at least?”

“He got me where I needed to go, if you know what I mean. I wouldn’t

say he's the best I've ever been with. He's nice though. That counts, right?" She glanced to me for reassurance. Clover seemed to have her doubts.

Pulling a joint from my jeans pocket, I stood up and opened the window. "Are you two dating? Or was it just a party hook up?"

Clover could do so much better than Zane. Not that Blaze Bixby was better. He'd just helped stomp Gage into a bloody mess. On second thought, maybe that was a point for Blaze.

"Just a hook up, I guess." She shrugged. "We haven't talked about it. I like Zane, but I don't think I'm interested in anything big right now."

I sucked a puff of Mary Jane deep into my lungs, nodding in agreement. "That's good. Nice to keep your options open. You can still bag Blaze. He's got one hell of a violent streak though. The Angels beat the shit out of Gage today."

Clover sat straight up. Her eyes were wide with shock and curiosity. "Holy crap, really? Do tell."

I gave her the summarized version of events. She went from gasping to laughing to gasping again. Hearing it all said aloud made it absolutely insane. How the hell did I get wrapped up with these jokers?

"Your life is never boring, is it?" Clover laughed out a puff of smoke. "Now tell me why Gage did that to you. Don't tell me it was a sex thing."

I quirked a brow and grinned. "Then I won't tell you."

"Seriously? Goddamn. That's intense. Make sure he respects your boundaries though. Gage sounds like the type to get carried away." A frown marred Clover's brow.

"You don't know the half of it," I mused, fighting a smile off my face at the memory of Gage dragging me across the bed toward him. "Don't worry about me. Do you want to go grab a coffee or something before dinner? Maybe there's something happening on campus."

“There’s coffee in the rec room. I think there’s a Keurig in the student lounge too.” Clover arranged her hair to cover the hickeys on her neck before exiting the room.

I made a half-assed attempt to cover the marks on my neck too. It wasn’t easy. Mine definitely looked a lot less sexy times and a lot more assault victim.

We left Clover’s room and headed down the hall. I wasn’t really the hanging out on campus type. Sitting at the Gods’ house waiting for them to come back would drive me nuts. I needed a way to occupy myself. I assumed that they’d call or message when they got home and found me gone. They’d know exactly where I was anyway thanks to the damn collar.

As we ventured down the hallway, I heard footfalls right behind us. At least, I thought I did. I whirled around, expecting to find a student going to their dorm room. Nothing there. I must be losing it.

We rounded the corner headed for the main hall that would take us to the student hang out room on this floor. There was a large rec room on a lower level. I expected it to be a bit too busy for my liking.

Again I was sure that I heard someone walking behind us. I turned back to see someone dart around the corner out of sight. My skin crawled. Normally I was a fighter. Ready to punch a fucker in the face. This time my instinct told me to run.

That was ridiculous. We were inside the residence building. There were a lot of people in this building. It had to be safe, didn’t it?

Noticing that I’d paused, Clover stopped. “What’s up? Is something wrong?”

That’s when the masked man burst around the corner, running straight for us. There was a momentary delay before my feet got moving.

“Run,” I shouted. Grabbing Clover’s hand, I pulled her with me as I

took off.

It wasn't all that late yet. Just late enough for the study hard types to be locked away in their rooms for the rest of the night. Why did the halls have to be so empty? Where was everyone else? Probably partying at a frat house or the bar down the street.

Clover let out a little shriek when she caught sight of our pursuer. Holding tight to my hand, she ran like the wind. Soon she was dragging me along.

We reached the bank of elevators. The man was too close for us to wait for one. We kept running past the elevators to the stairwell. We went down. It was easier to run down than up. There would be someone on the main floor. There was a front desk and the rec room down there. If we could get to a place with people, we'd be safe.

The man leapt down the stairs five at a time. He caught up fast. Grabbing hold of Clover's hair, he jerked her away from me.

"Don't," I shouted, holding up both hands. "You don't want her. Leave her out of this."

His cold eyes darted between Clover and me. He shoved her so suddenly. There was no way to grab her. Clover tumbled down the stairs to the next floor's landing. Her scream echoed through the stairwell.

I didn't think, I just reacted. My fist nailed the guy in the throat. Unfortunately, he caught my arm before I could pull back. His hand was tight on my wrist, pressing against the bruises there. He reached into a pocket then. I knew it was a bad idea to let him get whatever he was going for. I only had to see the plunger tip of a hypodermic needle to swiftly react.

I went for his knee, savagely kicking the side of it as hard as I could. His pained bellow reverberated through the stairwell. Once his grip loosened, I pulled free and raced down the stairs to Clover.



She got to her feet with a wince, waving a hand for me to hurry.  
“Zane’s room is on this floor. Let’s go there.”

She jerked the door to the second floor open. I almost knocked her down in my haste to get away from the masked man. Tripping over my own feet as I glanced back for him didn’t help.

Clover clutched my forearm, pulling me with her. She limped slightly from the fall. Halfway down the hall, she stopped at a door, and began pounding on the surface.

“Zane,” she called. “If you’re in there, you have to let me in right now. Please.”

The masked bastard had just appeared at the end of the hall when Zane opened his door. We burst inside, shoving him out of the way as we slammed and locked the door. Clover peered out the peephole, watching for our pursuer.

“What the hell was that all about?” Zane blinked at us in confusion.  
“What’s going on?”

“Some guy is chasing us,” Clover panted, leaning heavily against the door.

“Technically, he’s chasing me.” I placed a hand over my pounding heart. To Clover I whispered, “Do you see him?”

“What? Who’s chasing you? Let me see.” Zane pulled Clover away from the door. Throwing it open, he strode out into the hallway. He turned a full three sixty. “There’s nobody out here.”

“Motherfucker.” I paced the short length of Zane’s room. He had underwear on his floor. I sincerely doubted it was clean.

After making sure that Clover wasn’t seriously hurt, I pulled out my phone. With a sigh of defeat, I called Havoc.

## CHAPTER TWELVE



RAINA

“What the fuck were you thinking? Are you trying to get yourself killed?” Havoc turned in the passenger seat of my SUV to glare at me while he bitched.

He’d responded quickly to my text. All three Gods had come to the dorm to get me after Clover and I holed up in Zane’s room. Knight and Gage had driven Havoc’s car home while he jumped in with me. The entire drive had been spent listening to him berate me for taking off.

“I was thinking that I deserve to have a social life, and I wanted to hang with a friend. How could I have known that guy would get inside the residence and come after me?” I slowed as we approached a red light.

“How could you not have known?” Havoc fired back. “I got into that building when I wanted a piece of you. So did Gage.”

“Don’t remind me,” I muttered, staring straight ahead. I didn’t want to see the scowl I knew Havoc wore.

“You clearly need some reminding. You need to brush up on your self-defense too. As soon as we get home, we’re going to the backyard to spar.” Havoc was silent for a moment before adding, “Are you okay? He didn’t hurt you, did he?”

Frowning hard at the thought of being forced to spar with these dicks, I shook my head. “No. He hurt Clover’s ankle, but she’ll be okay.”

Havoc pulled out his phone, tapping around on the screen. “I guess I’ll order food since you never did. What do you feel like having?”

I had to stop myself from doing a double take. Since when did he care what I wanted? “Um, I don’t know. Thai maybe?”

I’d missed out on dinner with Clover. Now that the fear had faded, my stomach was grumbling.

“Fine. We’ll eat after you practice some self-defense.” Havoc put the order through, surprising me.

“I don’t need to practice self-defense,” I protested as we turned onto the Gods’ street. “I can throw a punch just fine, thank you.”

“That doesn’t mean shit. Anyone can throw a punch. You need to know what to do when someone grabs you the way this guy wants to. Don’t argue. It’s happening.” Havoc opened the car door and hopped out as soon as we pulled up in front of the house.

Muttering to myself in annoyance, I got out and followed him up the walk. He paused, waiting for me to get in front of him. Then he glanced back, scouring the street. The streetlight fell across his face, illuminating the bruise forming on his cheek.

“What happened with the Angels?” I asked as he ushered me into the house. “Looks like you’ve got a little something there.”

Havoc waved a hand dismissively. “It’s nothing. You should see the other guy.”

“How bad was it?” I pressed, letting him push me on through to the kitchen and living room. “Do you really think it’s a good idea to encourage those guys to keep hitting back?”

“It’s fine, Raina. Really. They got what they deserved for fucking with Gage. Don’t worry about the Angels.”

Knight and Gage were in the kitchen when we entered. The former stood near the pantry eating cookies while the latter sat at the table rolling a joint. Knight had a faint bruise on his jaw but otherwise looked fine. Gage

was obviously in the worst shape. He seemed to have added a few marks to the bunch he already sported.

“Time for another punishment?” Gage’s eyes gleamed with malicious delight as he looked me over. “You know better than that, Cherry Pie. I’m starting to think you love getting that ass spanked.”

“Not tonight,” Havoc cut in. “Raina needs to work on her self-defense. Outside. Let’s go.”

He kept me moving through the house and out the patio door into the yard. The other two were right behind us.

“This is going to be fun,” Gage snickered.

Havoc flicked on the outside lights as we went, lighting up the patio and the yard near the pool. The scent of marijuana filled the air as Gage lit up his joint. He grabbed a chair from the patio, dragging it along the grass. Guess the bastard wanted a front row seat.

“Is this really necessary? I have some work to finish up on my laptop before bed.” I knew that Havoc would never let me get out of it. Still, I had to try.

“Too bad. Drop your phone if you don’t want it to get broken.” Havoc placed his own phone on the patio table before striding into the middle of the yard.

Cursing beneath my breath, I deposited my phone next to his and followed. Knight offered me a sympathetic smile. I rolled my eyes and went to join Havoc.

“All right. I’m going to grab you like an abductor would. You try to get out of it.” Havoc waited for my nod. Then he came at me.

From behind he grabbed me, arms wrapping tight around me. He dragged me backwards, easily pulling me off my feet. With my arms trapped, I flailed against him. I managed to kick his shin but was otherwise screwed.

“Fuck,” I shouted when I failed to get away after several minutes of struggle.

Havoc chuckled as he released me. He didn't give me much time to recover before he grabbed me again. This time he knocked me to the ground, getting on top of me in the grass. He tried to trap my arms at my sides. I was able to get one free, using it to punch him in the chest. I still couldn't get him off me though.

“I told you that you needed some work.” Havoc smirked down into my face.

I went to punch him again and he caught my fist. Gritting my teeth, I squirmed beneath him, trying to knock him off me. He wasn't going anywhere.

A dandelion head bounced off my face. I shot a glare at Gage who'd thrown it.

“Come on, Raina. You fought harder than that when we took you to the woods,” Gage snarked. “Maybe we need to take you back out there. Raise the stakes a little.”

“Screw that shit. Last time was bad enough. I don't even want to know how you guys would make it worse.” With a surge of irritation, I nailed Havoc in the stomach.

“Fuck,” he groaned before getting off me. Grabbing my hand, he dragged me back to my feet. “Let's try another move. Knight can get punched in the stomach this time.”

Havoc moved back, motioning for Knight to take his place. As expected, Knight was strong but not as aggressive. He grabbed me around my waist, dragging me across the yard. I was able to get free by jabbing my elbow into his ribs.

“Why are you guys taking it so easy on her?” Gage puffed a plume of

smoke in my direction. “This chick is a fighter. Make her fight.”

Knight held out a hand, motioning for Gage to take over. I swallowed hard. I didn’t want to fight Gage in any manner. I bore enough bruises from him already.

“Be my guest,” Havoc said, plucking the joint from Gage’s fingertips.

“I don’t want to fight Gage,” I said, turning toward the house. “I’ve done enough of that lately.”

Gage snickered. He rose from the patio chair and came toward me. “Yeah, it probably won’t end in an orgasm this time. Well, maybe.”

He quickly closed the space between us. Ignoring him, I kept heading toward the house. That didn’t stop him from grabbing my arm and spinning me around to face him. My immediate reaction was to shove him away.

Gage let me push him back. It didn’t deter him though. With a facetious wink, he lunged forward and grabbed me by the throat. His grip on my bruised neck hurt. I let out a small yelp. That pissed me off because I refused to show these assholes weakness of any kind.

A surge of anger drove me to bring up a knee. I didn’t care what I hit. Stomach, nuts, it was all good. Too bad Gage dodged the blow. He caught my hand, using it to drag me in close. Then he spun me around so he was behind me. He grabbed my other hand, trapping me against him.

I struggled hard to break free. He held tight. He tried to take me down to the ground but I managed to keep my feet under me. That only made him try harder. He hooked a foot between both of mine and tripped me. I fell hard with him coming down on top of me.

“Fuck you, Gage,” I hissed, my face pressed into the grass.

“Hey, I’m just trying to help. Like Havoc said, you need the work.” Gage tried to roll me over, swearing when I stayed rigid and difficult to move.

“And you need a punch in the goddamn brain,” I shouted into the grass.

Gage’s laughter ignited the fire in my belly. As my temper flared, I couldn’t help but think of what he’d said earlier when I cleaned his wounds. That my fire was the only thing that warmed him these days. Is that why he was such a supreme dick? He got off on my rage. Surely that’s all there was to it.

Gage roughly flipped me over. He had to release my hands to do it. I didn’t want to hit him. He’d taken more than enough abuse today. That didn’t mean I wouldn’t go for an eye jab. He saw it coming and jerked out of reach.

“Trying to blind me, Doll? Damn, that’s dirty. I love it.” Gage caught my hands, wrestling me into submission.

I didn’t submit easily. The more he tried to restrain me, the harder I fought to get free. As decent a fighter as I was, my strength didn’t match his. Which was exactly the point Havoc had wanted to make. If the man who’d been stalking me ever caught me, I may not get out of it alive.

“That’s because you’re a sick fuck.” Instead of fighting, I went limp. Laying there in the grass, I waited for him to get off me.

Once Gage rose, I swept out a foot, tripping him. He never saw it coming, the cocky prick. He went down on his knees, his hands barely catching him in time to prevent a face plant. As I sprang to my feet, I erupted into giggles.

Gage’s ego couldn’t handle that. With one huge shove, he pushed me into the pool. The water engulfed me, sucking me under. Thankfully, it was relatively warm. That didn’t make it any less shocking.

I kicked back to the surface, sucking in a lungful of air. Grasping the side of the pool, I dragged myself out. I was seeing red when I stormed over to Gage. He watched me expectantly, an amused grin on his battered face.

“Why are you such a fucking cunt, Gage?” My enraged shout echoed

through the neighborhood. “Because your dad was a cunt too? Or are you just a special breed?”

Unafraid of him now, I got right up in his face, shoving hard against his chest. I clenched a fist, ready to swing and take that minor concussion of his up a level. He jerked back in time for me to only clip him on the jaw.

Havoc let out a low whistle. Knight watched in silence as Gage lost his shit.

Grabbing me by my hair, Gage forced me down to my knees. His hazel and blue eyes gleamed in the yard lights. Violence shone within them. If I hadn’t been so damn mad, I’d have been afraid then.

“You don’t know shit about me or my father,” Gage seethed, pulling my hair painfully. “You’re going to learn some boundaries, Raina. Even if I have to force it. Now kiss my fucking feet.”

I gaped at him. Had this jackass lost his mind?

“Screw you,” I said between clenched teeth.

Gage wouldn’t be deterred. “Are you going to make me repeat myself? I’m not letting go until you do it. I can wait all night.”

To emphasize his claim, he gave an extra tug on my hair. Neither Havoc nor Knight said a word. They watched in silence. I hated them both for it.

“You’re deranged. I’m not kissing your feet, you psychopath.” I held his gaze, glaring daggers.

A small, eerie smile crept over Gage’s face. “You’ll do it. You’re not going anywhere until you do. And if you want me to be a psychopath, Raina, I will be. Try me. I fucking dare you.”

Something in his piercing stare promised much worse things if I didn’t give in. My entire being screamed at me to hold out. To not give him what he wanted. How much worse would it get if I didn’t? Did I really want to find



out?

Giving in wasn't in my nature. I held out as long as I could. When it became clear that Gage truly intended to keep me on my knees until I did what he said, I knew that I'd lost this battle.

With a ball of rage rolling inside me, I planted a tiny kiss on his shoe. God, I wanted to kill him.

"Not good enough. Kiss my actual foot." Gage kicked off his shoe, offering me his socked foot. "Take the sock off first."

I sucked in a deep breath, trying not to scream my rage. He wiggled his toes at me, shoving his foot in my face.

"You know that you have to sleep sometime." I ripped off his sock, throwing it over my shoulder into the pool. "I might just kill you after this."

Gage used his hold on my hair to shove my face down onto his bare foot. "Please try. You know how much I like a good fight. Now hurry up. I have things to do before I crash for the night."

"I hope that includes saying goodbye to loved ones." Unable to look up at him because of the way he held my head, I glowered at his disgusting foot.

Closing my eyes, I kissed his foot. Just a peck. Then I furiously wiped my mouth with my hand. "I did it, now let me go."

"Pretty sure I said both feet." Gage started to kick off his other shoe.

"Gage." Havoc's tone held a note of warning. "That's enough."

Gage hesitated a moment before deciding he didn't want to fight Havoc on it. When he released me, I jumped to my feet and stormed inside. I didn't glance back at any of them.

That motherfucker would be sorry. I wasn't going to take this without hitting back. Knowing Gage, that's exactly what he wanted.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN



### HAVOC

The morning came far too quickly. The last thing I wanted to do was get up and deal with classes. Or anything else for that matter. A day in bed sounded good to me. Since Raina wasn't in the bed with me, I said fuck it and got up.

She'd slept in Gage's room again. This time she'd barricaded the door with the dresser and the desk. We'd heard her shoving the furniture into place. Couldn't say I blamed her. Gage had gone out of his way to degrade and humiliate her. Not to mention the marks he'd left on her.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little envious. I wanted to mark Raina's body with me. But hey, I could be a decent guy and wait until she'd healed up a bit. At least she still had her sore ass to remind her of me.

After a quick shower and a jerk off session, I pulled on jeans and a t-shirt and headed down to the kitchen. The door to Gage's room was still closed. The scent of bacon drifted up the stairs, making me quicken my pace.

Knight stood over the stove tossing fresh bacon strips into the frying pan. He glanced up as I entered. "How many pieces of bacon do you want? There's scrambled eggs too."

I noticed that he'd also made toast. Although Knight chose to cook often so as not to order out all the time, I knew he'd only made this big breakfast because he felt bad about last night with Raina.

Neither of us had said a word as Gage forced her to her knees. Honestly, I'd expected him to tell Gage to knock it off. Personally, I thought Raina could use a little humbling. She'd been so fucking mad after.

Something about her murderous rage made my dick hard as a rock.

“I don’t know. A few I guess.” Pulling out a chair at the table across from Gage, I plopped down, stifling a yawn.

“No Raina yet?” Gage asked, glancing toward the stairs.

As soon as he spoke, the sound of the bedroom door opening followed. Her soft footsteps on the stairs announced her arrival. Raina swept into the kitchen looking like my perfect wet dream. Her blonde locks fell over her shoulders in curls. She wore a cute as fuck black tutu style skirt with a crop top that showed off her stomach. Goddamn I wanted to sink my teeth into her.

“Good morning, Cherry Pie. I hope you slept well barricaded in my room. Don’t think I can’t get in there if I really want to.” Gage eyed her as she went to the cupboard for a coffee mug.

Raina’s voice was cold as ice when she said, “Yeah, cool. You do that.”

She didn’t even glance in his direction. She busied herself pouring a mug of coffee, not acknowledging either me or Gage any further. Damn. The girl could carry a grudge.

“How many pieces of bacon do you want, Raina?” Knight asked.

Raina surprised me by sidling up to him to peer into the frying pan. She made sure to press her breasts against his arm as she leaned in. “Three is good. Thanks, cutie.”

My eyes narrowed in suspicion. What was this little vixen up to?

Knight grinned, leaning into her touch. “Anything you want, Goddess.”

Gage and I watched in stony silence as they flirted with each other.

Raina was working an angle here. I could feel it.

I got up from my seat to grab a coffee myself. I helped myself to a handful of Raina’s ass, smirking when she whirled around to nail me with a glare. She shoved my hand away before I could grab her again.

Without a word to me, Raina took her coffee to the island in an effort to keep her distance from Gage and me. Yeah, not happening. I poured myself a coffee, taking my time with the cream and sugar.

“Would you mind driving me to campus today, Knight?” Raina batted her long lashes at him. “I’m still a little shaken after what happened last night. I don’t want to go alone.”

“Nope,” I cut in. “You can ride with me.”

Raina’s glare hit me like a ton of bricks. Heavy and with intent. “I don’t want to ride with you. I’d rather walk out the door and let the stalker have me.”

Gage let out a bark of laughter. “Sounds like someone has already forgotten how it feels to be on her knees. Do we need a redo?”

“Never mind. I’ll just drive myself alone.” Raina didn’t even glance in Gage’s direction. It was as if he didn’t even exist.

Not loving this new version of her, I grabbed Raina by the arm and pulled her off the island stool. “Come. Sit at the table with me.”

I didn’t give her a chance to get away. She barely had time to scoop up her coffee. I dragged a chair close to mine, forcing her to sit. She shot me a death glare but still never said a word.

Once she sat down next to me, I ran a hand over her hair, petting her like an animal. “That’s a good girl.”

Raina clutched her mug so hard I expected it to shatter in her grasp. I braced myself for a punch that never came. She stared into her coffee like I wasn’t even there.

Trying to get a reaction out of her, I hooked a finger in the collar around her neck. Pulling her closer, I leaned in to bite her earlobe. She stiffened, still not reacting. I knew her temper was rising. So badly I wanted her to let it out.

When Knight set a plate of food in front of her, she beamed up at him with a huge smile. “Thanks, handsome. I really appreciate this. It sure beats buying fast food in the cafeteria.”

He lightly chucked her under the chin. “No worries. Can’t have you starving on us now, can we?”

Gage’s expression morphed into something deadly. Yeah, I knew the feeling. Raina was playing a dangerous game here. We couldn’t have that.

She did her best to ignore me as we all ate breakfast. I didn’t make it easy for her. Every now and then I would tug her hair, drag her closer by the collar, and grope her thigh. She gripped her fork so hard I half expected her to plunge it into my hand. I suspected the only reason she didn’t was because she was trying so damn hard to pretend I didn’t exist.

Once Knight went upstairs to change for class, I gave Gage a subtle head jerk to go with him. I wanted a minute alone with our girl. Gage frowned but didn’t argue.

When Raina and I were alone, I turned on my chair to face her. As she started to get up, I grabbed her arm, pulling her back down. “Don’t even think about leaving yet. Me and you are going to have a little talk.”

“We have nothing to talk about. I need to go. I don’t want to be late.” Raina glared at my hand on her arm.

“Too damn bad. What the hell are you up to?” I searched her face, hating the way she looked at me with such loathing.

Raina’s brows shot up. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Bullshit you don’t. Think I don’t see what you’re doing here?”

“Um, you lost me. Care to explain a little, Havoc?”

I waved a hand to indicate the kitchen. “The flirting with Knight while pretending Gage and I don’t exist. What kind of game are you playing?”

Raina rolled her eyes. “Seriously? Are you jealous? Because that’s kind

of pathetic. Now let me go. I have places to be.”

Hooking my finger through her collar again, I leaned in close, my lips brushing against hers as I spoke. “I’m going to give you just one warning. Don’t try to manipulate us or play us off each other. I promise that you will be very sorry.”

A strained silence descended between us. I braced for a punch, expecting our hotheaded girl to explode.

Instead, she smiled, fake as shit. “Sure, Havoc. Whatever you say. Now can we please head to campus before I’m late?”

I released her and sat back in my chair, watching her dart for the door. Little fucking liar. Raina might just drive me all the way to insane.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN



**RAINA**

I frowned down at my phone. My dad's text message stared up at me from the screen. He insisted on meeting me for an early dinner after I finished with classes.

"I'm meeting my dad after class," I said quietly to Gage. The bastard would never let me sit anywhere without him in any of the classes we shared.

Gage frowned. "Like hell you are. Where are you really going?"

I didn't even want to talk to this asshole after what he made me do. I'd done my best to keep from acknowledging his existence since he made me kiss his disgusting foot. I showed him the phone screen and the message from my dad.

"Try to fucking stop me," I whispered, careful not to draw the instructor's attention. We'd already received a few glowers from Professor Harper. "I dare you."

Gage snickered softly. "Chill out, girl. Go see your father. Don't go anywhere else. We'll be tracking you."

I flipped him the bird and remained silent until class ended. Havoc had tried to force me to ride with him this morning. After he threatened me in the kitchen, I'd insisted on taking my own vehicle. The bastard had ridden my ass all the way to campus though.

I didn't bother telling Havoc or Knight where I was going. Gage could fill them in. I replied to my dad, telling him that I'd meet him at our favorite restaurant. It was a cute little place that served pizza and pasta, both of which

sounded great right now.

Despite not speaking to Gage or acknowledging him, he followed me out to the parking lot. He even checked inside, around, and underneath my SUV. Satisfied that it was safe, he sauntered away.

I threw my bag on the passenger seat and locked the doors. I wasn't taking any chances. During the drive to the restaurant, I watched my mirrors like a hawk. The stalker most likely knew what I was driving. Although if he followed me right to my father, he would be the sorry one.

Once I parked outside the restaurant, I arranged the scarf I wore, making sure it hid the bruises on my neck. I'd been hiding them for class. The last thing I needed was someone deciding I was a battered girlfriend and sticking their nose into my business.

Much as I hated it, I had to admit to myself that I'd enjoyed every minute of the rough sex with Gage. I'd never say a word of it to him though. No amount of torture on this planet would make me fess up. However, I'd hated every second of his behavior last night.

When I felt confident that my bruises and the damn collar were well hidden, I got out of the SUV and went inside. A careful survey of the vicinity revealed nothing of concern. Too bad. I'd almost hoped the stalker would follow me this time.

My dad was already inside when I entered. He raised his hand, waving me over to the back corner table where he sat with a glass of wine in front of him. He rose to pull me into a hug.

"Hey, peanut. How are you doing? How was class?" He gave me a tight squeeze before kissing my cheek and sitting back down.

I pulled out the chair across from him, picking up one of the menus on the table. "Pretty good. The usual. You know, it's class. How are you? Are you doing okay?"



We'd been in touch regularly in the days since Nikki died. Every night as I was about to fall asleep, a pang of guilt struck me. Not for killing Nikki. That bitch got what she deserved. I felt bad for my dad. He'd deserved so much better.

Dad nodded. He forced a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. "I'm fine. As fine as one can be anyway. What do you feel like eating?"

He picked up his own menu, scanning it for something good. He seemed tense. Stiff. Something wasn't right. I felt it.

"I'm not sure. I could go for some pasta alfredo. Maybe a Caesar salad too. How about you?" I snuck a peek at him over my menu.

"Yeah, alfredo sounds good. I haven't had that in a while." Dad set his menu down, signaling to the server that we were ready to order.

The server hurried over, plastering a friendly smile on his face. We both gave our order. I asked for a coffee as well, feeling like I could use the boost. I snuck another glance at Dad. What was up with him? Something was off.

We made small talk while waiting for our food. Dad asked me more questions about classes and how the SUV was holding up. I wanted to ask him what was going on but knew that he would get to it when he was ready.

Then he did, and I never saw it coming.

We were about halfway through dinner when Dad suddenly asked, "So, are you going to tell me where you've been staying?"

I gaped at him like a deer in the headlights. It took a moment to screw my face up into a normal expression. "In my dorm room. Where else would I be?"

Big mistake. I knew that I was caught, yet I tried to lie anyway. My father wasn't the kind of man one lied to successfully.

"Raina Ann Monroe. This is a bad time to lie. I'd advise you to choose

your next words wisely.” Dad shook his fork at me. The use of my middle name always meant this was no time to screw around.

I swallowed my bite of pasta and took a drink of coffee to wash it down. “What do you know?”

“I know that you haven’t been at the dorm recently. I want to know where you’ve been staying and why you didn’t tell me. Something is going on with you. I want to know what it is.” Dad continued to shovel food into his mouth.

My appetite began to shrivel. Pushing my noodles around my plate with my fork, I said, “Don’t flip out, okay? I’ve been staying with Havoc Alexander and his friends.”

I braced myself for his angry reaction. It took him a minute, like he had to process what I’d just said.

His fork hit his plate with a startling clatter. “Excuse me? Have you lost your mind? Why, Raina? Why would you get involved with the Alexander kid?”

I sucked in a deep breath. I was already in deep shit. Might as well be honest. “Nikki wasn’t working alone. I received a threatening message from someone after she died. Havoc and his friends are helping me find out who it is. It seemed safer for me to stay with them. I didn’t want to worry you until I had more information.”

Dad stared at me, his frosty expression chilling me to the bone. He cracked his knuckles before lacing his fingers together. “Why didn’t you tell me there was someone else involved?”

“You had enough to deal with already. It’s okay, Dad. I’m a big girl. I can handle this. I promise to let you know if I find anything out.” I wasn’t sure if that was entirely true. It depended on who was behind this shit.

“And what does the Alexander kid want in return for all this? I’m not

an idiot, Raina. I know there's more going on than you're telling me." Dad's furious glare turned into a bitter scowl.

I twirled some noodles around my fork, dropping my gaze to my plate. "I need you to trust me on this. I know what I'm doing. I've watched you for years. Trust me, I'm not stupid enough to let them manipulate me. If anyone is doing the manipulating, it's me."

Dad rubbed a hand over his face and sighed. "Is that supposed to make me feel better? I don't like this. I don't like any of it. I want you to come home. Stay with me at the house. If someone else is still out there, I want to know you're safe."

I stuffed a bite of noodles in my mouth, buying myself a minute to choose my response. Finally, I said, "I am safe. I promise. Havoc isn't as bad as you might think. Sure, he's a dick, like most guys his age, but he knows how our world works. He's gone out of his way to make sure everything is all good."

I doubted that my casual reply would be acceptable. It was all I had to offer.

Dad chugged the rest of his wine. "What's in it for him? No, wait, I don't even want to know, do I? Do you understand how much trouble this could cause with Maverick? Does he know you're staying with his kid?"

"No, I don't think so. Don't worry about him. Nothing will happen to cause more problems between the two of you. I promise." I gave him a tight smile, willing him to drop this conversation.

"I don't like anything about this," he continued. "I want you to come home."

We both knew that he couldn't force me to do that. He wasn't the type to control me. He'd raised me to be a fighter, to stand on my own two feet. He would always want to protect me regardless but I needed to do this my

way.

“If anything happens to make me feel unsafe, I will. For now, I’m staying where I am. You’re gone a lot, Dad. I’d be there alone all the time. How will that keep me safe? You can’t just leave one of your men there to babysit me all the time. Besides, Havoc’s place is a lot closer to campus.”

He couldn’t argue that. With a deep frown, he picked up his fork and continued eating. “Fine. Stay there as long as it’s safe. I fully expect you to keep me informed of anything you learn about the person working with Nikki. And if anything changes, you come right home. I mean it, Raina. I’m trusting you here. Don’t let me down.”

“I won’t. I promise. Hey, maybe I’ll even find out some juicy shit about Maverick for you.” My smile widened when his eyes lit up at that.

“Just don’t get caught,” he warned.

That was the end of our talk about Havoc and his dad. We moved on to discussing summer plans. Dad wanted us to take a trip together. He wanted to lounge on a beach somewhere while I preferred to explore a place like Italy or Japan.

After sharing a large slice of cheesecake, Dad walked me out. He did the same thing Gage had, checking over the SUV to make sure nobody had tampered with it while I was inside. Then he gave me a hug and waited for me to drive off.

As I headed back to the Gods’ house, I felt a sense of relief. I never liked keeping things from my dad. Even though I hadn’t told him everything about the stalker, I felt better with him knowing that Nikki had an accomplice.

His concerns about me staying with the Gods were valid. Havoc’s father was his enemy. Even though I’d let him get so close, I had to remember, Havoc was my enemy too.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN



RAINA

When I got back to the Gods' house, Havoc met me at the door. "Don't bother getting too comfortable. We're going out."

"Going out where?" Immediately I was suspicious. He looked far too happy.

"You'll see." Turning back toward the kitchen, he called, "Hurry your asses up. Unless you want to do this in the dark."

"Do what in the dark?" I dropped my bag on the couch in the front sitting room. An uneasy feeling started in my stomach, spreading through my limbs.

Knight and Gage strolled out of the kitchen. Gage gnawed a piece of beef jerky, clutching the jerky bag in one hand. Havoc turned me around with a hand on my shoulder, steering me back out the door.

"I fucking love punishment," Gage snickered when we were all in Havoc's car. "Doling it out, I mean."

My back stiffened. My hand strayed toward the door. I was in the passenger seat next to Havoc. He glanced in my direction, noticing my hand.

"Don't even think about leaping out in the middle of traffic," he warned. "Try it and I'll stick you in the back with Gage."

"That would be punishment enough," I muttered. "Can someone please tell me where we're going? What exactly am I being punished for?"

"For that shit you pulled this morning." Havoc shrugged, like I should have expected as much.

I hadn't done anything this morning other than ignore him and Gage while being extra sweet to Knight. I'd known it would tick off the other two. I hadn't expected them to punish me for it. Maybe I should have known better.

"Wow, someone has a fragile ego," I quipped. "Not gonna tell me where you're taking me? Should I be concerned?"

"Not really," Knight said.

At the same time, Gage said, "Definitely."

"Love the mixed messages." Knowing I wasn't going to get a straight answer out of them, I sat back in my seat, trying to relax.

As we continued to drive, I realized that we were heading out of the city. That was mildly alarming. My alarm began to grow as it became clear where they were taking me.

"Seriously?" I barked. "You're taking me to the fucking woods again?"

Havoc's lips curled into a sly grin. "I could've just spanked your ass again. I thought this would be more fun."

"Fun for who?" I demanded. "Screw that. I'm not running through the woods again while you freaks chase me. I refuse."

Gage leaned forward, placing a hand on my shoulder. "Wanna make a bet?"

"We'll make it a bit more interesting this time," Havoc added. "You'll love it."

The first time they'd taken me to the woods, I'd been nervous, thinking they were going to off me and leave my body behind. This time I knew they were far more sinister than that in their own way.

When we arrived at the campground bordering the forest, I braced myself for anything. I thought I was ready. They still managed to throw me for a loop. Trying to stay in the car was useless when there was three of them

to drag me out.

Havoc reached for the scarf tied around my neck. “This will do. Gage, get the rope from the trunk.”

“Wait, what? Rope? Um, I don’t think so.” I started to back away. Havoc grabbed my arm, keeping me in place.

“That’s right, Bad Girl. Rope. Now hold still.” While Havoc held me in place, Gage tied my hands behind my back while Knight secured the scarf over my eyes.

“Wow,” I remarked, my voice dripping with disgust. “Just when I thought you guys couldn’t get any more fucked in the head. Get help. All of you. Especially you, Knight. You’re always so quiet and nice but you’re just as screwed up as these two.”

Ignoring my little tirade, Havoc said, “All right. Here’s how this is going to go. You’re going to run through the woods. We’re going to give you a ten minute head start. Then we’ll come after you. Whoever catches you first gets to have you all to themselves tonight. Got it?”

Even though my hands were tied behind my back, I stuck up both middle fingers. Someone turned me before giving me a little shove.

“And if I refuse and stay right here?” I asked, needing to know the alternative.

“Then we all get you tonight,” Gage supplied with a wicked laugh. “Ready for more of me already, Cherry Pie?”

“Jesus Christ. Fine. Good luck, Knight. I hope you find me first.” With those parting words, I strode forward.

I felt the matching glares Gage and Havoc shot into my back. Whatever. They’d started this shit.

Pushing between the trees while blindfolded was just as difficult as one might think. Branches tangled in my hair and scratched at my face. Once I

tripped over a tree root and fell onto my face, I was beyond pissed.

Changing up my tactic, I turned around and moved backwards. Even though part of me wanted to run, that wasn't possible under these circumstances. I moved slowly, feeling around with my bound hands. Several times I backed myself right up against a tree. More than once I got myself turned around and had no idea which direction I headed. For all I knew, I could be walking right back toward those freaks.

When I was sure that ten minutes had passed, I began to grow nervous. I tried to move faster but it wasn't easy. I tripped again, landing hard on my ass.

"Fuck me," I breathed quietly, hoping they weren't close.

Struggling to my feet, I continued on. A sound in the trees nearby jerked me to a stop. I listened hard. Maybe it was just the wind or an animal. Hopefully not a predatory animal or I was fucked. Let's be real. There was no predator worse than the men who hunted me.

My lungs heaved despite my slower pace. I wasn't sure which man I wanted to catch me. Knight said he had a thing for crying. If that fucker purposely made me cry so he could get off, I'd have to castrate him.

The snap of a branch behind me made me freeze. Shit. Someone was close. Instead of moving and making noise that would give away my location, I stayed put, hoping they would pass right by.

Strong arms suddenly went around me from behind. I gasped. Havoc's woody cologne filled my nostrils. Son of a bitch.

"Not you, motherfucker," I groaned.

"Sorry to disappoint you," he laughed, not sounding sorry at all. "I hope you're ready for a long night, Raina. I plan to enjoy every damn minute."

He pulled the scarf from my eyes. I blinked several times as I



readjusted to the light. The spark of true joy in Havoc's blue eyes made me hate him a little more.

Shoving my bound hands toward him, I demanded, "Get this rope off me. Now."

Havoc waved a finger in front of my face and tsked. "Just for that, I think I'll leave it right where it is. Come on. Let's head back. I want to order dinner before we party tonight."

"Party tonight? Is that really necessary?" I let him lead me along back to the car. I was disappointed to find that I hadn't made it nearly as far as I'd thought.

"At our place. Make sure you look hot so we can show you off. You've got some shit smeared under your eyes." He waved a finger to point out my smudged mascara and eyeliner.

I jerked away with a huff, storming toward the car. Look hot? Did this jackass think I was a sex doll to parade around for his friends?

He kept pace with me, chuckling to himself while I bitched and swore beneath my breath. Maybe I could use a party after all.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN



**RAINA**

Since I wasn't hungry after having dinner with my dad, I went upstairs to shower and change once we returned to the house. The guys stayed downstairs. I heard the doorbell ring a few times as they ordered food and alcohol.

After showering, I took my time doing my makeup. I went for a dark, smokey eye with a red lip. If Havoc didn't like it, he could kiss my ass. I did my makeup for me first and foremost. It ticked me off to no end that I couldn't wear one of my spiked collars because of the goddamn tracking collar locked around my neck. Frowning at my reflection in Gage's bathroom mirror, I slipped into a black tank top and leggings with rainbow skulls. Comfy but still cute.

My blonde locks fell about my shoulders, bouncing as I descended the stairs. I rubbed my wrists where they were slightly raw from the rope. They were still bruised from Gage. Hopefully we could get through this party without any issues. I'd asked Clover to come. I wanted to hang with my friend and have a good time.

So much for that. As soon as I walked into the kitchen, I knew that wasn't going to happen. Sitting on the table in front of Havoc was a pair of handcuffs. My stomach dropped.

Pretending not to notice, I went to the fridge and helped myself to a can of cola. I popped it open and took a long, bubbly drink. All three guys stared at me.

Gage and Havoc were casually dressed in jeans and t-shirts. Knight wore a white button down shirt with chinos. His short brown hair had been recently trimmed. It looked good. My gaze lingered on each of them briefly. So hot yet so damn infuriating.

“Can I help you?” I asked, my tone dripping with snark.

Havoc pointed to the free chair at the table. “You sure can. Get your ass over here.”

“Not until you tell me what you plan to do with those.” I nodded to the handcuffs on the table.

“What do you think?” Havoc tossed bones from a chicken leg onto his plate before reaching into the bucket in the center of the table for another.

“Come on now, Bad Girl. Play along. You know you want to.”

With a roll of my eyes, I went to the table and sat down in the one free chair. “Let me guess. You’re going to handcuff me this time because the rope wasn’t good enough.”

“Close. You’re half right.” Havoc picked up the cuffs, leaned forward, and quickly snapped one closed around my wrist next to my black cat silhouette tattoo.

He surprised me by sliding his chair closer and locking the second cuff around his own wrist. I gaped at our bound wrists. I didn’t like where this was going.

“What are you doing?” I asked. “Have you lost what little sanity you had?”

“Oh, baby. I’ve never been sane.” Havoc’s laughter sent a chill down my spine. “You and I are going to spend the entire night locked together. And I do mean the whole damn night. Where I go, you go, and vice versa.”

“What if I have to take a shit?” I challenged, knowing that I’d never do such a thing in front of him.

“Then I’ll be right there to hand you the toilet paper,” he smirked.  
“Better hope that I don’t need to take one.”

I shot an imploring look at Knight, knowing that appealing to Gage for help was useless. “You’re okay with this? Do you ever speak up and put a stop to their bullshit? Or do you secretly love it?”

Knight raised both hands and shrugged. “You should know by now that you’re on your own here, Goddess. It’s not like you need me anyway. I need to get help, remember? I’m just a fucked up freak too.”

Yeah, I guess I had that one coming. “Fine. Fuck you too.”

Havoc meant it when he said we were going to be locked together all night. I was forced to follow him around the kitchen as he cleaned up his supper leftovers and lined the counter with liquor bottles. The first chance I got, I poured myself a strong drink. I’d need it to get through tonight.

Shortly before nine, people started pouring through the front door. I cringed at the thought of them all seeing me handcuffed to Havoc. Instead of showing my discomfort, I played it off like it was no big deal, rolling my eyes and laughing whenever someone commented on it.

I texted Clover before she came, warning her not to be too weirded out when she saw me. As soon as she walked in, she knew why. Her gaze went straight to the handcuffs, then to me. She raised a brow in question. I shrugged and made a face. So much for getting some private girl time. Not that I’d get much anyway. Zane was stuck to her ass like glue.

By eleven the house and the backyard was packed. I was more than a little drunk. What else could I do but imbibe? The problem with imbibing was having to pee. Aw, fuck no.

I sat on the living room couch with Havoc while he did shots with a few guys I didn’t know. When I got the chance, I leaned in to quietly whisper, “I need to pee.”

Havoc tossed back a tequila shot and nodded. “Excuse me, boys. My lady needs to use the facilities. I’ll be back.”

“Did you have to announce it to everyone?” I hissed, all but dragging him to the main floor bathroom.

Someone was inside, forcing me to wait. Screw that. Since the bedrooms were off limits, I dragged him along upstairs instead. The metal cuff dug into my flesh. I didn’t care, as long as it did the same to Havoc.

“Slow down,” he said, jerking on our linked hands.

“Do you want me to piss myself right here on the stairs?” I shook my head in disbelief. “I can’t believe I have to take a piss in front of you. You better not look or I’ll gouge your eyes out.”

We entered Havoc’s bedroom and went straight to the bathroom. The toilet was too far from the door to make him wait outside. He had to come in with me.

I groaned, hating every second of this torture. “Don’t look. Turn all the way around.”

Havoc smirked, humoring me by turning away. “I’ll still be able to hear you.”

“Eat a bag of dicks.” Keeping a close eye on him, I awkwardly dropped my pants with my free hand. I did my best to pee against the side of the bowl so it wouldn’t be as loud. It wasn’t easy.

Thankfully, Havoc didn’t once try to turn and look at me. Good. I’d have had to punch him for sure. After washing my hands—with some difficulty thanks to the cuffs—I turned to head back downstairs.

“What about me? Maybe I have to take a piss too.” Havoc’s grin widened. When I simply stared at him in disgust, he added, “Just kidding. I don’t have to go yet.”

We went back down to the main floor and rejoined the party. Havoc

wanted to go back to the couch. I wanted to go outside to see Clover. Surprisingly, he relented, following me into the backyard.

“Hey, girl,” Clover greeted me with a tipsy smile. “I see the fun never stops around here.”

She nodded to the cuffs tying me to Havoc. He was enjoying the many comments we received. He lit up like a damn Christmas tree.

“What can I say? Raina insisted. She’s far more twisted and kinky than you think.” He winked at Clover, ignoring my glare.

I couldn’t help but notice that Zane frowned, his expression darkening. It was pretty apparent to me and everyone else at this party that Havoc had no interest in Clover. A simple wink didn’t mean shit. If that was enough to anger Zane, just what kind of guy was he?

“Don’t listen to him.” I clapped my free hand over Havoc’s mouth. “He’s an idiot.”

We hung out with Zane and Clover for a while near the backyard fire. Since she and I couldn’t ditch the guys like I’d hoped, it wasn’t long before something else drew Havoc’s attention. A strip poker game had started up around the large patio table. He dragged me over without warning.

“Count us in,” Havoc said, pulling out a chair and sitting down. To my horror, he pulled me down onto his lap.

Knight was also seated at the table. Not Gage though. He was inside, most likely in the basement snorting lines of coke off some chick’s naked ass. The very thought ignited my fiery temper. Would he do that? After the talk we’d had while I tended his wounds? Probably.

Trying not to think about what Gage was doing, I stared at the hand of cards I’d been dealt. Not looking too good.

I made it through the first few rounds. Two other girls at the table and one of the guys had to shed clothing before I did. Eventually, my time came.

I started small, kicking off a shoe, then the other. Then a sock. I couldn't remove any top items as long as my hand was cuffed to Havoc anyway.

The conversation around the table was mostly related to the game. The drinks continued to flow. In no time, I was pretty drunk. So was everyone else. Drunk enough to say and do some stupid shit.

After losing my leggings, I started to get nervous. There was no way in hell I would be getting naked no matter how bad I lost. A guy across the table, I think his name was Jordan, began to ogle me. I pretended not to notice.

That didn't stop Jordan from making an incredibly drunken stupid move. In between hands when the cards were being dealt, he leaned across the table, catching Havoc's eye.

"Hey, Havoc. What will it take for you to lend out your girl? How about if I win the next three rounds, you give me an hour alone with her?"

A grave silence fell over the entire table. Everyone aside from Jordan seemed to realize what a huge mistake he'd made. I tensed on Havoc's lap, expecting him to lose it. However, it was Knight that snapped.

He stood up so fast his chair overturned. Then his fist was moving, a blur as it slammed into the side of Jordan's head. The force of the blow knocked Jordan out of his chair.

Knight didn't stop there. He dragged Jordan up by his hair, feeding punch after punch into his face. The people seated near them vacated their chairs. I gasped, a hand covering my mouth as I watched in shock. Havoc chuckled, enjoying the violence.

"You fucked up, asshole." Knight gave Jordan a shove, raising his hands to invite retaliation. "Nobody talks like that about our Goddess. We worship her, and so will you."

I sat there in stunned silence as Knight tried to coax Jordan into a fight.

Jordan was understandably reluctant to take a swing. His nose dripped blood onto the patio. Several people in the area shouted for them to fight. I guess that shit didn't stop after high school.

"That's right, Knight," Havoc encouraged. "Make this piece of shit kneel before our Goddess and beg forgiveness."

Jordan raised both hands. "I'm sorry, okay? Shit, I didn't know you guys were that serious about her. You've never cared this much about a chick before."

"Yeah, well, things change." Knight grabbed Jordan by the back of the neck, squeezing hard. He steered him over to where I sat on Havoc's lap. "On your knees, motherfucker."

Forcing Jordan down to his knees in front of me, Knight briefly met my gaze. His usually calm brown eyes were wild with fury. I couldn't deny that it was sexy as hell. It definitely helped that he was shirtless now thanks to the game.

"I don't hear any begging," Havoc said, his chuckle rumbling through me. "Better get started before we start breaking body parts."

"Okay, fuck. Chill out." Jordan stared at me, his eyes wide in fear. "I'm sorry, Raina. I shouldn't have said that."

I opened my mouth to accept his pitiful apology, but Knight cut me off. "You call that an apology? Fuck that. Try again. Kiss her feet."

He brutally shoved Jordan face down, almost planting his lips on my dangling foot. Most of the people partying in the backyard were now staring, watching Jordan get his ass handed to him. I was uncomfortable with so much attention. At the same time, I kind of enjoyed seeing the jerk on his knees.

"I'm not kissing her damn—"

Knight slapped Jordan in the back of the head, cutting off his protest.



Jordan let out a startled yelp. Aware that he wasn't getting out of this, he did as he was told.

"I'm sorry, Raina. I mean it. Please, forgive me." He lowered his head to my feet.

His lips were moist and warm. I hated the sensation. Although I kind of loved watching him grovel. If only it were Gage instead. That fucker owed me.

Everyone seemed to be awaiting my reaction. So I gave them what they wanted.

"Fine. Good enough. Now get out of my sight." Planting a foot on Jordan's forehead, I gave him a shove.

Laughter and shouts rang out from the watching partygoers. Jordan scrambled to his feet and fled the backyard. It didn't take long for everyone to resume their activity.

"Nice job, Bad Girl." Havoc gave me a squeeze. His pride shouldn't have felt as good as it did. Maybe that was the alcohol.

Knight gave his hand a shake before inspecting his cut knuckles. I slipped my leggings and footwear back on. I was done with this game.

Tugging on the cuff linking me to Havoc, I said, "Come on. Let's go inside and find some ice for Knight's hand."

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN



### RAINA

The party wrapped up well after three in the morning. More than a little drunk, I was looking forward to passing out. Havoc had other ideas.

“You’re coming to bed with me tonight.” He tugged on our cuffed wrists, trying to lead me toward the stairs.

“Come on, Havoc. It’s late. Take these things off already.” I frowned at the cuffs. I was over this.

Gage had surfaced from the basement an hour ago. He’d been high and drunk, stumbling up to his room. Since he’d claimed that space, I had to sleep somewhere else.

With a sigh of defeat, I let Havoc lead me upstairs. I had a feeling the night was far from over. I had to admit, his bed was inviting as hell. I knew it was comfortable. I was ready to crawl in and let drunken slumber claim me.

Havoc refused to remove the cuffs so we could wash up for bed. He stood next to me while I did a lazy job of removing my makeup. Since I couldn’t get my tank top off with my hand cuffed, I left it on to sleep in along with my underwear.

“Nope. I want you naked.” Havoc shook his head. Leading me to his dresser, he pulled a knife from the top drawer.

“Then take off the cuffs. I’m not letting you cut my clothing off. Do you have any idea how expensive a good bra is?” I held up a hand to ward him off. It did nothing.

“I’ll buy you a new one. Hold still.”

Since I wasn't in the mood for a fight, I stood there and let him slice off my top and bra. Then he cut off his own t-shirt before stripping off his jeans and boxer shorts. When I didn't remove my panties, Havoc did it himself.

"Jesus, you're a dick. Let's just go to sleep." I pulled back the comforter and crawled under the sheets, jerking on Havoc's hand to hurry him up.

"You're kidding, right?" Havoc chuckled, a smooth but daring sound. "I didn't get you naked so we could sleep, Bad Girl. You're going to ride my face first. Then my dick. That's an order."

I gaped at him as my dreams of drunken slumber died. I wasn't getting out of this. The expression Havoc wore made it clear that he was fully prepared to pull some of his forced orgasm shit on me. A forced orgasm sounded sexy at first. After about seven or eight of them, it was just torturous exhaustion.

"An order, huh?" I jerked again on our linked hands. "Sounds to me like a plan to make me do all the work."

Havoc smirked, climbing onto the bed next to me. "Maybe I just want to watch you ride me. Now get to it."

He laid back on the bed, adjusting his pillow beneath his head. I strongly considered refusing merely for spite. The alcohol in my veins and the heat between my thighs convinced me otherwise.

Our cuffed hands didn't affect my ability to straddle his face. I hovered over him, wary of putting my weight on him. He wasn't having any of that. Grabbing my hip, he jerked me down so my pussy pressed against his mouth. Without warning, his tongue thrust up inside me.

I gasped at the sudden pleasurable sensation. It was invasive as hell and felt way too good. Holding onto the headboard to brace myself, I rocked against his tongue. He sucked my clit into his mouth and my breath came

faster.

The pleasure built quickly. It didn't take long for me to come. That wasn't enough for Havoc though. He held tight to my hip, forcing me to stay put.

"Come on now, Raina. You know how this works. Let's see how many times I can make you come before your legs give out. And stop hovering. You're not going to suffocate me, and if you do, then fuck it. It's a good way to go."

"You're crazy," I moaned as he tongued my clit. My knees began to shake. This multiple orgasm thing was a lot easier when flat on my back.

"Yeah, but you're starting to love it, aren't you?" Havoc murmured against me, his words muffled by my pussy. "Your pussy definitely loves it."

My moans were loud in the otherwise quiet room. I wondered if Knight could hear me. Gage was passed out. I doubted he'd hear a gun if it were fired next to his head.

When Havoc worked two fingers inside me, I moved faster on top of him. My hips moved as I writhed against his face. He stroked me just right on the inside, making me explode with a second orgasm.

With my one free hand, I held tight to the headboard. "My hips are starting to cramp up, Havoc. Can we at least change positions?"

I half expected him to refuse. He surprised me by sitting up suddenly, knocking me backward. I landed flat on my back on the bed between his spread legs. Havoc rearranged us further by grabbing my thighs, forcing my ass into the air. Then he went crazy on me.

With my head pressed into the mattress and my ass in the air, I felt incredibly exposed. I loved the way he ate me like I was his last meal. Like he couldn't get enough. Every climax took more energy out of me until I was ready to beg him to stop. I knew better than that though. I'd learned that

begging Havoc to stop only guaranteed that he wouldn't.

After forcing five orgasms out of me, he decided that he wanted to move this along. Rising up over me, Havoc stroked his hard shaft with his free hand. Our joined hands were splayed along my belly.

“Look at me, Raina. I want your eyes on me while I fuck you.” He grabbed my chin, holding firm while he guided himself inside me.

Havoc's blue eyes filled with deep satisfaction as he sank balls deep. I groaned from the full sensation. He began to thrust, slowly at first, then a little faster with each one. The longer he held that intense eye contact, the more aggressive his thrusts became. Soon we were both moaning, making enough noise to wake the dead.

I reached to pull him closer, needing to feel his skin against mine. I used my free hand to hold tight, clawing deep gashes into one of the wings inked on his back. His pained groan set off fireworks between my legs. I fucking loved hurting him.

He loved hurting me too. As his thrusts became harder and more aggressive, I let it out all over him. I knew he loved it when his teeth clamped down hard on my neck above the collar I wore. I let out a pained squeak, still sore and bruised from Gage. That didn't deter Havoc though.

I wasn't expecting it when he decided to change up our position. Grabbing both of my hands, he sat up, going down on his back and pulling me up on top of him.

“Ride my cock, Bad Girl. I want to watch you take it all.”

Once I adjusted to the position change, I began to move atop him. Sliding down his thick cock, I whimpered. Try as I might to hate Havoc, I couldn't hate this. My entire body loved every inch of him.

I braced myself with both hands on his chest. He placed his cuffed hand over mine in a move that felt strangely affectionate despite the way we

fucked each other. There were many things between Havoc and me. Affection wasn't one of them.

When my pace slowed, he slapped my ass. The crack of his hand on my ass cheek was startlingly loud. I yelped and picked up the rhythm. Grinding my clit against his pelvis, I drove myself toward another climax. It would have to be my last. I was spent.

Or so I thought. When it became clear that I was growing exhausted, Havoc put me on my hands and knees so he could rail me from behind. It forced my cuffed hand behind me. He gripped my ass with one hand, reaching around to rub my clit with the other.

“Havoc, please. I can't come again.” My plea was breathy as I struggled to form words.

“We'll see about that.” He didn't let up. Instead, he fucked me harder.

This entire forced orgasm thing was Havoc's way of edging himself. With each orgasm of mine, he came closer to his own, always holding off until just the right moment. Holding myself up with one hand wasn't easy. My wrist wobbled until I fell face down into the sheets. That only encouraged Havoc.

He slapped my ass again, giving it a squeeze. There was a tug on my hair, jerking my head back. Only once I came one more time did he let himself go. Havoc's hips jerked against me as he emptied inside me.

The bastard tried to collapse on the bed and promptly pass out. Hell no. I forced him to get up and come to the bathroom with me to clean up first. No UTIs for this girl. By the time we stumbled back to the bed, we were both ready for sleep.

Havoc pulled me into his arms, wrapping me tight in his embrace. His warm breath on the back of my neck lulled me. I fell headlong into sleep. Comfortable and warm, I didn't even care that he still hadn't removed the

handcuffs. What a crazy shithead.

As I drifted off in Havoc's arms, I had to admit to myself that he was my kind of crazy.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN



**RAINA**

I woke up alone and disoriented. For a moment, I wasn't sure where the hell I was. The handcuffs on Havoc's abandoned pillow reminded me.

Sitting up with a groan, I stretched and rubbed my wrist where the cuff had been chaffing me. Thankfully, he'd removed them before leaving the room. Since it was Saturday morning, none of us had classes. Male voices drifted up the stairs. It sounded like all three of them were in the kitchen. Shit, what time was it?

Since I had no idea where my phone was, I grabbed Havoc's tablet off the dresser. Just past ten in the morning. Early still but not super early.

After emptying my full bladder in the attached bathroom, I climbed back into the warm bed and got comfy with the tablet. I was in no hurry to go downstairs and deal with the Gods in hangover mode. Instead, I propped the pillows against the headboard and helped myself to Havoc's social media.

I'd checked out some of his stuff the last time I'd snooped through his tablet. This time I dug a little deeper. With the door cracked open, I could hear them downstairs. I doubted he'd catch me with it. Even if he did, why would he leave it lying around without a password if he had something to hide?

I scrolled through photo after photo. Most of them were stupid party pictures of drunken shenanigans. Nothing of interest. Earlier photos were from his time on campus. As I scrolled, the pictures began to get older. Havoc looked much younger. He was a teen in most of them. I recognized his



dad in several pictures. Everyone in the city knew who Maverick Alexander was, especially me and my family.

It wasn't Maverick who caught my attention though. No, it was the giggling brunette on his lap in the background of one photo that made me gasp and do a double take. Was that Nikki?

I zoomed in on the photo. It made the details a bit grainy but there was no doubt in my mind that was Nikki. My father's wife. The woman I'd killed in self-defense.

A sick sensation formed in my stomach. Did Havoc know about this? He was in the photo too, in the foreground with a younger, much less tattooed Gage. What the fuck was going on here?

I sent a copy of the photo to my email before putting the tablet back on Havoc's dresser. Needing some time to think, I grabbed some clean clothes from my bag in Gage's room and washed up in the bathroom. Slipping into jeans and a t-shirt, I tried to calm myself down. It didn't work.

By the time I descended the stairs to the main floor, I was furious. Havoc had to know something. That meant he'd been keeping it from me all this time. Claiming to protect me from a stalker that was most likely one of his father's men. I doubted Maverick would bother doing that kind of dirty work himself.

"Ah, there she is. Our sleeping beauty." Knight greeted me with a wink and a smile. "We saved you some pancakes."

He nodded to the island counter where a plate stacked with pancakes sat next to a bottle of syrup. Not feeling like food with so much tension coiled in my stomach, I went through the motions of fixing myself a coffee.

"Thanks. I'm not hungry right now." I took a sip of coffee. That hit the spot. Unfortunately, it did nothing to quell the anger brewing inside me. Finally, I spat, "Hey, Havoc. Care to tell me why you didn't say shit about

your dad being involved with Nikki?”

The chatter at the table came to an abrupt stop. Havoc glanced up from his pancakes with a frown. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about the picture on your Insta of Nikki sitting on your dad’s lap. Are you seriously going to play dumb? I know you’re an idiot but not that much of an idiot.”

My tone was sharp enough to cut glass. It brought Havoc out of his chair in a flash. His fork hit the plate with a loud clatter.

“First of all, I have no idea what the hell you’re talking about. Second of all, you better watch your mouth, Raina. I’ll spank that ass so hard you won’t sit for a month.” Havoc strode toward me, his expression furious.

Both Knight and Gage watched the scene unfolding before them with growing curiosity. Knight shoved his chair back, ready to get up if Havoc and I tried to kill each other. Depending on what else he said, it may happen.

Spying my phone on the kitchen table, I left my coffee and went to grab it. Havoc pivoted to follow. I opened my email and pulled up the photo, showing it to Havoc.

“That’s Nikki.” I pointed to the dark haired woman on Maverick’s lap. “My father’s dead wife.”

Havoc stared at the photo for a minute before shaking his head. “That’s some chick my dad banged a few times. Her name was April. I don’t recall her being around much.”

“No, Havoc. This is Nikki. I don’t know if that’s her real name but this is her. How did you not recognize her at my fake memorial service?” I thrust the phone at his face, forcing him to shove my hand away.

“Fuck, I don’t know. She was blonde at the memorial. She wore a lot of makeup, and she was crying with her head down a lot. I was seventeen back then. Not really paying much attention to the women my father brought

home. Nobody cared. Not even my mom who was usually banging the pool guy. Are you sure this is her?”

“I’d bet my life on it. Trust me, Havoc, it’s her.” I paused, letting that sink in before adding, “You know what this means, don’t you?”

Gage let out a low whistle. “It means that either Nikki was playing both Maverick and Desmond, or she was working with Maverick and purposely got close to Desmond.”

I thought back to what Nikki had said about wanting everything my father had. She’d needed me out of the way first. The only person who had enough power to conquer this city with my father out of the way was Maverick Alexander.

Havoc shook his head. “No, that can’t be true. She was some random hookup. It couldn’t be more than that.”

I exchanged a glance with Knight who offered me a sympathetic wince and a shrug. I couldn’t force Havoc to see that his father was behind my stalker. That he’d planted a woman in my father’s house with the intent to murder him. The truth was blatantly obvious to me.

“Dude, I don’t think she was a random hookup,” Gage said. “I think she was working with your dad to take down Desmond Monroe.”

Havoc went to the island, leaning heavily against it. He rubbed his eyes and swore a few times. “That would mean my father is behind everything, including Raina’s stalker. I just can’t believe that.”

“Do you not think he’s capable of that?” I challenged. My blood was boiling.

“Of course he is. I just—” Havoc broke off, turning away. He gripped the counter so hard his knuckles were white.

Havoc’s jaw clenched as he bit back the words. He didn’t want to admit that his father was the one trying to kill me. Did he really care? Sure, he’d

claimed me, but I was little more than a plaything. A fun way to pass the time. Eventually, he would tire of this game. Right?

Knight rose, gathering his empty plate and coffee mug. He put everything away in the dishwasher before placing a hand on Havoc's shoulder. "There's only one way to get to the bottom of this. We need to get our hands on the man who's been following Raina."

## CHAPTER NINETEEN



### KNIGHT

Once I had everyone's attention, the situation seemed to calm. Or so I thought. Raina was clearly fuming, doing her best not to lose it and smash Havoc across the face with her coffee mug. His expression dared her to do it.

I wasn't a fan of unnecessary conflict. There was a time and place for violence and fighting. This wasn't it.

"So we need to use Raina as bait and lure the guy out," Gage surmised. "Sounds like fun to me."

"I'm game," Raina added, chugging back her coffee. She returned to the kitchen for another. "Let's do it tonight. After dark. He's more likely to bite then."

Havoc frowned. "Are we sure this is the best plan? Maybe there's another way."

"Like what?" I asked. "Going to your dad and straight up asking him? We don't have another option. Grabbing the guy who's been tailing Raina will settle this."

Havoc gnawed his bottom lip. "Fine. I'm going to the gym. I'll be back in time for supper."

He didn't wait around. Pulling his car keys from a pocket, Havoc headed for the door, slamming it behind him.

"Wow." Raina dragged out that one word. "What a big fucking baby. Just as well. I have some schoolwork to do before you use me as bait."

With a fresh cup of coffee in hand, she scooped two pancakes onto a

small plate and disappeared back upstairs. Gage watched her go with an evil glimmer in his eyes.

“Don’t bother,” I said. “Come on. I’ll take you to look at a few cars.”

It was a good way to kill the afternoon. Gage still needed a car. If we stayed here, I’d have to watch him and Raina like a hawk. I wasn’t in the mood to play referee for those two right now.

Gage considered putting up a fight, ultimately deciding it wasn’t worth it. We left the house in my SUV, going to one of the many used car dealerships around the city. Gage was a pain in the ass, finding something wrong with every car we looked at. He was still butt hurt about his Mustang. Understandable. Raina had done a real number on us. We’d deserved it though.

After almost six hours and a lengthy back and forth with the salesman, Gage finally settled on an older black Charger. It was a nice ride. Nothing quite like his classic car had been, but it had a menacing vibe that screamed Gage.

By the time we got back to the house, Havoc was back. He was outside in the backyard by himself, scrolling on his phone. I grabbed a beer for both of us from the fridge and joined him.

“Everything okay?” I pulled out the patio chair across from his and sat down.

Havoc accepted the bottle I slid across the table to him. He gave a short nod, rubbing a hand through his hair. “I have no fucking idea anymore. What if Raina’s right? What if my dad is behind all of this shit?”

His concern was totally valid. I’d have been a mess too if I were in his shoes. I pondered my response, not really sure what to say.

“Well, it would make sense. Maverick has his reasons for going after Desmond Monroe. It’s not like he knows you’ve formed an attachment to

Raina.” I picked at the label on my beer bottle, watching it flake off in tiny pieces.

“I haven’t formed an attachment,” Havoc scoffed, taking a long swig of beer. “It’s more of a special interest. My dad would shit a brick if he knew she was here. He’d probably beat my ass too. Or worse.”

Havoc’s dad hadn’t gotten to where he was by being a nice guy. He was a ruthless bastard. Havoc hadn’t fallen far from that tree.

“Let’s just say that your father is behind this. What then?” I studied Havoc closely, noting the way his lip twitched.

He didn’t answer for several long minutes. Finally, he shook his head. “I have no idea.”

He could deny being attached to Raina all he wanted. I knew him though. He’d claimed her. We all had. That made her ours. She was far more than a special interest. I wasn’t going to argue with Havoc about that. He was in denial.

That would come to an abrupt end if Maverick was behind everything. Havoc would be forced to make a decision then. His father or Raina.

We finished our beers in peace. I didn’t push the conversation any further. It was evident to me that Havoc was lost inside himself. All I could do was hope that when we caught this guy, it turned out to have nothing to do with Maverick. Maybe Nikki was a mobster groupie, floating from one to the other. Maybe that’s all there was to this whole thing.

Deep down I knew that wasn’t true.

We waited until well after dark before venturing out. The plan was for Raina to walk to campus as if she were on her way to meet Clover at the dorm. Gage would tail her on foot. Havoc and I would keep our distance and go by vehicle.

Raina came downstairs dressed in black leggings, a tank top, and a thin

hoodie. She looked like she was ready to sneak around in the dark and slash some tires. If it wasn't for the dark expression she wore, I'd have teased her about it. Both Raina and Havoc were on edge and tightly wound. I hoped that neither of them screwed this up.

“Ready?” I asked when we were all gathered by the front door.

“Fuck yeah.” Raina jerked the door open. “I can't wait to bring an end to this shit.”

She strolled out and stuck her hands in her pockets, ambling down the front walk like she didn't have a care in the world. For a girl who was about to play bait, she seemed incredibly calm and composed.

Too bad I couldn't say the same for Havoc. He was obviously irritable and ready to snap. We waited until both Raina and Gage had disappeared down the block before following in my Jeep.

Gage quickly vanished. He had the ability to become a shadow, going unseen until he chose to reveal himself. Raina strode down the street looking like an easy target. Hopefully not too easy. We didn't want this guy to catch on to our plan. I followed her from block to block, pulling over every so often and watching from a distance before catching up.

She made it all the way to campus property before anything happened. Raina strolled through the parking lot toward the student residence. That's when our guy finally made his move.

From where we sat at the end of the parking lot, Havoc and I watched him emerge from between two vehicles right next to Raina. She jumped like he'd startled her. Maybe he had. He'd done a good job being stealthy.

He threw his full weight into her, tackling her to the ground. She went down hard. The sight made my blood boil. I wanted to seriously fuck this guy up worse than the idiot who'd insulted her at our party. This guy was going to pay with copious amounts of blood.



Havoc and I shoved our doors open as we scrambled to get out. Gage was closer. He got there first. As we rushed through the parking lot, Gage grabbed the man and jerked him off Raina. He threw him down on the pavement and climbed on top of him. His fists were flying as he punched the guy in the face over and over.

“Ease up, Gage,” I shouted as we approached. “We need him alive and conscious.”

Havoc helped Raina to her feet, looking her over for wounds. “Are you okay? Did he hurt you?”

“Just a few scrapes. I’m fine.” Raina turned to the man on the ground beneath Gage, kicking him in the ribs with her boot. “Let’s find out who this piece of shit is and what he knows.”

Since we were at risk of being discovered, we dragged the guy back to my vehicle. I opened up the back. We tossed him inside, blocking his escape. Not that he was going anywhere. His eyes fluttered as he tried not to pass out. Blood ran from his nose.

Havoc jerked the black mask off his head. It was a twenty-something man with short buzzed hair and dark eyes. I didn’t recognize him.

“Who the hell are you and why are you stalking our girl?” Havoc barked, both hands clenched into fists. “Start talking or we’ll find plenty of inventive ways to make you talk.”

Gage clambered into the back of the SUV with our captive, jerking one of his arms painfully behind his back until he screamed.

“I was hired to grab her for someone. I don’t know who. It was all done anonymously. I’m supposed to drop her off at an address I was given. That’s all I know. I swear.” The man’s words flowed freely. He wasn’t an old pro at this kind of thing. That much was obvious.

“What’s the address?” Havoc demanded.

“I don’t know. It’s in my phone. In the notes.” The man handed over the device.

Havoc went through the phone, finding the notes app. His eyes widened. “Fuck. Okay, I guess you’ll have to die now.”

Pulling a handgun equipped with a silencer from inside his jacket, he pressed the barrel to the man’s head and forced him out of the car and onto his knees on the ground. Raina watched with breath held as Havoc pulled the trigger.

Blood and brain matter splattered the pavement. The man slumped over, his skull cracking against the ground. Havoc grabbed Raina and hastily shoved her into the backseat, climbing in with her. Gage got in the front with me, and then we were gone.

I didn’t have to ask to know that Havoc recognized the address. Things had just gone from bad to worse.

## CHAPTER TWENTY



### HAVOC

I didn't speak a word to anyone the entire drive home. As soon as we pulled into the driveway, I waited for everyone else to go inside before calling my father. My pulse quickened as I listened to it ring.

Finally, he picked up. "What's up, Christian? I'm just in the middle of something."

Too busy to take two minutes to talk to his son. Typical. I wasn't in the mood for that shit today.

"Are you at home? I need to speak to you. In person. I'm already in the car." I got out of Knight's SUV and crossed to where my car sat in the driveway. Sliding into the driver's seat, I pulled out my keys and started the engine.

"No, I'm at the storage facility. The one with the incinerator. You know the one." The way he spoke told me that he knew damn well I hadn't used it on a neighborhood cat. I was beyond giving a shit.

"Fine. I'm on my way." I hung up before he could tell me not to come. I had a few questions for him, and I wanted to look him in the eye when he answered.

I peeled out of the driveway and took off with a squeal of tires. I didn't tell the others where I was going. Gage and Knight would know. I'd just put a bullet in the brain of a man who'd been hired by my father to grab Raina. My mind raced with the many possibilities of what my father had planned for her.

It became painfully clear that he knew she was staying with us. He'd

been the one behind Jenna's death too, although I had no idea why. Something shady as fuck was going on here. I was determined to get to the bottom of it.

A sick sensation twisted in my stomach when I thought about my father going after Raina. Sure, he'd had a vendetta against Desmond Monroe for decades. Long before Raina and I were part of this shitshow. Would he really sink so low as to target Raina in order to get rid of his foe? Yes, yes he would.

Maybe I wouldn't have cared if I hadn't claimed her. I'd denied being attached to her because it hadn't felt like the right term. Obsessed. That was more like it. Raina had dug her way deep inside me the moment I'd first laid eyes on her. All I knew was that I had to make her mine.

I'd never cared about any woman enough to go to bat against my father. I still didn't know what it meant to be driving over there intending to call him out on his shit. It wasn't something I'd done before. No doubt it came with substantial risk. A risk I was willing to take. Knight would say that I'd fallen for her, or something equally disturbing and overexaggerated. I wasn't willing to make such a claim, although I was clearly putting my own ass on the line here.

When I drove up to the storage building, my palms grew sweaty. I parked the car and wiped my hands on my jeans before getting out. Because I didn't fully trust myself right then, I left my gun in the car, tucked under the seat.

As I entered the building, I passed two of my father's men on their way up from the basement. One of them paused to say, "He's down there."

I continued down the stairs into the basement. The air smelled far from fresh. I rounded the corner at the bottom of the stairs and jerked to a stop.

My father stood in front of the incinerator. With the door still open, I

clearly saw the body inside. The man I'd just killed. Damn, that was fast. He'd either had someone watching the dead guy or watching me. Maybe his cop friend on the force had tipped him off.

"Hello, Christian." My father's tone was low and menacing. He swung the incinerator door shut and hit the switch to fire it up.

"Dad," I said with a nod. I pulled my phone out, ready to show the picture of him and Nikki.

He took a few steps toward me, his hands spread wide. "Did you come to tell me why you killed my man here?"

He nodded toward the incinerator. I followed his gaze, unable to see the man roasting inside.

"Sure. But I have a question of my own. Were you involved with Nikki Monroe?" Holding up my phone, I showed him the old photo that Raina had found.

He pretended to scrutinize it before slowly nodding. "I suppose I was at one time, yes. Why do you ask?"

Jesus Christ. He was really going to play this game. It made my blood boil.

"Were you still involved with her while she was married to Desmond?" I asked. I'd come here for answers, and I wasn't leaving without them.

My father's brows knit together into a tight frown. "Why do you ask? What's this all about?"

I let out an annoyed huff. I didn't have the patience for this shit. "You know what this is about. Nikki tried to kill Raina because you told her to. Isn't that right?"

The atmosphere suddenly felt heavy and suffocating. It wasn't like me to go against my father on anything. Although he'd never given me a reason to before. A memory flitted through my mind. Raina flushing with adorable

embarrassment as she realized she'd have to pee in front of me. Another memory of Raina riding my cock, her head thrown back in pleasure. They were both followed up by an image of her telling me off, fury in her hazel eyes.

Each memory strengthened my resolve. I wasn't backing down. Not even the warning in my father's eyes could change my mind now.

My father shoved his hands into the pockets of his pricey suit pants and cocked his head to one side. "So what if I did? Why would that matter to you? She's the enemy, remember?"

"Why her though? Why not just go after Desmond?" A nervous pit formed in my stomach. It was too late to turn back now.

My father nodded and gave a lazy half shrug. "That was the plan. Start with the kid to break him, then really let him have it. Unfortunately, it didn't work out as planned. Let me tell you something, son. Raina Monroe is pure poison. She'll get inside your head, and then she'll bring you down. That's why you need to stay away from her."

My mouth went dry, stopping me from asking about Jenna and everything else that had been going on. Under the weight of his penetrating dark stare, I didn't know what to say.

Before I could form words, he continued. "You know what? Forget the guy in the incinerator. I have a job for you. Go grab Knight and Gage. I've got a big cash drop coming in about an hour. You guys can go get it. Bring it back here after it's done."

I knew he wanted to get rid of me before the conversation could go any further. Wary of his warning about Raina, part of me wanted to get away before he forced me to admit that I'd claimed her. That I'd do anything to protect her. Even put my own ass on the line.

Feeling like a coward, I swallowed hard and said, "Sure. Send me the

address. I'll take care of it.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE



**RAINA**

“Stay here. Keep the doors locked. Don’t let anyone inside. Don’t even order pizza.” Havoc rambled on, his list of instructions growing longer.

I folded my arms over my chest, leaning against the kitchen counter. It was all I could do not to yawn and roll my eyes. Since it had been a rough night so far, I kept my mouth shut.

Havoc had left right after we got home. Gage and Knight had assumed he’d gone to see his father. He’d returned less than an hour later looking like he’d had his ass handed to him. Physically he’d been fine. Mentally, Havoc was not doing well. I saw it in his eyes.

He hadn’t told us a damn thing about where he went or what had happened. If he’d seen his father, it hadn’t gone well. I wasn’t sure what that meant for me. His repeated warnings made me think that the danger was far from over.

“How long do you think you guys will be?” I asked. As much as I hated to admit it, I was nervous about staying alone.

Havoc had only said that his father had a job for them to do. That could mean just about anything.

“Not any longer than we need to be.” He surprised me by pulling me into his arms, wrapping them around me as he pressed his face to the top of my head. “We’ll come straight back as soon as we’re done. If anything happens, anything at all, call me. Promise?”

Because he seemed to need a hug, I slid my arms around him, my head



against his chest. “I promise. Be careful, okay?”

“Trust me, Bad Girl. Nothing will stop me from getting back to you.” Havoc kissed the top of my head before letting me go.

When not even Gage had a snarky remark to make, I knew something was up. Things were bad. Really bad.

Havoc locked the door on his way out. Hoping they wouldn't be long, I tried to keep myself busy by working on an assignment for one of my classes. My brain was all over the place, unable to focus. Eventually, I gave up and turned on the TV in the living room. Sprawling on the couch, I scrolled through various social media apps on my phone.

When that grew boring, I tried to call Clover. She didn't answer. I shoved off the couch and paced around the living room and kitchen. I went to the cupboard and plucked out a bag of barbecue potato chips. I stuffed my face with chips, washing them down with a frosty beer from the fridge. I wasn't much of a beer drinker. Right then it hit the spot.

I was certain that at least an hour had passed. A glance at the clock informed me that it had only been twenty minutes. Seriously?

A knock at the back door made me almost jump out of my skin. Who the hell would come to the back door? Only someone trying to avoid the doorbell camera at the front. There were other cameras around the perimeter of the house. Those could easily be avoided or covered. This couldn't be good.

I quickly ducked into the living room where the curtains were drawn so I wouldn't be seen through the kitchen window. My heart picked up pace as the knocking continued. No way in hell was I opening that door.

I glanced at the stairs, wondering if I should run up to the second floor. No, that was stupid. Horror movie victims always did that shit. The only way out was through the front door. Since I couldn't be sure that nobody would be

waiting for me there, I was stuck right where I was.

My phone laid on the couch where I'd left it. Did I call Havoc? Or wait it out? Maybe it was a neighbor or something who would leave when nobody answered.

No such luck. The sound of a key in the door sent a shock of fear racing down my spine. The guys wouldn't come through the back, and they sure wouldn't stand there knocking first. I tensed, glancing around the room for a potential weapon. There was a heavy lamp on a side table. That was about it. Goddammit.

My palms began to sweat as the kitchen door opened. Maverick fucking Alexander walked in like he owned the place. For all I knew, he did. He had a key. His dark stare landed on me and a wicked smile spread across his face.

"Raina Monroe. I thought I might find you here. Come. Sit. We're going to have a little talk." Maverick approached the four seater kitchen table and pulled out a chair. When he saw me glance at my phone, he added, "Don't even think about it."

Fuck me. This was not good. Knowing that it was best to do as he said if I wanted to get out of this alive, I slowly approached the table and sat down across from him. I didn't have anything to say to this man. Not in the moment with him sitting there glaring daggers at me. I knew without a doubt that he was the other person working with Nikki. It was written all over his face.

He looked a little like Havoc, although Havoc had gorgeous blue eyes and less cruelty within them. I'd never been up close and personal with Maverick. I sure didn't want to be now.

"I see you've managed to worm your way into my son's life," he mused, hands clasped on the table before him. "I'm not sure how you did it. I worked hard to make sure he saw you as the enemy. I guess some guys will

do anything for some pussy. Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

Wow. What a supreme asshole. I did my best to steel my features, not allowing my true feelings to show. It became apparent now that he'd purposely sent the guys on an errand so he could come here and confront me. And maybe worse.

I swallowed hard. "For the record, I didn't come here on my own free will. Havoc forced me to be here. In fact, Havoc forced almost every interaction we've ever had."

I didn't know what else to say. My intent wasn't to throw Havoc under the bus but to make it clear that I hadn't wormed my way in anywhere. I was wearing a fucking collar for god's sake. Not that it looked like anything other than a metallic choker necklace.

Maverick's ice cold gaze slid over me. Did this asshole really think I'd willingly let Gage tattoo me with their mark? Yeah, he probably did.

"Is that so? And you did nothing to attract his attention?" Maverick looked me over, lingering on my breasts. Something like amusement briefly flitted across his face.

"Not a damn thing. He walked up to me at a party and poured his beer over my head. Now I'm here. Trust me, I didn't ask for any of this." And yet, now I didn't want to give any of it up. What the hell had happened to me in the time since I'd met the Gods?

Maverick's lips pressed into a tight, thin line. "Something happened to make my son feel the need to protect you."

"You'd have to ask him about that. I didn't do anything. Maybe filling his head with nonsense about me being the enemy only created an obsession. Maybe this is all on you." I held my breath, hoping he didn't kill me for speaking my mind. It just wasn't in me to keep my mouth shut when someone talked shit.

Maverick quickly rose. He rounded the small table and kicked my chair with enough force to send me flying onto the floor. I tried to scramble quickly to my feet. He was already there, grabbing a fistful of my hair.

He slammed my head against the table, pinning me in place. Leaning in close enough for his breath to tickle the back of my neck, he snarled, "You better watch your mouth, little girl. I'm not above sending you to your father in pieces. Now listen to me very carefully. You are going to distance yourself from my son. I don't want to find out you're still here manipulating him with that nasty hole between your legs. This will be your only warning."

"He won't let me go," I squeaked, my voice high and frightened. "I told you that I didn't come here on my own. He fucking handcuffed me to himself all night."

Something told me not to tell him about the collar I wore that had a tracker. I knew better than to volunteer too much information.

Maverick's low chuckle made my adrenaline pump harder. "I see my boy is more like his father than I thought. Well then, it will be on you to find a way to make him cut you loose. I don't care how you do it, just do it. I expect that you know better than to tell Christian that I was here."

Using his hold on my hair, Maverick pulled me off the table and shoved me hard. I went sprawling onto the floor, barely getting my hands out in time to catch me. I bit my bottom lip in the fall, tasting blood. I stayed down, knowing better than to get up and anger him further.

He strode from the house, leaving the same way he'd come. I waited for several minutes before getting off the floor. Swiping the blood from my lip, I tried and failed to hold back tears.

Maverick Alexander wanted me dead. He was behind the man who'd been stalking me. He'd sent the messages to my phone. It was all too much to take. It wasn't often that I truly feared someone. I was afraid now.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO



### GAGE

“Are you going to tell us what Maverick said that has you so ticked off?” I eyed Havoc from the passenger seat. He was in a real mood.

His fingers tightened on the steering wheel. He stared straight ahead, barely blinking as he drove. I glanced into the backseat at Knight who shrugged. When Havoc got into a mood like this, he could be a really unpredictable asshole.

As we pulled up to a red light, he glanced over at me and said, “He told me that Raina is poison and to stay away from her.”

I considered this with a nod. “Well, he’s not entirely wrong. She’s the good kind of poison though. The kind that you know can kill you but it just feels so fucking good that you take your chances anyway.”

“He admitted to banging Nikki Monroe,” Havoc continued. “He also had the stalker in the incinerator. He was going to grill me about the body, then he changed his mind. Told me that he had a job for us to do. I think he was trying to avoid answering any questions.”

I pondered this new turn of events. Maverick was a stone cold son of a bitch. A nasty fucker. It didn’t surprise me that he’d been fucking Raina’s father’s wife. Something wasn’t right here though. Maverick was hiding something. I could feel it.

“There’s obviously more to it than he wants us to know,” Knight stated. “I wonder what’s really going on.”

“I don’t know,” Havoc said, hitting the gas as the light turned green.

“He must know Raina has been staying with us. He knew that I’d killed her stalker.”

“Which means we left her alone for him to kill in our absence,” I pointed out, my tone lacking any emotion.

I wasn’t sure how I felt about that. Raina had come to mean something to me. What that was exactly, I still didn’t know. I wasn’t the feelings type. Other than these two dicks, I didn’t give a shit about anyone. Maybe my younger brother, although the selfish little shit rarely stayed in touch.

Havoc’s eyes widened. “Fuck me. He’s trying to get us out of the way. Check her tracker. If he hurts her, he’ll probably take her straight to the incinerator. Or dump her at her dad’s house.”

I pulled up Raina’s tracker on my phone. “She’s right where we left her. Still in the house. I think she’ll be fine, dude. Maverick wouldn’t be that obvious, would he?”

Havoc shook his head, his brow furrowing. “I don’t know. Knowing him, he would tell me to kill her myself.”

“Which you would never do. Right?” Knight sounded uncertain, like he didn’t know what answer to expect.

Havoc took way too longer answering. I was getting ready to thump him upside the head. Finally, he said, “Fuck no. Raina is ours. Nobody is changing that. Not even my father.”

The rest of the drive was spent with Knight and I making small talk while Havoc silently stewed. We all knew that going against Maverick Alexander was suicide. If he demanded that we hurt Raina, I mean really hurt Raina, we would have an incredibly tough decision to make.

I knew already that nothing and nobody would make me kill our goddess. She was the first person to make me feel alive in a long damn time. Maverick could go fuck himself.

The address we'd been given for the cash pickup was for a shady nightclub on the other side of the city. Several motorcycles lined the parking lot. A group of bearded, tattooed men stood near the entryway smoking and shooting the shit.

We pulled into the lot, parking at the far end near a garbage dumpster. Then we waited. There wasn't much action in the parking lot. Some dude stumbled out the back exit of the bar and threw up before going back inside. Nice place.

A shiny silver sedan pulled into the lot ten minutes later. It pulled up beside us and one man with a briefcase got out. Three other men got out with him. That was our cue.

The three of us got out of the car and went to meet them. The briefcase was handed off without issue. Without a word exchanged between any of us, the deal was done. The men who'd come got back into the sedan and were gone. The entire exchange took less than a minute.

It should have ended there. We should have driven off and went on our merry way. That never happened.

Instead, the back door of the bar burst open as the goddamn Angels filed out. They'd come prepared, bringing at least six other guys with them. Wasting no time, they quickly surrounded us.

"What the fuck is this?" I barked. "What a goddamn joke."

Daire stepped forward to speak for the group. "Maybe, but we'll be the only ones laughing. You dumb fucks never know when to quit, do you? Hopefully this time you learn your damn lesson."

Ah retaliation. What a fucking lovely thing. These assholes couldn't take a loss. They'd come for payback.

"We're not here for you," Havoc said, his grip tight on the briefcase. "We'll go our way. You go yours."

Daire's face split into a wide grin. "I don't think so, dick. Hand over the briefcase."

"Fuck you," Havoc spat.

When he glanced at the car, I knew he'd left his gun inside. Mine was back at the house. I preferred a hands on approach to cunts like this. Not that it mattered when we were this outnumbered. We couldn't exactly gun down a bunch of guys from campus. I'd rather take a beating than spend the rest of my life inside a prison cell. That didn't mean I would go down without a fight.

With Havoc's refusal, the fight was on. Daire nodded to Blaze who stepped up with a crowbar in one hand. Jesus Christ, we were fucked.

I lunged forward in time to catch the crowbar as it came flying through the air toward Havoc. Blaze and I wrestled for control of the crowbar, each of us holding on tight. All around us chaos broke out.

Cash threw himself at Knight, knocking him to the ground. Punches were flying, both of them taking as many as they were landing. Since there were only three of us, soon we had more guys on us than we could fight off. Blaze and two other guys got me on the ground. Still, I wouldn't give up my hold on the crowbar. No way was I taking that thing to the head. I still bore the marks from our last encounter.

Havoc and Daire fought over the briefcase. Another guy moved in to help Daire by putting Havoc in a chokehold. His face turned red and purple before he blacked out. His grip on the briefcase went slack, allowing Daire to triumphantly jerk it free. Daire passed it to another dude who hurriedly locked it in the trunk of a nearby car.

The fight was over as fast as it had started. The Angels and their friends quickly dispersed, piling into two vehicles before speeding out of the lot.

I picked myself up off the ground, spitting blood from a reopened cut



on my lip. I sure was taking a lot of abuse these days. Knight and I roused Havoc, lightly slapping his face as he stirred.

“The briefcase,” he mumbled. “Did they get the briefcase?”

Knight and I exchanged a look. We both knew what this meant. Maverick was going to have our asses.

“Yeah,” Knight said softly. “They got the briefcase.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE



### RAINA

Monday morning rolled around and the guys still had no idea that Maverick paid me a visit. Of course, I didn't know what exactly had gone down the night they left me alone. They'd gone out on a job that Maverick gave them and came home looking a bit rough. Not one of them had spoken a word about what happened.

Maybe Maverick had asked them to get rough with someone. Or maybe he'd hired someone to get rough with them. They'd all been in such a bad mood that I hadn't pushed them to tell me anything. I got it. I had a secret of my own.

Gage had insisted that I ride with him to campus in his new car. I didn't argue. There was no point. Though I'd never admit it to Gage, I felt safer with him. I didn't trust Maverick not to come after me. He wanted me to turn Havoc against me, to make him hate me and cut me loose. I couldn't bring myself to do that.

That in itself opened up a can of worms that I didn't feel ready to address. I didn't want Havoc to hate me. Maybe I did once. Maybe I never gave a shit before. Try as I might to crush the reality of it, I kind of gave a shit now.

"Hurry up, Raina. What the hell is taking you so long?" Gage paused in the parking lot to glance back at me with a scowl.

I'd stopped to tie my loose shoelace. I glared up at him. "Tying my shoelace, jerk. Is that okay with you?"

“Not really. Make it snappy.” He snapped his fingers at me as if that would make me tie my shoe any faster.

Gage had been in a bad mood since he woke up this morning. Coffee hadn't seemed to help. Too bad I had to spend most of my classes with him. This was going to be a long day.

“Eat me,” I muttered beneath my breath. Unfortunately, Gage still heard.

He flashed me a warning glare and a dark smile. “Be careful what you wish for, Baby Girl. You just might get it.”

“Whatever. I need to stop in the cafeteria on the way. I want to grab an iced coffee.” Ignoring the eye roll he shot me, I hurried through the parking lot to the school. I didn't want to be late and have to walk in with Gage while the professor glowered at us.

Luckily, we made it just in time. Gage steered me along to the back row where we usually sat. Like always, he sat right next to me. I sat on the end of the row so there was nobody on my other side.

Gage pulled his laptop out of his bag but didn't bother to turn it on. Instead, he sat there with a scowl staring at the instructor. We had a guest speaker today. That should be an interesting way to break up the monotony of class. Or so I thought. Gage seemed to have something else in mind.

I very quickly discovered why he'd been so insistent that I wear a skirt today. Usually when any of the guys made comments on what I should or should not wear, I was quick to ignore them. After the weekend we'd all had, I'd chosen to give Gage what he wanted. I wore a black cheerleader style skirt that fell just past my thighs and a white Joan Jett t-shirt.

Once the guest speaker started talking, Gage slid his chair closer to mine. He placed a hand on my knee, gently caressing my leg as he slid higher. I tensed, nervous about where he was going with this. That became all

too clear when he continued to grope his way up my leg.

His hand disappeared beneath my skirt. I raised a brow, asking a silent question. Gage merely shrugged. His wandering hand ventured higher until he was stroking me through my underwear. I sucked in a breath and held it. Damn him. Was he trying to get our asses kicked out?

With his other hand, he brought one finger to his lips, motioning for me to keep quiet. Easy for him to say. He wasn't the one with a domineering jerk rubbing him in a class filled with people. Not to mention Professor Harper who'd already slid a few glares our way. What was his deal? Cranky fucker.

Not that Gage cared about any of that. If anything, he'd find it a turn on to be caught. Not me. I imagined the call I'd have to make to my father if I got kicked out of class, or worse, the school. He wouldn't be too understanding if I got thrown out of another school. Especially if it was because I let one of the Gods feel me up in class.

I didn't have much of a choice. Gage was insistent. He ran a finger over my clit through the thin cotton of my panties, making my pulse pound harder. He did a great job staring straight ahead at the guest speaker. I doubted he paid much attention though. I knew that I didn't.

I made a halfhearted attempt at shoving his hand away. Gage resisted, refusing to stop. Hooking my panties with a finger, he slid them aside, giving him full access to my pussy. I was ashamed when he delved between my folds to find me wet for him. Like his ego needed that boost.

A slight grin curved his lips. He dipped a finger inside me, playing in my wetness. Gliding that finger to my clit, he teased me with small circles. My immediate reaction was to squeeze my thighs closed.

He paused long enough to force my thighs apart a few inches, just enough to give him the access he sought. I gave up fighting him, knowing that it would only draw attention. Instead, I kept my focus on the man

speaking at the front of the room. Try as I might, I barely heard a word he said.

Gage pressed two fingers inside me, forcing me to suck in a sharp breath. He pumped them in and out of me several times, smiling to himself like the devil. My breath came faster. I focused on taking long, slow breaths. Anything to keep from panting and moaning like a wanton succubus. It wasn't easy.

He went at my clit again, his wet finger slipping and sliding over it. I clutched the table in front of me with both hands in an effort to stay in my seat. Unlike the first time he'd tried this when he'd stopped, Gage had no intention of stopping. Not until I came on his fingers.

With wide eyes, I shot him a pleading glance. Silently begging him to stop before I let out the moan I fought back with every piece of me. Gage shook his head, his expression darkly amused.

As the pleasure drove higher, I struggled to keep from making a sound. Shit, he was really doing this. Against my will, my hips moved as I writhed against his hand. I pressed a hand to my lips, doing all I could not to whimper and moan. A small squeak of a sound came from me. I quickly turned it into a small cough to avoid drawing attention. Those seated in front of me weren't that far away. If they turned around and saw me about to come all over Gage's fingers, I'd be mortified.

Something about being unable to make noise or react in any way made the whole scenario hotter. Sensing my rise to climax, Gage pumped his fingers into me deeper and faster. Then he hit my clit with his thumb, forcing me to hit that peak high and hard.

My pussy clenched tight around his fingers. My body tensed up, every muscle stiff as orgasm racked me. A light sheen of perspiration broke out on my brow.

Gage waited until every wave had subsided before withdrawing his fingers. Like I knew he would, he sucked them into his mouth, licking them clean of my juices. The smirk he wore was incredibly self-satisfied. It made me hate him.

For the rest of the class I had to sit there in wet panties while he silently gloated. When class ended, I shot out of my seat and quickly gathered my things.

“Slow down, Cherry Pie. You’re not ditching me that easily.” Wearing a cheeky grin, Gage packed up his laptop and ambled along behind me as we left the classroom.

Ignoring him completely, I ducked into the closest restroom to clean up and shimmy out of my damp underwear. When I exited the restroom, Gage was there waiting for me. I crammed the panties into his pocket.

“I hope you’re happy. Now I have to go commando for the rest of the day.”

That was not the right choice of words. He laughed, helping himself to a handful of my ass as we walked down the hall.

“Damn rights I’m happy. You just creamed all over my fingers. Good job on staying quiet, by the way. I wasn’t sure you’d be able to pull it off. Think you can do that again? We have a few more classes together today.” Gage wiggled a brow, his smile growing.

“Absolutely not. No way. Don’t even, Gage. You’ll get both our asses kicked out of school. Maybe you don’t care about that but I do.” I slid him a sidelong glance as we walked. “What’s with you today anyway?”

I didn’t expect him to be honest. He waited until we’d reached an area with less people rushing past.

“We fucked up the other night when doing a cash pickup for Maverick. The Angels jumped us and took the money. No doubt Maverick is going to

make us pay for that mistake.” Gage pulled me to a stop, pressing me against the wall between two classrooms. “What about you?”

“What do you mean?” I asked, doing my best to meet his piercing hazel and blue eyes.

“Cut the crap, Raina. You’re more tense than usual lately. What’s going on with you?” He placed a hand on the wall next to my head, leaning in close enough to playfully bite my bottom lip.

I wasn’t sure what to say. My initial instinct was to lie. However, he’d been honest with me. Surely I owed him the same.

“Maverick came to see me that night when you guys were out,” I blurted. “He threatened me. Told me to find a way to make Havoc cut me loose. He wants me out of his son’s life.”

Gage studied my face. If he’d been seeking signs of a lie, he found none. “Jesus Christ, that motherfucker. Did he hurt you?”

“A little bit. Nothing extreme. He shoved me around a little.” I gnawed my bottom lip before adding, “I’m worried that he’ll keep coming after me.”

As much as I hated admitting fear to Gage, it felt good to say it to someone. I hadn’t told a soul. Not even Clover during our many text chats.

Rage filled Gage’s eyes. He slid an arm around my shoulders, leading me down the hall to our next class. “Don’t worry about Maverick, Baby Girl. I won’t let that fucker anywhere near you again.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR



### RAINA

The mood around the house wasn't as upbeat and crazy as I'd grown accustomed to. Now I knew why. Gage hadn't explicitly asked me not to say anything to Havoc about their loss of all that cash to the Angels. Still, I got the feeling that it was better to keep quiet.

Neither Gage nor I told him about Maverick's visit or what he'd said to me. It didn't feel like the right time. The guys weren't their usual annoying, cocky selves. The subdued vibes were a little disappointing. I kind of missed Havoc's bossy snark and Gage's dark taunts and insults. Knight was also more quiet than usual. He sat at the kitchen table, staring at his laptop as he worked.

Since nobody seemed to have any plans for dinner, I took it upon myself to cook something. There wasn't a whole lot of food in the house but I managed to dig up some chicken and potatoes. I got to work making baked potatoes and parmesan chicken. We had nothing in the way of fresh vegetables, which came as no surprise. There was, however, a bag of frozen mixed veggies. That would do.

Since my nerves were shot, I poured myself a vodka from the bottle in the freezer. The mix options were limited. I poured a splash of cola into the glass. Good enough.

When Knight offered to help, I brushed him off. He did enough to keep us from starving. Havoc would have gladly ordered takeout. As much as I enjoyed a good takeout night, one couldn't survive solely off that shit. Well,



maybe Havoc could.

He entered the kitchen, his hair damp from a shower. Seeing me in the kitchen made him stop and do a double take.

“Damn, Bad Girl. What did we do to earn a home cooked meal? Never mind. Don’t answer that. I don’t want to ruin it. I’m starving. I’ve barely eaten today.” Like me, Havoc seemed to need a shot of liquor to get him through the rest of this day. He went for the whiskey bottle, pouring a glass half full. He didn’t bother with mix.

I shrugged, giving him a side eye as he chugged back half the whiskey in his glass. “Just getting sick of takeout. I thought it would be nice to have something a little healthier.”

Havoc sniffed in the direction of the stove before grabbing a handful of my ass. “Smells good. I can’t wait to eat it. Maybe I’ll have you for dessert.”

He mustered up a teasing smile. It was nice to see a little hint of the typical Havoc. I wondered what he would say if he knew that his father had paid me a visit.

“Might as well,” I said flippantly. “Gage already had me as a snack in class.”

Havoc shot a questioning glance at Gage who sat in the living room, gaming on a handheld device. Gage snickered. “You loved it.”

I did. More than he would ever know. It sure had been an exercise in keeping quiet though. Hiding the blush that colored my cheeks by letting my hair fall forward, I busied myself with cooking to avoid making eye contact with anyone.

When dinner was ready, Knight put his laptop away, and we all gathered around the table. Havoc was half cut already and on his second or third drink. I’d grown up watching my mom drink a lot of her problems away. I understood the appeal, but I didn’t love it. Havoc had a lot to deal

with right now. Losing that money must have been eating away at him.

The sound of the doorbell made all four of us freeze. Havoc's fork hit his plate with a startling clatter. He shared a look with Knight and Gage that made the three of them shoot to their feet.

"I'm surprised it took them this long." Havoc strode toward the front door, shoving a hand through his inky black hair.

I stayed put in my seat, bracing myself in case it was Maverick Alexander at the door. It wasn't. It was worse than that. Three of his men shoved into the house as soon as Havoc opened the door.

"You know why we're here," said a man with longish hair and a rugged beard. "Where do you want to do this?"

"Out back," Havoc replied. "In the yard. I don't want to get blood in the house."

Those words had me on my feet. My heart began to pound. Havoc led the men through the house to the backyard.

"It's cool, Goddess," Knight said, patting my shoulder as he passed with the others. "Stay put, okay?"

I watched in horror as the three men followed my Gods out into the yard. I'd grown up in this world. I didn't need anyone to explain to me that these guys were enforcers, here to punish Havoc for losing his father's cash. Maverick was a sick bastard. How could he send his thugs to beat on his own child?

Despite being told to stay put, I had no intention of actually doing that. Since when did I take orders from the Gods anyway? I followed them to the patio door, standing in the threshold with my drink clutched in one hand. I may need to trade it for the bottle.

Maverick's enforcers didn't waste any time. They got right to work. The bearded man started with Havoc. He threw a punch so hard that it

knocked Havoc to the grass. Grabbing him by the front of his shirt, Beard Guy dragged Havoc back to his feet and hit him again. Blood immediately gushed from his nose.

The other two enforcers targeted Knight and Gage. Neither of them fought back. Not even Gage who knew as well as I did that fighting an enforcer would only result in far worse abuse than taking it. Although I'd never been on the receiving end myself, I'd been a witness enough times to know how this worked.

Gage swore as his abuser's knuckles busted open a large cut below his eyebrow. Blood ran down his face to stain his shirt. I took a large gulp of my vodka, needing it to get through this. Sure, I wasn't the one taking the pain, but I would be the one cleaning them up after.

I winced when Knight doubled over from a kick to the ribs. He held his middle, protecting his wounded parts from another blow. The man going at him went for a head shot instead. Once he was on the ground, he took a kick to the back that hurt me to watch.

Every part of me wanted to find a weapon and send these enforcers back to Maverick with vital parts missing. It killed me to stand there and stay out of it. Anything I did would only come back on all of us that much harder.

Both Knight and Gage stayed down once they were on the ground. They knew better than to get up and invite more pain. Havoc didn't get that luxury. Every time he went down, the men dragged him back up, forcing him to stand and take it.

A small shriek escaped me when an especially aggressive hit made Havoc stumble back with blood running from a cut lip. All three enforcers targeted him now. They took turns shoving him around, tripping him, and adding to the cuts and bruises on his face. If this didn't stop soon, I was going to snap.

Just when I thought I might actually do something stupid to make this stop, it did. The three men backed off, turning around and striding out of the yard. They didn't once look back.

Gage and Knight got to their feet, rushing over to where Havoc lay sprawled on the grass. They got him up, guiding him back to the house. He could barely stay upright as his eyes rolled back in his head.

I put my glass on the counter and rushed around the kitchen, gathering ice and a clean cloth. Then I hurried to the bathroom for the first aid supplies. Gage and Knight helped Havoc upstairs to his bedroom. I followed behind them, worry creasing my brow. A deep rooted hatred for Maverick Alexander gripped me. Fuck him. I wasn't going anywhere.

"Are you guys okay?" I asked Gage and Knight, giving them a quick visual assessment.

"Don't worry about us, Goddess. Take care of Havoc." Knight slid an arm around my waist on his way out, pulling me in for a brief kiss.

Then they left me alone with Havoc. He laid on the bed, groaning in pain. I went to the staircase and called down for someone to bring up some water and painkillers. Then I turned on the bedside lamp and got to work cleaning him up.

With a warm, wet cloth, I cleaned the blood from his face. Already the bruises formed. Deep purples and blues that decorated his face in a mask of abuse. Abuse handed down by his father, a man so pathetic he sent someone else to do it. God, I hated that man.

"Havoc," I said gently. "Try to stay awake for a while. You might have a concussion."

He took several deep, painful breaths before saying, "Pretty sure my old man was hoping I'd die. I guess I'm out of the will."

If the goal had been to kill Havoc, he'd already be dead. We both knew

that. This was a blatant punishment. Somehow I doubted it was only about the money.

“How much of this do you think was about me?” I dared to ask.

Thankfully, his wounds had stopped bleeding. I went to the attached bathroom to rinse the cloth and returned to find that someone had left a glass of water with a bottle of painkillers on the bedside table. I helped Havoc sit up enough to take two pills.

He laid back down with a groan so agonizing it hurt me to hear. “Probably all of it. The guy is loaded. Losing one cash drop isn’t going to break his fucking empire.”

I carefully applied a bandage to a cut on his cheek and another to a gash on his side. Seeing the horror of his wounds up close made me ache to hurt the man responsible. Not the enforcers. Maverick.

Finally, I dared to ask, “Do you want me to go? Maybe it’s better if we part ways before things get any worse.”

Havoc reached for me, his hand surprisingly strong as his fingers wrapped around my wrist. “Don’t you fucking dare leave me, Raina. If he wants us apart that bad, he’ll have to kill me first.”

I flashed back to Maverick’s visit. He wouldn’t stop here. He would keep coming after us, especially me.

“He threatened me,” I heard myself say. “He came here the night you went to do the pickup. He told me to find a way to make you cut me loose. If we don’t part ways, he’s going to kill me, Havoc.”

I let the words hang between us. Havoc’s eyes fluttered closed. I knew he was still awake by the way he held tight to me.

“Then he’ll have to kill me too,” he said, bringing me more relief than he’d ever know. “Come lay with me, Bad Girl. I need to feel you.”

Setting the first aid items on the bedside table, I climbed onto the bed

next to him. Wary of hurting him, I got comfortable, pulling the blanket up over us.

Havoc snuggled in close, tightly wrapping me in his arms. For a long time we just laid there together in silence. Eventually, he drifted off. I stayed awake, making sure he was okay.

So much had changed between us. I'd never have thought it would be Havoc's own father who drove us together after his attempts to tear us apart. I couldn't help but think it would all get so much worse when he found out his efforts had failed.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE



**RAINA**

“Do you have anything shorter than that? Give them a glimpse of that pussy. You want to get attention, don’t you?” Gage partially sat up from where he sprawled on the couch, giving my outfit a critical onceover.

My skirt was already brushing my thighs. Any shorter and it really would show off my hooaha. I also wore a cleavage baring top, showing more skin than I usually did at one time.

Tonight Clover and I were attending a party at the Angels’ house. The Gods were staying home. Obviously, they weren’t welcome. I wasn’t sure if I was but showing up with Clover would help. I doubted any of the Angels would be sober enough to care anyway. I wasn’t going to have a good time. I had an agenda.

“Jesus, Gage. I can’t walk in there with my whole ass hanging out. I don’t need every guy in the place trying to roofie my drink.” I ran my fingers through my blonde waves, turning to Knight and Havoc for their opinion.

“If anyone tries to roofie you, I’ll fucking kill them,” Gage muttered, conveniently forgetting that he’d drugged me once before.

“You look good. They won’t be able to resist you.” Knight nodded approvingly, helping himself to a caress of my ass. His hand dipped beneath my skirt for a full on grab.

I laughed and swatted his hand away. If they started groping at me now, I’d never get to the party on time.

Havoc sat in the recliner in the corner. He’d spent the last two days in

bed. Today he'd ventured down to the main floor. Although he was still in rough shape, he seemed to be doing a lot better.

"Hot as hell, Bad Girl. Do whatever it takes to get one of those dumb fucks to let their guard down, but don't let them touch you." Havoc leaned forward to grab the hem of my skirt. He pulled me onto his lap, wincing in pain. That didn't stop him from settling me on his cock.

"They won't touch me. I'll have a little friend along to make sure of that." Reaching into my boot, I pulled out the knife I'd stashed there. Gage had given me the small switchblade this morning.

"We won't be far away," Havoc said, shoving his groin up into my ass. "Check in every twenty minutes. If we don't hear from you, we're coming in to get you."

"Oh please," I scoffed. "You can barely walk without a headache. Don't do anything stupid. I'll be fine."

"We can walk just fine." Gage motioned to himself and Knight. "If anything goes wrong, call or text. And if we don't hear from you every twenty minutes, we'll be there in a heartbeat."

That was the last thing I wanted. My plan was to go into the Angel party and seduce one of them, most likely Daire. He'd seemed like a sure thing. Once I had him right where I wanted him, I'd find out where they stashed the money they'd stolen from Havoc. Hopefully they hadn't burned through a hundred grand that fast.

My phone dinged with a message from Clover letting me know that she and Lyra were outside. I scrambled off Havoc's lap, shoved the knife back into my boot, and hurried for the door. Nervous excitement quickened my pace.

"Wow," Clover commented when I slid into the backseat of Lyra's bulky SUV. "I'm surprised the Gods let you go anywhere without them."



What's up with that?"

I'd told her about the Angels stealing the money from the guys. I'd also lightly touched on Maverick wanting me to stay away from his son. For her own safety, I'd left out a few key details. Sometimes it was better not to overshare. Since she was the closest friend I'd had in a long time, I told her as much as I could.

"I told them I needed a girls' night out," I explained with a shrug. "Since they can track my every move, they were cool with it."

Clover didn't know about my plan to rob the Angels of the money they'd stolen from the Gods. It was safer this way.

Lyra glanced at me through the rearview mirror, her gaze lingering on the collar around my neck. "Ugh. All men are scum. I'm so done with them."

Considering how her stepbrother had treated her, I imagined that Lyra didn't have much luck with guys. Jet seemed like the type to chase them away. He'd obviously staked his claim. But that was none of my business.

The party was already well under way by the time we arrived. People flowed in and out of the house. I followed the girls into the kitchen where the drinks were piled on the counter. Since she was driving, Lyra only had a glass of root beer. Clover and I helped ourselves to the booze. I didn't plan to drink much. I wanted to keep a clear head for what I'd come here to do.

There were several kegs littered about as well as more bottles on the counter than I could count. Most of the party had spilled into the backyard where a bonfire blazed. We paused here and there to make small talk with friends and acquaintances from campus. It was nice to hang with Clover without Zane ruining it. Apparently, he had some new job working security in the evening for a local casino.

"Would you just go talk to him already?" Lyra nudged Clover, nodding to where Blaze Bixby stood near the fire with a few other guys.

I followed her gaze, perking up when I spotted Daire with him. He'd already shown interest in me. All I had to do was convince him that I was done with the Gods. I was banking on him taking any opportunity to steal me from them.

"I don't know," Clover said with a coy smile. "I'm kind of seeing Zane, and I doubt Blaze would be interested. I don't seem like his type."

I eyed Blaze's shaggy dirty blond hair and his rocker guy attire. He wore a leather jacket and torn jeans, a black beanie hanging off the back of his head. Next to Clover's rainbow skirt and purple top, he did look like he ran in a different crowd. Since when did that matter?

"Are you kidding?" I asked, taking a sip of my vodka. "Pretty sure anyone with a vagina is Blaze's type. Besides, you're cute as fuck. As if he could resist you."

Lyra frowned. "How serious is it with Zane? You're not exclusive, are you?"

The way she said it made me suspect that she wasn't a fan of Zane either. So I wasn't the only one who got bad vibes from him.

"No, not really. We just hooked up a couple times." Clover shrugged and chugged back all of her drink in a few swallows. "I need at least one more drink before I'll have the courage to go over there."

"It's cool. I'll go with you. I kind of wanted to talk to Daire anyway." I pretended not to notice the way both Lyra and Clover gawked at me.

"Seriously?" Clover pressed. "After what happened last time with Gage?"

I shrugged and finished my drink, letting the warm tingles of alcohol spread through me. "Well, Gage isn't here this time. Might as well have some fun."

After a second drink for me and a third for Clover, she was finally

ready to go talk to the Angels. Lyra opted to hang with a friend from class instead. She was probably worried that Jet would appear and make her sorry for talking to any guy that wasn't him.

This time Zane didn't burst in to ruin it. We had a straight path over to where the Angels stood drinking and sharing a joint. Clover was nervous, dragging her feet. I led the way, far more confident than her. Of course, I was there for other reasons.

Daire glanced over as we drew closer. His green eyes locked on me as a smile curved his lips. He glanced around behind me, most likely checking for the Gods. Nope. Just me.

I beamed a flirtatious smile at him as we approached. "Hey, Daire. I just wanted to apologize for what happened last time. I hope you won't hold it against me."

Daire's grin widened. He cocked his head to one side, giving me a head to toe onceover. "Not at all. Everyone knows Gage is a loose cannon. Where is he anyway?"

My expression turned sly as I said, "Not here."

"Happy to hear it," he replied, eating up my obvious but silent invitation. "Maybe we can get to know each other a little better this time."

"I certainly hope so." Motioning to Clover, I added, "This is Clover."

Daire introduced himself before introducing both Cash and Blaze. Cash was somewhat preoccupied with another girl who kept finding ways to touch him while she laughed at nothing. Blaze took in the sight of Clover and let out a low whistle.

"Damn, girl. You're a colorful little thing, aren't you? Cute as fuck too." His amber brown eyes lit up at the sight of her. "Let me help you find another drink."

Blaze slid an arm around Clover's shoulders, steering her toward the

house. That had been too easy. I hoped Daire proved as easy to score with. Not that I planned to touch him more than I had to. I was here with only one thing in mind.

I hung out with Daire, engaging in flirtatious chatter while we smoked a joint together. He seemed to love that I'd come without Gage and the others. Whenever they came up in conversation, I brushed it off, making a face like I couldn't be bothered to think about them let alone talk about them.

It wasn't easy to send a text message every twenty minutes. I resorted to short messages, a simple black heart emoji. There was no time to send anything more in depth. That would have to be good enough.

"Maybe this is presumptuous of me but is there any chance you'd want to come upstairs with me?" Daire asked, nodding toward the house. "We don't have to. I'm happy to stay right here if that's what you prefer."

Finally we were getting somewhere. "Lead the way, handsome."

As Daire led me into the house and up the stairs, I almost felt bad for screwing him over. He seemed like a nice guy. He was good looking and possibly a powerful vigilante. Messing with him like this may very well blow up in my face. Which was why the Gods were down the block in Knight's Jeep.

As nice as Daire seemed to be, I wouldn't forget what he'd done to my guys. He and his friends had followed them to their cash pickup and beat the crap out of them before swiping the cash. That kind of thing didn't fly in my world. My father would have killed all three of them if they'd pulled a stunt like that with his pickup. I had no interest in violence. I just wanted the money back.

Daire and I squeezed through people loitering on the stairs. A small living room area occupied the large landing at the top of the stairs. He shoved open the door to one of the bedrooms and barked at the occupants to get out.

Two guys and a girl leapt off the bed and quickly gathered their clothes before rushing past us.

Good thing I didn't intend to let him get me in that bed. Gross.

Daire did his best to arrange the blankets on the bed so the mattress was covered. Then he kicked the door shut and pulled a bottle of bourbon from the closet. I glanced inside, scoping it out for anything that looked like a bag of money.

He offered me the bottle, and I pretended to take a drink. Since there was no way of knowing if anything had been added to the bourbon, I wasn't taking any chances. When Daire got up to plug his phone into a set of speakers and searched around for some music, I took the opportunity to quickly text the Gods. If they came in here now, we were screwed.

"How's this?" Daire sat down on the bed next to me as some Top 40 pop song began to play.

I was a born and raised rock n' roller. I didn't know this shit. Still, I nodded as if I was into it. "This is great. I love this song."

"You look like you're into harder stuff. I can change it to something else." Before I could stop him, Daire got up and fumbled with his phone as he changed the music. He'd been drinking long before I got here. That may help.

"This is good," I said when he started a playlist of old and new rock songs. "Perfect."

"You seem pretty perfect," he said, a slight slur to his words. "The Gods don't deserve you."

I laughed, nodding my agreement. "Hell no, they don't. They like to think so though."

Daire moved closer on the bed, boldly reaching to push my hair back from my face. "If you were my girl, I'd never treat you like anything less than a queen."

Something about his claim struck me as a blatant lie. I knew his type. He was just as capable of nasty behavior as Gage. Once I gave him a reason to act like a dick, he certainly would.

When he went in for a kiss, I didn't stop him. I leaned into it, kissing him back. There was no fire between us. No passionate drive to make the other hurt. It was nothing like kissing one of my Gods. Frankly, it sucked.

Drunk and bold, Daire groped my tits as we made out. It was all I could do not to slap his hands away. If any of my guys saw this, they'd lose their shit.

“What are you into?” Daire murmured in my ear as he kissed my neck. “I want to make sure you leave incredibly happy.”

I definitely planned to do just that. I flashed him what I hoped was a drunken smile. Despite being pretty much sober, I wanted him to think that I was under the influence. It would make this a lot easier.

“Actually,” I dragged out that one word with a teasing lilt. “I would love to tie you up and ride you until the sun comes up. Are you game?”

If Havoc could hear me now, he would shit a litter of kittens. Daire's face lit up with intrigue. Perfect.

“You're a naughty thing, aren't you, Raina?” Daire kissed me again, a little sloppy and drunken this time. “There's a rack of ties in the closet. Feel free to use those.”

I hopped up, trying not to let on how excited I was to have this all going my way. Opening the closet, I found the ties, helping myself to two of them. I turned back to the bed to find Daire already spread out in the middle. Thank God he was drunk. He was making this go much smoother than I'd anticipated.

“Hold still.” I teased him with a barely there kiss. Then I got busy tying each of his wrists tightly to the headboard. He wasn't going anywhere.

“Goddamn, you’re a wild one, aren’t you? I bet you fuck like a rabid animal.” Daire’s green eyes were bloodshot and glassy. He wasn’t so far gone that he couldn’t get it up though. His obvious erection tented his jeans.

“Maybe. You’ll have to let me know when we’re done.” I double checked his restraints, satisfied with how tight they were. If he started thrashing and pulling to get away, they would likely tighten further.

Standing next to the bed, I leaned down to give him a good view of my cleavage. It held him entranced while I pulled the knife from my boot. I flicked it open, holding it up so he could see the blade glinting in the light.

“What the fuck, Raina? I knew you were wild but that might be crossing some lines. What do you plan to do with that thing?” Daire’s eyes were wide. He began to strain against the fabric holding him bound.

I twirled the knife in one hand, leaning down over him to press the blade against his throat. “I plan to cut you from throat to balls if you don’t tell me where the money is that you stole from the Gods.”

Understanding settled in and Daire began to tug harder on his bonds. As I planned, they only tightened, making his hands painfully red.

“Are you fucking kidding me, bitch?” he snarled. “You came here for them? Fuck sakes. I should have known you wouldn’t turn on them. They fucking own you. You’re not getting the money. Fuck you, Raina.”

I let Daire ramble on as he cursed me six ways from Sunday. I nodded along, applauding a few of his more colorful insults. The noise from the party beyond the door was too loud for anyone to hear a damn thing. Nobody would come to help him.

“Are you finished now?” I asked when he paused in his tirade. “The faster you tell me where the cash is, the faster we can both move past this unfortunate situation.”

Daire vigorously shook his head. “I’m not telling you shit.”

I'd expected as much. Jamming the knife point against his jeans where his now soft cock was located, I put enough pressure to show him that I wasn't kidding around.

"You're going to tell me or I'm going to stab you in the dick. Maybe the balls. Depends what I hit first. Is losing your precious peener worth that much to you?" A wicked smile crossed my face.

When Daire resisted, I applied more pressure, watching the tip of the knife bite through the thick material of his jeans. He held out as long as he could before shouting, "Okay, fucking stop. I'll tell you. We spent some of it. The rest is in the safe in the back of my closet."

Leaving him tied to the bed, I kept an eye on him while I rifled through the closet in search of the safe. I found it in the back under a pile of sheets and blankets.

"Combination," I demanded. "Hurry up. I'm starting to lose my patience."

Daire rattled off a series of numbers. I hurriedly opened the safe, finding stacks of cash inside. I stuffed the cash into a duffle bag I found in the closet and zipped it closed.

"Thanks, Daire. I've had a really great time." Stuffing my knife back into my boot, I slung the bag over my shoulder and headed for the door. I paused to message the Gods, telling them to meet me outside in thirty seconds.

"You'll fucking pay for this, Raina," Daire shouted after me. "I swear to God you will be fucking sorry for this shit. The Gods are nothing compared to us and what we'll do to you."

Yep, I knew he wasn't a totally nice guy. I knew this type.

I blew him a facetious kiss and cracked open the door, making sure nobody saw inside as I left. Then I closed it behind me, leaving him there to



be found later. I was down the stairs and out the front door in record time. Thanks to Clover distracting Blaze and that other girl keeping Cash occupied outside, none of the Angels saw me leave.

Knight's vehicle was parked out front. I climbed into the back, tossing the duffel bag to Gage. All three of them looked at me with wonder and intrigue.

Gage opened the bag of cash, peering inside. "Goddamn, Cherry Pie. I think I might love you."

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX



### RAINA

When the following weekend rolled around, the Gods decided to throw a banger of a party. I wasn't sure it was a good idea after the stunt I'd pulled at the Angel party. It would be a perfect opportunity for them to retaliate.

"Lighten up, Raina," Gage admonished, lightly gnawing his lip ring. "They would be idiots to come onto our turf at a time like this. They won't do shit."

"It's cool, Bad Girl. We deserve to have some fun." Havoc sat at the kitchen table, counting out a wad of cash.

He looked much better after several days of healing, although he still bore fading bruises and healing cuts. I understood his desire to party and let loose. Instinct told me that it wasn't a good time. We should lay low for a while. Play it safe.

I seemed to be the only one who thought so. Even Knight was eager to party. He and I were in the kitchen together, making quesadillas.

"Don't worry so much," he admonished, lightly bumping his hip against mine. "Pass me that can of beans? Thanks."

I leaned against the counter, watching him dump beans into a frying pan filled with chicken, corn, and chopped bell peppers. Havoc and Gage liked to joke about the two of us being their little cooks. I joked back that they were lazy, useless fucks. Well, that wasn't a joke so much as a cold, hard truth.

"You didn't see Daire's face when he realized I was fucking him over.

He promised that I'd be sorry. That's the last time I do anything for you ungrateful dicks." I pulled a bag of frozen tortillas from the freezer and thunked them down on the counter.

"They'll never get close enough to do a damn thing to you. I'd swear my life on it." Havoc rose from the table and his stacks of money.

Although we'd stolen back Maverick's lost cash, we hadn't given him a single penny. Havoc had already taken a beating for losing it. That made it ours now. I'd insisted on stocking up the house with proper groceries. Otherwise, I didn't much care how they spent it.

Until now. Knowing they were going to blow a bunch of it on this party tonight left me unsettled. Not because of the money. Because I knew that once the house was packed with people, drugs, and alcohol, just about anything could happen. And it would.

Havoc rounded the island counter, pulling me into his arms. He embraced me from behind, pressing his groin against my ass. I hated myself a little when I softened. He nipped my neck, latching onto my skin with his teeth before sucking it into his mouth. Bastard was going to leave a mark.

"I think the Angels have learned their lesson," Havoc murmured in my ear. "If they try to fuck with us again, we'll show them what happens when you piss off two mafia brats."

He said that last part in a teasing manner. He and I had both grown up with the stigma of being mob kids hanging over our heads. Of course, we'd both leaned into it, working toward joining our fathers in their crime business. I wasn't sure how that was supposed to work now. Our fathers were rivals. And we...well, I still didn't know exactly what we were anymore.

"Speak for yourself." I lightly elbowed him in the ribs. "I'm a princess, remember? You're the brat."

His low chuckle sent shockwaves down my spine. I hated the way I

reacted to him. It made me feel like I had no control. Like just maybe, I kind of liked this asshole after all. The heat that pooled between my legs almost made me forget about the party.

“Of course you are. Now come let me serve you, my princess.” Havoc tried to steer me out of the kitchen.

I grabbed the counter, holding tight so he couldn't drag me away. “I have to help Knight with dinner. If you idiots plan to get loaded, you should eat something first. Something that isn't smothered in salt and grease.”

“You're not smothered in salt and grease. Pretty sure that counts.” Havoc wouldn't relent. He dragged me into the living room and tossed me down on the couch. Then he swiftly slid my leggings and underwear down.

Right there in the middle of the living room in front of Gage and Knight, Havoc vigorously licked my pussy. Once he buried his face between my legs, I didn't want him to stop. He knelt in front of me, licking me from top to bottom and back up again.

“Shit, Havoc, we don't have time for a gang bang. What the hell, man?” Gage looked up from his phone, tossing it onto the table. He came to sit on the recliner in the living room where he had the perfect view of Havoc going down on me.

“Now that's not fair at all,” Knight piped up from the kitchen. “I have to stay here and man the food.”

I clutched a handful of Havoc's black hair, biting my lip in an effort to hold back the moans. “We are so not having a gang bang right now.”

Gage pulled out a joint and stuck it between his lips. His mismatched eyes never left me. “No, that will have to wait. I don't want to be rushed when we all fuck you together. Stop biting your lip, Raina. Let us hear how much you love Havoc's tongue in your pussy.”

When I didn't stop trying to hold back, Gage rose from the recliner and

ambled across the room to where I lay on the couch. Tucking his unlit joint behind one ear, he grabbed my face in a rough grip and leaned down to kiss me. He thrust his tongue into my mouth as Havoc thrust his inside me. Gage possessively palmed my breast through my top, making me break. I moaned into his mouth, my hips jerking as Havoc targeted my clit with precision. I came with a breathy cry.

“That’s a good girl.” Gage gently patted my cheek, smirking as he pulled back. He stuck the joint between his lips and sparked it up with the lighter from his pocket.

Right then Knight announced, “Um, the quesadillas are ready.”

While the guys had no trouble chowing down on their food, I merely picked at mine. The unexpected forced orgasm had certainly helped reduce my stress, but it hadn’t erased it completely. I couldn’t shake the feeling that a party tonight was a bad idea.

Too bad I was the only one. Havoc was half cut by the time people started to arrive. Instead of disappearing downstairs to do their drugs, Knight and Gage took over the kitchen table, a pile of coke on a silver tray in the middle. I leaned against the kitchen counter, frowning as they took turns snorting lines with a rolled up hundred dollar bill.

They could party however they chose. Letting their guard down by plying themselves with heavy narcotics wouldn’t work in their favor when the shit hit the fan. And it would.

It didn’t take long for the house and backyard to fill with people. Even Clover and Lyra came. I was grateful for their presence. At first. Soon after Lyra arrived, her stepbrother showed up with the other Demons in tow. I couldn’t keep the sour expression off my face when Jet leaned in to whisper something in Lyra’s ear that made her cringe.

Jet sat down at the table with Gage and a few other guys who’d pulled

up folding chairs from the basement. He snorted a line of coke before pulling Lyra onto his lap. She stiffened, obviously uncomfortable.

A poker game started, a pile of cash on the table next to the blow. Havoc and Knight had disappeared outside. So had Clover with Zane in tow. I guess that hookup with Blaze hadn't panned out. She told me they made out a little but that was it. Bummer.

I snuck glances at Jet, trying to think up a way to save Lyra from him. The girl was clearly crawling out of her skin. Because I couldn't face this party sober, I did a few shots of tequila from a bottle on the counter. Goddamn, that shit hit the spot. Too bad it burned all the way to my soul.

Finally, I mustered up the half-drunk courage to approach Lyra and Jet. "Hey, Lyra. I just bought this new skirt but it doesn't fit right. I think it would look killer on you. Want to come upstairs and have a look at it?"

It wasn't the smoothest excuse to get her away from Jet, but it was the best I had at the moment. She opened her mouth to respond, and Jet quickly cut her off.

"Maybe later. Lyra is about to become my bet for the next hand." Sliding a twisted smile Gage's way, Jet added, "What about you, Corwin? Care to make it interesting and offer up your girl as a bet?"

My jaw dropped. Jesus fuck, this guy was all bad. I doubted that Jet had a decent bone in his body. No wonder Lyra was so skittish around him.

What I didn't expect was for Gage to actually consider it. He took it too far when he nodded. "Yeah, why not?"

I gaped at him in disbelief. This could not be happening.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I snapped. "I don't think so."

I whirled around to storm away. I was jerked back when Gage grabbed my arm. With my free hand, I slapped him across the face. The crack was loud despite the constant noise. The entire table erupted in cheers and

whistles.

Gage rose from his chair, motioning to the other guys to give him a moment. Then he dragged me down the hall. “What’s wrong, Cherry Pie? Don’t you trust me?”

“Trust you?” I scoffed. “Not in this lifetime. You just offered me up as a bet, Gage. A fucking bet! Do you have any idea how sick and twisted that is? You may have staked a claim on me but that doesn’t mean you can pass me around to those other sick fucks.”

Gage grinned through my tirade. “Finished yet? Nobody will be passing you around to anyone. I’m a card shark, Doll. They can’t beat me. If they do, I have more than enough cash to pay them out. Trust me. It’s all in good fun. Lighten up. Let’s have a good time.”

He didn’t give me a chance to agree or protest. Roughly taking my hand, Gage dragged me back to the table. He pulled me onto his lap, forcing me to sit there while he played poker with a bunch of assholes from campus. I hated all of them. Most of all, I hated Jet.

They played several rounds. Gage seemed to be doing pretty well. At first.

Poor Lyra grew more uneasy with each hand they played. I doubted it was because she was afraid Jet would lose her to someone else. If anything, that would be much safer. I suspected it had more to do with the way he groped her beneath the table. What a creep.

I slapped Gage’s hand when he reached for the tray of blow. “Don’t even think about it. You can snort yourself stupid when we’re done here.”

He was already messed up enough on booze and drugs. The more wasted he got, the more likely it was that he would fuck this up. His ego did that though. And how.

“Last hand, Corwin,” Jet said, winking at me. “If you lose this one,

your girl is all mine tonight.”

Gage stiffened beneath me, the only sign that he wasn't feeling so confident in his skills anymore. I would gut Jet myself before I'd let him lay a hand on me. Gage would be next.

“Yeah, yeah. Shut the fuck up and show your cards.” Gage nodded to the cards in Jet's hand.

I tensed. My stomach cramped with unease. Jet laid down his cards first. A bunch of royalty cards, an ace, and a ten.

“Royal flush, bitch.” Jet smirked. “Doesn't matter what you have. You lose.”

Gage tossed the cards he held into the middle of the table. He didn't say a word. Three queens and two sixes. The silence at the table confirmed Jet's claim. Gage fucking lost.

Jet shoved Lyra off his lap and stood up. “I guess I'll just be taking my winnings and heading out then. Come on, Raina.”

I sat there frozen, unable to move. Was this real life? Was this really happening?

“Fuck that,” Gage finally managed to say. “You cheated.”

Jet burst out laughing. “Jesus, dude. Can't you take the loss like a man and move on? I won. Can we all agree that I won fair and square?”

Jet glanced around the table for support. The other guys seated there were quick to nod and agree. Nobody argued on Gage's behalf.

“How could you do this to me?” I heard myself say as I slid off Gage's lap.

He didn't acknowledge me. His gaze was locked on Jet. “Come on, Jet. You don't really want Raina. I'll pay you cash instead. Name your price.”

Jet's vicious smirk turned downright evil. “You're right. I don't really want Raina. The Angels do, and let's just say that I owe them one.”



Gage shot out of his chair. Too late. Jet grabbed me and spun me around before pulling a knife and placing the blade against my throat. He'd come here knowing exactly what he was doing, and he'd come prepared.

"You know that I'll kill you for this," Gage warned, his voice a dangerous tone I'd never heard.

Jet shrugged. "You can try. If I were you, I'd put your energy into the Angels. After they get through with your girl, you'll be hurting." To me Jet added, "Better come without any trouble, Raina. I'm not afraid to slit you from ear to ear."

The way the blade bit into my neck above the metal collar I wore promised that he would do it without hesitation. As he led me toward the door, leaving Lyra, Gage, and several people staring after us, I had no choice but to move with him.

For a few precious seconds Gage and I locked eyes. Despite the fear that filled me with adrenaline, I hoped he saw the utter loathing that lie beneath. I would never forgive him for this. Gage Corwin was trash, and I was done dumpster diving.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN



**RAINA**

Jet whistled for his buddies as we neared the front door. Two guys quickly appeared. One left a girl he'd been making out with in the front sitting room. Another surfaced from the basement. They'd obviously been waiting for the alert.

They watched Jet's back as he ushered me outside and into a black Escalade. Jet climbed into the back with me, never moving the knife from where it pressed tight against my throat. The other two got into the front, started the vehicle, and drove us away from the house.

I watched the house as I was whisked away. It was soon left behind. I wondered how Havoc and Knight would react when Gage told them what he'd done. Did it even matter though? I should have known better than to get too comfortable there. I didn't belong with the Gods. This confirmed it.

"I'm not sure if you've met my boys yet." Jet nodded to the two guys up front. "Finn and Asher. I bet Lyra has told you all kinds of shit about us. It's all true."

I eyed the two guys who found Jet worthy of being a best friend. They were all scum. Finn's brown eyes flicked to me in the rearview mirror. His black hair was short on the sides but longer and shaggy on top. I found nothing special about him though. Just your average, run of the mill tattooed asshole.

Asher turned in his seat to flash me a smile that was too much like the Cheshire Cat for my liking. His blue green eyes stood out even in the dark

interior of the car. His blond hair wasn't as platinum as Gage's but still pretty light. A splash of blue in the front broke up the color. He had an industrial piercing in one ear as well as several tattoos decorating both arms.

I frowned at each of them, completely unimpressed. "Actually, Lyra doesn't talk about you at all. I can see why. Are you really in a cult? Or is that just some tough guy rumor you guys started so people will take you seriously?"

Jet's chuckle set my nerves on edge. He was enjoying this too much. "Be careful, Raina. You might find out. If we didn't have an agreement with the Angels, I would keep you all to myself. You would make a beautiful sacrifice."

Horseshit. I wasn't falling for this spooky act. Maybe they were doing secret devil worship shit or maybe it was all a hoax. Either way, I had bigger problems. Like the Angels.

"Angels and Demons, huh?" I continued, refusing to show fear. "Since when do those two get along?"

"Since they did me a favor and I owe them one. After I hand you off, my debt is paid." Jet spoke so matter of fact. Simple business.

I wasn't sure who was the greater danger. The Demons or the Angels. Jet struck me as a possible psychopath. Legitimately. However, the Angels wanted revenge. Rightfully so. I'd want it too if I were them.

The Gods wouldn't let them keep me. If I knew Havoc, and I was pretty sure that I did by now, he would rage over to get me in no time. I hoped he knocked Gage out first.

I didn't speak another word to the Demons as we drove. I recognized the streets as we drew closer to the Angels' house. They really were taking me there. Once we arrived, Jet called them from inside the Escalade. I held my breath until the front door opened and all three strolled out.

Of course Daire led the way. His brow furrowed into a hard frown, his mouth curved into a grimace. He jerked open the back door of the Escalade and aggressively grabbed my arm.

“I can’t believe you pulled that off, Jet.” Daire pulled me out of the vehicle. When I stumbled and almost fell, he roughly jerked me to my feet. “Nice job, man. Thanks. I truly appreciate it.”

Blaze and Cash flanked us as Daire dragged me up the front walk to the house. He held my arm so tight I expected the bone to break. He was pissed off and had every reason to be. I was so screwed.

When they started to lead me up the stairs to the bedrooms, I dug in my heels. All three of them took hold of me, lifting me off the floor and carrying me the rest of the way.

“Fight all you want, Raina. In fact, I’d prefer it. I owe you big time, bitch.” Daire’s expression shifted to one of smug satisfaction.

The three of them tossed me onto Daire’s bed. While Cash and Blaze held me down, Daire used the same neck ties from his closet that I’d used to tie him to the bed. They didn’t stop there though. They went the extra distance, tying each of my ankles as well. Pure fear raced through me, causing a bitter taste in the back of my mouth.

“You know that they’ll come for me,” I said, my voice shaking.

Daire pulled out a knife, turning it over in his hand. “That’s fine. They can have what’s left of you.”

“My father will have you all killed.” Inwardly I cringed. I hated having to use my dad as a weapon. It felt so pathetic. I should be able to fight my own battles.

Cash shrugged, his muscular tattooed arms folded over his chest. “He’ll have to prove that we did anything. The Gods are responsible for everything that’s going to happen to you. At least, that’s how we’ll make it look.”

With his split dyed red and black mohawk and all those tattoos, Cash had a menacing vibe. I could totally believe that he was a vigilante. Violence lurked in his blue eyes.

Blaze closed the bedroom door and leaned against it. He was content to just watch.

Not Daire though. He had some revenge to dole out, and he was happy to do just that.

He climbed on top of me, straddling me on the bed. Holding the knife in one hand, he dragged the tip down the middle of my body, scraping it between my breasts. I held my breath, afraid to react in any way. This was so much worse than being at the mercy of the Gods.

When Daire slid the knife up under my shirt, I thought surely my lungs would burst. He sliced my top wide open, cutting it off me in tatters of fabric.

“Let’s see what has the Gods so obsessed with you,” he murmured. He seemed to be talking more to himself than to me.

He sliced off my bra as well, baring my breasts to all three of them. I cringed. I knew where this was going. Despite the way the Gods had treated me, I’d never felt as violated as I did with Daire’s lecherous gaze upon me.

Daire nodded. “Not bad. Not bad at all.”

The tip of the knife was sharp and cold as he used it to tease one of my nipples into a hard peak. Then he did the same to the other. I braced for the pain, certain that he would cut me.

“She’s got a pretty good body,” Cash remarked, like I wasn’t even there. “Let’s see the rest of it.”

I stared at the ceiling as Daire cut off the rest of my clothes. Whatever they planned to do to me, I hoped they did it fast. Laying there naked and bound, I was fucking terrified. The fight I usually had in me faded. This was bad. I may very well die here.

“Isn’t that cute?” Daire quipped upon spying the Gods’ tattoo inked on my upper thigh. “They really do think they own you, huh? Tell me, Raina, do you like it? Being owned?”

I didn’t say a word. There was nothing I could say to make this better. If anything, it would likely only make things worse.

“Got nothing to say?” Daire taunted. “We’ll see about that. I wonder how much they would be willing to pay to get you back in one piece. Cash, text Havoc and tell him we want the money back. Otherwise, we’re going to have some fun with her. The kind of fun they thought this stupid tattoo would prevent.”

Cash whipped out his phone and typed out a message. I heard the telltale sound of it sending. Would Havoc give back the rest of the money? How much did they even have left? Gage had been pretty happy to gamble it away along with me.

While they waited for a response from Havoc, Daire dragged the knife over my skin. He circled my breasts, outlined my belly button, and traced the G inked on my thigh. I tried not to react but couldn’t stop the goosebumps that broke out on my skin.

Cash snickered at his phone. “Havoc says that if we touch her, he’ll personally castrate each of us. Didn’t say shit about the money.”

Daire suddenly dug the knife point into my thigh. I gasped, trying not to yelp in pain. He dragged the blade over the tattoo, carving what felt like an A over top of it. Goddamn him.

“Send Havoc a picture,” Daire laughed. “I want him to see her like this.”

I turned my head away from Cash, facing the opposite wall. Humiliation crushed me. I didn’t want them to see this. All I wanted was to drop through the mattress and disappear.

After Cash sent the photo, Daire got busy trying to make me scream. He started by cutting me. After my thigh, he went for my breasts, slicing shallow but painful cuts into my flesh. I clamped my lips tight together. I wouldn't give this fucker the satisfaction.

Then the knife blade traveled down my stomach, slicing little gashes here and there. How far was this motherfucker going to take this? Why not just stab me already?

Because that's not what he wanted. He didn't want to kill me. He wanted to torture me.

"Let me hear you scream, Raina." Daire's hand was shocking as he slapped me across the face. "I'm not afraid to start cutting pieces off. What are you willing to lose?"

The cold touch of the blade between my legs got my heart racing so hard I thought I might pass out. Daire circled my clit with the sharp tip. That's when I stopped holding back.

I screamed. And then I screamed some more. Until my chest heaved and I almost blacked out.

Daire chuckled, happy to have finally made me break. "Let's see. How else can we pass the time? Any ideas, boys?"

"You wanted to fuck her, didn't you?" Blaze said from where he leaned against the bedroom door. "Might as well take advantage of having her at your mercy while you still can. I'm sure the Gods are on their way."

I sure fucking hoped so. They wouldn't abandon me now, would they? I didn't think so, but after what Gage did tonight, I wasn't so sure anymore.

Daire used the knife tip to prod at my labia. Oh god, he was going to slice me open from the inside out. I was on the verge of begging and pleading. Anything to stop him from doing something so sick and twisted.

"The idea has kind of lost its appeal," Daire said with a shrug.

“Knowing the Gods have been inside her is kind of a turn off. Feel free to have at her though.”

He flipped the knife around, gripping it by the blade. Then he forced the handle inside me. I grunted at the sudden uncomfortable invasion.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Blaze shake his head. “She’s not really my type. I’m more interested in her colorful little friend. Now her I’d like to see spread out like that taking my cock with my hands around her throat.”

I wished that I’d never encouraged Clover to flirt with him. He didn’t deserve someone as sweet and amazing as her. If I survived this night, I would make sure she knew what a vile excuse for a human he was.

Daire pumped the knife handle in and out of me. I clenched my teeth together so hard I thought it would grind them to dust. My entire body was tense and resistant. I’d thought Gage was a crazy bastard. These fuckers put him to shame.

“What’s wrong, Raina?” Daire leaned forward to slap my cheeks. “Not enjoying this? I quite clearly recall you promising to cut me from throat to genitals. Give me one reason why I shouldn’t do the same to you.”

Staring at the ceiling, I furiously blinked back angry, frightened tears. I wouldn’t give this stone cold cunt the satisfaction of seeing me cry.

Thankfully, I didn’t have to answer his question. The sound of the front door being kicked in answered for me.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT



### HAVOC

“Care to tell me what the fuck you were thinking? Jesus Christ, Gage. Why would you do that?” My voice rose as I struggled to keep my shit together.

As soon as I’d heard about Gage losing Raina in a goddamn poker game, it had taken Knight and two other guys to hold me back. I’d never wanted to beat the hell out of my best friend as bad as I did right then.

Needless to say, the party had come to an abrupt end. I kicked everyone out. All I cared about was going after Raina. If the Angels had her, there was no telling what they might do. No, I knew what they would do, and it wouldn’t be pretty.

“Fuck, man. I don’t know. I thought it was a sure thing. I was playing great. Kicking ass all night. Once Jet placed Lyra as a bet, it seemed like harmless play. A goof. I never thought I’d lose.” Gage rubbed a hand over his face and sighed.

His eyes were bloodshot from booze and drugs. It wasn’t often that I saw regret in Gage’s eyes. I saw it now.

“I knew I should’ve stayed.” Knight paced the kitchen, blaming himself for leaving the game. “I only had two drinks. I can drive. We should get going.”

In a sudden fit of wild rage, I slammed a fist into the living room wall. I’d be the one to fix it later, but right now, I needed to unleash. My head was going to blow. The thought of the Angels doing fucked up things to Raina made my blood boil. Someone was going to get hurt tonight.

We were on our way out the front door when the first message came through from Cash. They wanted the money that Raina had stolen back. If we didn't hand it over, they were going to get their money's worth with Raina. I stared hard at the message, trying not to crush my phone as fury possessed me.

"Drive," I said to Knight as we climbed into the SUV. "As fast as possible."

We were almost to the Angel house when the second message came in. The picture of Raina tied naked to a bed with Daire hovering over her holding a knife tore me to pieces. I couldn't even speak as I handed my phone to Gage.

Quietly he said, "I'm going to kill him."

"What's going on?" Knight asked, leaning in to look when we pulled up to a red light. "Son of a bitch. They're going to be sorry they took it this far."

His hands tightened on the wheel as he drove. He hit the gas harder, sending the vehicle surging forward as the light turned green. As the next set of lights we approached turned amber, Knight gunned it, racing through moments before they turned red. He was on a mission.

We squealed to a stop in front of the Angel house. I was out of the vehicle before Knight put it in park. I'd come equipped. Pulling the pistol from the back of my pants, I gripped it tight in one hand as I raged up to the door. After trying to knob and finding it locked, I let the anger drive me as I kicked it with everything I had.

It only took two kicks to force the door open. Because I was running on pure rage, I slammed a fist into a glass framed photo at the bottom of the staircase. The sound of shattering glass would alert them to our presence if kicking the door open hadn't.

Blaze was the first to appear. He stood at the top of the stairs, both hands up in a fake show of surrender. “Let’s just cool it, guys. There’s no reason we can’t make a fair trade here. All we want is the money.”

“Money that was rightfully ours,” I bit out, raising the gun in my hand. “Are you willing to die for it, fucker?”

“Fuck no,” Blaze said, backing into the room he’d come from.

I hurried up the stairs with Knight and Gage right behind me. The last thing I wanted was to risk a shoot-out with Raina caught in the middle. These guys most likely had weapons stashed all over the place. That didn’t matter though. The anger I felt drove me. Nothing would stop me now.

I stormed into the bedroom where Raina was still tied to the bed. Her body was marked in bloody cuts. Daire stood over her with a knife in hand. That didn’t stop Gage from tackling him to the floor.

Waving the gun at Cash and Blaze, I barked, “Line up against the closet. Hands where I can see them. Fucking try me and I’ll put a bullet in your brain.”

They glanced at each other. Cash shrugged and did what I said. I didn’t trust them not to try something, which was why I planned to get the jump on them. I didn’t have to tell Knight to beat the hell out of them. He was already swinging.

Knight slammed his fist into Cash’s spine, driving him to his knees. Then he delivered another blow to the back of his head. I smashed my gun into Blaze’s head, pleased with the blood that erupted from a gash on his temple.

“Take it easy, Havoc,” Blaze shouted. “We were going to let her go after we had some fun with her. We weren’t really going to hurt her.”

I glanced to where Raina lay trembling on the bed. “You call that a little fun? Well, then I guess I’m just going to have a little fun of my own.”

Grabbing Blaze by his stupid long hair, I drove his face into the wall next to the closet over and over. I didn't stop until his face was bloody and he was barely conscious. Beside me Knight bounced Cash's head off his knee. It took a lot to make Knight break like this. Apparently, Raina was enough to do it.

Gage and Daire wrestled on the floor for control of the knife. Blood dripped from wounds on Gage's arms. He didn't seem to notice. Running on autopilot, he was intent on only one thing. Killing Daire.

He dropped an elbow into Daire's face, splitting open the skin across the bridge of his nose. It loosened Daire's grip on the knife. Gage swiped it, flipping it around in his grasp. Without hesitation, he plunged the blade into Daire's shoulder.

He jerked it free, ignoring Daire's pained shout. Gage pulled back, preparing to slash the knife across Daire's throat. As much as I wanted to watch it happen, I couldn't let him do it. My father wouldn't cover our asses if we were involved in an unplanned murder. If he didn't give the order, we couldn't do it. We'd be on our own, left to rot in prison. Who would protect Raina then?

Leaving Blaze unconscious on the floor, I grabbed Gage's arm seconds before he brought the knife down in a killing blow. "Gage, stop. You can't kill this dumb fuck, even if he deserves it. He's not worth the prison time."

He was reluctant to listen even though he knew that I was right. Jerking free of me, Gage plunged the knife into Daire's upper arm. Then he pulled it free and stood up.

"Don't even think about getting up until we're gone," he snarled. "I'll stick this knife so far up your fucking ass even the doctors won't find it."

I stood over the three of them with my gun in hand while Knight and Gage cut Raina free. Gage stripped off his *A Clockwork Orange* t-shirt,

tugging it over her head. She sat there shaking in silence, barely acknowledging them as they dressed her.

Knight scooped her up in his arms and carried her from the house. She clung to him like he was her lifeline. Like he was her everything. Seeing as he'd done the least horrible shit to her, maybe he was. Envy ate at me like a disease. I wanted to be the one she clung to with such desperation. I didn't deserve it though. Neither did Gage. The solemn expression he wore confirmed that he knew it.

Knight tenderly placed Raina on the passenger seat before getting into the SUV. When we were all piled inside, he drove us home. Not one of us spoke a word. What could we possibly say? That we were sorry? That it would never happen again?

Upon arriving home, Knight carried her upstairs to his bedroom. I followed as far as the doorway. Leaning in the threshold, I watched him gently clean and bandage her wounds.

"Did they do anything else, Raina?" he asked, smoothing her tangled hair back. "Did they...?"

He trailed off, like he couldn't say the words. We were all thinking it though. If they'd violated her, I would go back there and finish what we'd started. Prison be damned. They'd have to fucking catch me first.

I wasn't delusional enough to think that this didn't make me a hypocrite. We'd violated Raina in our own way. Maybe we were as bad as the Angels. The collar locked around her neck proved that we were far from the good guys.

Raina stared at the floor. Her voice shook when she said, "Daire used the knife handle. That's all. He didn't use his...I'm tired. I think I'd like to be alone."

If Gage had heard that, he'd already be on his way back over there. He

hadn't come upstairs. Instead, he'd remained on the main floor, knowing his presence wouldn't be well tolerated by Raina. It was his fault that this happened to her. We all knew that.

Of course, the Angels had wanted revenge. They'd have found a way to get it even if Gage hadn't played a part.

Knight and I left Raina alone and went downstairs. "Should we be worried?" he asked. "I mean, do you think it's safe to leave her alone?"

I nodded. I didn't know shit. "It's what she wants. We have to respect that."

Because I didn't know what to do with myself, I got to work cleaning up the mess left from the short-lived party. Gage sat at the table smoking a joint, a glass of straight tequila in one hand. He stared straight ahead through the kitchen window into the backyard. Blood still ran from a deep cut on his forearm, dripping onto the floor.

Knight fetched a wet towel and wrapped it around Gage's arm. Gage didn't even glance in his direction.

After what felt like a long time, Gage said, "She should kill me. I owe her that much."

I didn't know what to say to that. Part of was mad as hell at Gage. I suspected that he would punish himself worse than the beating I'd have given him.

It wasn't like Gage to feel remorse. Hell, it wasn't like Gage to feel anything. Maybe he'd grown more attached to Raina than I'd realized.

It was almost three in the morning when a noise on the stairs drew our attention. Knight and I had finished cleaning up. We sat at the table with Gage, watching him alternate between chain smoking cigarettes and marijuana. All three of us looked up as Raina entered the kitchen.

She didn't come all the way inside, hovering in the short hallway that

led to the front door and the staircase. Her voice sounded flat and distant when she said, “I think I’m going to go stay at my dad’s. I can’t be here right now.”

All three of us stared at Raina. She was fully dressed now in a hoodie and jeans. Her bag was slung over a shoulder. She’d washed her makeup off. Her face was bare and blotchy, like she’d been crying. The sight of my fiery girl looking so forlorn and beaten down killed me. I felt sick.

Gage looked away first, like he couldn’t stand the sight of her like that. Or maybe it was the defeat in her pretty hazel eyes.

“Are you sure?” I stood up, approaching her slowly, like one would a frightened puppy. “You don’t have to leave, Raina. You’ll be safe here. You can have your own room.”

She shook her head, the car keys she held jingling in her hand. “Between the Angels and your father, I’m not safe here, Havoc. I just need to go.”

Raina didn’t give me another chance to protest or try to convince her to stay. She turned around and walked right out the front door. It closed behind her with a sense of finality that made me sick to my stomach. I wanted to puke.

I went to the window in the front sitting room, watching as she got into her father’s SUV and drove away. The taillights disappeared around the corner at the end of the street, leaving me haunted.

The house felt all wrong without her. Raina’s absence hung over the place, a gaping void. There wasn’t a goddamn thing I could do but let her go.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE



### RAINA

“What’s wrong, peanut? Something must have happened for you to show up at my door at three in the morning.” Dad blinked sleepy eyes at me. He stepped back to allow me inside the house before closing and locking the door.

“Nothing is wrong.” I shrugged, forcing a tight smile that didn’t reach my eyes. “I just thought it was time for me to come home.”

His searching gaze traveled over me. I’d made sure to cover myself completely, hiding the cuts that marked my body. If he knew what the Angels had done to me, he would finish what the Gods had started. I should’ve wanted that, but I didn’t. I just wanted it all to go away.

“Don’t lie to me, Raina. You’re not that good at it. Did something happen with the Alexander kid and his friends?” Dad followed me into the kitchen.

Despite everything that had happened tonight, my stomach growled with hunger. I’d only picked at my supper earlier. Now I was ravenous. I searched through the pantry, finding it bare.

“Can we order a pizza or something? I know this twenty-four-hour place downtown that’s pretty good.” I grabbed an almost empty box of cheddar crackers from the pantry, stuffing a few into my mouth.

Dad perched on a stool at the island, regarding me with a pensive stare. He wasn’t buying my attempt at casual and cool. “Order whatever you like. You can put it on my credit card. Then you’re going to tell me what



happened.”

I whipped out my phone, staring hard at the screen as I placed my pizza order. It bought me a few precious minutes to figure out what to tell him. I didn't want him to hurt Havoc or the others. Even Gage, although I kind of wanted to hurt him myself.

I'd foolishly started to trust them. Even to like them. They'd been so firm on their claiming of me that I'd never dreamed they would let something like this happen. I'd known that Gage was a cold bastard, yet the depths of his insanity shocked me.

Sitting in Knight's room quaking after one of the worst nights of my life, I'd been forced to accept that I didn't belong there. The Gods house had never and would never be my home. It had been my cage for a time. Those days were over.

I'd expected them to try harder to stop me from leaving. The defeat in Havoc's eyes told me that he knew how bad this was and that keeping me against my will would only make matters worse. On one hand I was glad they'd let me go without a fight. On the other, I wanted them to beg me to stay.

What the hell was wrong with me? How could I possibly have become so attached to those assholes?

When the pizza arrived, I quickly stuffed my face. Dad munched a slice, eyeing me the whole time. He wasn't going to let this go.

“Start talking, Raina. Or I'll go over there myself and beat it out of those boys.”

Fuck.

“No, please don't do that. They didn't do anything. We just had a falling out of sorts. Nothing serious. I decided it was best for me to leave now. The only reason I left so late is because they were partying. The house

was filled with people. I couldn't sleep. So I left." I did my best to hold his gaze. He didn't make it easy.

"They didn't do anything to you that I should know about?" he pressed, chewing a bite of pizza crust. "Don't try to protect them, Raina. If they did something, I need to know."

"They didn't, Dad," I insisted. "I wouldn't lie about that. Don't you trust me?"

That did it. The magic words to make him back off. I may have omitted the full truth at times. I didn't usually straight up lie. I planned to tell him about Maverick's involvement with Nikki. Eventually. He needed to know. I knew that. For now, I wanted to enjoy some four in the morning pizza with the one man I knew I could trust implicitly.

"Of course I trust you. I never thought it was a good idea for you to stay with them in the first place. Maverick would shit his pants if he found out. It's better for you to stay here." Dad dipped his crust into the sriracha ranch dip, having no idea how close he'd come to the truth.

I swallowed hard, washing my pizza down with a splash of root beer. "So what have you been up to? It must be lonely in this big house all by yourself."

Steering the conversation in a different direction felt safer. I didn't want to talk about the Gods or Maverick Alexander. I didn't even want to think about them. If only it was that easy. The despair in Havoc's eyes as I walked out the door flashed through my mind. I had no idea he cared that much. My footsteps had momentarily faltered on the front step. It had taken all of my resolve to keep going.

"Not really," Dad said, grabbing another pizza slice. "I'm not here much. When I am here, I'm usually sleeping or eating. I can try to be around more often though if you'll be staying here. I don't want to leave you alone."

“Don’t worry about me. Maybe I’ll stay with Clover for a while. It might be nice to have more girl time.” Getting Dad talking about normal everyday things helped. All I wanted right now was a sense of normal.

After stuffing myself with way too much pizza, the events of the evening caught up with me. I yawned several times. My eyelids grew heavy. Sleep sounded pretty good. A solid way to escape reality for a while.

I tidied up the pizza leftovers and went up to my old room. Dad never changed it. I appreciated that. After fetching some clean sheets from the hall closet, I got settled in and quickly fell asleep.

It was almost noon when I woke up. Thankful it was the weekend, I rolled out of bed and stretched. I dreaded Monday. How could I walk into class and face Gage? Maybe I’d get lucky and he’d sit far away from me.

Before hitting the shower, I checked my phone. There were a few messages from Clover asking what the hell happened after Havoc threw everyone out of the party. I had yet to fill her in. There was another message from my dad telling me that he’d be out for the day but would be home for dinner. He planned to bring Chinese from my favorite place. Nice.

After a hot shower that made my knife cuts sting like a bitch, I dressed in a loose fitting t-shirt, a baggy hoodie, and sweatpants. I planned to spend most of the day laying around. Taking it easy. I needed that right now.

Unfortunately, my dad was not the type to stay well stocked on certain hygiene items. After checking my bank account, I decided to take a quick trip to the store. Might as well get what I needed to stay here for a while. Since there wasn’t a whole lot in the way of proper groceries in the house, I needed to grab breakfast too.

Dad had quickly gone to the bachelor life after Nikki’s death. Although it hadn’t been that long, already the house was bare of necessities. We’d have to make a grocery run together.

I left the house, arming the security system on my way out. I got into the SUV I'd been driving and yawned. Maybe I should have stayed in bed a little longer. A coffee and bagel from a drive-thru took the edge off my hunger. Unfortunately, as soon as it hit my stomach, I started to feel not so great.

As I wandered the aisles of the store, my mind went over the events of last night. Gage's smug confidence that there was no way he could lose. Jet's sadistic glee when he revealed his deal with the Angels. Daire on top of me, cutting me with the knife before...no, I couldn't go there. The very thought made me want to throw up my meager breakfast.

I forced a smile and small talk with the cashier as I checked out. Once I got home, I planned to sit on my ass and stuff my face. I didn't give a shit about anything else. I couldn't.

The second I stepped into the parking lot, a blacked out sedan screeched to a stop in front of me. My heart leapt into my throat. I froze as my mind screamed at me to run. To move.

Two men jumped out of the backseat and grabbed me. They knocked a few of my bags to the ground as they shoved me into the back of the car. They got in after me and the car sped away. It all happened in mere seconds.

I screamed and flailed, doing everything in my power to fight them off. One man held my arms. The other choked off my voice by grabbing my throat in a tight grip. In the front seat, turning to smirk at me, sat Maverick Alexander.

"Settle down, Raina," he admonished with a shake of his head. "You're only going to hurt yourself."

Several questions formed, each of them racing to be the first that tumbled out of my mouth. I shook my head, unable to speak with a hand around my throat.

“I’ve been waiting for a chance to get my hands on you,” Maverick continued, answering one of my unspoken questions. “I’ve had my men watching for a chance to grab you. Leaving Christian’s house wasn’t the smartest move. Although it did give me the opportunity I needed.”

He nodded at the man holding my throat and he released me. “Why?” I gasped, sucking air into my lungs.

“Why?” Maverick repeated, looking at me like I was an idiot. “Because you’ve gotten inside my son’s head. You’ve poisoned him, and I won’t have that.”

Oh Jesus, I was so fucked. The malice in Maverick’s expression was more than a little unhinged. The bagel in my stomach felt like a rock.

“You clearly have no idea what’s been going on. Havoc forced me to be there. I didn’t choose that. I didn’t choose him. As soon as he saw me, he decided he wanted to own me. I can’t imagine where he got that kind of behavior from.” If I was going down, it wouldn’t be without a fight. Fuck Maverick and his assumptions.

The man who’d been holding my throat searched me, finding my phone in my hoodie pocket. He opened the window and tossed it out. I watched as it shattered on the road behind us.

“Well, Christian doesn’t always know what’s good for him. And you, Raina, are not good for him. The sooner we put an end to all this the better.” Maverick paused to speak to the driver, giving him instructions to take us out of town.

This fucker was going to kill me. He’d killed Jenna, although I had no idea why. He’d teamed up with Nikki to kill me and my father. Shit. Dad would come home to find me missing and immediately blame the Gods.

“You know that my father will blame Havoc and the others if I go missing,” I said, wincing at the tight hold on my arms. “Don’t you care about

that?”

Maverick chuckled, slowly turning back to face me. “I’m counting on that. He’ll waste a lot of time looking for you in all the wrong places. He’ll spend days stressing and searching. That’s when I’ll make my move. Your father will be dead in a matter of days. I want him to sweat first.”

Torture. That’s what he really meant. He wanted to torture me and then torture my father. Psychologically. The worst kind.

“What’s your big plan then?” I asked, trying to keep my voice from trembling. “Kill me and dump me in the woods?”

Maverick grinned. He reminded me a little of Havoc then. “Something like that.”

A chill crept down my spine. Pure evil shone in his eyes. I’d thought Jet had been evil or even Daire. They didn’t compare to this man.

“All right then. Can I ask a question?” I waited for his nod. “Were you and Nikki working together the entire time she was with my dad?”

He seemed to consider whether or not to answer before saying, “We were. She was never in love with Desmond. She was always my partner in crime. Until you killed her.”

His tone grew darker with that last sentence. Shit. If he loved that stupid bitch, this might be about more than unseating my father from his place of power in the crime circuit. This might be a lover’s revenge.

I wondered what that was like. To have someone love you so deeply that they would do anything for you. Even kill.

“She deserved it,” I spat, anger rising up inside me. “I only wish I could have made her suffer first.”

Maverick nodded to one of the men sitting beside me. The man smacked me across the face, making my ears ring. I tasted blood.

“I can see why Christian was drawn to you. Really. He always did love

women who never knew when to shut their fucking mouths. Not another word out of you, or we'll put you in the trunk." Turning his back dismissively to me, Maverick stared straight ahead.

I hated him. More than I'd ever hated anyone. Including Daire, and that was really saying a lot.

We drove for a solid hour. Maybe longer. We left the city behind, passing farmland and forests. When we finally stopped, we were in the middle of nowhere.

I was dragged from the car by the two men in the back. Maverick joined us, leading the way into a thick thicket of trees. The pretentious bastard had worn an expensive suit to kill me.

Nobody and nothing could be seen for miles in any direction. The driver followed, pausing to grab a shovel from the trunk first. They led me to a place where a shallow grave had already been dug. Inside was a poorly constructed box just big enough to hold me.

My heart pounded in my ears. This was it. This was the end. I'd always known there was a chance it would end like this. Now that the time had come, I was terrified. More scared than I'd ever been.

A desperate part of me wanted to beg. I knew how men like Maverick worked. He would love that, but it wouldn't save me. Trying to fight back tears, I quaked in the tight hold of my captors.

Maverick approached me, running a hand along my cheek. Then he grabbed my chin in a bruising grip, forcing me to meet his gaze. "While you're gasping for every last breath, I hope you regret ever getting involved with my son. More importantly, I hope you suffer for what you did to Nikki."

"Havoc is twice the man you'll ever be," I hissed, my voice shaking. "He deserves so much better than you."

Maverick grabbed me from his two goons and roughly shoved me

down into the box. I didn't go without a fight. I swung wildly with both fists, successfully punching him in the face. I even went so far as to rake my fingernails over his eye. It wasn't enough. Maverick used sheer determination and greater strength to force me down into the box.

I flailed about as he and the driver threw the lid down on top of me. The thud of dirt being thrown on top was loud and bone chilling. Knowing that panic would make my air run out sooner, I tried to calm my pounding heart and heaving lungs. It was next to impossible.

Tears streamed from my eyes, sliding down the sides of my face into my hair. After several minutes of dirt being piled on top of the box, it grew unbearably quiet. They were gone. I was alone.

My hand went to the collar locked around my throat. Maverick either hadn't noticed it or he'd had no idea there was a tracker in the collar. Maybe I had a chance after all.

But why would the Gods bother to track me now? I'd walked out on them. I'd left them behind. They owed me nothing.



## CHAPTER THIRTY



### KNIGHT

“Fuck no. I’m not begging Raina’s forgiveness. I know that I fucked up, Havoc, but you’re expecting too much.” Gage stormed around the kitchen, slamming cupboard doors as he grabbed a glass and poured a drink.

After drinking himself into oblivion the previous night, he’d started his day with a coffee. Now he was back on the liquor. Gage wasn’t handling Raina’s abuse at the hands of the Angels and her following departure well.

“I didn’t say you should beg her forgiveness,” Havoc shot back, his voice hard. “I said that maybe you should go talk to her. None of this would have happened if you didn’t let Jet con you into a stupid fucking bet.”

Gage poured his glass full of tequila. Then he drank it down like it was water. Jesus Christ, he was out of control.

“Talk to her?” Gage repeated. “And say what? Raina doesn’t want to hear anything I have to say. Let her go, Havoc. It’s better for everyone that way.”

“Better for you, you mean. Because then you don’t have to look at her and feel like a piece of shit.” Havoc shot out of his chair so fast it tipped over, crashing against the floor.

His hands clenched into fists. I braced myself in case I needed to stop these assholes from killing each other. This conversation had been going on since we all came downstairs this morning.

It felt wrong without Raina here. Different. Her absence had created a noticeable emptiness. We all felt it. It had never felt like something was

missing before Raina came into our lives. Now it was all I could feel around me.

“Let’s just cool it before anyone says or does something they can’t take back. We’re all tired and stressed out. Turning on each other won’t help anything.” I stood at the island, buttering some toast. My appetite was nonexistent.

“Pretty sure Gage has already done something that can’t be taken back,” Havoc muttered.

I glanced at Gage who stood next to me, chugging tequila. “You both need to calm the fuck down. I’m not above knocking both your asses out. We should at least check on Raina. She went through hell last night.”

Havoc and Gage locked eyes. Their battle continued in silence. I really was going to have to knock them both out.

“She doesn’t want to speak to us.” Havoc strode from the kitchen, shoving the patio door open with a bang.

He went into the backyard for some air, leaving Gage and me alone. I glanced at him, raising a brow.

“Don’t tell me that you don’t want to see her. I know you’re not used to this kind of thing, and you feel like shit about what happened. Maybe you need to tell her that.” My suggestion was met with a scowl.

“Raina doesn’t want to see me. Can you really blame her? I fucked up, Knight. I know that. But it’s too late now. There’s no taking it back. It’s too late. What’s done is done.” After refilling his glass, Gage left the room. A few minutes later, his bedroom door slammed shut.

“Fucking dicks,” I muttered to myself.

Taking my toast to the table, I sat down and tried to eat. My mouth felt dry, my stomach numb. After two bites, I shoved the plate away and pulled out my phone.

I considered only texting Raina. Deciding that was too cowardly, I sucked it up and called her. It didn't even ring. It went straight to voicemail.

The numb sensation in my stomach turned into a hollow pit. This didn't feel right. Had she blocked me or something? Needing to be sure, I grabbed a burner phone that Havoc kept in his bedroom for dealings related to his father's business and tried again from that number. Still straight to voicemail.

Something was wrong. I hadn't always been the most intuitive person yet I knew better than to dismiss this feeling. I pulled up the tracker app for Raina's collar on my phone to check her location. She may have asked her father to help cut the thing off by now. Somehow I doubted that she'd shown it to him.

The location on the map wasn't her father's house. Hell, it wasn't anywhere in the city at all.

Rising from the table, I went outside to where Havoc swam laps naked in the pool. "Havoc, we have a problem. Get out of the pool. We have to go find Raina."

Waving away his protests, I explained that her tracker was showing up far outside town in a place that appeared to be the countryside, possibly the woods. Not the campsite where we'd taken her though. This was much farther than that.

Once he heard that, Havoc was out of the pool and in action. He raced inside, almost slipping on the floor due to his wet feet. He pounded up the stairs, banging on Gage's door before rushing into his own room to get dressed. Nice to see him taking this seriously, although knowing that it was most likely because of his father, I wasn't feeling too good about all this.

"I'm sure it's nothing," Gage bitched as he stomped down the stairs. "Raina probably took off. She knew that we'd check the tracker. She wanted to mess with us."

“Or my father followed her home and grabbed her,” Havoc supplied, his tone dry and emotionless. He was scared. I got it. So was I.

Gage scoffed but said nothing further. He could deny it all he wanted. He cared more about Raina that he wanted anyone to know. Especially her.

We piled into my Jeep and set off. It took every ounce of self-control I possessed not to step on the gas and speed through every red light. Once we were free of the city, I floored it, racing down the highway. It seemed to take forever to cross the distance between us and Raina’s tracker. I almost hoped she’d managed to get it off and had dumped it somewhere to mess with us.

Most of the drive was spent in silence. We were all lost in ourselves. I glanced at Gage through the rearview mirror, finding him staring out the window, gnawing his bottom lip bloody. Havoc sat in the passenger seat staring at his phone, watching the tracker app as we gradually grew closer.

We reached a wooded area that turned into a tiny trail winding between the trees. My palms grew sweaty and slippery on the wheel. What if we found Raina’s body? What if Maverick had grabbed her and dumped her out here?

“It’s right here,” Havoc announced, flinging his door open. He was out of the vehicle before I could put it in park.

Gage and I got out, following him as he searched the trees. When he started calling Raina’s name, my chest grew tight. We searched the entire area and found nothing. Until Gage literally tripped over a pile of fresh dirt.

“Jesus Christ,” he shouted. “There’s a fucking grave here.”

My heart leapt into my throat. I hurried over to where he shoved to his feet, wiping his dirty hands on his jeans. There was no mistaking the freshly dug grave. The three of us had dug them enough times for Havoc’s dad over the years.

“We need to know if it’s her.” I dropped to my knees and began to

frantically dig up the dirt by hand. We had no shovel or anything else that would help.

Havoc joined me. After a few minutes of uncertain hesitation, so did Gage. Together the three of us scooped dirt with our bare hands, flinging it aside. Even when the other two tired, I never did. Something told me what Raina was in this grave. Nothing would stop me from getting her out.

Finally, my hands hit the lid of a wooden box. The same type of box Maverick had used in the past when getting rid of an enemy or someone who'd dared to wrong him. Absolute rage joined my worry in dominating my focus. Havoc's father had gone too far this time.

Together the three of us pried the lid off the box. I was afraid of what we'd find inside. When I saw Raina lying there, her eyes red rimmed from crying, tears staining her face, I almost lost it. I wanted to kill Maverick myself.

Her eyes fluttered open. Her chest heaved as she gasped in a huge breath of air. She blinked at us a few times, like she wasn't sure we were real.

"Motherfucker," Gage muttered.

Havoc didn't say a word. He was in shock. Understandably so. His father had tried to murder the woman he'd fallen for.

"Come on, Goddess," I said softly. "Let's get you out of there."

I leaned down to scoop Raina into my arms. She grabbed onto me, holding tight. There was a desperation in her grip, like she knew that she was safe now and never wanted to let go. I carried her to the car and slid into the backseat with her in my arms. She needed to feel safe. Even though the fresh tears streaming down her face were killing me, I couldn't let her go. Not now.

Havoc walked toward the SUV like a zombie. He seemed too out of it to drive.

"Gage, you drive if you're sober enough," I said, thinking it was best to

keep him up front with Havoc. To Raina I asked, “Are you okay? Do you need a hospital?”

She opened her mouth to speak. Only a sob came out. She shook her head, burying her face in my chest. I’d never believed Maverick to be a good guy. I knew better than that. This was the first time I’d believed that he was nothing less than a monster.

As Raina huddled in my arms, sobbing and shaking, I did my best to keep my shit together. Tears were my undoing. They brought out a side of me that I wasn’t proud of.

More importantly, they confirmed what I already knew. Maverick Alexander had to die. If Havoc didn’t take care of this mess, I would do it myself.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE



### RAINA

I'd never have dreamed that this stupid collar would save my life. It was the first, and probably only time, that I felt grateful to have it locked around my neck.

I held so tight to Knight that my fingers hurt. We sat in the backseat of his Jeep with me curled up in his lap. He stroked a hand over my disheveled hair, murmuring softly that I was okay, that he wouldn't let anything else happen to me. I wanted so badly to believe him.

I had no idea how long I'd been in that box. It didn't take long for me to feel suffocated, like there wasn't enough air. After fighting and failing to get out, I'd given up and accepted my fate. The air had grown thinner as every minute passed. Then a noise alerted me to the arrival of the Gods.

At first I thought for sure that I was hallucinating. Once air filled my lungs, my head began to clear. Knight's strong arms felt so damn real. I'd known then that they'd found me. They'd tracked me after all.

Nobody spoke during the drive back to the city. That was perfectly fine with me. There was nothing they could say to make any of this better.

It was only when we pulled into the driveway at the Gods' house that Havoc turned around to look at me. His tight expression didn't change, although his eyes were filled with pain.

"Was it my father?" he asked, sounding like it hurt to say those words.

Still not ready to speak, I nodded. Havoc had to be in complete turmoil. I didn't know how I would handle if it my father had tried to kill him or the

others. Even Gage, who hadn't been able to bring himself to look at me once. I'd have felt devastated and betrayed.

Knight shoved open the door, tightening both arms around me as he carried me from the vehicle and into the house. We ascended the stairs and went straight into his bedroom. He passed the bed and entered the small attached bathroom.

Gently setting me on the closed toilet, he peeled off my hoodie. Then he lifted my shirt over my head, tossing both items onto the floor. I noticed how he tried not to look directly at my tearstained face. It probably didn't help that tears continued to stream silently down my cheeks.

Knight had a thing for crying women. I wasn't sure if I should be concerned. If he was anything like Gage, then I may not get out of this bathroom unscathed. Something about his tender touch assured me that wasn't the case.

It's not like I could control the tears. They welled up in my eyes, spilling down my face. Emotion overwhelmed me. There was no stopping it.

"You look like you could use a shower. You'll feel better after. Physically anyway." Knight swiped a thumb over my face, brushing my tears away. He winced, like it pained him to watch me cry.

That wasn't all it did to him. There was no hiding the hard on pressing against the front of his pants. When he started to strip down too, I tensed. I wasn't sure what to expect from Knight, but I wasn't afraid of him. If anything, I was curious. I'd always been curious about him.

When we were both naked, he turned on the water in the shower, adjusting the temperature before taking my hand and getting in with me. He was a total gentleman, giving me first dibs on the water and letting me go at my own pace while cleaning up. He helped shampoo my hair, gently massaging it into my scalp.



His gaze drifted over me, lingering on the knife cuts from Daire. I saw him stiffen and clench a fist. It meant a lot to me that he cared so much.

A heavy sigh left me as he glided a soapy bath puff over my skin. Being taken care of like this felt like heaven. His tender care continued when we emerged from the shower. He gently picked through my wet hair with a brush, careful not to pull or yank on the tangles.

I placed a hand over his, my chest heavy with a fresh swell of emotion. “Thank you, Knight.”

I tried to say more. Words failed me. A new wave of tears spilled down my face.

“You’re killing me here, Raina. I hope you don’t hate me for this.” He picked me up and carried me to his bed. Hovering over me, he touched one of my tears, licking it from his fingertip. “I hate that you’re so fucking sad, but I love that you’re crying. I’m sorry. I wish I didn’t.”

Knight moved down my body, nudging my legs apart. We were both still naked, smelling of bodywash and shampoo. My breath hitched as he licked me, a sensually soft touch of his tongue.

I felt him holding back. Like he had this ravenous hunger to devour me and only my current state kept him from doing that. But I wanted him to devour me.

Sliding a hand into his damp hair, I grabbed a handful, jerking his head up so our gazes locked. “I’m not a breakable doll, Knight. Please, don’t hold back with me. I want all of you.”

He searched my face as he made the decision within himself. He nodded. “Whatever you say, Goddess.”

Knight reached up to touch my tearstained face one more time. Then he stopped holding himself back. There was a roughness to his touch when he jerked my legs farther apart. Burying his face between them, he plunged his

tongue between my folds, delving deep inside me.

I let out a gasp that became a whimper. Knight lapped at my juices as they flowed, encouraging my body to give him more. He ran both hands over my thighs, up my stomach to my breasts. He clutched them with an unspoken desire that I felt within me.

Withdrawing his tongue, he ran it over my clit, circling it until I squirmed beneath him. He drove me to the edge of orgasm before easing off, dipping back inside me. I still held onto his hair, my hold tightening as the pleasure steadily grew.

My lips parted on a breathy moan. Knight teased my nipple with one hand, running the other back down my stomach. He thrust two fingers inside me, pumping deep as he sucked on my clit. Again he brought me to the edge before easing off. This man was going to make me crazy. It was almost worse than Havoc's forced orgasms. I wanted it so damn bad.

Knight inserted a third finger, stretching me wider. I was so wet for him. I eagerly looked forward to having his cock. I needed it.

When he finally gave my clit some more love, I came with a cry. My hips bucked, and my legs shook. I murmured his name as each wave racked me.

A storm of emotions made my chest heave. A few more silent tears slid from my eyes, spilling onto the pillow beneath my head. Knight rose up over me, licking my arousal from his lips. He held my gaze, watching the tears fill my eyes before breaking free.

He groaned softly. My tears did something powerful to him. Something that made me feel in control even though I was a wreck.

With our eyes locked, Knight pressed his hard cock between my legs, plunging inside me. Buried deep in one thrust. It stole my breath. The exquisite pleasure spread through my body. I'd never wanted him as

desperately as I did then.

He waited a moment, savoring the way it felt to be inside me. In his puppy dog brown eyes, I saw a sensitive soul. Someone who'd seen the darkness in others, as well as himself, and still loved them. Someone who'd kill for me.

Knight pressed close against me, aligning our bodies. He began to thrust with slow, steady motions. I held onto him, my hands gliding over the smooth muscle of his back and shoulders. He felt so good on top of me. Even better inside me. I got the feeling that he wanted nothing more than to rail me until I screamed. He was trying to be a loving gentleman about it.

At first. Once the moans began to steadily spill from my lips, Knight lost all control.

“Cry for me, Raina,” he murmured, his eyes glazed with desire. “Let me see those tears.”

Under other circumstances, I may have thought he was a lunatic. I was already a ball of emotion that had been pent up for too long. Being buried alive was the kind of thing that tested one's resolve. My tough front had been shaken. Deep inside, I held onto the pain that I'd always refused to show.

The pain of my mother walking out on my dad and me. The agony of being rejected by people who would have been my friend if I didn't have a mobster for a father. Even the pain that came from being claimed by the Gods as their pet. A claim that had almost led to an untimely death at the hands of my father's foe.

Knight's encouragement was all it took to unleash the floodgates. More tears broke free. My chest hitched with a sob. I hoped that Havoc and Gage couldn't hear me. I thought I heard the front door close but couldn't be sure. It didn't matter. All I cared about right then was Knight and his gorgeous cock.

He seized my lips in a dizzying kiss. His hips moved frantically between my legs. Each thrust grew more intense than the last. Soon he pounded into me, forcing moans and cries out with each one.

I came hard, my pussy spasming around Knight's shaft. He moaned my name, kissing the tears from my face. Unwilling to stop yet, he rolled us over onto our sides. Still face to face, he slung my leg over his, opening me up wider.

I kissed him hard, driven by the flurry of emotions messing with my head. I didn't feel like my usual self. Maybe I never would again. Right then, that didn't matter. Working my way toward a third climax was my only focus.

Knight gripped my hip with one hand, moving forcefully between my legs. He wasn't nearly as aggressive as Gage had been, although there was a certain animalistic quality to the way he fucked me. Like he claimed me with every thrust. Like he wanted to leave a piece of himself behind.

He moved with urgency. Faster and harder, taking us both to incredible heights. I felt the rise of his orgasm, sensing it in the way his thrusts grew jerky and rough.

"Come for me again, Goddess," he whispered against my lips. "Let me feel it."

Despite having already come twice, my body had grown used to Havoc's forced marathon of climaxes. It was primed and ready to go. My inner muscles clenched Knight tight again as I came with a cry that I knew could be heard downstairs.

Knight emptied inside me, coating my insides with his cum. His cock twitched a few times. He pressed his face into my neck, kissing me as his arms went around me.

He hugged me close. "I think I might love you, Raina. No. I know that I

do.”

Did he really just say that? Was he for real? No way.

I laughed softly, running my fingers through his hair. “You must be caught up in the moment. Tears really do a number on you, huh?”

I sniffled a little, swiping the back of my hand over my cheeks to dry them. Knight raised his head to meet my eyes.

“It’s not that,” he said. “Tears aren’t enough to make me want to kill the man who hurt you. If Havoc doesn’t do something about his father, I will.”

My heart suddenly felt all squishy and weird. Knight’s eyes gleamed with certainty. He meant every word.

Other than my father, no man had ever cared enough about me to hurt someone. To kill them for daring to touch me. I wasn’t naïve. I would never overlook the things Knight and the others had done to me. What mattered more was what he was willing to do now.

I snuggled in close and kissed him. “I love you too.”

## CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO



### HAVOC

I followed Knight into the house, watching as he carried Raina upstairs. Moments later his bedroom door closed. Within minutes the sound of the shower followed.

No doubt Knight would do what he did best. Clean her up, take care of her, and then fuck her senseless. He wouldn't be able to resist those tears much longer. I was surprised he hadn't taken her right there in the backseat of the Jeep.

Gage strode into the kitchen and went right for the booze. I followed, motioning for him to pour me a shot too. I tossed a shot of tequila down the hatch, placing my glass on the counter. When Gage went to pour us both another, I stopped him with a hand.

"Don't," I warned. "I need you clear headed. We're going to pay my father a visit."

His eyes widened slightly as he nodded. "Sounds good to me. Better than staying here and listening to those two fuck."

He jerked his chin toward the floor above us. I understood why he felt bitter. Raina may never want anything to do with him again. Right now Knight was the best person for her. He would take care of her in ways that Gage and I couldn't.

There was something else we could do. We could make sure that my father never had the chance to hurt her again.

I'm not sure when I made the decision to kill my father. Maybe it had

been during the long drive to find Raina. Perhaps it had been the moment I saw her quaking in that fucking box. By the time she'd confirmed for me that it had been him, I'd known without a doubt that it had to happen.

I took my time gathering my thoughts before I went up to my bedroom to grab my gun. The handgun had been a gift from my father for my birthday two years ago. Tonight he would regret giving it to me.

I loaded a full clip and tucked it into the back of my jeans. Then I pulled a black hoodie over my head, making sure it covered any sign of the weapon I carried. I told Gage to bring his too. Better to have it and not need it than need it and not have it. Although I would definitely need mine.

By the time Raina's moans drifted through Knight's bedroom door, I was ready to leave. As ready as I was ever going to be. Downstairs at the front door, I called my father.

"Hey, are you at home? I thought I'd swing by for a few minutes. There's something I wanted to talk to you about." I didn't doubt that he would know this was about Raina. However, he hadn't known that she'd had a tracker. He wouldn't know that we'd found her in time.

"I just walked in the door. I'd like to have a quiet night, Christian. It's been a long week. Can it wait?" He sounded rushed and annoyed. What else was new?

"Yeah, sure. It can wait." I ended the call, glaring at my phone before stuffing it into my pocket. To Gage I said, "Let's get moving. He won't be expecting us."

During the drive over, I grew angrier by the minute. That motherfucker thought he could swipe my girl, leave her to die, and then brush me off? I'd never felt a rage like this. So deep and guttural. I wanted to wrap my hands around his throat and squeeze until his eyes burst from the sockets.

That kind of thing would feel damn good. Unfortunately, it would take

too long. I wanted this over fast. I'd never dreamed that I'd be forced to choose between my father and a woman. There had been a time when I'd have sided with him over anyone on anything. I wasn't that foolish kid anymore. He'd done his best to shape me over the years. To make me a hardened prick just like him. Now he would regret that choice.

"Are you sure that you want to do this, bro?" Gage asked when we pulled into my father's neighborhood. "There's no taking it back once you pull the trigger."

I glanced over at him, finding violent intentions lurking in his eyes. "Good. Then the bastard will stay dead. What would you do if it was your choice?"

Gage thought about it for a moment. "I'd put a bullet right between his eyes before he could say a word."

"Cool. Then we're on the same page." I pulled up to the locked gate blocking the end of the driveway. Punching in the code, I was relieved to find that it hadn't been changed since my last visit.

"Have you considered what this will do to Maverick's business?" Gage asked. "You'll be next to take over, right? Unless Nate fights you for it."

Nate was my uncle, my father's brother. He worked for the syndicate too. He'd always been more of a yes man than anything else, happy to do whatever my father told him. He wasn't a decision maker or a businessman.

"I haven't thought that far ahead yet. Right now I needed to make sure my father can never hurt Raina again. I'll deal with Nate later." I parked behind the blacked out luxury sedan that my father drove and got out of my car. I needed to get this over with.

At the front door with its large arches and fancy flower pot arrangement, I flipped through the keys on my keyring until I came to the right one. I let myself in and quickly disarmed the alarm. The code was still



the same. As much as the fucker seemed to despise me, I appreciated that he hadn't felt the need to change the locks or the code. His mistake.

We stepped into the huge entryway. The interior décor was all white. Too harsh for me. My mother liked it. She'd been the one to make those choices.

A white baby grand piano to the right sat next to a flower covered sofa and chair set. The white marble floor sprawled throughout the house. Straight ahead was the kitchen and living room. The spiral staircase with the gold railing to the left led upstairs. Beyond the staircase was the hallway that led to the library and dining room.

My sister emerged from the kitchen, a bag of chips in hand. She perked up at the sight of me.

"Hey, butthead," she greeted me with a smirk. "What are you doing here? Mom didn't say that you were coming for dinner."

"Hey, dumbass," I replied, trying to keep my tone light. "I'm not here for dinner. Where's Mom and Dad?"

Star jerked her head toward the kitchen, her black ponytail swinging. "Mom's in the kitchen making her famous lasagna. Dad's upstairs in his study, like always."

"Cool. I need to talk to Dad about something important. Stay down here, okay?" I gave her a teasing shove toward the kitchen. I really didn't want to do this with my mother and sister in the house. Unfortunately, I had no choice.

Star frowned, slapping my arm for the shove. "Hands off, jerkwad. If you stay for lasagna, I'm taking the edge pieces."

The little shit only said that because she knew those pieces were my favorite. After I finished upstairs, nobody would have an appetite.

Leading Gage up the stairs, I braced myself. We passed under the

elaborate chandelier overhead. It lit up the family photos adorning the wall. I couldn't bring myself to look at them.

At the top of the stairs, the hallway ran in two directions. The left led to my old bedroom as well as Star's. To the right was my father's study and the master bedroom. Sucking in a deep breath, I went right.

I nodded to Gage and pulled the gun from the back of my pants. Gage followed suit, pulling his as well. Stepping quietly so as not to tip my father off to our arrival, I touched the doorknob. Not locked. Whenever he was in there, he was either working, drinking, or both. Probably watching the occasional porn video as well. I doubted that he'd seen us come in on the security cameras.

I shoved the door open with one hand, holding the gun raised with the other. Unlike the rest of the house, my father's study was done in dark browns. From the carpet to the walls and even the furniture. My father sat at his desk at one end of the room. A fireplace and mounted TV was across from him on the other end.

He glanced up in surprise at having been interrupted. He'd been in the middle of a call. When he saw the two guns leveled on him, he said, "I'm afraid I'll have to call you back."

"Hands up," I said, my tone low and even. I was ready for this. "Don't even think about reaching for a weapon. I'll put a bullet in your brain before you can get off a shot."

He frowned, sitting back in his chair as he raised both hands. "What the hell is this about, Christian? Have you lost your mind?"

I shrugged. "Maybe. Maybe I'm just sick of your shit. Gage, get closer. Make sure he doesn't try anything."

Gage moved to do as I said, pressing the barrel of his gun against my father's temple. I paused to close and lock the door before coming to stand in

front of the desk. I wanted to look this motherfucker in the eyes.

“You’re really crossing a line here, son,” Maverick warned. I couldn’t even think of him as my father anymore. He was a monster. A liar. The worst kind.

“Oh, I’m crossing a line?” I laughed bitterly. Leaning across the desk, I jammed the barrel of my gun against his forehead. “Tell me everything about you and Nikki. Tell me what happened to Jenna. I want to hear all of it.”

Maverick cleared his throat and slowly lowered his hands to the top of his desk. Utter loathing gleamed in his dark eyes. “Nikki and I planned to get Desmond and Raina Monroe out of the way. As the widow, Nikki would inherit everything. Then she and I together would take over the Monroe organization.”

That part I already knew. I nodded, wanting him to tell me what I didn’t know. “And Jenna? Where does she fit into all this?”

My father hesitated a moment before saying, “I hired Jenna to help keep an eye on you. I told her to attend your parties and do whatever it took to get close to the three of you. I wanted eyes on the inside to make sure you didn’t fuck shit up. You have before. I know you don’t tell me everything. For instance, your infatuation with Raina Monroe.”

Teeth clenched, it was all I could do not to pull the trigger. Still too soon. “Keep talking, asshole. Finish the story.”

Maverick sighed. “Once Raina came to Ravencrest, Jenna grew more territorial. She felt threatened, understandably so. She demanded that I make arrangements for the two of you to marry after graduation. She wanted into the family. She made the mistake of threatening to tell you that I’d hired her. So I killed her and used her to scare Raina, hoping it would drive her away from you. I didn’t like how close she was getting.”

I’d always known my father was a ruthless bastard, but this I hadn’t

seen coming.

Gage let out a low whistle. “That’s downright cold, Maverick. I’m almost impressed.”

“And when Raina moved into the house with us, you knew that you had to do something about it,” I said. “That’s why you buried her alive in the middle of nowhere.”

Maverick stiffened, his eyes widening. He really hadn’t expected us to find her. “How do you know that?”

“Because I’m smart enough to put a tracker on the woman I love. We found her. She’s alive.” Yeah, I heard the words fall out of my mouth and saw the way Gage’s head snapped up at my claim. Goddammit. When had that happened?

“The woman you love?” Maverick repeated. “Jesus, kid. Do you hear yourself? She’s inside your head, manipulating you. Turning you against your own family. This is exactly what I was trying to prevent.”

Boiling hot rage filled me. It was all I could do not to leap over the desk and tear him apart with my bare hands.

“The only person who’s been manipulating me is you. Frankly, I’m done with it. You’ll never get the chance to mess with me or Raina again.”

No more holding back. It had to be now. I pulled the trigger, watching as my father’s mouth dropped open, his wide eyes staring in disbelief.

Blood and brain matter splattered the wall behind him. Some of it sprayed back on Gage as well. I shrugged an apology. Gage didn’t care. He stepped back, watching dispassionately as my father slumped over in his chair, his face smacking the top of the desk.

Although the gunshot had been loud, the house was large enough that my mother and sister may not have heard it. Having no reason to linger, I strode from the room with Gage at my side. I closed the door behind us with

a sense of finality. As I descended the stairs, the feeling of being liberated came over me, bringing a smile to my face.

To my dismay, Star sat on the flower patterned chair near the piano. She glanced up from her phone, doing a double take when she saw the blood painting Gage's face and clothes.

"Oh my god, what happened? Where's Dad?" Her face went pale as she put it together.

"Don't go into the study," I said, wishing again that she wasn't here for this. "Tell Mom to call the cleaners. Sorry, Star. This was for the best."

I walked out the door before my sister's meltdown could stop me. I doubted I would be welcome in that house any longer anyway. Not that I ever really had been since moving out. The syndicate cleaners would take care of the body and the mess. Nobody in our business ever called the cops.

Technically, my father's organization was now mine. I wasn't sure if I even wanted it anymore. There was a time when that was all I wanted. Now all I wanted was Raina.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE



**RAINA**

Knight and I were downstairs stuffing our faces with pizza and barbecue chicken wings when the front door opened. I felt better since my time buried alive, although my mental state was still in a rough place. I'd called my dad from Knight's phone and told him that I was out with Clover and that my phone had died. I didn't want him to worry when he came home to find me gone. Tomorrow I would return home and tell him everything.

When Havoc and Gage entered the kitchen, I almost shit my pants. Well, they were a pair of Knight's sweatpants since my things were now at my dad's. I also wore one of his t-shirts. Regardless, I was stunned.

Gage's face was splattered in blood. It looked like he'd swiped a hand through it, smearing it about. I gaped at him, speechless.

Havoc went straight to the kitchen. He pulled out the bottle of tequila and pried off the lid before raising it to his lips. He chugged back a dangerous amount of liquor before putting the bottle on the counter.

"Is it done?" Knight stood up, taking his plate to the dishwasher.

"Yeah," Havoc said after another long drink of tequila. "It's done. He's dead."

Gage snagged a chicken wing from the box on the table and strolled outside. He left the patio door open, giving me a perfect view as he peeled off his bloodstained clothes and tossed them into the firepit in the yard.

"Wait a minute." I dropped the rest of my pizza slice onto my plate. "Maverick is dead?"

I wasn't sure who else they could be talking about. Would Havoc do that? Kill his own father? For me? No way.

"He sure is," Havoc confirmed. "My mother will probably disown me. Seeing as my father would have anyway, I'll live with it. Are you okay, Raina?"

Me? He was asking if I was okay? Had I stepped into an alternate reality or something?

"Yeah, I'm okay. A little shaken up, but I'll be fine. What about you though, Havoc? Are you okay?" I didn't know what to say or do in this situation. There were no words to make this better.

Havoc rounded the island, coming to where I sat at the table. I turned on my chair to face him. He dropped to his knees before me and placed his head in my lap. His arms went around my waist, holding on tight.

Needless to say, I was shocked. I glanced at Knight who shrugged. Placing a hand on Havoc's hair, I gently ran my fingers through it.

"I needed to know that he could never hurt you again." Havoc's words were muffled against my lap. "I couldn't let him get away with what he did to you."

Tears filled my eyes. Oops. Didn't want to set Knight off again. I gave them a halfhearted swipe, wiping them away before they could fall.

"I'm sorry, Havoc." My voice cracked. I pressed on. "I'm so sorry. You never should have had to do something like that."

"No." He vigorously shook his head, raising it to look me in the eye. "No, don't apologize. If anyone should apologize here, it's me. I'm sorry that he hurt you. I'm sorry that I wasn't there to protect you from him or from the Angels. You were mine to protect, and I failed you."

My pulse quickened as my mouth went dry. I didn't know what to say. He'd completely taken me by surprise.

“I can’t change what’s been done, but I promise you, Raina, nobody will ever fuck with you again without having to answer to me. There’s no changing who I am, the things I’ve done or will do, but I can guarantee you that I’ll dedicate the rest of my existence to keeping you safe. Please, give me the chance to prove that.”

Havoc peered up at me, a storm of emotion in his blue eyes. Here he was pleading with me, making promises neither of us knew if he could keep. Yet he was trying. With his heart on his sleeve, he was on his knees, begging me for another chance.

Because he hadn’t shocked me enough, Havoc said, “I love you, Raina. I said it to my father before putting a bullet in his brain. Now I need to say it to you. I’m head over heels for you, Bad Girl.”

My mouth opened. No sound came out. Mind racing, I scrambled to find the right words. “Havoc, I—”

“Don’t feel like you have to say it back.” He pressed a finger to my lips to cut me off. “I don’t want you to say it just because I did. I just needed you to know.”

He seemed to need this moment. To get this off his chest. Because my brain had short-circuited, I said nothing. I threw my arms around him and hugged him tight.

Gage chose that moment to amble back inside wearing nothing other than his boxer shorts. A fire blazed in the pit, consuming his bloody clothes. He placed his gun on the kitchen table and plopped down in a chair.

With a mouthful of pizza, he used a chicken wing to point at Havoc. “Did you tell her what Maverick said about Jenna?”

My head snapped up as I sat up straight. “What about Jenna?”

I listened in jaw dropped shock as Havoc repeated what Maverick had said about hiring Jenna to get close to him. He’d killed her when she started



making demands that ended in blackmail. That's when he'd dumped her body here after sending me creepy, threatening messages.

It all made sense now. Jenna had hated me right from the start. Now I knew why. She hadn't deserved to die. Men like Maverick weren't the type to take kindly to blackmail. She'd been playing with fire.

I slumped back in my chair, rubbing my forehead. "Shit. That's fucking intense. I can't believe he paid her to get close to you. That's messed up."

Havoc pulled out the remaining chair at the table, dragging it over next to mine. He seemed antsy and exhausted. The way he constantly touched me was both endearing and worrisome. Havoc wasn't himself. Understandable considering he'd just murdered his father.

"I can't believe I let that slut suck me off," Gage muttered around a mouthful of pizza.

He met my gaze briefly before averting his eyes back to the food in his hand. We hadn't spoken since the Angels got their hands on me. Tension hung between us. I wasn't sure Gage and I would ever be able to move past that night.

Was he even sorry? Could I forgive him even if he was? I didn't have the answers. Maybe it wasn't that important right now. I needed to be there for Havoc. He had to be hurting.

"So what happens now?" Knight asked, glancing around the table at the three of us.

Havoc shook his head, his body racked with a heavy sigh. "Now we wait for the shit to hit the fan."

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR



**RAINA**

The next morning came quickly. I woke up feeling nervous. I had to go back to my dad's today. All of my things were there. This time I planned to bring all three guys with me. It was time for them to meet my father. Really meet him.

I wasn't the only one nervous about their meeting. Havoc played it off but he couldn't hide the nerves that made him edgier than usual. I'd told them that I wanted to tell my father everything about Maverick and Nikki. He deserved to know.

Havoc and I had spent the night in his bed. He'd snuggled close, holding me tight against him all night, even when it grew too hot and we had to toss the blankets off. We woke up to find breakfast in the kitchen, courtesy of Gage who'd ordered food. I wasn't sure if I'd trust him to cook anyway.

Breakfast was quiet. We made small talk while avoiding serious subjects. All four of us were skipping class today. It was just as well. I doubted that I'd be able to focus.

During the drive to my father's house, Havoc received a call from his mother. When he hesitated to answer, I gave him a gentle nudge.

"Answer it," I said. "She deserves that much. Unless you'd prefer not to talk to her in front of us."

With a groan, Havoc hit the button to accept the call. "Hello?"

The rest of us sat in silence while he did his best to explain to his mother why he'd done what he had. He stayed calm, speaking to her in a tone

I'd never heard before. Soft but firm, unwilling to admit that he'd done anything wrong while also being sympathetic to her pain.

When he finished the call, he said, "Well, that's surprising. She doesn't want the syndicate to know that I killed my father. She lied to them. She told them a man she didn't recognize came to the door and went upstairs with him. He was gone before she discovered my father dead in his study. She's sworn my sister to secrecy."

"Because of Nate," Gage piped up. "She doesn't want bad blood between you. He'd probably come after you. He might not be the only one."

"He still might if he wants to keep me from taking over," Havoc mused. Fisting a handful of his hair, he let his head fall against the window. "I can't even think about that right now."

I patted his leg, offering a supportive smile. "You don't have to, and you don't have to take over for your father unless that's what you really want."

I swallowed hard. If Havoc took his father's position as head of the Alexander syndicate, that would make him my father's direct opposition. Now that Maverick was dead, we would never know for sure what really happened between him and my father. I'd always believed the story my father told. Maverick had killed his own best friend in order to pin it on my dad and use it to start this war between them. Now there was no way of getting the truth from Maverick.

"I don't know what I want anymore," Havoc sighed. Sliding his fingers between mine, he gently squeezed. "Except for you. I definitely want you."

Maybe Maverick's death would open the door for peace between both organizations. Only if Havoc took over. Otherwise, I doubted anything would change. Those closest to Maverick would most likely keep operating as they had been.

We arrived at my dad's to find him sitting in the backyard. It was a nice day. The sun shone down, bathing the yard in a warm glow. Dad sat in a lawn chair, a drink in one hand.

I sucked in a deep breath as I led the guys into the yard. "Hey, Dad. I hope this is a good time. We really need to talk to you."

I'd called ahead to let him know that I was coming and that I wouldn't be alone. He waved a hand at the chairs next to his and nodded to the pitcher of Long Island iced tea on the small table next to him.

"Help yourselves and take a seat. I'm Desmond, although I'm sure you already know that." Because my dad wasn't a jerk, he offered his hand to each of the Gods in turn, ending with Havoc. The two of them shared a look, like two sharks sizing each other up.

"Nice to officially meet you, Sir. Raina has told us a lot about you." Havoc surprised me with his polite, respectful tone.

"She hasn't told me nearly as much about you," Dad quipped, making me cringe. "I'm glad to have this opportunity to speak with you all."

We each took a seat. I sat stiffly on my lawn chair, unable to relax. My palms were sweating. I tried to subtly wipe them on the sweatpants I wore. Havoc's this time.

"Look, Dad," I began, trying to find the right words. "There's a few things we need to tell you. First of all, Maverick is dead. Also, he was involved with Nikki."

Dad's face never changed. He sat there with his lips pressed into a tight, thin line, listening as the four of us told him various parts of the story. Telling my dad that his wife had never loved him and had planned all along to kill both him and me broke my heart. Sure, she was a cheap floozy barely older than me but he deserved better.

When we finished, he nodded once and drained the rest of his drink

dry. Looking to Havoc, he asked, “You killed him?”

Havoc nodded. “I did. He went after Raina. He wanted her dead. I had to do something to make sure he could never hurt her again.”

Dad absorbed this bit of information with a twist of his lips and a grimace. “I appreciate your dedication to keeping Raina safe. That was a bold move, kid. It takes a strong person to do the right thing when it means making a decision like that. I’m impressed.”

Maybe it was just me but I swore Havoc brightened at my father’s compliment. He sat up straighter, accepting the compliment with a nod.

“Thank you, Sir. I did what I had to do. What any man would do for the woman he loves.”

I had to double check that my mouth hadn’t dropped open. Despite Havoc’s admission of his feelings last night, I hadn’t expected him to share that with my father.

Dad looked as shocked as I felt. His eyes widened. He poured himself another drink from the pitcher. “Love, huh? That’s a pretty bold claim. I hope you understand what you’re getting yourself into. You are now the head of an organization that has made itself my enemy. What is your intent here?”

Havoc held my father’s piercing stare without flinching. “My intent is to protect Raina above all else. At this point, I’m not even sure that I want to take my father’s place. There was a time when that’s all I wanted. Now, I’m not so sure anymore.”

Dad slid me a questioning glance, raising a brow. Heat flooded my face. If Havoc told him that I’d been sleeping with all three of them, I’d kick his ass. As much as I thought I might love him too, I wasn’t ready to have that conversation with my father.

“I’m not sure if you want my advice. However, I wouldn’t make a decision too quickly. Taking over your father’s organization would create a

lot of opportunity for you. If you were willing, we may even be able to lay this decades long feud to rest. Of course, I imagine your father had a different version of that story.” Dad sat back in his chair, tipping his face up toward the sun. He pulled the sunglasses off his head, sliding them over his eyes.

“He did,” Havoc confirmed. “I don’t believe his version anymore. He showed me who he really is when he went after Raina. I wouldn’t doubt that he did purposely start this shit between you two. I’m not interested in carrying on his bullshit. Of course, I can’t speak for the rest of the syndicate. I don’t even know if they’ll accept me as a leader. My uncle has been eyeing that position for a long time.”

“You seem more than capable of handling anyone who becomes a problem. I’m sure you’ll figure it out. When you’re ready to talk business, come back and see me.” Turning his gaze to me, Dad inclined his head toward the house. “Can I speak to you inside for a few minutes, peanut?”

“Of course.” I hopped up to follow him inside.

Behind me I heard Gage snicker, “Peanut.”

I paused at the door to flip him a middle finger before entering the house. His laughter followed me.

“What’s up?” I asked when Dad and I were alone in the kitchen.

The grim expression he wore made me nervous. I wasn’t foolish enough to expect him and the Gods to hit it off or love one another right off the bat. All I wanted was for them to meet and hopefully to form some kind of mutual respect for one another. Things seemed to be going well with Havoc. At least, I’d thought so.

“What are you doing with these guys, Raina?” Dad got right to the point. “Be honest with me, please.”

“I told you. They wanted me to stay with them when Maverick’s guy was stalking me. We kind of formed a bond.” I shrugged, hoping he didn’t

press it further.

He did. My dad wasn't the kind of guy to let things go.

"Are you dating Havoc?" he pressed. "Is he a package deal with those other two? You've been staying with all three of them. You brought them all here today. Is there something we need to talk about?"

My face flushed with heat. I was certain that my cheeks blazed red. Nobody wanted to discuss their private life with their father. He was concerned. I knew that. I'd been keeping him out of the loop for too long.

"I'm not sure if I'd call it dating. We haven't really discussed it like that. There's something between us, Havoc and me. As far as the other two go, it's kind of complicated." I winced and offered him a tight smile.

"So what I'm hearing is that he's sharing you with his friends." Dad's tone took on a note of disgust. "Is that really the kind of guy you want to be with?"

"It's not like that," I protested. Shit, how the hell did I explain something I couldn't even understand? "I have feelings for all of them. I don't entirely know what those feelings are yet. They're real though. I'm an adult, Dad. I can make these decisions for myself. I need you to trust me."

Dad's face twisted like he felt nauseous. He placed both hands on the kitchen counter, like he needed to steady himself.

"I know that the college years can be a crazy time," he said carefully. "I want you to be safe. Put yourself first. Don't let them take advantage of you."

I rounded the counter to where he stood and threw my arms around him. "Don't worry about me. I'll be fine. It's not like what you're picturing. I swear. They're actually pretty good guys."

Well, that was debatable. Dad didn't know the worst of the shit the Gods had done to me. I would never tell. They'd come through for me when I needed them most. I would never forget that.

“I’m going to grab my things and head back with them. I think Havoc really needs me right now.” I braced for a protest.

Dad kissed the top of my head and nodded. “He probably does. He’s certainly earned my respect for doing what he needed to do to keep you safe. That doesn’t mean he gets a free pass. Remember, Raina, he’s now the leader of my biggest competitor. I wouldn’t get too comfortable if I were you.”

I knew that he meant well. That he only wanted what was best for me. Still, Dad’s words haunted me long after I’d left his house.

With my bags in the trunk of Havoc’s car and Gage snarkily calling me Peanut, I stared out the window. What Dad didn’t know was that I’d already let myself get comfortable. There was no going back.



## CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE



**RAINA**

Three days later I stood in front of Havoc's bathroom mirror, scrutinizing the black knee length dress I wore. It was a strapless number with a corset style bodice that pushed my breasts up ridiculously high. Because I didn't have much in the way of funeral attire, it was the best I had on short notice.

Maverick Alexander's funeral was today. Havoc had asked me to go with him. I knew that today wasn't about me in any way, and yet, I couldn't shake the nerves that possessed me at the thought of showing my face at the funeral of my father's enemy.

Maverick's closest friends, family, and allies would be there. What if it pissed someone off that I dared to come? I'd voiced these concerns to Havoc. He'd waved them away, scoffing at the idea of anyone messing with me there.

"Anyone who has something to say about it can get the fuck out," he'd said.

I did my makeup lighter than usual, wanting to keep it simple for such an event. A light dusting of silver shadow edged in a darker shade along with pale pink lips. Good enough. Hopefully nobody would be looking at me. I pulled back my blonde locks into a side braid that fell over my shoulder and called it done.

"You're flashing a lot of cleavage there, Cherry Pie." Gage ogled my tits as I entered the kitchen. "I think the skirt could be a little shorter though."

Knight let out a low whistle when he took in my dress. "Gorgeous like

always, Raina. Really, you look beautiful.”

“Thanks, cutie.” My gaze wandered over Knight’s dark gray suit and matching tie. “You clean up pretty well yourself. You too, Gage.”

Gage wore a black suit with a white shirt open at the collar. I guess he wasn’t a tie man. The feather tattooed on the side of his neck peeked out of his shirt, drawing my eye. He and I hadn’t spent any time alone together since I’d come back to the house. We’d been amicable, for the most part. There was no denying the tension between us.

Frankly, I hated it. I wanted to forgive him for what happened with the Angels. For that to happen, he had to be sorry. So far, I hadn’t seen any sign of that. He sure hadn’t said as much.

“Thanks, Doll. Feel free to hike up that skirt and ride my face until we have to leave. It’s been a while since I’ve had a taste of you.” Gage’s mismatched gaze traveled over me, lingering on the space between my thighs.

I ignored the heat that bloomed within me. “I wonder why that might be.”

Before he could fire back a smarmy response, Havoc strode in from the backyard where he’d been taking a phone call. He wore a black suit and tie, his hair perfectly combed into place. He jerked to a stop, doing a double take when he saw me.

“Damn, Bad Girl. I think you need to dress like that all the time. Maybe with a shorter skirt though.”

Gage smirked at me as if to say, ‘I told you so.’

“Your dad sent these over.” Havoc motioned to a meat and cheese platter on the counter next to a bottle of expensive wine. “There’s a card too with a bunch of cash. He’s a pretty cool guy.”

My father had been firmly against me attending this funeral. That

hadn't stopped him from making a thoughtful gesture.

We left for the funeral, taking Havoc's car. My palms grew progressively more sweaty as we drew closer to the church where the funeral was being held. Havoc took my hand as we entered the building. Not once did he let go, even when I knew my palm had to be making his hand sweaty too.

The four of us sat in the front with Havoc's mother and sister. His sister wouldn't even look at him. His mom played her role, hugging and kissing him, acting like nothing was wrong. She shed tears at all the right times, acting like the widow in mourning. Something about her demeanor told me that she wasn't all that sad about the demise of her husband. Havoc hadn't said much about his parents. I got the impression they didn't have the happiest marriage.

She was super sweet. She even went so far as to give me a hug and thank me for taking care of her son. What the shit? I smiled and nodded, forcing polite small talk.

It was when we reached the cemetery where Maverick was to be buried that things got weird. Several members of the Alexander syndicate approached Havoc to offer their condolences. More than that, some of them straight up celebrated him as their new leader.

"I look forward to working with you, Christian." A hefty man with a ruddy complexion clapped Havoc on the back. "Your old man left large shoes to fill. I hope you're up for the challenge."

"Welcome aboard, kid," said Havoc's Uncle Nate. "I'm sure you'll bring some fresh energy to the group. We're lucky to have you." Beneath his breath, he whispered, "What's the Monroe kid doing here?"

I'd distanced myself from Havoc once the men of his syndicate swarmed him. Standing several feet away with Gage and Knight, I swallowed

hard at the sound of my last name.

What was I doing here? Good question. Sure, I'd come to lend moral support. I didn't need these mobsters to tell me that I didn't belong. I felt it with every piece of me.

"Raina is with me," Havoc said, firm and confident. "She's my girl. I expect all of you to respect that and treat her like the goddess she is."

Nate let out a bark of laughter. When Havoc remained serious, he quickly sobered. "Oh, I see. You're not kidding. Are you sure that's a good idea? There's bad blood with her father, Christian. You know that."

"Yeah, well, that's my problem now, isn't it?" Havoc shot back. "My father may have had bad blood with Desmond Monroe. That doesn't mean I have to do the same. Maybe it's time to leave the past in the past."

Nate pushed his round glasses up on his nose. The sun glinted off his balding head. He was stocky and much shorter than Maverick had been. I saw no resemblance between them.

"Some things can't be so easily forgiven or forgotten," Nate advised. "Just don't let a prime piece of pussy start making your decisions for you. Eventually, you'll get bored of fucking her."

My mouth opened in a silent gasp. Havoc's reaction was much louder and far more obvious.

He grabbed Nate by the front of his jacket and jerked him close. Havoc spoke between clenched teeth. "Give me one fucking reason why I shouldn't put you in the ground with my father right now. One fucking reason."

Havoc threw a punch that had onlookers gasping as a murmur went through the crowd of gathered mourners. Nate went down on his ass, his glasses hanging awkwardly off his face, one of the lenses broken.

That wasn't enough for Havoc. He grabbed Nate and dragged him back up. "If I ever hear you speak that way about Raina again, I will kill you

myself. Do you understand?"

He waited for Nate to nod before shoving him away hard enough to make him trip over a headstone and fall again. Gage chuckled, enjoying the show. Taking my hand, Knight led me away from the chaos.

"Don't let that asshole get to you, Raina." Knight touched my face, bringing my gaze to his. "He's a washed up piece of shit. His opinion doesn't matter."

Didn't it though? I doubted that Nate was the only one that felt that way. Maybe our families had been enemies for too long. Maybe it wasn't going to be as easy as Havoc thought it would be to bring that to an end. Maverick may be dead but clearly his rivalry lived on in his brother and those closest to him.

I leaned into Knight, finding comfort in his assurance. Still, I didn't really believe it. How could I?

No matter what Havoc and I shared, I would always have the blood of the enemy in my veins.

## EPILOGUE



## RAINA

“So...I guess it’s safe for me to go back to campus and stay in the dorm. There’s no real danger now. Nothing forcing me to stay here.” I stabbed a piece of syrup drenched pancake with my fork.

The funeral had been a few days ago. The four of us had fallen behind on classes. We were heading back to campus today to try to get back into the swing of things. I’d been doing as much as I could online. If I wanted to keep my grades up, I needed to get back in the classroom.

“Nothing except for me.” Havoc looked up from his plate, searching my face. “Unless you don’t want to be here anymore.”

“Since when does what I want matter to you?” I joked. Well, it was more of a half joke.

“Would you rather stay at the dorm?” he asked, shoveling a forkful of pancake into his mouth. “It’s your call, Raina. I want you here though. You belong here.”

Did I? The warmth that his claim filled me with was offset by the doubts I’d been harboring since the funeral. Nobody in the crime world gave a shit how we felt about each other. It was a system that had existed long before us and would continue long after. Did we really have the power to change what our fathers had started?

“What about you guys?” My gaze darted between Gage and Knight. “How do you feel about it?”

Knight didn’t hesitate to say, “I want you to stay. It’s nice having you

here. If you'd rather go back to the dorm, I won't stand in your way. I'd want to though."

He offered me a small smile. Maybe I shouldn't be thinking about leaving. We'd all grown used to our living arrangements. It was me that suddenly felt different about everything. My insecurities had instigated this conversation.

Gage crunched a piece of bacon. Then another. He took his sweet time answering.

Finally, he shrugged. "Do whatever you want. You always do, don't you?"

Ouch. That hurt. I stared stonily at him, refusing to let the wounds he'd created show. How could he be so cold and crass? He owed me.

"You know, Gage, it wouldn't kill you to show some fucking humanity sometimes," I snarled, the anger I'd been withholding for so long breaking free. "Fuck you too."

Unable to finish my breakfast, I shoved my chair back and stormed from the kitchen. Gathering my bag from where I'd placed it near the front door, I slammed out of the house. Angry tears burned my eyes. I blinked them away as I climbed into my SUV. Hopefully I'd get to class earlier enough to find a seat surrounded by other people so Gage couldn't sit near me. Maybe he wouldn't even want to.

During our first class, I managed to find a seat on the end of a row near the front. When Gage entered the room, I stared straight ahead at the front of the class. He paused, his gaze drifting over me before he continued on to the back row.

He was a stone cold asshole. I knew that. Maybe it was on me for expecting him to show a shred of emotion once in a while. After what he'd done, I thought he owed me that much.

We shared two more classes that day. I managed to avoid him in the second class as well. Unfortunately, he was within my sight line. As much as I tried to resist, I couldn't help but sneak glances in his direction.

More than once I caught him staring at his phone, brow furrowed, anger gleaming in his eyes. I wondered what that was all about. When he looked up to find me staring, I averted my gaze. Dammit.

Every time class let out, I hurried from the room, almost knocking people down in my haste. Then I'd hide out in the restroom until I knew for sure that Gage would be gone. I didn't have it in me to deal with him right now. He'd hurt me, and he didn't seem to give a shit. That only hurt more.

"When the fuck did you become so soft?" I muttered to my reflection when I was alone in the restroom. "Since when do you care what any of these jerks think about you?"

Since I'd formed a damn attachment to each of them. Even Gage. I couldn't help but think back to when I'd cleaned him up after he got his ass beat by the Angels. When he'd told me that the fire in my eyes was the only thing to warm him these days.

Did he still feel that way? And if so, why couldn't he bring himself to show it?

By the time our last class together rolled around, I was mentally and emotionally fatigued. Maybe it would be best if I went back to the dorm. I'd be closer to Clover. She was screwing an idiot with bad vibes. She needed me. In many ways, I needed her too.

That's what I told myself as I waited for Gage to walk into the classroom. The instructor arrived and promptly got started. Five minutes later, still no Gage. By the time class ended, I was worried. Gage had never showed.

My mind raced with the many possibilities. Maybe there had been more



trouble with the Angels. Maybe he'd left campus and been in an accident. I jumped from one conclusion to another, each of them worse than the last.

Since I couldn't relax until I knew he was okay, I tried calling. No answer. Maybe he was avoiding me.

I couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. On a whim, I decided to head back to the house. Havoc and Knight wouldn't be there yet. If Gage had gone home early, maybe we'd get the chance to talk alone.

I was both surprised and relieved to find Gage's car parked out front. So he had come home after all.

Entering through the front door, I called his name, waiting for a reply that never came. I searched the house, finding his bedroom empty. The kitchen and living room were empty as well. What the hell?

Crossing through the kitchen, I opened the patio door into the backyard. Gage stood near the fence, hunched over, clutching the water hose. As I drew closer, I saw that he vigorously washed blood from his hands. A lot of it.

His head jerked up as he sensed my arrival. Eyes wide, he shook his head. "You shouldn't be here right now, Raina."

That's when my gaze landed on the bloody knife in the grass at his feet. My heart raced, pounding in my ears as adrenaline filled me. "Gage, what did you do?"

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Raina's story continues in Gods of Ravencrest University Book 3, [Baneful God](#). Subscribe to my newsletter at [TrinaMLee.net](#) for release news and announcements or join my private [Reader Group](#).

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Trina writes paranormal and contemporary romance that is action packed and gritty about people in dark places discovering who they are and what they're made of. Trina lives in Alberta Canada with her husband and their kitties. She loves to hear from readers so don't hesitate to drop her a line on social media or at [trinamlee.net](http://trinamlee.net).