



# Devil

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**Category:** Suspense Thriller

**Description:** They call him Devil.

They say darkness follows him wherever he goes.

They say he's a dangerous man, a monster.

They made him seem like a demon from your nightmares.

They'll whisper about me.

They'll question my sanity.

They'll warn me away from him.

I'm the lost girl who fell in love with the devil.

We knew each other in another life.

Before the darkness consumed us completely.

He was the quiet boy who stared at me from across the room.

I was the sad girl, terrified to trust anyone.

One night changed it all.

Everything went up in smoke.

He disappeared, taking a part of me with him.

The silent teenager is long gone, but the ruthless man who's returned is the devil.

And he's brought the depths of hell with him to protect me.

**Total Pages (Source):** 33

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

She's stoned again.

It's rare to see my mother sober, but I can always tell when she's at the peak of her high by how loud she screams.

The soft glow of the night light brightens my room just enough to see the hands on the clock move. The faint clicking noise gives me something to focus on.

Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock.

At fifteen years old, you wouldn't think I'd need a night light, but I'd rather see which one of my mother's men are sneaking into my room after she passes out.

"You sorry piece of shit! Where's my fucking cigarettes?" Her shrill voice shreds what little patience I have left for this bullshit. Gritting my teeth, I stare at the clock, counting the seconds as they go by.

This has been going on since my dad died two years ago. Mom couldn't handle losing him and she started going to the bars, drowning her pain at the bottom of a bottle. She'd come home shitfaced, and I'd clean up her vomit and put her to bed.

I never complained.

Losing my dad broke me inside, but as long as I took care of my mother, I didn't have to focus on my own pain. I buried my grief while trying to help her, but my efforts were for nothing.

She met a guy at the bar one night and he introduced her to cocaine. She became a different person. Sure, she was more upbeat and didn't seem as depressed, but I barely recognized her anymore. Once she snorted so much of the shit, the high wasn't as good, so she started shooting up heroin.

I knew the night she stabbed that needle into her vein, I lost my mom.

She didn't care about me or anyone else.

Only chasing the high.

Tick tock. Tick tock.

The men started coming into my room after she passed out. They touched and violated my body in ways that sealed their fate with the devil himself. A one-way ticket to hell, taking pieces of my soul with them. I tried to tell my mother, but she didn't believe me. Instead, she accused me of seeking attention.

My hand slides under the pillow, gripping the wood handle of the kitchen knife I placed there a few days ago. I'm sick to fucking death of being used and abused. If she won't protect me, I'll protect myself.

Heavy footsteps fall on the old hardwood floor and a shadow appears under my door. My grip tightens painfully around the knife handle as my bedroom door creaks open.

Brad or Brandon, Brett maybe, creeps through the threshold, the alcohol on his breath filling every molecule of air in the small room. This motherfucker is the one who took my virginity without blinking an eye. He stormed in here a couple of months ago, and I woke up to him ripping my panties down my legs, forcing himself inside me.

The pain was excruciating. Begging him to stop raping me, I screamed and sobbed for my mother, praying through my tears for anyone to let it end. No help came and I eventually went to a place in my mind where I blocked out the pain.

The black void became my safe haven every time he slithered into my room. But after the last time, when he flipped me on my stomach and took me in a place I didn't realize could be taken, I couldn't block it out.

The terror. The agony. The blood.

After the assault, I laid in my bed the rest of the night, trying to figure out how I would survive this. The sadness and shame morphed into rage and my thoughts turned to how I'd kill him.

Closing my eyes quickly, I want him to think I'm asleep before I stab him. A surprise attack seemed like a solid plan so he can't overpower me.

As he approaches the bed, my mother storms into the room. "Oh sure. Come get you some from the young whore."

My body jolts at her hateful words and my heart shatters into a million pieces. How can a mother talk about her own child like that? She loved me before the drugs, but since she's turned into a junkie, she's a cold, heartless bitch.

My eyes snap open and the man's name who I can't remember backhands her across the face and she falls to the floor. His wild eyes find mine and he smiles.

I have to get the fuck out of here.

Shooting from the bed with the knife in my hand, I dart past him as he reaches to grab me. I jump over my mother's body as she lies crying on the floor. Dashing through

the doorway, I turn at the sound of cursing. He tries to step over my mother, but she latches onto his legs, causing him to fall. He hits his head on the edge of my dresser, knocking himself out.

My mother whimpers, and I stand frozen, watching her slowly lose consciousness. Between her fall and coming down from the heroin, she slowly passes out. I may be young, but I know this isn't normal. No teenager should be subjected to this abuse. Her drug addiction not only ruined her life, but mine.

I'm alone and lost. No one is coming to save me.

In this moment, everything clicks into place, like the last piece of a puzzle.

I have to end this.

Closing the door behind me, I run into the living room, finding a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. I've never smoked a day in my life, but tonight calls for it. Bringing the tobacco to my lips, I flick the lighter, the paper burning loudly as I inhale. Falling into a coughing fit, my eyes water as my throat burns.

Fuck, that hurts.

As my hacking dissolves, I bring the cigarette back to my lips, inhaling again.

No coughing this time.

Glancing around my shithole house, I don't feel sad or sentimental. All I feel is anger and resentment.

My mother threw me away for drugs.

For men.

She didn't protect me from these predators. She didn't believe me when I told her what they were doing to me.

Slowly, I inch my way back to the window beside the couch. Lifting the lighter once again, I flick it twice before the flame rises. The orange and yellow glow settles my racing heart, bringing a sense of peace to the chaos, snuffing out the anxiety.

There's beauty in destruction and it's time for me to lay waste to everything destroying me.

Holding the lighter to the curtain, the cheap material catches quickly, heading straight for the disgusting couch where mom usually sits to get high. The fabric drips as it burns and though it smells terrible, I stare into the flames a few moments longer.

A grin tugs at my lips as I head for the door. Stepping through the threshold, I glance over my shoulder one last time at the shitty house of horrors.

“Burn in hell, Mom.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

Damaged.

Rotten.

Broke.

That pretty much sums it up.

I'm a damaged girl with a rotten soul. I fucking hate people. Not to mention I'm broke, living in a shitty camper on the outskirts of town. It wasn't my first choice, but it's mine, bought with the money I worked my ass off for.

I'm your typical sob story.

My daddy died.

My mother turned into a junkie.

She had men in and out of our shitty shack. She fucked them for dope, for cigarette money, and for food. We had a revolving front door that never stopped spinning, a different man coming through it every couple of days.

Oh, and it didn't bother her the men she fucked, stopped by my room on their way out the door.

The last one took my virginity.

In more ways than one.

When I had enough at fifteen years old, I burned the fucking house to the ground with my mother and her boyfriend inside. I ran to a neighbor's house, spewing bullshit about how they were high, and fighting. Next thing I knew, smoke was filling my room.

Everyone bought my story.

The state took custody and shipped me to a foster home. I thought my life would get better, but I was mistaken. The Lancaster house was a force to be reckoned with. I honestly thought if I could survive my mother and her men, I could survive anything.

I was wrong.

The Lancaster's were strict and if you didn't follow their rules, you were punished severely. There were six of us in that prison. We were home schooled, to shield us from sin and temptation. They thought keeping us sheltered, more like captives, would curb our wicked ways.

They didn't teach us shit.

We were servants.

The two younger children spent most of their time on their hands and knees, scrubbing the floor with toothbrushes and Brillo pads. The two middle kids tended to the lawn and any outside projects, designed to make us look like one, big, happy family. Being the second oldest, I was in charge of cooking all the meals, doing laundry and taking care of the younger children.

Then there was Colt.

The sixteen-year-old, blue-eyed mystery boy who didn't speak. He was made to wash the vehicles, perform maintenance on whatever needed it, and do the grocery shopping. Because he didn't talk, they assumed he was safe to leave the home.

I'm not sure what kept him coming back.

He had access to their cars, and they gave him money to buy the things we needed. He could've run away and never returned.

But he always came back.

Before I realized he didn't speak, I tried to talk to him a few times, but when he didn't respond, I gave up. Assuming he didn't like me, I kept my distance, tending to my duties all day, every day. I began noticing, no matter what I was doing or where I was, he was always close by. His blue eyes tracked my movements, never letting me out of his sight for long.

When I hadn't spoken to him for two weeks, he came into my room one afternoon, after returning from the grocery store. He walked to the edge of my bed where I sat, tossing my favorite candy on the mattress. My jaw dropped as I stared at him, stunned. He smirked before walking away, like he didn't just turn my world upside down. After that, Colt and I would sit next to each other when we could or watch movies together when we were allowed.

No talking.

Just sharing the same space.

I always looked forward to our time together. We didn't need to speak, being present

was enough. As months went by, we formed a unique bond. And him being around kept me out of trouble with our foster parents. Any time they came near me, Colt would stay close by, like I was his to protect.

I sensed darkness behind his beautiful eyes and a part of me always believed the Lancaster's felt it too. They never gave him any shit and seemed to trust him for the most part, until everything changed.

One night when I was sixteen and he was seventeen, our foster parents confronted us about our relationship. I explained to them over and over that we were just friends. They didn't believe me. Colt's silence didn't help matters, or the way he stood beside me, stone faced, his body filled with tension.

He chose the worst possible time to communicate with me, gripping my hand, squeezing it tightly with reassurance. Mr. Lancaster's gaze tracked the movement, backhanding me and calling me a liar and a slut. Colt caught me before I hit the floor, his piercing eyes darkening with something evil. In the blink of an eye, he was on my foster father.

He tackled him to the ground, pummeling his face with his fists. I was frozen to the spot, mesmerized as Colt unleashed his rage on the patriarch of the house.

Bones crunched.

Blood from Mr. Lancaster's face and Colt's hands mingled together in a hypnotic dance.

So much blood.

Mrs. Lancaster was screaming for him to stop and when she reached for the phone, I pounced. Ripping the receiver from her hand, I smashed it against her temple, and she

dropped to the floor, knocked out cold. With my chest heaving from the adrenaline, I turned to Colt, his intense gaze crashing into me, stealing my breath.

The Lancasters were both unconscious as he rose to his feet, closing the distance between us. He fisted my hair with both hands, pressing his forehead to mine. My eyes caught every spec of blood splattered across his face and my heart clenched with the realization that he did it for me.

He leaned in closer, his lips almost touching mine. "I have to leave."

All the oxygen rushed out of my lungs at the sound of his deep voice. It was raspy from not being used, but it was the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard. My chest fluttered as we watched each other for what seemed like forever, but in reality, it was only a few moments.

I finally found my own voice, my heart racing like never before. Tears filled my eyes at the thought of losing the only person I've ever connected with. "I know."

His lips pressed against mine and the world tipped on its axis. The warmth and softness of his mouth shattered my soul and knowing he was about to leave, the tears I'd kept at bay finally fell.

"Don't cry, Nova. I'll never leave you." He whispered against my lips before kissing me again. Hearing him say my name only intensified the pain. I didn't want to lose him. If he left, I'd never see him again as long as I lived in that prison.

He pulled away slowly, his expression filled with agony and sorrow. "Give me a ten-minute head start and call the police. Tell them everything."

"I want to go with you." I whispered through my tears.

“You can’t right now. I’ll come back for you. I promise.” He swiped the emotion from under my eyes before rushing down the hall.

I stood in the middle of the living room floor, my foster parents lying motionless on either side of me. I had to call the cops and tell them what happened. It was self-defense, surely, he wouldn’t get in trouble. I’d tell them about everything that goes on in this house and how Colt always protects me. I’d never go against him after what he just did.

He came back a few minutes later with a bag filled with clothes. He walked towards me, gripping my hand once he was close. “They’ll take you away from here and put you somewhere safe.” He watched me closely until I finally nodded. “I’ll be around.” He kissed me for the last time, before walking out of the front door, taking what was left of my heart with him.

Two weeks later, I continued my daily routine even though I wanted to crawl in a hole and die.

Colt was gone.

The cops didn’t believe me.

They blamed him, saying he was a troubled kid with mental problems. They didn’t remove any of us from the home, instead telling our foster parents to keep a close eye on us. Especially me because I was trouble. Mr. Lancaster spent a couple of days in the hospital from the beating Colt gave him. Mrs. Lancaster had a bump on her head from where I hit her with the phone.

I had a target on my back.

My name was no longer Nova, but ‘little bitch’. They threw random objects at me as I

walked through the house. I'd cook dinner and then they'd send me to my room while the rest of them ate. I mostly survived on granola bars and chips that Carson would sneak to me after everyone else went to bed.

If I had the balls to meet their gaze as they demeaned me, I was slapped across the face numerous times until I fell to the floor. I tried locking myself in my room, but after the first time, they took the door off the hinges.

I was in hell.

Alone again.

This time it was worse because I'd finally known kindness. I had experienced what it was like to have someone care about me. And it was all ripped away in the blink of an eye. It would've been so easy to end it all, but I couldn't do it. Not when they'd turn their hatred on one of the smaller kids. I was stuck and slowly started cowering, ignoring my instincts to kill them. I knew it'd look suspicious if people died in another house I resided in.

It all came to a head one night when they didn't like the dinner I cooked. Mr. Lancaster picked up his plate and threw it across the room. As it exploded against the wall, Mrs. Lancaster started screaming at me, all the other children running for safety.

My legs started moving as I slowly backed out of the kitchen. From the corner of my eye, I saw the front door open, all the kids rushing outside.

Maybe they're going to get help.

My foster parents paid them no mind, too focused on me, the object of their hatred. Inching closer to the door to make my escape, someone grabbed my wrist, hauling me through the doorway. Before I could look at my savior, they rushed inside, slamming

the door behind them.

“He said to run.” Emily whispered, lacing her fingers through mine.

I didn’t have time to think about who he was. I had to get the little ones away from here. “Let’s go.” I nodded, herding the children to a neighbor’s house.

Before we made it across the street, the crackling of flames filled the night sky. The kids started screaming as I watched in awe, another house of horrors going up in smoke. Neighbors came running out of their homes, attempting to shield us from the scene. Sirens blared in the distance as we were shuffled across the street. Multiple strangers consoled the children, but their efforts were wasted on me.

As I watched the house burn to the ground, it took me back to the night I killed my mother. The adrenaline pumping through my veins. The unrelenting fear burning to ash. The relief lifting the heavy weight off my chest.

I didn’t set this fire, but I knew it was done for me.

By the quiet, blue-eyed boy whose darkness showed me the light.

Colt.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

After the fire, I was placed in another foster home.

Thankfully, my stay there was uneventful. I was on my best behavior for a little over a year, until I turned eighteen. I worked at a diner while I lived with the Bradford family, saving every dime I made, counting down the days until I was free to start over. All my thoughts were focused on leaving and starting a new life. I worked overtime on the weekends whenever they offered. They loved me because anything I could do to earn extra money, I did it.

To be on my own.

To forget about him .

I haven't seen Colt since the night of the fire. While my instincts tell me it was him who saved us that night, I haven't laid eyes on him since the night he left, over a year and a half ago.

I've moved on with my life now, burying what I felt for him in the far corners of my withered heart.

I work as a bartender at the local bar, and I usually get off around three in the morning. It's good money and the tips make up for the belligerent bastards I have to put up with every night. Lacey, the other bartender who trained me is tolerable most days. She's always praising how quickly I learn and while I appreciate it, the fact remains.

I fucking hate people.

Sliding a beer across the counter to Joe, one of the regulars, the door to the bar opens and the crowd goes deathly quiet.

In walks the talk of the town.

No one knows his name, but they call him 'Devil'.

Supposedly, he's a stone-cold killer, a boogeyman in the night. Rumors say he controls all the illegal activity in this town and he's not one to fuck with. I've heard countless stories about his sins, but I take them with a grain of salt. If he's so dangerous and lethal, why the hell is he hanging out in this shithole bar?

I'm calling bullshit.

He takes a seat at his usual table in the back corner. It's dark and away from the crowd, the perfect place to watch everything going on. The quiet murmurs begin and everyone's eyes dart to the mysterious man in the black hoodie, a hat pulled down over his eyes. I don't know why they still make a spectacle of him. He's come in every night since I've began working here.

I've never been close enough to make out his features. He's tall and broad, tattoos covering his hands, the only exposed skin I can see. Strands of dark hair peek out from underneath his hat and I wonder what his face looks like. A part of me feels guilty about my curiosity, but Colt never returned. I know he had to leave, but we're adults now. Why hasn't he come back for me like he promised?

Maybe he didn't feel the connection between us as strongly as I did.

He imprinted himself inside me, haunting both my dreams and my waking thoughts.

He's condemned me to what could've been. My chest aches at the thought of him and I try my damndest to push it all away.

Glancing towards Devil, I watch Lacey approach his table. He says something, and she nods curtly, scurrying my direction. She stops in front of me on the other side of the bar. "Satan wants whatever we have on draft."

Her nervousness makes me grin and I have to ask. "Is his face as nice as his body?"

She gapes at me. "Nova, that man is a monster!"

"I'm just curious." I chuckle and she shakes her head.

"I can't see him because it's so dark in that corner and his hat is pulled down."

While I can't see his eyes, I feel his gaze boring into me like a warm caress. Something flutters in my chest, but I ignore it, not ready to analyze that shit show.

Turning the glass at an angle, I fill it slowly as Lacey taps her fingers on the bar. Once I'm finished, I set it on her tray. "He's just another customer. Calm down."

She nods jerkily, heading towards his table. Setting the beer down, he nods his thanks, handing her a few bills as he speaks.

She comes back to the bar, eyes wide with a huge grin plastered across her face. She shoves the money into my hand and my jaw drops when I see it's two one-hundred-dollar bills. "What the fuck?" I whisper.

"He gave me three but told me to keep one." She waggles her eyebrows. "Looks like Lucifer has a crush."

Rolling my eyes, I press the money into her palm. “Give it back to him. I poured him a beer; this is too much.”

She looks at me like I’m crazy but does as I ask. I feel his stare again as I pour Joe another beer. It’s unnerving but oddly comforting.

I need to get a grip.

We play this game for the rest of the night. It’s fucking ridiculous but I can’t control myself, constantly looking his direction. Every time I feel the familiar prickles along my skin, I know he’s watching me.

Has he always done this, and I’ve never noticed? I’m usually preoccupied with customers and cleaning, but it’s hard to believe I’ve never felt him like this before.

“Have a good one, Nova.” Joe says, interrupting my thoughts. He leans over the bar, lowering his voice. “Quit staring at him, girl. He’s bad news.”

Rolling my eyes, I pop his arm with the dish towel. “See you tomorrow, Joe.”

After I finish cleaning up, I realize it’s closing time. I look up to see Devil is the only one left in the bar. He stands slowly, the chair scraping across the floor. The sound startles me even though I’m looking at him. Quickly, I busy myself, wiping down the already cleaned countertops.

A large, tattooed hand slaps the bar beside me, and I jump at the sound. My body hums at his closeness, but he turns before I can see his face. He leaves without saying a word and only then do I notice the two-hundred dollars he left behind.

Staring at the bills like they may bite me, I try to wrap my head around the mystery man’s behavior.

There's something about him that intrigues me, and I can't put my finger on it.

No one has captured my attention since Colt, and the first person who does is called Devil.

Sliding the money from the bar top, I slip it into my back pocket. While it's too much, he obviously wants me to have it.

And I'm a broke bitch.

Heading towards the back, I grab the last few bags of garbage to take to the dumpster while Lacey finishes mopping. The owner of the bar, Jared, never stays until closing, so us girls end up doing everything.

Opening the back door, I peek outside to make sure no one is hanging around. A cool breeze hits my face, and an eerie feeling sends a shudder down my spine. Closing the distance to the dumpster, I quickly raise the lid, throwing the trash inside. Before I can take a step back, a large hand grips my bicep painfully, spinning me around.

My gaze collides with Emmett, a dumbass who spends most of his paycheck at the bar. He's asked me out multiple times and usually Lacey steps in to run interference. He's a few years older than me and not a bad looking guy, but I'm not interested. He refuses to take no for an answer.

"You shouldn't be out here by yourself, sugar." He grins and my stomach churns. He's sloppy drunk, but he doesn't look like the guy I'm used to seeing. Something sinister lurks behind his usually playful eyes.

"What are you doing out here, Emmett?" I snap, trying to jerk my arm from his hold.

He grips me harder, pushing me against the wall next to the dumpster. The alcohol on

his breath makes my eyes water, the smell strong and foul. He didn't come in tonight, so he must've gotten drunk somewhere else.

"Let me go, asshole!" I grit out, my knee coming up, but he twists to the side, dodging the blow meant for his balls.

He laughs darkly, pressing his body against mine, pinning me in place. His hands squeeze my breasts as I squirm to get away. "I've tried to be a gentleman, Nova, but I think you're a bad girl who needs a man to take it."

My blood boils at his words, my veins feeling like they're about to explode from the pressure. "Already been done, you fucking twat." I slam my forehead into his and he stumbles back, letting out a string of curses. Pushing myself off the wall, I get all of two steps before he grabs me again, backhanding me across the face.

"You fucking bitch!" He shoves me down to the ground, dropping to his knees. He cages my legs between his own, his fingers working the button on my jeans. My body curls, my fists swinging at his face and chest.

I have to get this motherfucker off me.

The pop of my button is loud, and he pulls down my zipper as I scream and fight.

A shadow appears behind him, and I freeze.

Please don't be one of his friends coming to join in.

Before another thought passes through my mind, the figure grabs Emmett by the hair, shoving a knife into the back of his skull. He stops moving immediately, his mouth gaping open as his bloodshot eyes stare down at me. A trail of blood runs down his neck, soaking into the fabric of his shirt.

My gaze slides to the shadow behind him, unable to make out any of his features. But judging by the buzzing along my skin, I know exactly who it is.

Devil.

He pulls the knife from Emmett's skull, shoving him in the side of the head. He falls to the ground beside me, and I jump to my feet, hurrying to button my pants. My savior turns to walk away, but I can't let him leave just yet. "Hey!"

He stops without turning around.

"What's your name?" I ask, taking a step towards him.

"Devil." His voice is rich and deep, sending goosebumps across my skin. I take another step and his body tenses.

"Thank you." I murmur, not sure what else to say. I have a million questions, but after what just happened, my mind is blank.

"Always, Nova."

My breath hitches. "How do you know my name?"

He begins to walk away, throwing his response over his shoulder. "I'm the devil. I know everything."

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

Lacey flipped out when I went back inside and told her what happened.

After calling the police, she called Jared and chewed his ass for at least half an hour. He gave me a couple of days off with pay for the inconvenience.

Yeah, almost being raped next to a dumpster is a huge fucking inconvenience.

My boss is an idiot, and we all know it, but it's not worth the extra oxygen to try and explain shit to him. So, I agreed to the paid time off.

I was surprised to find out his cheap ass has security cameras in the front and back of the building, so there was video of what happened to me. The paramedics cleaned the blood from my forehead from headbutting Emmett. They advised me to ice my cheek where he slapped me and keep the cuts on my knuckles clean from where I was punching him during the attack.

The police talked to me after watching the security footage. They asked me multiple times if I knew who killed Emmett. They said he wouldn't be in trouble, they just wanted to talk to him.

Bullshit.

I played dumb, telling them I had absolutely no idea who the guy was. In reality, that's the truth. I don't know his name or what he looks like. I could've pointed the cops in his direction, but why?

He saved me.

He killed for me.

That alone has me fucked up.

I did get a little enjoyment watching the coroner zip him up in the body bag.

Bastard.

Other than the interview at the police station, I spent most of my time off in bed, my emotions all over the place. Not only was I almost sexually assaulted, but it reminded me of all the times it happened while I was with my mother. Needless to say, I laid around eating junk food and watching horror movies. It raised my spirits by the time I came back to work this afternoon.

It's been a quiet shift so far, no drunk assholes pissing me off just yet.

Around ten o'clock the door opens and the mysterious stranger strolls in. He looks my way before heading to the back corner, sitting at his usual table.

I've asked a few people why they call him 'Devil', but I'm always met with the same answer, even from Lacey and Jared. They tell me to drop it and leave it alone.

I've never been good at letting shit go and the curiosity is killing me. I can't leave the bar unattended, and Lacey is the only waitress tonight, so I improvise. Snatching a napkin from the holder, I grab the pen from my pocket and write him a note. "Why do they call you the devil?"

Lacey appears, rolling her eyes. "Same as usual for your new friend."

Her attitude rubs me the wrong way. “Why are you being like that when he saved my ass the other night?” I snap.

Her eyes widen, taken aback by my tone. “Nova, I’ll always be grateful he was there, but it doesn’t change the fact he’s a psychopath. He’s dangerous and you’ll do good to remember that.”

I laugh sarcastically. “He’s such a bad guy, but he saved my ass.”

“Why are you defending him? Even before the other night, you weren’t afraid of him.”

“I’ve encountered worse.” Placing his beer on her tray, I lay the folded napkin beside it. “Give this to him, too.”

She watches me for a moment, exasperated, before nodding and walking away.

I turn my attention to wiping down the bar, a few people taking a seat, ordering drinks. Keeping myself busy, I try not to wonder if he’ll respond to my childish note.

I shouldn’t have written it.

Another patron orders a beer and as I finish pouring it from the tap, I turn around to find Devil sitting in front of me. His hat is pulled down low, his jacket collar pulled up high. The neon lights shine a single streak of light across his face, just enough to see something that leaves me breathless.

For the first time, our gazes lock, and familiarity hits me like a ton of bricks. His eyes are crystal blue, and they plunge me into a deep abyss of heartbreak and longing.

They remind me of Colt, and I swallow down the emotion clogging my throat.

I haven't seen him in a year and a half. He had no way of knowing which foster home I was sent to. He doesn't know I left and work at this bar. It feels as if I'm lost to him forever.

Devil tilts his head, his bright eyes watching me closely. I'm vulnerable under his scrutiny and it makes me want to shrink into myself, instantly regretting writing the stupid fucking note.

A throat clears in the distance, and I'm pulled from my downward spiral, passing the guy his beer. When I turn back around, I find my protector's stool empty, but a napkin lay folded on the bar. With trembling fingers, I unfold it carefully, reading each word slowly. "I'm your devil."

My heart rate spikes and where most people would be terrified by his words, they soothe something wicked inside my own soul.

For a moment, I don't feel so alone. I feel seen by the devil who claims to be mine.

Who the hell is this guy and why do I care so much?

Glancing at the table in the corner, it's empty and my stomach sinks. Folding the napkin neatly, I slide it into my back pocket for safe keeping.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Devil

My little demon is curious.

I didn't miss her breath hitching when she caught my gaze at the bar. I remind her of someone.

Someone she cared about.

She wants to know why they call me Devil. She's not ready for the answer. If I reveal too much too soon, she may run. Even though I'd enjoy the thrill of the chase, I'd rather it be a game and not from revulsion.

She surprised me when I killed the motherfucker who attempted to rape her. She wasn't disgusted or scared. Relief filled her beautiful chocolate eyes as she jumped to her feet, daring to move closer. Her gratitude revived the long dead organ in my chest.

She's the only reason I'm still breathing. Every time I see her, she brings me back to life. One of the many reasons, I'm always there, waiting and watching.

Nova Bradley came crashing into my life unexpectedly two years ago and I'll never let her go. She was a beautiful teenager, but she's grown into a gorgeous woman filled with darkness and fury.

Her body is exquisite and I long to explore every inch of it. She's short, about five foot four with long black hair. Her full chest and plump ass would easily bring any

man to their knees, and that's where I come in.

She's mine.

She doesn't know it yet, but I've killed for her multiple times, and I'll continue to take the life of any man who gets close to her.

A guy smacked her on the ass a couple of months ago and I snapped. I followed him home, and no surprise, he lived alone. After hours of no activity, I slipped into his house, slitting his throat while he slept. He deserved worse, but I was pressed for time.

No one touches my girl and lives with the memory. In reality, no one touches Nova and lives, period.

A knock on my office door snaps my attention back to the present.

"Yeah?" I shout and the door swings open.

"We have a problem." Max rushes in, his chest heaving.

"What is it?" I stand from the desk.

"The shipment was highjacked and both our guys are dead."

My stomach drops. That shipment was our largest to date and now it's fucking gone.

"What the fuck happened?" I bellow and he takes a step back.

"No one is talking. All we know is the truck is gone and our boys' bodies were found on the side of the road." His head hangs, unable to meet my eyes.

Max was part of the gang when I came in. He wasn't happy with the way it was ran and became my second in command when I killed everyone who challenged me, turning it into the enterprise it is now. He's loyal and someone I've come to depend on.

Lennox and Carson were good guys.

We haven't lost anyone since the takeover a year ago and it's hitting Max hard. His sorrow thickens the air around us and I must admit, it fucking hurts me too. These are my men and the fact someone thought they could kill them and steal my shit...

"Max, look at me." He raises his head, his eyes haunted. "Trust in me now as you always have, brother. We'll find out who did this. They will pay."

He nods.

"Now, we have to put aside how we feel for the time being and find out who the fuck did this. I have connections all over this country. Someone knows something."

"What do you want me to do?" He asks, his normal cold expression returning.

"I'm going to contact Lennox and Carson's families. I'll handle the funeral arrangements. I need you to find out what happened. No phone calls. Go to their fucking houses if you have to. If they aren't forthcoming, tell them I'll drop by."

His eyes widen. He knows if I have to handle this myself, there will be bloodshed. "I'm on it, boss."

The door clicks as Max leaves my office and I take a seat behind my desk. My men come from families who are no stranger to this life, they lived it themselves. They know the risks. But dread still sits heavily in my chest. No one wants to tell a mother

their child is gone.

Much less two.

Sitting back in the chair, I close my eyes, my face pointed towards the ceiling. Their families will be devastated. Nothing will take away their pain. Running my hands through my hair, I sigh, standing and grabbing my keys.

Locking up my office, I exit the building, and head towards my truck. The engine roars and I leave the parking lot, driving slower than normal.

I'm in no hurry to break hearts today.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

It's been a few days since I've seen Devil.

My mood has been in the dumps and it's unnerving how a stranger can affect me like this. Is it him or the fact he reminds me of Colt?

Who the fuck knows?

I've thought about Colt a lot lately.

Our friendship was different. It was soul binding, a connection we both needed. The night he left made me realize, even though I had nothing for reference, I truly cared for him. His kiss changed everything, and the sound of his voice touched every part of me.

He stayed true to his word. He was around and saved me from Mr. Lancaster's temper one last time. He set the house on fire to ensure none of us would have to endure it again. But I never saw him again after that night. It shattered me to the core, not realizing my feelings until it was too late.

I can't know it was him for sure, but I like to think it was.

Sadness is soon replaced by an emotion I've never felt towards him.

Anger.

Why hasn't he found me? Why didn't he come back? Was I just some poor girl he needed to save to feel good about himself? After all the time we spent together and the way he protected me, I thought I was important to him.

Fuck Colt Everly.

I don't need him. I don't need anyone. I'm fine on my own.

Just as the thought passes through my mind, the door swings open and in walks the fucking devil himself.

Great.

Another protective, blue-eyed man I can't figure out.

Before his ass hits the chair, I've poured his beer, marching towards his table. He watches me, his head tilted to the side as I slam the mug on the tabletop, beer sloshing over the rim.

"Here's your beer, mystery man." I snap, turning to walk away. Looks like he'll be my outlet for all this shit I'm feeling.

A large, warm hand wraps around my wrist, preventing me from leaving. The contact sends my heart racing, tingles shooting up my arm.

I catch a glimpse of Lacey, her eyes wide, her mouth hanging open.

Shit.

I'll never hear the end of this. I shake my head to let her know it's okay, before turning back to Devil. His grip is firm, but he's not hurting me. As I meet his eyes,

my irritation wanes.

“Sit.” His deep voice reaches a submissive part of me I didn’t know existed.

Pulling out the chair across from him, I sit down slowly. He doesn’t speak. We hold each other’s gaze as thunder rumbles outside, the bar patrons hurrying to leave before the storm hits.

He continues holding my wrist, and my skin burns where his touch lingers. He’s wearing his usual black hoodie and I’m dying to rip it off his head.

“Tell me what’s bothering you.” He demands, his voice smooth as whiskey.

“I don’t know you.” I quip, pulling my wrist from his grip.

“Do you need to know me to have a conversation?”

I scoff. “You expect me to tell a stranger my personal business?”

“Isn’t that why people come to bars?”

“Is that why you’re here, Devil?” While I can’t see his face, his eyes crinkle around the edges and I’d give anything to see his smile.

“I’m here for you, little demon.” He says, leaning forward, trailing his finger down my forearm.

“Why?” I croak, his touch fucking with my head.

“Because you’re mine, Nova.”

Thunder booms around us, the walls of the bar shaking. His declaration surprises me, and I glance around the suddenly quiet room. There's no one left except the two of us. I'm sure Lacey is watching our interaction from the kitchen.

Nosey ass.

I find his gaze. "How am I yours? We don't know each other."

"You're not ready for the answer." He says flatly and my earlier anger resurfaces, a blind rage filling my vision.

I'm sick to fucking death of all the mysterious bullshit. Between Colt's memory and this hooded jackass, I'm ready to punch something.

Or someone.

"Fuck you." I grit out, the chair making a horrible screeching noise as I bolt out of my seat. "It's time for you to go."

He doesn't stop me as I walk away, grabbing my purse from behind the bar, heading towards the door. "Lacey, I'm out!" I call, hoping she heard me. The door whines as I push it open, the wall of rain making it difficult to see my car.

Fuck.

Gritting my teeth, I take off running, the ice-cold rain drops feeling like bee stings as they assault my skin. Gripping the handle, the car door barely opens before it's pushed closed and I'm spun around.

A tall figure towers over me, holding an umbrella. Before I can retort it's too late because I'm already soaking wet, my breath catches in my lungs and my knees

threaten to buckle. His piercing blue eyes belong to the same person who abandoned me so long ago.

Colt.

Devil is Colt.

Or Colt is Devil?

What the fuck?

I don't know which way is up or down and he doesn't give me a chance to work my way through it before he wraps his arms around me. My mind is broken, and my limbs won't move. Every emotion a human being could possibly feel is warring inside me right now.

Is this why people faint?

I feel like I'm about to faint.

"Did you think I left you? I've always been here." He murmurs against my ear. "Put your arms around me, Nova. Fucking hug me back."

I've slowly regained control of my limbs, but instead of wrapping them around him, I slip my hands between our bodies, pushing him away. "You motherfucker!"

"Nova." He warns and I lose my shit.

"Don't you fucking dare! You have no idea what it's been like. You fucking left me. You said you'd be around, and I haven't seen you in almost two years!"

“I’ve been here. How else would I have known you were attacked the other night? I fucking killed him to protect you!” He roars and I’m fucking done.

“Leave me alone, Devil. ” I snarl and jump inside my car.

He steps back, the umbrella hanging by his side. His dark clothes absorb the rainfall as he watches me back out of the parking spot. He takes a step forward, but I flip him off before speeding out of the parking lot.

Fuck Colt Everly for leaving me.

Fuck the devil, too.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

I slept like shit last night.

Not only did the storm have my old camper swaying with the strong winds, but Colt has literally turned my life upside down. My curiosity finally bit me in the ass. I got more than I ever expected and I almost regret asking.

Almost.

He revealed himself to me, but I could only just make out who he was because the rain was coming down so hard. I wish I could see him again since the shock has worn off and really look at him.

I've missed him so much.

But I'm so fucking angry.

He made me believe he left me when he was here the entire time. I know he told me he would be, but why hide it? He could've come to me at any time, and I would've welcomed him back into my life with open arms.

You didn't last night.

Fuck.

I've spent all this time second guessing the way he felt about me. It made me feel like

shit. Like I wasn't good enough. Now, I'm supposed to forget all of it and be happy?

A knock on the door startles me and I flinch. No one knows where I live.

Peeping through the blinds, I see the object of my frustration waiting on the other side. My heart flutters, while my mind tells me to ignore him. Stepping away from the window, I give in to my stupid fucking heart. I swing open the door, cursing myself for not putting on pants first.

His gaze travels down my body, his tongue darting out, licking his bottom lip. My thighs clench together as warmth heats my face at his appraisal. His eyes slowly lift to mine, a knowing smirk playing across his lips.

"How do you know where I live?" I snap.

He doesn't answer as he climbs the steps. I move out of the way as he pushes his way inside, closing the door behind him. "I watched you the day you moved in."

My jaw drops.

He has been around the entire time.

Emotions I've never felt before swirl around in my chest and I'm on the verge of crying. I can't let him see me break down. He can't know how much he affects me. Schooling my face, I let my attitude do the talking. "Thanks for the help moving boxes, asshole."

He smiles and it steals my breath. I finally see him for the first time in what seems like forever.

He's young, but he looks older, wise beyond his years. He could easily pass for thirty

with his distinguished features and dark hair. He's at least six foot two, has a sharp jaw, perfect white teeth and those piercing blue eyes that penetrate my soul when he looks at me. His thin t-shirt shows off his muscular arms covered in gray and black ink, matching his hands and neck. His broad chest, toned stomach and thick thighs have me lusting after him in a way I didn't think was possible given what I've been through.

Bottom line, he's fucking gorgeous, and it pisses me off. I missed the time in his life when he aged too soon and became the man standing in front of me.

"What are you doing here?" I snarl and his smile widens.

Damn him.

My body reacts to the smug bastard when I just want him to leave. I need to work this shit out in my head. He moves closer and I retreat until my back hits the door. He doesn't stop until our chests are touching, his palms planted on either side of my head. He leans down, his full lips a breath away from mine.

God, he smells good.

Sandalwood.

"No more watching you from the shadows, little demon. I'm here to stay." He whispers, and I want to punch him in the throat.

"Fuck. You." I grit out, pushing him away, only because his big ass allows me to.

His hand shoots out, curling his strong fingers around my throat. "What did you say to me?"

My air is restricted, but my panties are soaked from the darkness in his eyes. “Fuck you.”

His fingers flex around my throat, tightening his grip. I should be terrified, but I want this fight. He smirks like a cocky asshole, igniting a fire in my blood, and I raise my hand, slapping him across the face.

His shock only lasts a moment before he slams his lips to mine. It’s hard and brutal, but I want more. Parting them a fraction, he mistakes it for an invitation. Before he slides his tongue inside my mouth, I bite the hell out of his bottom lip.

The copper tang of blood hits my tongue and he growls. That sound alone diminishes every inhibition I have. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I pull him closer, demanding more. His warm tongue slides between my parted lips, and I give in to the feelings I’ve had for him since he burned the house of horrors to the ground.

His strong hands grip the back of my thighs, lifting me in the air. I wrap my legs around his waist as he presses my back against the door.

“Fuck, Nova.” He groans as he trails his lips across my jaw, sucking and licking his way down my throat. His hard length presses against my clit and I feel like a caged animal, fresh meat dangling just on the other side. I’ve never felt like this before. Every shred of sexual attention I’ve received in the past was unwanted and forced. To want someone so badly is new. It makes me feel out of control.

Crazed.

His lips meet mine again and our tongues go to war, demanding what we’ve been denied for far too long. I moan into his mouth as he squeezes my ass, his fingers so close to where I need him.

I'm glad I didn't put pants on after all.

He pulls away, gazing into my eyes. We're both panting, our bodies trembling, our souls on fire.

"Colt." I whisper, worried I'll break the spell if I speak too loudly.

He rests his forehead against mine. "Not yet, baby."

We stay like this, lost in a new reality where we can be together without someone trying to tear us apart. It's all I've wanted for so long and it's surreal now that it's happening.

He kisses my forehead gently, lowering me to the floor. "We need to talk."

And that's just the bucket of ice water I needed.

"Talk." I quip, heading over to the couch to sit down.

He follows behind me, sitting on the other side, which is only a couple of feet away in this small camper.

"Ask me."

I know exactly what he means. "Why do they call you Devil?"

"Because I'm a bad fucking man, Nova."

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Colt

“Explain.” She says, leaning back against the worn cushions of this uncomfortable ass couch.

I have to get her out of this camper. She’s in the middle of nowhere. I usually check on her every night, but what if something happens while I’m not here?

As I try to find the right words to explain everything, I falter.

Nova Bradley is the one person in this world that scares the shit out of me.

Without her, I’d be nothing. She could take everything away in a split second, without knowing it’d be my death sentence. It’s been hell, keeping to the shadows all this time but I had to know she was safe. I can’t let any aspect of my life touch her.

I’ve done terrible things. Some of them for her.

Do I regret any of it?

Fuck no.

And if I thought I was obsessed before, it’s nothing compared to what I feel now that I’ve tasted her.

“Colt.” She moves closer, watching me closely.

“I’m a killer.” I might as well rip off the band aid quickly.

Her expression doesn’t change. I should’ve known she wouldn’t be upset after the way she reacted when I killed Emmett.

“How does a boy who doesn’t speak become a chatty killer?” She smirks and I grin.

That’s my girl.

“I was on the streets when I left the foster home. Some guys came fucking with me and I killed them. It was reflex, as if it had been lying dormant all those years until the right moment presented itself. I found out it was a gang initiation and when the boss found me and his guys tried to take me out, I killed them too. Survival of the fittest, little demon.”

She scrunches her nose. “They didn’t come after you again?”

“Yes.”

“And?” She’s leaning forward, her unrelenting curiosity peaking.

“I killed the boss.”

She gasps. “What?”

I can’t help but chuckle. “I’m the boss now. Everyone else is either loyal or too scared to fuck with me.”

She leans back into the cushion, folding her arms across her chest. “So, you’re a fucking gang leader? Like a ‘rob old ladies and rape women kind of gang’?”

My grin disappears. “No. I stopped all street gang activities. We deal in guns only. We’re a crime organization now.”

She exhales deeply, relief evident on her face. “That’s it?”

“That’s it.” I agree.

“How many people have you killed?”

“Too many to count, Nova.”

“Oh.” She studies me for a moment. “It was you at the foster home that night, right?”

“Yeah, baby. That motherfucker wasn’t going to touch you again.” I growl.

As soon as the sound leaves my throat, she crawls across the couch, climbing onto my lap. She grips the hair at the nape of my neck, leaning in to kiss me.

Fuck.

I’m trying to take things slow, but she’s making it fucking impossible. She pulls away slowly, her haunted eyes meeting mine.

I know she was sexually assaulted multiple times when she was younger. I have my suspicions she burned her mother’s house down with her inside, and her lover. I picked up on things she said when we were in the foster home together. But still, I need confirmation.

“It’s time for you to answer my questions now, little demon.”

Her brows furrow. “What questions?”

Wrapping my hands around her waist so she can't run, I lean into her ear. "You burned your mother's house down."

She jerks back as if I slapped her, staring into my eyes. I quirk an eyebrow, and she nods.

I trail my thumb across her bottom lip. "Men have mistreated you."

Where I expected tears, all I see is rage and it fuels me to share more of my life with her. She nods again, confirming what I suspected.

"I killed Lancaster for mistreating you. I killed Emmett for touching you. I killed that guy who grabbed your ass in the bar a few months back."

She gasps. "I thought he stopped coming in because I went off on him."

I shake my head, and she crashes her lips to mine. She's pouring her soul into me and I'm greedily soaking it in. I finally have my girl back for good and nothing will tear us apart again.

She pulls away, her chocolate eyes boring into mine. "Why didn't you talk to me? I mean, you never spoke until the night you left."

Gripping the back of her neck, I pull her close, our foreheads touching. "I stopped speaking when I was sent to the foster home. My parents beat the fuck out of me on a daily basis. They starved me. Locked me in my room. I was glad to be away from them, but I was terrified to be in a strange place with people I didn't know. I shut down."

She cups my cheeks with her palms, rubbing her nose against mine. "Keep going."

“When you came to the home, everything changed. I hadn’t spoken in a few years and all the sudden, I had this beautiful girl I wanted to talk to, but I couldn’t. I went so long without speaking, I thought I’d lost the ability until the night I left. I needed you to know you mattered to me.” Tears form in her eyes, and it splits me open. “You’re the only one who ever mattered.”

“I always wanted to hear your voice and when I finally got my wish, you left.” She sniffles and I kiss the tip of her nose.

“I never left you, Nova. I’ve always been here. Besides, it’s hard to get a word in around you.”

She levels me with a death glare. “Asshole.”

My cock twitches beneath her and her breath hitches. She wiggles her hips, and I grip them tightly to hold her in place. “I want nothing more than to sink my cock inside you, but not now.”

Her jaw drops. “Why?”

“I want to take my time with you, but I have some business to attend to tonight.”

“Oh.” She whispers, casting her eyes down.

I grip her chin, pulling her gaze back to me. “Don’t touch this pussy after I leave. It belongs to me.”

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

“I’m sorry, what?” Lacey grits out and I grip her bicep, leading her into the kitchen.

“Keep your voice down. I don’t need everyone knowing my business.”

“Hold on. You mean to tell me Devil is your friend from the past and now you two are together?”

“Yes. I normally don’t share my personal life with people, but I want you to stop acting like he’s some kind of psycho.” I pin her with a glare, emphasizing I won’t put up with her being a bitch about Colt anymore.

“They call him Devil for a reason, Nova. I told you to stay away from him. He’s a walking fucking nightmare. Why can’t you understand that? The rumors are true. Hell won’t have him for the shit he’s done.” The passion in her voice has me curious why she hates him so much. You’d think he personally attacked her.

It pisses me off.

“He’s my fucking Devil, so cut the shit. Don’t be an asshole to him, Lacey. I’m not fucking around with you.” I spit out and she takes a step back, raising her hands in surrender.

“Okay, Nova. Calm down.”

I glare at her once more, clenching my jaw before exiting the kitchen and heading

back to the bar.

Colt is sitting on a stool, a shit eating grin on his face.

“What are you smiling at?” I snarl and he crooks his finger.

Rolling my eyes, I stand in front of him, and he leans across the bar, whispering into my ear. “Hearing you claim me makes me so fucking hard, little demon.”

My face flames at his words and all I want to do is jump over the wooden countertop and let him fuck me senseless.

Lacey chooses this moment to slither through the door, eyeing me warily. She looks at Colt and I imagine bouncing her face off the bar if she says one word to him.

“Hi, Colt.” She greets with a tremble in her voice.

“Lacey.” He nods.

She moves along quietly, checking on her tables and I feel my blood pressure returning to normal.

“I want to see your mean side. You scared the shit out of her.” He chuckles and I grin.

“I slapped you and bit you. Is that not enough?”

“All foreplay, baby.”

My thighs clench as I remember his mouth on mine, his large hands squeezing my ass as he pinned me against the door.

“Stop looking at me like that, little demon.” He groans.

“Like what?”

“Like you want me to throw you on top of this bar and fuck you until you can’t walk.”

My breathing is nonexistent as his chest rises and falls like he’s holding his inner beast at bay. His eyes darken and we’re in a standoff, both wanting the other so badly we’re about to snap.

“I have something to take care of. I’ll meet you at your place when you get off. Pack a bag.” He lifts my hand, kissing my knuckles before standing and walking away.

The rest of the night went by quickly, Lacey keeping her distance. I didn’t really mean to scare her to death, but I wanted to get my point across.

Don’t fuck with Colt.

I’ve lost too much time with him already. I won’t let someone treat him like shit and tell me all the reasons I shouldn’t be with him.

He’s a killer.

So what?

It’s no one’s business. Besides, I’m okay with it.

As I pull in my driveway, Colt is coming out of the camper with my bag in his hand. Throwing the car in park and cutting the engine, I jump out. “How did you get in there?”

He strides towards me, a cocky grin on his face. “Picked the lock, of course.” He kisses the hell out of me, leaving me breathless and disoriented by the time he pulls away. “Let’s go.”

“How did you know what to pack?”

He grips my hand, leading me to his truck. Opening the door, he helps me climb inside, buckling the seatbelt across my body. “Because I know you.” He grins, booping me on the nose.

He’s a nightmare alright.

Big scary Devil booping me on the fucking nose.

My eyes follow him as he jogs around the truck, climbing inside. The engine roars to life as he turns the key, and I can’t help but smile at the loud rumble of his pipes. His truck sounds good.

He turns my way, his eyes darkening, his breathing picking up. I look down to see if there’s something on my shirt, but I don’t find anything.

He flips up the console between us, lunging straight for me. His hand grips the back of my head, shielding it from the window as he crashes his mouth to mine. He pushes his tongue past my lips, exploring every inch of me and I do the same. His other hand slides up my thigh, squeezing my ass. We both moan and I spread my legs wider to give him more room. “You look so fucking good in my truck.”

His breath is warm against my mouth, tasting like whiskey and spearmint. Pulling him closer, I lick the seam of his lips, and he parts them, meeting my tongue with his own. My fingers dive into his hair, tugging firmly as he grinds his cock against my core, and I gasp.

Oh fuck.

He's huge.

My body craves whatever he's packing, and my hips start moving, desperate for the elusive orgasm so many have spoken of. While I'm not a virgin, it wasn't by choice and the assholes don't give two fucks about your pleasure. They're only there to take something you're not willing to give. Every time, I left my body, traveling into a void where nothing existed.

"Where did you go?" Colt's voice brings me back and I'm pissed I let myself drift during something so incredible.

"Sorry." I whisper, mortified by what just happened.

"Tell me." He nudges my chin with his nose.

"Um. I've never had an orgasm." His brows furrow. "Which led to unpleasant thoughts."

He nods in understanding. "Does me touching you trigger these thoughts?"

"No!" I say a little too loudly, my cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "I mean, no. You're the only person I've ever wanted to do that with."

He smirks. "Glad to hear." Kissing me once more, he moves back to his side of the truck. "Ready?"

"Yeah."

He puts the truck in gear, spinning around in my yard before hitting the road.

The drive is quiet, and I start feeling self-conscious about what happened. As if he can read my thoughts, he slides his hand to my thigh, squeezing reassuringly. Just that one touch gives me the confidence I need.

We pull into a driveway; an adorable log cabin sits in the middle of a massive amount of property. “Where are we?”

“My place.” He shuts the truck off, hopping out, coming to my side. He opens the door, scooping me into his arms, grabbing my bag from the floorboard. He carries me onto the porch, setting me on my feet, and as he opens the front door, he motions for me to go inside. I walk through the threshold, and I’m glued to the floor, my eyes taking in the place.

It’s gorgeous.

The entire cabin is painted cherry mahogany, including the beams crisscrossing above our heads. The chairs and couch are black leather, with a matching black coffee table and side tables. The artwork on the walls are beautiful paintings of the mountain peaks and rivers. A flat screen television hangs above the mantle of the fireplace.

His home is not what I imagined.

Colt is rough around the edges and dangerous as hell, but this place is cozy and relaxing. If I had a house like this, I’d never step outside.

“I bought this for us.” He whispers, his broad chest warm against my back.

I spin around, my mouth gaping open. “What?”

“You were always mine, Nova. Everything I’ve done has been for us. For you.”

What fucking alternate reality have I stepped into?

He's literally been back in my life for a few days. Technically, he's been around the entire time, but I didn't know. I'm sure this feels natural for him since he's seen me often while we were apart. But this is way too fast for me.

I'm finally on my own, living life on my terms. Yes, all I have is a shitty car and a shitty camper, but they're mine. Now, I'm supposed to give up my independence after working my ass off for it?

He must sense my panic, and he takes a step back. His smile falls, hurt slashing across his face. He sets my bag on the couch before heading towards the back of the cabin. "I think I'll go to bed. The shower is down the hall, on the right. Everything you need is in there. The spare bedroom is on the left." His voice sounds cold as he disappears behind the door at the end of the hall.

Fuck!

I just...I don't know...I'm an asshole.

All I've wanted is to have him back in my life. Here he is, trying to give me everything on a silver platter and I fucking hurt him.

Grabbing my bag, I quietly make my way down the hall, opening the door to the bathroom. I take in the beautiful room as I slip inside, stripping off my work clothes and sliding into the humongous tile shower. Four people could easily fit in this thing.

I wash and condition my hair, cursing myself for how I reacted. As I scrub my body, I realize I should've told him how I felt instead of freezing. I left him to draw his own conclusions. He probably thinks I don't want him which is the furthest thing from the truth.

Once I'm out of the luxurious shower, I slide on my panties and a big t-shirt since he didn't pack any sleep shorts or pants. Leaving all my stuff in the bathroom, I cross the hall, opening the door to the spare bedroom. No surprise it's just as gorgeous as the rest of the house. He must've come in and turned the lamp on for me while I was in the shower. There's a bottle of water on the nightstand and a phone charger.

Yep. I'm an asshole.

As I sit on the bed, I'm impressed as I flop backwards, feeling like I'm lying on a cloud. While everything about this room is perfect, it feels wrong. I should be in there with Colt, but I'm sure he regrets bringing me here.

My fear of depending on someone else just ruined the best thing that's ever happened to me.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

My body jolts upright in bed as I struggle to catch my breath.

I haven't had a nightmare in a while. They've slowly gone away over this past year, only coming back when I'm really stressed.

Glancing around the room, loneliness surrounds me and my body shudders.

What am I doing?

I have a stone-cold killer in the other room who's been stalking me and bought me a damn house.

Okay, it doesn't sound that great when it's put that way, but it means everything to me.

Fuck this.

Sliding out of bed, I muffle a squeak as my feet land on the very cold, hardwood floor. Quietly, I tip toe across the room, happy when the door is silent as I open it. Slipping from the room, I creep down the hall until I reach his door. I open it slowly and smile when I see the nightlight shining from his bathroom, lighting up the bedroom enough for me to see him.

Closing the door behind me, I approach the bed hesitantly, biting my lip to suppress my nerves. He's facing me, his expression blank, peacefully sleeping. He looks

younger without the stress of life weighing on him. Tattoos cover his chest, and my eyes trace them until they disappear beneath the blanket.

I debate going back to the spare room, not wanting to disturb him. But I need to be close to him.

Fuck it.

Pulling the blanket back gently, I climb into bed as carefully as I can, so I don't wake him.

As soon as my head hits the pillow, his arm bands around my middle, pulling me into his chest. "I want you whether you live here or not. I'll take you any way I can have you." His rough voice is soothing, and his words chase away my anxiety.

I snuggle into him, burying my face in his neck. I feel his warm chest through my thin shirt, but it's not enough. I want to feel him without barriers. I pull away, lifting my shirt over my head. His body tenses and I wonder if I made another mistake. "I want to feel you on my skin."

His chest rumbles as his hold tightens around me, running his fingers through my hair. "Tell me."

"Nightmare."

He rises up on his elbow, hovering above me. His eyes darken in the dim light, his body trembling with rage, knowing what my nightmares are about. "When I'm finished with you tonight, you'll only remember how my cock feels inside you."

"Colt." I whisper, tears springing to my eyes.

He cups my cheek in his palm, kissing me softly. This is different from the others we've shared. His hand travels down my throat, through the valley between my breasts, down my torso. My body lights up as he reaches for my panties. He pulls away, rising to his knees with more grace than what should be possible for a man his size. His gaze never leaves mine as he pulls them down my legs, tossing them across the room.

My heart's racing as he crawls up my body, trailing kisses along my skin. I'm nervous as if I'm about to lose my virginity.

I am in a way.

This will be the first time I want to give my body to someone. Squeezing my eyes shut, I push those thoughts away. I won't let anything ruin this moment with my devil.

My Colt.

My eyes snap open and he grins. "That's my girl."

His praise makes me feel invincible and sexy. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I reassure him I'm here, in this moment with him. The only place I want to be.

"You've always been mine." He murmurs, our lips crashing together, desperate and hungry.

My hands dive into his dark hair, pulling him impossibly closer. Being here with him is the only thing in my life that has ever felt right. He growls into my mouth, his hand reaching between us, gripping his cock, pressing it against my opening.

This is it.

I gasp as he pushes inside me, his mouth hovering above mine as we're finally claiming each other. His intense gaze never falters as he sinks deeper and deeper until we're one being with no beginning and no end.

I'm so incredibly full, clenching around his length tightly, making him groan as his head drops into the crook of my neck.

Neither of us move, savoring what's been denied to us for so long.

Fucking perfection.

"Fuck, Nova. You feel so damn good." He pulls out to the tip, plunging inside me harder.

"Oh God!" I moan, my thighs clenching around his waist, my fingers tugging his hair.

He slams inside me again, my eyes rolling back as pleasure consumes me. "God isn't here. The devil is fucking this tight little cunt."

"Jesus." I whisper, immediately realizing my mistake.

He rises to his knees, spreading me open wider, his fingers sure to leave bruises. He pins my thighs to the mattress, his big cock thrusting inside me faster, harder, deeper.

His hand circles my throat and I'm gasping for air as he pummels inside me over and over, ruthlessly claiming me like a feral beast.

"Say my name, little demon." He growls, releasing my throat, his rough fingers pressing into the flesh of my thighs, keeping them pinned to the bed.

“Colt!” I scream, my lower belly coiling tightly, heat spreading across my skin. I’m about to erupt with something powerful and it scares the hell out of me.

“Who am I?” He grits out, sweat trailing down his chest and torso.

“The devil!”

“Whose devil?”

“Mine!” I sob, the sensations too much and I feel like I’m about to be obliterated into a million tiny pieces.

He falls on top of me, his forearms catching his weight as he savagely thrusts inside me. “Your what?”

“My fucking devil!” I cry out, my body detonating like a bomb. Stars burst behind my eyelids and my muscles tense. I’m locked in a moment of time where everything stops except the pleasure rolling through my body. In the blink of an eye, it all snaps back into place, like a jolt of lightning.

My back arches off the mattress, but he drops his weight, pinning me in place. My skin is on fire, our sweat slicked bodies sliding against each other as he uses me to chase his own release. My nails dig into his scalp, and he groans at the bite of pain.

His thrusts become erratic, and it drags out my own orgasm until he roars my name, filling me to the brim with his cum. He sucks and nips my neck, both his hands fisting my hair.

His warm breath caresses my ear as his pace slows. “Fuck, I can’t stop.”

He glides in and out of me with ease, our combined release leaking from my aching

pussy. While I know I'll be sore later, I don't want him to stop.

"Nova." He whispers, vulnerability and longing in his voice.

My eyes burn with what I feel for him, and I know without a doubt he feels the same way. We lost so much time together, but I can't dwell on that anymore.

We're together now.

"I know." I whisper back, rolling my hips to take him deeper.

He groans, taking my mouth in a kiss that says everything we can't vocalize. His fingers slip between us, rubbing my clit in slow circles, matching the pace of his tongue as it explores my mouth.

The orgasm builds slow and steady, and I know it's going to rip me apart at the seams. "It's too much."

"Give me one more, baby. Let me feel you break while I'm inside you."

I shatter into a million pieces as I sob his name, dragging my nails down his back. He groans in sweet agony, his back arching in pleasure, his cock swelling impossibly larger before releasing himself inside me once again.

Our heavy breathing is the only sound in the room, and I struggle to focus on him. He finds my gaze, pushing a few strands of hair away from my forehead. "I'll never let you go."

"Promise?" I grin and his cock twitches inside me.

"I vow to always protect you. To always take care of you. To fuck you senseless

every day of our lives.”

Huffing a laugh at the last part, I smile. “It almost sounds like you love me, Colt Everly.”

“Love doesn’t come close to what I feel for you, Nova. From the first moment I laid eyes on you, I knew you were going to be my life. Even if I couldn’t be with you then, I never left. I was with you every day; I couldn’t stay away.”

Unexpected emotion hits me, tears leaking from the corners of my eyes, and I feel like I’m in a dream.

He loves me.

He’s always loved me.

My heart begs me to say it back while my damaged mind tells me to be cautious.

You’ve never experienced love. How do you know what it is?

I open my mouth, to say what, I don’t know. He presses his finger against my lips. “Sleep, baby.”

He kisses me softly to ease the sting of him pulling out of me. Laying on his side, he cradles me against his chest.

Cum leaks from my pussy and my body tenses. “Colt, we didn’t use protection.”

The asshole chuckles. “And?”

“There’s pregnancy and diseases to worry about.” My voice rises an octave.

“You’re on birth control and I know you’ve been tested.” He yawns.

“What about you?” I ask, irritated he’s being nonchalant about this.

“What about me?”

“Have you been tested?”

“No need.” He says sleepily. “You were my first.”

My body shoots up in the bed. “What?”

His eyes widen at my reaction, but I can’t believe what I’m hearing. He sits up, now fully awake. “I’ve never wanted anyone but you, little demon.”

This fucking man.

He saved himself for me.

If my past were different, I would’ve saved myself for him.

The pieces click into place, giving me clarity.

He’s everything to me and I’m a damn idiot if I don’t tell him. He’s watching me closely and I can’t stop the tears from falling again. I throw myself into his arms and he falls back, covering the top of my head so it doesn’t hit the headboard.

I devour him, my own beast surfacing, knowing without a doubt he’s my soulmate.

My killer.

My stalker.

My fucking lifeline and I'll never be without him again.

His cock hardens against me as I straddle his hips, my sore pussy aching for him again. I grip his cock with my hand, notching him at my entrance. I sink down slowly, the twinge of pain only adding to the pleasure.

He grunts, his head falling back as his fingers dig into my hips. "Fuck."

I have no idea what I'm doing, so I let my body take over, grinding down on his length as it hits the sweet spot deep inside me. "Colt." I moan. "Your cock is the fucking devil too."

His strained laugh reaches my ears as he sits up, wrapping his arms around me. "Your pussy is heaven, so we're even."

His hold around me disappears, but I don't stop moving. He cups my tits, sucking my nipple into his warm mouth, his teeth grazing the tight bud. Electricity shoots through my nerve endings and I ride his cock harder and faster, rolling my hips to take him as deep as possible. He switches to the other one, and I lose control. Bracing my hands on his thighs, I'm frantically chasing my orgasm. One of his hands wraps around my throat, the other gripping my hip. His mouth continues to go back and forth, sucking and biting my sensitive nipples.

"You're riding me so fucking hard, baby. I'm about to come." He groans, his eyes scrunched closed like he's in pain.

It takes me over the edge, and I combust, screaming his name over and over. A loud roar fills the room as he flips me on my back, driving as deep as he can inside me. His body shudders as he empties himself, my pussy contracting around him. He

buries his face in my neck, dropping his weight, like an oversized security blanket bringing me comfort.

Running my fingers through his hair, my nails lazily scratch his scalp. His soft snores make me grin. I really need to get a shower, but I'm exhausted, and his cock is still inside me.

Listening to his steady breathing, and snoring , I smile to myself before drifting to sleep.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Colt

My eyes open slowly and last night comes crashing into me like a freight train.

Nova had a nightmare. I didn't know she still had them. I remember they were an issue at the foster home for a while. When I heard her crying in her sleep, I'd sneak inside her bedroom and run my fingers through her hair until she settled down. She never woke up, so she doesn't remember that part, but I do. While I don't enjoy her suffering, I wonder if she would've come to me had it not been for the nightmare?

It doesn't matter.

We're on the same page now and I'll find a way to stop them.

Glancing at her side, it's empty and I shoot up in the bed. "Nova!"

The bathroom door opens, steam rolling out as she stands in the doorway. She's wrapped up in a towel and I want to rip it from her body and worship every inch of her skin. There are so many things I want to do to her, but last night, I was focused on claiming her.

I saved myself for the girl who talked too much. The girl who loved candy bars. The hellcat who busted Mrs. Lancaster in the head with a phone so I had time to escape before the cops got there. She'll never understand how much her just being there meant to me; how much her loyalty meant to me.

"You called?" She's glowing, a smirk playing across her soft lips.

I crook my finger. “Come here.”

She saunters over to my side of the bed, her hips swaying with every step she takes.

“I’m here.”

Grabbing her by the waist, I haul her onto the bed, pinning her hands above her head.

“Yes, you are. For how long?”

She grins mischievously. “That depends, Devil man.”

Running my nose along her neck, I close my eyes, breathing in the coconut scent I know she loves. “Depends on what, little demon?”

Her body shakes as if she’s trying to stifle a laugh. I look up at her and she’s failing miserably. “How many times do you see yourself collapsing on top of me with your huge cock buried inside my pussy?”

My mouth gapes before I burst out laughing. “Shit. I’m sorry, baby. You should’ve woken me up or pushed me off of you.”

“I can’t move your big ass. I just had to endure it. At least you stopped your cum from leaking all over the sheets.”

The thought of my cock keeping her stuffed full of cum all night makes me grin.

She glares. “Let go of my hands so I can punch you in the face.”

Climbing on top of her, her eyes widen. “Oh no, buddy. I’m sore and there will be none of that today.”

What did she just call me?

“I’m not your fucking buddy.” I growl and she falls into a fit of laughter. The sound brings a lightness to my chest. I’ve never seen her so carefree and happy.

“Sorry, buddy!” She cackles again, her face turning red.

“Are you testing me, little demon?”

She shrugs her shoulders, and I snap. She squeals as I let go of her wrists, ripping the towel from her body. Gripping her thighs, I jerk her lower half to the edge of the bed, falling to my knees before her.

She’s the only fucking person I will ever kneel for.

I’ve never done this before, but after last night, I’m confident I’ll have her coming on my tongue.

Spreading her thighs, I bury my face between them, breathing her in. Glancing up, she’s staring at me with hooded eyes, and I give her a wicked grin before flattening my tongue, licking her from ass to clit.

She whimpers, biting her bottom lip, her legs already trembling.

Fuck, she’s divine. Her flavor bursts across my tongue and suddenly, I’m starving.

She’s propped up on her elbows, watching me as I spread her swollen pussy lips, sliding my tongue inside her. Her arms give out and she falls to the mattress, a deep moan leaving her chest. “Colt.”

My name on her lips is enough to send me into a frenzy. Add in the taste of her arousal and I’m a rabid animal, hunting for something only she possesses. I fuck her fast and deep with my tongue, my cock begging to sink inside her.

Slipping from her cunt, I suck her clit between my lips, teasing the bundle of nerves as she squirms on the bed. "Please. Fuck!" She begs, and I graze her clit with my teeth.

She explodes around me, her entire body arching off the mattress. I pin her hips to the bed, torturing her with long, slow licks until she's pushing my head away. She's shaking, her breathing coming out in short pants.

Rising from the floor, I take in the glow of her skin and the satiated smile on her lips. Climbing up her body, I bring my mouth to hers. "Taste yourself."

She grips the back of my neck, pulling me to her as she crashes her mouth to mine. She sighs as she licks my lips, and I grind my cock against her hip.

"I need you inside me." She whispers.

"You're sure?"

"Yes." She breathes and I shift my hips, pushing inside her slowly. A crease forms between her brows. "Don't stop."

I'm already on edge and I know this is going to be quick. I keep my pace slow, wanting to feel her come around my cock. "Touch yourself."

Her hand slips between us and she circles her clit, crying out against my neck. Putting more space between us, I hold my weight on my forearm as I bring my free hand to her throat. Applying pressure, her eyes cloud over with lust, her fingers moving faster against her clit.

My cock throbs as I plunge inside her harder, our bodies moving up the bed. I bend my head, sucking one of her nipples between my teeth. She whimpers, digging her

nails into my back, and I clamp down around the hard bud until she tenses.

She clenches around me so tightly, her orgasm sucking the cum from my swollen cock. I never imagined sex could feel like this, but I should've known it would be mind-blowing with Nova.

My hips stop moving, but I can't bring myself to pull out. Our eyes meet and she smiles, her wild hair and dewy skin only adding to her beauty. "You're really good at that."

Leaning down, I chuckle against her lips. "It's all you, baby. I'd go to war over this little cunt."

She giggles. "Already pussy whipped, huh?"

"Damn right."

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

My faithful stalker sits at his usual table in the corner, watching me. His hat is pulled down low, but my skin prickles with awareness, feeling his intense gaze on me.

I'm wiping down the bar, when Lacey strolls up, her hair and makeup still perfect after a busy night. "Last call, bitch." She says, placing her tray on the bar.

Glancing past her, I lock eyes with Colt, who's removed his hat, his dark hair disheveled and so fucking sexy. A few strands hang across his forehead and my fingers twitch to push them away. His lips pull up into a sinful smirk and my thighs clench.

"Hello?" Lacey waves her hand in front of my face.

I clear my throat. "Sorry."

"Can you stop drooling and pour the beers so we can get the fuck out of here?"

Rolling my eyes, I give her my back, pouring a few draft beers for the rowdy guys at her table. Passing her the cold mugs, she sets them on her tray and walks off.

I look towards Colt's table, but he's gone and my heart sinks. He doesn't leave anymore without letting me know, so I wonder if something happened with his work. My phone buzzes in my back pocket and I pull it out to see a message from him.

Devil: Out back.

I grin, grabbing a bag of trash from the bar to take with me, so I don't look suspicious. Pushing open the door, I step into the night air, a cool breeze caressing my skin. I don't see Colt, so I toss the garbage bag into the dumpster and reach for my phone.

Before my fingers make contact, strong arms wrap around my waist. My body tenses, but the scent of sandalwood surrounds me, and I relax in his hold. He leans down, his nose trailing up the side of my neck until he reaches my ear. "You smell so fucking good."

His deep voice sends a shiver down my spine. "I feel like a walking ashtray after being cooped up in that bar all night."

He nips my earlobe, and I shudder as he spins me around. "I only smell you. I'd recognize your scent anywhere." His chest meets mine, guiding me until my back hits the door. Caging me in with both hands on either side of my head, he says, "Go to the cabin when you leave here. I have some business to take care of and then I'll be home."

"How long will you be?" I pout, poking out my bottom lip.

He groans, his erection pressing against my stomach. He leans in, biting my lip, pulling it roughly as his hands travel down my sides. Crashing our mouths together, he ravages me like the fucking devil he is.

His hand slips between us, sliding inside my leggings. His fingers find me drenched and he growls against my lips. The sound has every cell in my body perking up. Moving my panties to the side, he presses firmly against my clit, my hips bucking into his hand.

"Colt." I cry out and he slips two fingers inside my pussy. My lower belly coils

tightly, raw need shooting through my veins. I clench around his fingers, but before the orgasm hits, he rips his hand away.

“I’m going to fuck you until you pass out, little demon.” He smirks as I glare at him. “When I get home.” He kisses me hard and fast, his presence disappearing before I even open my eyes.

I huff in frustration. “Asshole.”

Stomping inside like a child whose candy has been taken away, Lacey cocks an eyebrow when she sees me. “What’s wrong?”

Shaking my head, I sigh. “I’m just tired and ready to go.”

She eyes me suspiciously before tilting her head towards the door. “Go ahead and go home. I got this.”

“I’m not going to do that to you, Lacey.”

“Go, bitch. Jared is still here. I’ll be fine.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes. Go!” She demands.

“Thanks.” I smile even though I’m still kind of pissed at her. Grabbing my purse from behind the bar, I head towards the door.

Once I’m outside, I hightail it to my car, cranking it and letting it warm up for a few minutes. Throwing it in reverse, I back out of the parking spot, pulling to the edge of the lot. Left will take me to my camper, right will take me to the cabin.

Remembering how empty I felt when he ripped his touch away, I'm pissed all over again.

Call me selfish.

Call me a brat.

I don't give a fuck.

He can't work me up like that and leave me hanging.

Looking both ways, I bite the inside of my cheek, knowing I'm going to be in so much trouble when he gets home.

But I smile anyways and turn left.

A loud banging noise jolts me out of my peaceful sleep. Actually, it's more of a thunderous beatdown on my poor camper door.

"Nova!"

Oh shit.

"You have three fucking seconds to open this door!" Colt bellows.

I must be losing my mind because I'm thoroughly enjoying pissing off the devil.

Maybe I'm a brat after all.

He beats on the door again. "You won't like the consequences."

I smile as the camper shakes with the force of his anger.

In the next second, everything stops. Slipping from the bed, I creep over to the window, peeking through the blinds. He's gone. I'm disappointed when his engine roars to life and my heart sinks when I realize he's leaving.

Well, that all went to shit.

Feeling deflated, I head over to the couch. As soon as my ass hits the cushion, the camper jerks as if something hit it. Jumping up so quickly I almost lose my balance, I look out the window, my sleep riddled brain shocked by what's happening.

Colt checks the trailer hitch to make sure the camper is secure and all I can do is watch him, my mouth gaping open. His head lifts, our gazes locking together. His expression is terrifying, but I can't look away.

He strolls up to the window, a wicked smirk tugging at his lips. "I'd hold on if I were you, little demon." His muffled voice sends goosebumps across my skin, but anger surges through me at his audacity.

I open my mouth to say something, anything, but he gives me his back, taking the few steps to the driver's side of his truck. He climbs in without giving me a second glance and I'm vibrating with rage.

He better fucking not...

The truck begins to move, and I spin towards the door. Looking around, I think I can jump out before my fucking home starts rolling. That idea turns to shit as I'm jolted by the jerk of the truck pulling the camper off my property.

My hand flies to the wall to steady myself as I grit my teeth, imagining all the

different ways I'm going to kill him. Pushing off the wall, I thrust myself across the small space, landing on the couch.

"You fucking asshole!" I scream, but of course he can't hear me.

Is it possible to love someone and want to gut them like a fish at the same time? I'm really liking that idea right now. I can't believe he's hauling my camper with me inside.

He better be ready when I get out of here. I'm going to give him an ass whooping like he's never known.

Fucking Colt Everly.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Colt

My little demon is going to learn tonight.

I had to go handle some business at work and I expected to come home and find my girl waiting for me.

But no. I came home to an empty ass house.

I immediately jumped in my truck and headed to her place, only to be ignored.

Not going to fucking happen.

She didn't get to come, so she's acting out. I'm not the one to play that shit with.

I could've left. I could've apologized.

But where's the fun in that?

Pulling into my driveway, I head to the back of the cabin, parking the truck and cutting the engine. Hopping out, I'm surprised when I don't hear her screaming or threatening my life.

I approach the door of the camper, twisting the knob, glad she came to her senses and unlocked it. Before I get the fucking thing open all the way, she dives from the threshold, tackling me to the ground. Twisting my body to take the brunt of impact, I land hard on my back.

She straddles me quickly, punching me in the jaw. “You motherfucker! I’m going to fucking kill you!”

She swings again, but I grab her wrist, twisting it behind her back. While she flails and kicks like a wildcat, I hold her hands at bay, wrapping my legs around her waist. Rolling our bodies, she’s beneath me now, and I pin her arms above her head. She calls me every name in the book, cursing like a sailor and I have to stop myself from laughing.

She’s sexy as hell when she’s mad and my cock strains against my pants.

Bending down, I don’t stop until our noses touch. “Shut the fuck up.”

Her body tenses and her mouth snaps shut.

“Good girl.” I grin, which only infuriates her more.

“I hate you.” She hisses.

“No, you don’t. You’re upset because you didn’t get your way.” Running my lips across her jaw, she bucks her hips, trying to knock me off of her. I groan against her ear and the fight leaves her body. “Face it, little demon. You fucking crave me just as I crave you. Your body surrenders to me and it drives you crazy.”

She scoffs. “Shut the fuck up.”

I chuckle against her neck, and she tilts it to the side, giving me better access.

She has no idea how much I need her.

How much I desire her.

How fucking obsessed I am with her.

If she's half as consumed by me as I am her, nothing will ever tear us apart.

"Are you ready to play nice?" I whisper against her ear, and she growls like a fucking kitten. The sound makes my cock painfully harder. Lifting my head, we lock eyes, and my girl is a perfect picture of defiance.

Exactly how I want her.

Holding both her wrists with one hand, I slide the other between us, gripping the fabric of her panties, ripping them from her skin. She yelps in surprise, her eyes clouding over with lust, and I sink two fingers inside her drenched pussy. She whimpers, trying to arch her hips to take them deeper, but I pin her in place with my own.

"So fucking responsive to my touch." I groan, the sound of her arousal making my dick hard as granite. "I'm going to ruin this pretty little cunt tonight, Nova."

Removing my fingers, I reach around my back, pulling the forty caliber from my waist band. Pushing the button on the side, the magazine drops from the gun, landing on the ground beside her.

She stops breathing, her eyes widening with something between excitement and fear. It's intoxicating.

"I'm going to let go of your wrists so I can empty the chamber. Don't fucking move."

She nods quickly and I release her hands, pulling back the slide, letting the lone bullet hit the ground next to the discarded magazine.

Rising to my knees, I position myself between her legs. Her chest rises and falls rapidly as the cool metal of the gun slowly slides up her thigh. Our gazes collide as I glide it over her soft skin towards her leaking cunt. Her pupils dilate, her eyes hooded, and she licks her lips in anticipation.

“Are you going to be a good girl for me?”

“Probably not.” She pants as the barrel of the gun slides up her slit, bumping her swollen clit.

“Why is that, little demon?”

“Being bad is more fun.” She smirks.

Fuck, she was made for me.

I spit on the barrel even though it's not needed, her pussy is already gushing. Pushing the gun against her tight, little hole, she lifts her hips, begging me to sink it inside her.

“So eager.”

“Please.” She begs, biting her bottom lip.

Slowly, I push the gun inside her, stretching her tiny hole around the stainless steel. She groans, spreading her legs wider. Rubbing her clit with my thumb, I apply pressure while fucking her with the very thing I've used to take so many lives.

Her arousal coats the barrel as I slide in and out of her, her breathing picking up as I push it deeper. She thrusts her hips forward, demanding more. “That's it, Nova. Fuck that tight little cunt with my gun.”

She cries out, her pussy clenching until I can barely thrust it inside her.

“Faster.” She breathes, her hands flying to her sides, fingernails digging into the dirt beneath us.

I should scold her for disobeying me, but fuck, she’s gorgeous like this.

Sliding it deeper and harder, she screams my name, her grip so tight on the gun, I can no longer move it. Her back arches off the ground, her thick thighs squeezing my knees between her legs. My cock throbs as I watch her, consumed by pleasure, lost in her own little world. She grinds against it a couple of times before her body finally relaxes.

Her legs loosen around me, and I pull the gun from her pussy. The metal shines with her cum and I lean over her, pressing the barrel to her mouth. “Clean it.”

Her eyes widen, but she grabs my wrist, bringing the metal to her lips. She licks it slowly, never breaking eye contact. Her tongue twirls around it, putting on a show before she pushes it inside her mouth. She bobs her head back and forth a few times before I rip it from her lips, crushing our mouths together.

She tastes like sin, temptation, and fucking darkness.

“On your knees.” I demand and she scrambles as I rise to my feet.

Unbuckling my belt, I unbutton my pants, pulling down my zipper. She licks her lips unconsciously and my cock jerks at the thought of having her warm mouth around me. This will be another first and I can’t count how many times I’ve imagined this exact moment.

She doesn’t wait for me to instruct her. Reaching up, she pulls my pants and

underwear to my knees, freeing my throbbing cock. She wastes no time gripping me at the base, twirling her tongue around the head.

Nothing compares to the second she wraps her lips around me, sucking me down her throat like she needs it to survive. “Shit, Nova.”

My eyes roll back in my head and I almost stumble. Lacing my fingers through her hair, she moans as I tug her long strands, guiding her up and down my shaft. The vibrations travel to my balls, and I grit my teeth to keep from coming just yet.

She lifts her free hand, cupping my ass to steady herself as she bobs back and forth, sucking my fucking soul from my body. There’s a buzzing along my spine and I know I’m about to blow. “I’m going to come. Swallow every fucking drop, little demon.”

She hums and that’s all it takes. I sound like a fucking animal howling in the night as I shoot cum down her throat, gripping her hair so tightly she can’t move.

She takes it like a champ, swallowing everything I give her as tears stream down her face. Her skin is flushed, and she looks beautiful as remnants of my release leaks from the corners of her mouth.

I loosen my grip, and she pulls back, my semi hard cock falling from her lips. Tucking myself back inside my pants, I hold out my hand. “Get up.”

She stands on shaky legs, her knees covered in dirt. Most of her body is covered actually and I lean in to kiss her to suppress a smile. Our combined flavor has me hard as a rock again.

“Shower and then I’m going to fuck you until you beg me to stop.”

She whimpers against my lips, and I grin, knowing we won't make it to the bathroom before I'm inside her again.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

“Doug, I’m not going out with you.”

What the fuck is wrong with the men in this bar? Is there some kind of bartender kink I don’t know about? I’ve never been hit on so much in my life. I’m sure it’s the alcohol, but damn, it’s getting ridiculous.

“Oh, come on. I’ll show you a good time.”

“Back off, Doug. She’s not available.” Lacey chimes in. “I’m serious.” Her eyes dart to the empty table in the back corner, but he’s too drunk to get her meaning.

Colt hasn’t come by tonight. He texted me earlier, letting me know he’s tied up with business and he’d get here as soon as he can.

“I’m not talking to you Lacey. Mind your own fucking business.” Doug snaps and it pisses me off.

“You need to leave. We’re not dealing with your drunk ass tonight.” I snarl, not in the mood for this shit.

He stares at me for a few moments, and I quirk an eyebrow. “Fuck both of you.” He staggers off the stool, slamming a few bills on the bar.

Rolling my eyes, I turn to Lacey. “He’s so fucking irritating.”

“They all are.” She quips before grabbing her tray, heading to check on her tables.

I wipe down the bar and wash the glasses. The rest of the night is uneventful, and I have everything done by the time we close. I check my phone, but there’s still nothing from Colt, so I grab my shit and head towards the door.

“Wait!” Lacey shouts and I spin around. She grabs her purse from behind the bar. “You aren’t going out there by yourself, bitch.”

I roll my eyes for the millionth time tonight and grin. “Okay, mom.”

She skips towards me, linking her arm with mine. “Let’s roll.”

We head outside, the cool air refreshing after being trapped in the bar all night.

“Enjoy your off day tomorrow!” She says as she gets in her car.

We always park next to each other, so she rolls down her passenger window as I get settled in my own car, locking the doors out of habit. Rolling down the window, I flip her off. “Later, bitch.”

She returns the gesture, putting her car in reverse, backing out of her spot.

Rolling up the window, I grab my phone, texting Colt. I’m getting worried I haven’t heard from him.

A knock on my window startles me and when I look up from my phone, Doug is standing there. I crack the window about an inch. “What do you want?”

His fingers grip the top of the glass, pushing it down into the door. I scream and curse as he reaches for the handle, jerking it open. Gripping my bicep, he snatches me from

the driver's seat, pushing me against the side of the car. I latch onto his shoulders for balance, kneeling him in the balls. He stumbles back, cupping himself and groaning in pain.

“Have you lost your fucking mind?” I yell.

A shadow approaches from the side and panic sets in, but as the figure moves closer, I catch a glimpse of Colt's face.

He's pissed.

Where the fuck did he come from?

With each step he takes, he rolls up his sleeves one at a time, readying himself for a fight. His expression darkens the closer he gets, his eyes almost black by the time he reaches us.

He's absolutely terrifying.

And he's mine.

He doesn't so much as look at me before he grabs the front of Doug's shirt, jerking him off the ground. “You dare touch what's mine, motherfucker?”

Doug tries to talk, but either the pain in his balls or Colt himself keeps him from speaking clearly. “S-she's just a bar whore, man. No need to f-fight over her.” He stutters.

Other people would miss it, but I catch the moment Colt's body goes completely rigid.

Oh shit.

In the blink of an eye, he punches Doug in the face, the sound of bones crunching making me cringe. Colt releases him as he falls to the ground, but he doesn't stop there. He straddles his waist, pummeling his face over and over until there's nothing left but a bloody, broken mess. At this point, it's hard to tell if he's still breathing, or if his body is jolting from the force of Colt's blows.

"Colt." I whisper yell.

He doesn't acknowledge me, lost in a murderous haze. This isn't the quiet boy I met in the foster home a few years ago. The man in front of me is a ruthless killer and while I'm not put off by the violence, I don't want him to get caught.

"Devil!" I shout and he stops immediately. He rises from the ground, panting with exhaustion.

He slowly turns around, his eyes clouded with bloodlust. His face and chest are covered in blood, his knuckles busted open and bleeding. His gaze finally finds me and the thread between us snaps. He lunges for me, pushing me against the car, crushing his mouth to mine. His kiss is violent, his lips attacking me with the aftershocks of his power and brutality from moments ago.

I surrender immediately, letting him use me for whatever he needs. His hands slide over my ass and down my thighs. He lifts me against the car, and I wrap my legs around his waist, digging my nails into his biceps.

He groans against my lips. "Show me where the camera monitor is."

Trying to catch my breath, I nod. "It's in Jared's office."

He presses his forehead to mine. "Show me, baby."

Unwrapping my legs from around his waist, I slowly slide down his body until my feet touch the ground. He grips my hand as we cross the parking lot, and I unlock the door. We slip inside the bar, and I lead him to my boss's office.

He pulls out his phone, pecking at the screen quickly before sliding it back into his pocket. "Max will come and get the body."

I nod slowly, dumbstruck he has someone to clean up the trail of bodies he leaves behind.

He walks around the desk, sitting in Jared's chair. I watch closely as he pecks away at the keyboard, glancing up at me every few seconds, his lingering temper still evident on his face. My blood heats, my thighs clenching at the thought of him taking out his rage on my pussy.

Once he's finished, he stands quickly, striding towards me with purpose. He grips my hand, pulling me down the hallway, back into the bar. He lifts me in his arms, taking me to his usual table in the back corner. The room is dim, but this close, I see the untamed lust in his eyes. He doesn't speak a word as he sits me on the tabletop, unbuttoning my jeans. The sound of the zipper is loud in the quiet room, and I lift my hips as he pulls them down my legs along with my panties.

His bloody hands slide up my thighs and I have a fleeting thought about it not being sanitary. It's soon forgotten as he slides his fingers through my soaked center. My head falls back on a moan, but my eyes snap open at the crack of his palm against my pussy.

"Eyes on me." He growls and my poor cunt throbs, desperate for his cock.

Without warning, he plunges two fingers inside me, the burning stretch almost too much to bear.

Fuck.

“More.” I whimper and his feral grin is fucking terrifying. My pussy gushes at the sight.

He places his hand on my chest, pushing me down flat on the table. The sound of his belt buckle sends my pulse skyrocketing. He pushes his pants and underwear down to his knees, before gripping my hips, impaling me on his huge cock.

I cry out, the pain of being stretched bringing me to a new height of pleasure. It’s hard and fast. He’s on edge and he needs an outlet. I’ll be that for him. Always.

He slams into me like I’m some glory hole with no feeling, the table scraping along the floor with every thrust. He brings his thumb to my clit, circling it with the same speed he’s fucking me.

The table stops moving as it hits the wall and my hands fly up to brace myself against it. My pussy clenches around his cock and I explode around him, screaming his name. He soon follows, roaring his release, his grip on me tighter than before. We move against each other slowly, and he bends down, pulling me into his chest while still buried inside me.

“Did I hurt you?”

I blink. “Absolutely not.”

He sighs. “I was rough.”

Licking the seam of his lips, I smile. “Just the way I like you.”

We both wince as he pulls out, tucking himself back in his pants. He helps me off the table, redressing my lower half.

“Busy night?” I ask, curious as to why I never heard from him.

Running his hand through his hair, he sighs. “I’m sorry, baby. Things have been fucked up at work and I’m trying to keep a tight rope on everything.”

“You know you can talk to me about your job, right? I won’t judge you. You don’t have to carry the burden all by yourself anymore.”

He grins, like the weight of the world has lifted from his shoulders. “You offering is enough, little demon.”

He’s never had anyone to share his thoughts with. I want to be that person for him. “I’m serious, Colt. I can handle your lifestyle. Let me be here for you.”

He grips me by the back of the neck, crushing his lips to mine. Every time our mouths collide, it’s like an explosion of my soul, only to be pieced back together by the devil.

“My largest gun shipment was stolen and two of my guys were killed.” He says softly and I gasp. “I was tied up all night because we finally found a lead.”

“I’m sorry about your guys.” I whisper.

“The hardest part was telling their families. They’re familiar with the life, but it doesn’t make it any easier. Their funerals are tomorrow and it’s going to be hard.”

His eyes become distant and there's no way I'll let him face this alone. "It'll be okay. I'll be right beside you."

He looks at me like I've grown two heads. "You want to go?"

Kissing him softly, I nod. "It's you and me now, Devil. I go where you go."

He crushes me to his body, holding me tightly. "I always want you by my side."

"That's where I belong."

He pulls away, his brows creasing with concern. "We have unsavory allies, Nova. You'll see some of them tomorrow. Stay by me at all times."

"I will. I know you'll protect me."

Colt

This was a bad fucking idea.

We've just arrived at the funeral and these motherfuckers are staring at Nova like she's fresh meat. I'll kill them all in one sweep if they don't avert their fucking eyes.

"Hey, are you okay?" She whispers gently.

"They were good men. It's hard losing them, but it's part of this life."

She nods. "I understand. You're so tense, I just wanted to check in."

"I'm more concerned about these assholes staring at you." I growl.

She pulls us to a stop, turning her entire body towards me. "What?"

"Look at them." I snarl, meeting every one of their blatant stares.

She shakes her head, exasperated. "I'm yours, Colt."

"I know and they're about to find out. They either show you the respect you deserve, or I'll kill them all."

Her mouth opens and before she can respond, I pull her into me, kissing her temple, whispering my promise. "I'll kill anyone who hurts you. If they touch one single hair on your pretty little head, I'll torture them slowly. And that goes for anyone who

looks at you or speaks to you in a way I deem inappropriate.”

She tilts her head up and grins. “My devil.”

“My queen.” I murmur and her cheeks heat.

I take her hand, leading her to the gravesite. We pass bosses from the other organizations we do business with. They nod in greeting, shaking my hand and giving their condolences. Nova lets go of me and steps back, allowing Lennox and Carson’s mothers to hug me. They cry in my embrace and all I can do is apologize.

It makes me feel like shit. I didn’t protect their boys, but they don’t blame me. We were blindsided by this ambush, but I still feel like it’s my fault.

As soon as they return to their seats, Nova is beside me, lacing our fingers together.

I’m not an emotional man. That shit left me when I was a child. I’ve killed many people, but I’ve never had to bury my own. This is affecting me more than I thought it would.

Nova has proven to be the strength I didn’t know I needed. I knew from the moment I saw her I’d always protect her. I’d be her rock and her enforcer. I never thought I’d need that in return, but here she is, being my calm in the storm.

We take our seats as the pastor begins with a prayer.

I’m not a religious man either. After the life I’ve lived, the life Nova has lived, I don’t believe there’s anyone watching over us. The sky feels as hollow as this world, and I don’t find any solace when I stare into the clouds. We’re on our own and I’ve accepted that.

As we bow our heads, my eyes are open, scanning the crowd. My body tenses as my gaze lands on Frederick Morrison.

He's staring back at me.

He nods his head as Nova squeezes my hand, and I glance her direction. She tilts her head to the side, concerned by my steel posture. I nod slightly, bringing her hand to my thigh.

Glancing around again, Frederick is still watching me, his gaze finding Nova every few seconds.

Keep it up, motherfucker.

I can't stand the slimy bastard. We've worked with him a few times, using his guys to transport shipments when we were in a jam. He always wanted top pay for his shitty services. I stopped using him a few months ago because every time I did, a crate of guns would disappear.

Max stands to give the eulogies and his voice becomes distant as I focus on Frederick watching my girl. Her thumb rubs soothing circles on my thigh as my hand lays on top of hers.

The rest of the service is a blur and once it's ended, I speak to the families once more before Nova and I turn to leave.

We're halfway to the truck when Frederick calls my name.

Pulling the keys from my pocket, I hand them to Nova. "Go ahead. I'll be there in a minute."

She shakes her head. "I'm staying with you."

Brat.

Throwing my own words back at me.

The bastard approaches, smiling like he took the best shit of his life this morning. "Everly. Good to see you. I'm sorry it's under these circumstances."

"Thanks for coming Morrison." I say flatly. This son-of-a-bitch knows I hate his thieving ass.

The only reason he's still breathing is because I don't have concrete proof he was behind the missing guns or if it was one of his guys.

"Who's this hot, little thing?"

My fucking blood ignites and Nova tenses beside me. Before I can reach for my pistol, she snarls. "Excuse me?"

Frederick chuckles. "No disrespect, girl. You're a busty little thing, that's all I meant."

Nova raises her chin, that defiant spark in her eye. "It was disrespectful and creepy. Mind your fucking manners when you're speaking to a woman, asshole."

Pride like I've never felt swells in my chest. My girl is a firecracker, and I can't wait for the day she explodes and shows this world her full potential.

"You're a mouthy little bitch, aren't you?" Frederick hisses and Nova takes a step towards him.

Checking my surroundings, the pastor is gone and so is the funeral director. Even the guys from the other organizations have left.

Except for this piece of shit.

The only people remaining are the families and my brothers.

I catch Max's eye and he's instantly on alert. I give him a nod, signaling someone's about to die.

Reaching into my pocket, I grip my switchblade, sliding it out slowly. It's quieter than a pistol.

"You're a fucking dick." Nova grits out and before he can reply, I press the switchblade to his throat, pushing the button, the blade shooting straight into his jugular.

He doesn't make a sound, only reaching for his throat as I pull the knife out. His blood coats my hand, but I wipe it on his shirt as his body gives out. He falls to the ground, gasping and gurgling sounds coming from his shriveled lips. I don't give a fuck. Nobody talks to my girl like that.

Reaching for her hand, I pull her towards the truck, opening the passenger door for her. As I climb inside, I see Max and a few other guys handling the cleanup discreetly.

The drive is quiet, and I'm concerned I've shown my true colors too soon. We pull into the driveway, and I shut off the truck. She jumps out, quickly making her way inside. My head falls back against the seat, and I exhale deeply, readying myself for her judgement.

I head inside, locking the door behind me and I toss my keys and phone on the table. She's nowhere in sight, so I make my way to the bedroom, and I'm stopped in my tracks.

She's removed her black dress and she's sitting on the edge of the bed, completely naked, legs spread open invitingly.

"Tell me Devil, will you fall to your knees for your queen?"

My cock jumps at the sound of her sultry voice. My suit jacket hits the floor, followed by my dress shirt. She licks her lips as her gaze roams my body, her eyes tracing the ink that covers my skin. Unbuckling my belt, I rip it from my pants, tossing it on the floor. My shoes, socks and slacks follow until I'm left in only my boxers.

Willingly, I kneel for my queen.

Only for her.

My fucking heart and soul.

The reason I breathe.

"Crawl." She demands.

I obey her command, crawling across the bedroom floor. My eyes focus on her swollen, pink pussy and the arousal dripping from it. I lick my lips, craving her taste on my tongue.

I reach the edge of the bed, my face level with her soaked cunt. Waiting for her instructions, her body trembles, just as desperate for this as I am. My gaze shifts

upwards, and her eyes are glassy, filled with warmth and gratitude.

She regains control, slipping one hand between her legs, spreading herself open. “Make me come.”

A lightning bolt shoots down my spine as I lunge forward, attacking her pussy as if it’s my first meal in weeks. Her fingers tangle in my hair, tugging roughly as my tongue dives inside her opening, tasting every inch of her. Her sweet whimpers reach my ears, and it only fuels my hunger for her.

My only purpose in life, in this moment, is to make her fucking come.

I sink two fingers inside her as I suck her clit between my lips. My teeth graze the swollen bud, and her hips buck against my face. My fingers curl inside her and she moans as I find the sweet spot that always gets her off. Rubbing back and forth, I sink deeper, applying just the right amount of pressure.

A gush of liquid hits my face, and she screams my name while fisting my hair. My scalp burns but it only enhances the pleasure of seeing my little demon fall apart.

She pushes my head away. “Fuck! Too sensitive!”

I chuckle, using the blanket to wipe my face. I’ve heard of women squirting, but it’s nothing compared to actually witnessing it.

She sits up, flushed with embarrassment. “I’m sorry.”

“What the fuck for?” I demand.

“I, uh, did that to your face.”

Using my palm, I push her chest until she falls to the bed, and I crawl on top of her. “And you’ll do it again, often. I’ll make sure of it.”

She grins. “Take the control back, my king .”

Hearing her call me her king sets me off. Rising from the bed, I grip her by the waist, flipping her onto her stomach. She squeals as I grab her ankles, pulling her to the edge of the mattress. Lifting her ass in the air, I slide my boxers down, kicking them off with my feet.

She has the perfect ass, and I can’t wait for the day I’ll claim it too. I slap each cheek in quick succession, and she moans. Gripping my cock, I notch it at her opening and slam inside her to the hilt.

She cries out, falling forward, but I don’t give her a chance to recover. Lifting her again, I pound into her from behind, admiring her gorgeous ass jiggle every time I plunge inside her. My hips beat against her cheeks roughly, and she falls forward again.

Climbing over her, I press my chest to her back, one hand circling her throat, the other in her hair. My weight should crush her, but she doesn’t seem to mind. Her sounds of pleasure vibrate against my palm as they rise in her throat, and it makes me harder.

Fuck!

She feels too fucking good. I’m about to come.

Changing positions, I roll onto my back, taking her with me. I release her throat, sliding three fingers into her mouth. My other hand slides down her body, rubbing her swollen clit. She’s limp in my hold, perfectly content being used as my little fuck

doll.

Sliding my fingers down her throat, she gags as I thrust up into her. She says something, but I can't understand her. "What was that, baby?" I pull my fingers free.

"Your fucking cock. It's too much." She sobs, her pussy clenching around me.

Nipping her earlobe, I chuckle. "Does your little cunt need a break?"

She shakes her head. "Don't stop, Colt. Please!"

Testing her limits, I abandon her clit, sliding a finger inside her alongside my dick. She cries out, fresh tears streaming down her face and neck, dripping onto my skin. She grinds against me, her pussy weeping as it clenches. "I'm going to come."

"That's it, baby." I groan, my own release seconds away.

She comes.

Hard.

She clamps down around me so tightly, my dick and finger are locked inside her. My balls tighten painfully right before shooting my cum so deep, she can probably taste it. The thought makes me come harder until my vision darkens at the edges.

My hips come to a stop, and we lay there panting, trying to catch our breath. I slide my finger out, and wince as my cock follows. I hate pulling out of her. It feels like I'm leaving her in some fucked up way.

She rolls off my chest, landing beside me in a heap. I chuckle as I turn on my side, running my fingers through her hair. "You okay, little demon?"

She grunts and I chuckle. “You want a shower?” She grunts again and in the next second, her breathing shallows.

Pulling the blanket over us both, I wrap my arm around her, bringing her to my chest. She doesn’t stir as I kiss her temple, breathing deeply, her sweet scent lulling me to sleep.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

We're lying in bed after Colt fucked me within an inch of my life.

We both fell asleep for a couple of hours. When we woke up, neither of us were in a hurry to get out of bed.

My head is on his chest as he runs his fingers through my hair. It feels like he's done this a million times before. Familiarity niggles in the back of my mind, but I can't remember him doing this more than once or twice.

"What are you thinking about?" He whispers.

We've been in bed all afternoon and now the sun has finally set. The moon is full in the sky outside the window and it's a beautiful sight. I've always loved the darkness. Daylight shows too much. You can't hide anything.

"It feels like you've done this so many times before."

"I have."

I look at him. "What?"

He presses my head down to his chest again. "When you had nightmares at the foster home, I'd sneak in your room. I always ran my fingers through your hair until you settled down. Then I'd go back to bed."

When the first tear hits his skin, he rolls me onto my back. “Why are you crying?”

Squeezing my eyelids closed, I try desperately to control my emotions, but I can’t hide from him. “I never knew you cared so much.”

“Killing people didn’t convince you?” He smirks and I huff out a laugh.

“I’m complicated.”

He wipes away my tears, kissing me softly. “To anyone else, you may be complicated. To me, you’re Nova. My perfect little demon.”

I’ve never had someone care about me the way Colt does. While it’s everything I’ve ever wanted, I’m scared I’ll fuck it up. I’ve spent all this time missing him and longing for the day he’d come back. Now that he’s here, I’m terrified I won’t be enough. Hell, I may be too much with all my fucking baggage and warped ways of thinking about shit.

“Where’d you go?” He asks softly.

“I’ve never loved anyone before. What if I do it wrong or I’m not what you need?” He gazes at me wordlessly, the seconds ticking by and I’m becoming uncomfortable under his scrutiny. “Are you going to say something?”

“Hmmm.” That’s all he says and I’m feeling stabby all the sudden.

I push at his chest with both hands, and he chuckles as we roll onto our sides, facing each other.

After a few moments, he grows serious. “I know you love me, Nova. There’s no wrong way to love a man like me. We were both given a shit hand as soon as we

entered this world. We had no love given to us. No example to teach us how to care for others. But here we are. I'd do anything to make you smile. To keep you by my side. You're all I'll ever need. Without you, I'm nothing."

Tears threaten again, but I lay my heart on the line. "I feel like I waited a lifetime for you to come back. I never want to be without you again. I love you, Colt."

His eyes close as he crushes me to his chest. "I love you, baby. Those words aren't enough to describe what I feel for you, but they'll have to do."

I exhale softly against his skin, and he sighs in contentment. I don't think either of us have ever experienced peace like this. Our pasts are full of trauma. To think we could have a chance at happiness gives us something we've never had before.

Hope.

There's still so much I don't know about him. I want to understand how he came to be the person I know now. What shaped him into the man everyone fears?

Everyone except me.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Anything."

"Do you know what happened to your parents?"

He sighs heavily. "They live two hours north of here. They moved a few towns over after I was taken away."

"Any particular reason you looked for them?" He hums and it confirms what I

suspected. “You’re going to kill them?”

“Would it bother you if I said yes?”

“No, but are you able to tell me more?” I don’t want to upset him, but he knows what happened to me. I’d like to know what happened to him.

He reaches over, turning on the lamp. He sits up, propping himself against the headboard. Stretching out his arm, I snuggle into him. I don’t mind if he uses me to ground himself. I prefer it. I don’t want him sucked into the past without a way back to the present.

“My first memories are being hungry. I remember being six or seven years old, and my stomach would rumble and cramp so badly, I’d cry. One day, I was in my room, weak and starving. I tried to open my bedroom door to call for my parents, but it was locked. I started crying and pounding on the door, but no one came. After a while, I climbed in my bed and just laid there, staring out the window. I bet I counted every single leaf on that old oak tree that day.”

My vision blurs as I listen to him relive his childhood. He pulls me closer, his hold almost suffocating as he continues.

“Later that night, I heard voices in the house, so I started banging on the door again, screaming for my mom and dad. Next thing I knew, the door bursts open and I was knocked to the ground. My father took off his belt and started swinging. I brought my hands up to shield my face, but he didn’t care. By the time he was finished, my entire body was covered in big, red welts. I remember looking at the door and my mother just stood there, not at all phased by what she had seen. Her expression was cold. My father left the room after buckling his belt back in place. My mother threw two pieces of bread on the floor, shut the door and locked it.”

My body shudders as I try to conceal my sobs, but I can't hold them in. He grips me by the waist, pulling me onto his lap. Pushing my hair from my face, he tries to wipe the tears away, but they won't stop coming. "I'm sorry, Colt. I-I should be consoling you."

"Don't ever apologize for caring about me." He says, pulling me against him. "You're the only one who ever has."

He props his head on top of mine as I bury my face in his chest. "How did you get away from them?"

"A neighbor called the police when they heard me screaming during one of the beatings. It went on for five or six years before anyone noticed. I was homeschooled, and never left the house. It was like I never existed to the outside world. I had been at the Lancaster's four years before you got there."

My fucking soul withers at the thought of him enduring that kind of abuse for so long. I can't imagine how lonely he was. No child should ever have to live through that.

He had no one.

He was alone.

My tears dry up as a simmering rage surfaces. My chest constricts with hostility. My breathing quickens with outrage. Malice weaves vines through my heart, every painful thorn a reminder of what Colt went through.

Pushing myself off his chest, he tilts his head to the side, feeling the shift in my demeanor. "What are you thinking, little demon?"

A sinister smile creeps across my lips. “We’re going to kill your parents.”

Colt

Nova has given me a lot to think about.

She wants to kill my mother, and I kill my father.

It's not a bad idea, but I don't know if she's up for something so brutal. I know she killed her own mother, but she lit a match, snuffing out her life. Torture is an entirely different scenario. It's up close and personal. I'm worried it'll be too much and fuck her up later on down the road.

Sitting at my desk, my phone rings.

"Yeah." I answer, seeing it's Max on the screen.

"Daniel Hollinger is our guy."

"How do you know?" I ask. I got a lead on him a few days ago. Putting Max on his trail, I told him to follow his every move and let me know when he finds something.

"We followed him to the shipyard. He and a few other guys were moving crates. Our crates." He grits out.

My blood pressure rises as I recognize the implications of what he's telling me. Hollinger is one of Frederick Morrison's men. Since Morrison is dead, a new head dick was appointed to take his place.

His son, Junior.

I've always hated that little bastard. He's arrogant and just as fucking useless as his father. I wouldn't be surprised if he was waiting on him to die so he could take over. Obviously, my killing his daddy didn't do anything to deter him from moving my product.

"Take him to the warehouse. I'll be there in an hour."

"Got it." Max agrees and I end the call.

I should've suspected something like this on the horizon after cutting ties with Morrison. While I'm raging on the inside, I have to keep a cool head.

The thought crosses my mind to use this as a trial run for Nova. Snatching my keys from the desk, I head outside, jumping in my truck. I speed towards the cabin, hoping she's still there.

She better be.

Pulling in the driveway, I shut off the truck, and head inside. The sound of the air fryer catches my attention, so I stride towards the kitchen. It beeps as I enter the room quietly, watching her remove fried pickles from the basket. I creep up behind her, bounding my arms around her waist. She screams bloody murder, the tongs flying through the air. She spins in my arms, ready to kick some ass. I chuckle at the death glare she gives me before kissing her soundly.

She pushes at my chest. "I could've stabbed you in the eye with the tongs!"

"You mean the ones that went flying through the air?"

“Asshole.”

“I’m sorry, baby. It’s good to know you have quick reflexes though.” I grin and she punches me in the arm.

“What the hell are you doing home?”

My heart thunders at her use of the word home , but I don’t say anything, worried it’ll spook her into leaving. “We have the guy that killed my men. He worked for the bastard I killed at the funeral. His son runs things now and one of my guys saw him loading our crates.”

Her eyes widen. “What are you going to do?”

“You mean, what are we going to do?” I grin.

Her brows furrow. “You want me to come?”

“Where I go, you go, remember?”

She gives me that beautiful smile, wrapping her arms around my waist. “Thank you.”

I hug her tightly, burying my nose in her hair. “It’s going to be gruesome, little demon. Think you can handle it?”

She pulls away, nodding her head. “I can handle it. Just let me change before we go.”

She rushes to the bedroom, and I follow closely behind. She changes into some dark jeans and a t-shirt, throwing her hair up in a messy bun. The girl could wear a potato sack and she’d still be fucking gorgeous. She slips her phone into her back pocket, meeting me at the doorway where I’ve been watching her.

“I’m ready!” She sing songs and I chuckle.

Gripping her hand, we head towards the door before she pulls me to a stop. “Oh! Let me grab my pickles.”

Shaking my head, I wait for her to grab her snack and grin as she skips towards me with the energy of a child.

Damn.

Is this what happiness feels like?

If so, I’ll watch the world burn to keep a smile on her face and this peace inside me.

She grips my hand, and we lock up the house, heading to the truck, hitting the road.

The drive is quiet as she munches on her pickles, and I formulate a plan in my head. I want her to see what it is I do. I need to know if she’ll truly embrace who I am or shy away from it.

We pull up to the warehouse and I shut the truck off. Before I can utter a word, she flips up the console, climbing onto my lap.

She kisses me once, cupping my face in her palms. “I can handle this. Don’t worry about me. Focus on what you have to do, Devil.”

Gripping her by the back of her neck, I pull her closer, kissing her deeply. The lingering saltiness and tangy flavor of the pickles hit my tongue and suddenly, I’m starving.

For her.

I pull away before we get sidetracked. “Let’s go, little demon.” I open the door, and she squeals as I hop out of the truck with her in my arms.

She slides down my body and we head towards the warehouse hand in hand. I jerk open the heavy metal door and usher her inside. Walking further into the abandoned building, Daniel is surrounded by my most loyal men, not moving a muscle as they circle him like prey.

Max turns our way, and his eyes widen when he sees Nova. I gauge his reaction, determining if he has an issue with her being here. Tough shit if he does, but I really don’t want to kill him. He’s been a good second in command.

He nods subtly, accepting her presence.

Once we’re a few feet away, I stop Nova, turning to face her. “Stay here. No matter what, don’t interfere.”

She glares. “What are you up to, Everly?”

I shrug. “I’m going to have some fun.” Before she can question me further, I kiss her quickly, leaving her behind as I focus on my target.

Adrenaline courses through my veins as I close in on the piece of shit I’m about to destroy. “Daniel.”

“Look Devil, I just do what I’m told-” He starts but I cut him off.

“I know. It’s hard being the low man on the totem pole. The boss tells you to steal shit and kill people and you have to do it, right?”

He nods furiously. “Exactly!”

“That’s why I have a proposal.”

“Sure, man. Anything.” He’s so eager which makes this even better.

“I haven’t had a good fight in a while. We’ll have a go and if you put me on my ass, you’re free to leave.”

“Boss.” Max chimes in and I silence him with a glare.

Stepping closer to him, I lower my voice. “Keep your fucking eyes on Nova. Do not let her out of your sight.”

Turning back to Daniel, his mouth hangs open. I quirk an eyebrow and he finds his voice. “I’ve heard the stories, man. I don’t stand a chance against you.”

“Sure, you do. I’ll even let you have the first punch.” I offer.

His eyes dart around the room nervously and I glance back at Nova. She’s taken a seat in an old, rusted chair, one leg crossed over the other, a shit eating grin on her face.

She’s confident I’ll win, and something I’ve never felt before hits me.

I want to make her proud.

Turning my attention back to Daniel, I taunt him. “Make it count.”

In a split second, he lunges forward, his fist connecting with my jaw. My head snaps to the side, and I spit a little blood on the floor at my feet. His eyes widen as I face him again. “My turn.”

Taking a menacing step forward, I punch him in the face, and he stumbles backwards. With every step he retreats, I gain two. His back hits the wall and I lay into him, pounding his face over and over until his arms shoot out, pushing me back a step.

His leg kicks out, but I'm faster.

His weak punch connects, but I'm stronger.

Blood soaks his face and shirt, but he doesn't give up. His hands come up in a defensive posture, but it's no use. My knuckles begin to split open and bleed. His bones crunch from the force of my blows.

My bloody fist meets his throat, and he crumples to the ground, choking. He looks pathetic as he lays there coughing and gagging, both eyes already swelling shut.

"You lose." I smirk, turning my back on the asshole.

My gaze collides with a smiling Nova. Excitement plays across her face until her eyes widen and she screams. "Colt!"

Spinning around, the motherfucker slashes my arm with a dull fucking pocketknife. My body twists to the side to avoid another swing, the burn is a little more than uncomfortable. I see Nova knee Max in the balls, and he falls to the ground.

Before I can subdue Daniel, she whirls by me like a fucking tornado, swinging a wood plank at his head. He bellows in agony as he collapses to the ground, but she doesn't stop there. She lifts the plank vertically, ramming the end into his ribs until he curls into a ball. She brings her foot down on his nuts, the plank down on his knee.

She's a picture of savage perfection.

“You piece of shit! I’ll fucking kill you!” She shouts and while I’m enjoying seeing her lost in a fit of rage, this shit needs to end.

She spins to face me, the flames of hell in her eyes. She takes a few steps, reaching around my back, pulling the gun from my waistband. She turns to Daniel again, pulling back the slide, a bullet loading in the chamber. With fury like I’ve never seen, she aims the gun at his head. “A woman just kicked your ass with a piece of wood. Lights out, motherfucker.” She pulls the trigger, the bullet hitting him in the center of his forehead.

My legs are moving before my brain can catch up. Taking the gun from her trembling hand, I slide it back into my waistband. Wrapping my arms around her, she does the same, blood covering both of us.

She pulls away, her eyes meeting mine. “I’m sorry. I kind of flipped out.”

Gripping her chin, I kiss her hard. “My beautiful demon queen.” I whisper against her lips.

She smiles and I know she can handle anything.

Gripping her hand, I pull her along as I approach Max. “You couldn’t keep her back?”

“She kneed me in the fucking balls.” He groans, cupping himself.

Nova giggles beside me and I try to stifle my smile, but as my next question comes out, I’m instantly pissed the fuck off. “You didn’t search him?”

“He was searched. I don’t know how we missed the knife. I’m sorry, boss. It won’t happen again.”

“Clean this shit up.” I bark, leading Nova out of the warehouse.

Once we’re settled in the truck, she turns towards me. “Let me see.”

“It’s not bad, baby. I’ll clean it up when we get home.”

The engine roars to life, but as I reach for the shifter, she grabs my hand. “Let me fucking see.”

Rolling my eyes, I pull up my sleeve, the nasty looking gash from the dull blade on full display. Blood trickles down my bicep as she studies it. “I think you need stitches, but I can fix you up.”

I’m taken aback. “Why do you know how to stitch someone up?”

“I’ve had a few scrapes in my life.”

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

I stitched up Colt's arm and we took a shower together.

Now, we're lying in bed, the room quiet without any pressure to speak.

He's yet to scold me for interfering in his business today, but I'm waiting for it. He can say whatever he wants. I know he's the big, bad Devil, but no one will hurt him while I'm around.

I won't stand for it.

He's gone through enough in this life already.

His fingers glide through my hair as I listen to the beat of his heart. I'm truly content for the first time in my life, but it doesn't last long as he goes and ruins it.

"You shouldn't have intervened today." There's no anger in his voice.

"If you expect me to stand by while someone tries to kill you, you don't know me at all."

He rolls us over so he's hovering above me, a tiny smirk playing across his lips. "You're so fucking stubborn."

"I know." I quip.

He leans down, kissing me. “So brave.”

“I know.” I breathe as his lips trail across my jaw, not stopping until he reaches my ear.

“So fucking beautiful.”

“Colt.” I moan as his large body blankets mine, his forearms keeping his weight off me.

“You’re mine, Nova.”

“I know.”

“Do you want to play?”

“What do you have in mind?”

“I want to mark this gorgeous body with my blade.”

My nipples pebble against his chest, my thighs clenching together. “Do your worst, Devil.”

He rises from the bed, digging the switchblade from his pocket. He disappears into the bathroom, returning after a few minutes, wiping the knife down. Crawling onto the mattress, he pulls the sheet back, exposing my naked body.

His pupils dilate as he presses the point of the blade against the base of my throat. Slowly, he glides it down my chest, between my breasts, and over my torso. The sharp edge scratching along my skin sends a shiver down my spine. He circles my belly button, changing course as he shifts his path towards my hip. As he reaches his

destination, the prick of the blade startles me, and I yelp.

“Easy, baby.” He soothes, pressing it deeper into my skin, his free hand squeezing my inner thigh. “Breathe.”

I exhale deeply as his hand moves higher, every nerve ending lighting up from his touch. The edge of the blade drags along my skin, a sweet burn left in its wake. Just as the metal shifts again, he shoves two fingers inside me, ripping a cry from my throat.

“That’s it, little demon. Feel the pleasure with the pain.” My eyes are on him as he torments me in the most delicious way.

His thumb circles my clit as he works my pussy with his fingers. The bite of pain intensifies the sensations and I’m barreling towards an orgasm fast. My hands fist the sheets, and I’m coiled so tightly, my muscles begin to ache.

The blade twists and turns a few more times before it’s gone. He leans down, flattening his tongue against his creation, licking the blood from my skin. The sight takes me over the edge, and I’m shot into oblivion, darkness clouding my vision with little specs of light floating within. His fingers plunge deeper, and I sob his name, my release threatening to pull me under and drown me.

“That’s my girl. Come all over my hand.” He praises and my hips rock against him, riding out the wave of ecstasy.

My body relaxes, my mind empty of all thoughts as he brings his fingers to his mouth, licking them clean, one by one. He smirks at my disoriented state, and I slowly raise my hand, flipping him off.

He chuckles as he crawls over me, kissing me hard as he pushes his tongue inside my

mouth. I taste myself with a hint of copper and it sets my blood on fire all over again.

“You’re turn.” He whispers against my lips.

“What?”

“Make me bleed for you.”

Christ.

Why does that sound so fucking hot?

Pushing at his chest, he rolls onto his back, and I climb on top of him. I take the knife from his hand and begin sliding down his thighs before he stops me. “Chest.”

I still. “You want me to mark your chest?”

He nods. “Over my heart.”

Jesus.

If I didn’t love him before, that one phrase would’ve made me fall for him.

Straddling his hips, I position the blade over his chest, my hands trembling with what I’m about to do. I’ve yet to see what he carved into my skin, but at this point, it doesn’t matter. We’re claiming each other and it’s fucking everything to me.

He grips my hips, lifting me enough to grab his cock. His fingers sting against the fresh wound but it’s soon forgotten as he pushes inside me, and my head falls back. I’m so sensitive from the orgasm a few minutes ago, it feels like I’ll come again immediately.

He groans. “Do it, Nova. Carve me up.”

Leaning forward, I prop myself on his chest, my shaking hand pressing the tip of the knife to his skin. His warm blood breaks through the surface, something about seeing it making me feel feral.

Grinding down on his cock, I carve my name over his heart, scarring the beautiful ink there.

He growls, his grip tightening on my waist, and I know I’ll have bruises in the morning. The thought thrills me more and my pussy clenches. The sounds coming from his mouth are driving me wild and I cut into him faster and deeper. Blood trickles down his chest and once I’ve finished, I lean in, licking his lifeforce from his skin.

He sounds inhuman as he rips the knife from my grip, tossing it to the floor. He flips me onto my back so fast, I nearly get whiplash. He pushes us up the bed, stuffing a pillow between my head and the headboard. “Hold on.”

Wrapping my legs around his waist, I circle my arms around his neck. He grips the headboard with one hand, his other circling my throat. His hold is fierce but not lethal. He pulls out until only the tip remains. I start to protest but I choke on the words as he slams inside me, a strangled cry tearing from my throat.

He sets a violent pace, and I’m briefly concerned he’s going to rip me in half. The thought is fleeting as I hold on while he fucks me like his life hangs in the balance.

As I cry out, scream and sob, his name leaves my lips over and over. His answering groans only fuel my pending release until my body locks, and I’m suspended in another fucking world.

I have never in my life felt something so raw and powerful.

The way Colt makes me feel is all the confirmation I need that we were brought into this world to find each other. The way he obliterates me at every turn and puts me back together in an instant is how I know he's the other half of my damaged soul.

We're both broken.

We're both fucked up.

But together, we're whole.

His thrusts become erratic as he ruts inside me like a man possessed. I hold on with everything I have as he chases his own release. His chest rumbles, his hips stilling, emptying himself inside me. His warm cum coats my inner walls and I clench tightly to keep it inside me. He growls into my neck as I drag my nails along his scalp, our bodies trembling against each other.

He raises his head, catching my gaze. "I fucking love you, Nova."

Hearing those words made me feel uncomfortable at first, not understanding what they truly meant. Now that I've surrendered, I crave them.

"I love you, Colt."

## Page 19

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Colt

An unknown number flashes across my screen, and I debate on answering it.

Usually I don't, but something tells me to.

“Yeah?”

“Everly.” The voice says and my shoulders tense.

“Who is this?”

“Frederick Morrison Jr.”

What the fuck? “What do you want Junior?”

“You killed my father.” He states plainly.

“He was disrespectful.”

A chuckle comes through the line. “You did me a favor, Devil. He was a greedy bastard causing problems everywhere. The business should’ve gone to me years ago. But that’s not why I’m calling.”

“Spit it out Morrison.”

“You killed one of my men.”

“He killed two of mine and stole my shipment. He was caught loading it onto your fucking trucks. You’re lucky I didn’t kill your entire crew and you.” My tone is cold, already deciding to slit his fucking throat.

The balls on this guy.

“That was some left-over shit from my father’s rule. I didn’t know it was your guns or I would’ve returned them.”

Barking out a laugh, I stand from my chair, imagining the blood I’ll be covered in when I see him. “I’m sure you would’ve.”

“Look, I’m calling to give you some information. We may be competition, but there’s no need to be enemies. I’m not my father. I don’t need to destroy everyone around me in order to be successful.”

I don’t trust this motherfucker as far as I could throw him, but I’ll bite. He wants to be the good guy? I’ll play his game.

For now.

“What information?”

“Daniel was following orders when he killed your men and stole your guns.”

“No shit. Your fucking father’s.” I snarl.

“No. He came to me after it happened. He didn’t know anything about it, but he knew some of his guys were in on it. Did he care? No. He hated you after you stopped doing business with him. And before you start, I know he was stealing from you.”

My blood boils with the confirmation. “So, you expect me to believe a thief’s denial?”

“It’s someone in your circle, man.” He explains and my shoulders tense.

“You’re fucking lying.” I grit out.

“No, I’m not. I’m giving you a heads up. I can’t fucking stand a rat, and you have one.”

The line is silent as I mull over his words. I don’t put much stock in them, but the seed has been planted. I’ve never questioned the loyalty of my men. I’ve never had a reason to.

But...

What would Junior gain from lying to me? Payback for killing his father and Daniel? He doesn’t seem to give a shit. I need to give this some thought because I don’t see any of my men doing something like this. I’ve always taken care of them and their families. I’ve never given any of them a reason to cross me.

I may be Devil to everyone else, but my crew always looked at me like their savior.

Why would they betray me?

Why did your parents betray you? There doesn’t have to be a reason.

The thought creeps to the forefront of my mind, reminding me why I don’t get close to people.

“I’ll take your information under advisement.” I end the call.

I'm fucking livid, throwing my phone across the room. It crashes against the wall, the shattered pieces raining down onto the floor.

I don't trust people, I never have.

Except Nova.

I've given these men the closest thing to trust that I have. I've let my guard down with them. The thought they would betray me and have their own brothers killed, sends me spiraling into a dark hole.

I'll kill any disloyal motherfucker I find. I'll start from scratch and rebuild my crew.

My instinct is to call Max, but I don't. I have to keep this to myself. I need to dig around and see what I can find out.

Delicate arms wrap around me from behind, Nova's scent enveloping me. She calms my racing thoughts for a moment. She's the only one who can. "Why did your phone explode?"

Spinning around in her arms, I sigh. "Saw that, did you?"

"More like I heard it." She reaches up, cupping my face in her hands. "What happened?"

Sitting at the kitchen table, I pull her onto my lap, telling her everything that was said. She listens closely, without interrupting until I'm finished. I see the gears turning in her head. "Thoughts?"

"I think you need to keep an open mind. I know they're your guys, but we both know, people you care about will fuck you over faster than anyone."

“Why would they betray me, Nova? I took them from being fucking street thugs to reputable businessmen. They make more money. I keep them out of jail. Why the fuck would they do this?” My voice rises, but she doesn’t shy away.

She gives me a sympathetic smile. “Because people fucking suck, Colt. You can do everything in the world for them and they’ll still spit in your face.” She runs her fingers through my hair, effectively bringing me down a few levels. “Other than you, I hate them all. I prefer animals.”

Gripping her hips, she squeals as I stand from the chair, holding her against me. Walking to the island, I sit her on the counter, my arms wrapping around her. “What’s your animal of choice?”

She giggles and the sound brings a lightness to my chest. “I want a raccoon.”

A laugh bursts out of me. “Why?”

“What do you mean, why? They’re cute and squishy. Oh! And their little fingers!”

Pulling her into my chest, I hold her tightly.

This woman is my only thread to sanity.

I may have been young, but I knew the moment I saw her, she would be my life.

“I wanted to talk to you about something.” She whispers against my neck, and I push her back a little to see her face.

“I’m listening.”

She swallows slowly, looking nervous. “Your parents.”

My brows furrow. “Okay?”

“I think it’s time you get your revenge.”

That puts a little pep in my step. “What did you have in mind?”

She reaches into her back pocket, pulling out a folded piece of paper. “I’ve made a list.”

Stifling a laugh, I watch her unfold it carefully, handing it over. I have to say, not only is my little demon a psychopath, but she’s also quite creative.

After reading her extremely detailed list, I meet her gaze and she almost looks shy, peeking at me from under her lashes. Fisting her hair, I crash our lips together, pouring every part of myself into the woman I love.

It’s pain and pleasure.

Chaos and peace.

Fight and surrender.

Nova Bradley has brought the devil to his knees.

I’ll fucking worship her as I kneel, until I’m aching and bloody.

She pulls away, panting. “I take it you like my ideas?”

“I love everything that comes out of your beautifully depraved mind.”

A sinister smile tugs at her lips. “I get your mother.”

“You can have the incubator, baby. I want the sperm donor.”

She claps excitedly, bouncing on the countertop.

“You’re turning into quite the little killer. Am I a bad influence?” I grin.

She winks. “Maybe.”

I help her off the counter, her body slowly sliding down mine. “Are you hungry?”

Her eyes darken as she grips my hand, pulling me towards the bedroom. “Famished.”

## Page 20

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

My eyes slowly open and I groan.

Being a woman fucking sucks sometimes.

Shifting my legs to ease the discomfort in my abdomen only intensifies it and I whimper. I turn over in the bed, laying on my stomach, the pressure sometimes helping with the pain.

It doesn't.

I started my period earlier in the evening, but I wasn't hurting, so I considered myself lucky.

My luck has run out.

I should get up and take pain relievers, but at this point, my legs would probably buckle with any weight on them.

The bed shifts beside me and I open one eye to see Colt leaving the room. I want to ask him where he's going, but even speaking would hurt my woman parts right now.

Hell, breathing hurts.

A few moments later, he returns, the mattress dipping as he sits beside me. "Take these, baby."

I lift my head enough to pop the pills in my mouth and take a sip of bottled water. My head hits the pillow, and I groan as he runs his fingers through my hair.

“I’ve heard orgasms help with cramping.” He says beside me.

My voice is muffled by the pillow. “You’re crazy if you think your big dick is getting anywhere near me right now.”

He chuckles. “You know I don’t need to use my cock to get you off.”

I hum because it’s all I can do. He’s silent for a few moments before he pulls the blanket back, climbing over my body, careful to keep his weight off me.

I’m tense, dreading him doing anything that will cause further discomfort. My periods aren’t usually this bad, but every now and then I have one that kicks my ass.

He brushes my hair to the side, his warm mouth pressing soft kisses to the back of my neck. He slowly trails his lips down my spine, not stopping until he reaches my ass. As he spreads my cheeks apart, I flinch.

“Easy, baby. I’m going to make the pain go away.”

I don’t breathe as his tongue swipes against my back hole, the stubble from his beard scraping across my skin. I’m surprised by how good it feels, and my body relaxes as he licks me slowly.

His hand glides between my legs, gripping the little, white string connected to my tampon. “What are you doing?”

“Shhh, I’ve got you.” He reassures me, pulling the cotton from my entrance.

I hear him spit, his wet fingers sliding inside my pussy, and I'm torn between being turned on that he would do this and mortified that he's actually doing it.

Any doubt disappears as his mouth goes back to my ass, his fingers working inside me. The pain starts to dissipate as pleasure begins rolling in, coiling tightly in my lower belly. My hips begin to move, pushing back against his mouth and hand.

He groans against me, the vibrations sending a shudder through my body. "Colt."

His fingers push deeper as his tongue works me into a frenzy. My legs start to tremble, and I bury my face in the pillow, the sensations almost too much.

Just when I think I can't take anymore, my body explodes, and I'm shot into outer fucking space, forgetting my own damn name. He slows his ministrations, but he doesn't stop, dragging out every bit of pleasure he possibly can. As the orgasm fades, my cramps are gone and I exhale deeply, thankful to the man between my legs for the rumor he heard.

He removes his fingers, carefully shifting me onto my back. "Better?"

"Thank you." I smile, feeling like everything is right in the world.

"Anytime, baby." He moves to get off the bed, but I grab his wrist.

"Does the blood bother you?"

He looks at me like I'm crazy. "Fuck no."

"So, you wouldn't mind it on your dick?"

He smirks, bending down between my legs, licking one swipe over my oversensitive

clit before sliding up my body, lining his head up with my entrance. “My cock is always at your service, little demon.”

A laugh dies in my throat as he slides inside me, and I cry out from sensory overload. I’m beginning to think everything is more sensitive when you’re on your period.

I gasp as he bottoms out, circling his hips.

Fuck.

I don’t know what the hell he’s doing to me, but I feel like I’m about to have an out of body experience.

My eyes are scrunched closed, and I probably look like I’m in pain, but I’m experiencing ecstasy in every sense of the word as he plays my body like an instrument.

“Look at me.” He growls and my eyes snap open. “Watch me as I consume you.”

“Fuck, Colt.” I moan, my hips meeting his with every thrust.

“My Nova. You’re fucking beautiful, taking my cock so well.”

His words send a shockwave through my body, my pussy clenching around him so tightly he gasps. “That’s it, little demon. Own this cock.”

Everything stops as my muscles tense, my back arching off the bed. He pins me with his weight, grinding against me, the intensity so strong, tears spring to my eyes. They leak down my cheeks and I sob his name as he finds his own release. He buries his face in my neck, sucking my skin as he fills me with his cum. My nails drag up and down his back, his body trembling and I truly feel like a queen.

Bringing his lips to my ear, he nips my lobe. “Let’s get a shower.”

He rises from the bed, scooping me into his arms. He takes us into the bathroom, turning on the faucet without letting me go. Steam fills the air around us as he steps into the huge shower stall. It’s more like a spa than a shower.

He presses me against the wall, the tiles cool on my back. Our foreheads touch and we watch each other for a while, not speaking a word.

I’ve never felt such an intense connection with anyone else. I never knew this kind of bond existed. Moments like this can be overwhelming, but I soak it all in, knowing how my life would be if he didn’t exist. After experiencing his love and protection, I could never be without him.

He’s my life now.

He’s owned me since the day I saw him at the foster home, I just didn’t realize it. While I felt strongly for him, even after he was gone, I never imagined it would turn into what it is.

“Tell me.” He murmurs against my lips.

“You were right.”

“About what?”

“I love you doesn’t cover it. It’s so much more.”

He kisses me hard. “It all started with you. You’re everything in between. And it will all end with you.”

## Page 21

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

Colt didn't come by the bar tonight, he said he had something to take care of.

My shift dragged, but I'm happy to finally be home.

This is home, isn't it?

It took a little while for my mind to accept it, but when he hooked his truck to my camper and hauled it to the cabin with me inside; I realized my fate was sealed.

His truck is in the driveway, and I frown, wondering why I haven't heard from him.

Getting out of the car, I make my way to the porch, climbing the steps quickly. Heading inside, I don't see him. I toss my purse on the couch before heading down the hallway. The bedroom door is ajar, and I push it open to find him sitting on the bed, a big box next to him.

"Hey, baby." He grins, looking guilty as hell.

"What did you do?" I ask and he smiles, looking carefree and happy.

My heart melts and I walk towards him, but he puts his hands up. "Stop."

I'm glued to the spot as he stands from the bed, taking the few steps to meet me.

"I missed you." He coos, kissing me softly.

I don't see this softer side of him often. Let's face it, we aren't soft people. We're rigid and scarred, the ways of the world molding us into the abrasive humans we are. But I'm soaking it in, enjoying the moment, nonetheless. I'm also curious. "I haven't heard from you." I murmur against his lips.

"I know. It killed me not to talk to you or see you today, but I knew if I did, I'd ruin everything."

"Ruin what?"

He steps to the side, waving towards the bed. I'm hesitant, taking careful steps to the edge. There's a scratching noise as I lean over the box, squealing like a little girl as soon as I see it. "Oh my God!"

Bouncing on my toes, I spin around, running into Colt's arms, squeezing the hell out of him. For the first time in my life, happy tears stream down my face, and I sob into his chest.

He grips my biceps, pushing me back to meet my eyes. "Happy?"

"Fuck yes!" I shout, covering my mouth as I laugh.

He steers me towards the bed again, wrapping his arms around my middle from behind. Reaching into the box, I pick up the gray and black fluffball and bring him to my chest. His little fingers dig into my shirt, and I melt once again for the baby raccoon in my arms.

"How?" I ask, sniffing as he crawls up my chest, nuzzling into my neck.

"I have connections, baby. I asked around and found a breeder who has bred them for years. He's completely domesticated and came from a loving home. He's five months

old. He's been handled by children, and they say he loves peanut butter."

"He's so adorable!" I whisper yell, trying not to scare him.

Colt chuckles. "What are you going to name him?"

I think for a few moments and come up empty. Just then, my little furball lifts his head and our eyes meet, my heart splitting open, making room for another living soul to love. He sniffs my chin, rubbing the top of his head against me. "Bandit." I whisper.

"Come on. I'll show you the spare room where I set everything up."

My heart is so full, I feel like I'm going to explode, and the waterworks begins again as soon as he opens the door to the other bedroom.

He steps inside, pointing to all the supplies he bought and set up for our new family member. "The breeder told me everything I needed to know. There's a litter box in the corner. He said he's already potty trained so we shouldn't have to worry about that. I hung the swing over there. He said they like shit that moves and things they can climb on. I got him some balls too. I bought him dog food, and there's vegetables and fruit in the kitchen. He needs more, but I figured you'd want to shop for him too."

Walking over to the covered dog bed that looks like a little cave, I carefully place Bandit inside and watch as he curls up in a ball, asleep in seconds.

His food and water bowls are close by, a jar of peanut butter with a spoon beside it on the table next to the swing.

Spinning around, I pin Colt with my gaze, and his brows furrow. "What?"

Without saying a word, I close in on him, his eyes darkening as I get closer. I don't stop once I reach him. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I pull him down, kissing him hard. He grunts against my lips, crushing me against his body. His hands trail down to my ass, lifting me easily. My legs lock around his waist as he presses me against the wall, deepening the kiss.

"Thank you." I breathe.

He chases my mouth, gripping the back of my neck, crushing us together again. We're lost in each other, nothing else existing around us until the cutest noise I've ever heard fills the room. I burst out laughing into Colt's mouth and he pulls back grinning.

"What is that sound he's making?" I ask.

"They are extremely vocal animals. They purr and scream. And they do something called chittering."

"It sounds more like a purr. That means he's happy here, right?"

He cups my cheek in his palm. "Yeah, baby. He's happy here with you."

I smile, letting my legs fall from his waist. He sets me on my feet, kissing me on the forehead. "Is he okay in here by himself? This is a big change for him and as much as I hate to leave him, he needs his rest."

"We'll leave the door open. When he wakes up, he'll come find us."

"Okay."

Colt

“Are we there yet?” Nova asks for the millionth time.

Her childlike excitement makes me chuckle. “Almost. Are you nervous?”

“It’s more adrenaline than anything. I’m going to climb out of my skin if I don’t get out of this truck.”

“A few more miles and we’ll be there.”

“Are you good?” She asks and while I’ve dreamt about this for years, it doesn’t seem real now that it’s happening.

“I’m good, baby.”

We’re silent for the next little bit until my childhood home comes into view. Pulling off the road a couple of blocks away, I kill the lights and cut the engine.

I’d always planned to kill my parents one day. The thought surfaced every now and then, but I usually pushed it to the back of my mind. While I wanted revenge, Nova and my work were always my top priorities.

Now, I don’t have a choice. She’s insisted and what my girl wants, my girl gets. She’s giddy and pumped about this little adventure, claiming it’ll be a good bonding experience for us.

She's full of shit.

My little demon was traumatized by my childhood memories, and she wants her own retribution for my sake.

I don't fault her. If her mother were still alive, I would've carved the bitch up but kept her alive. Every day I would've reminded her why she was being mutilated and tortured. Suffering is the only thing the cunt would've known until I decided to put her in the ground. Or set her on fire, depending on my mood.

Mothers are supposed to protect their children.

Ours threw us to the wolves like sacrificial lambs.

Most people would have reservations about killing their parents, but I don't. This has been a long time coming.

While my black soul was lost long ago, my heart beats for Nova. She's brought me back to life, giving me a reason to survive in this fucked up world. Watching my parents die with her by my side will only solidify our unbreakable bond.

She flips up the console, scooting across the seat, next to me. "You're pretty sexy in all black, Devil."

Wrapping my fingers around her throat, I close in, nipping her bottom lip. "Don't make me fuck you right here."

She smirks. "Don't threaten me with a good time."

I kiss her hard until she's panting. "Let's get this over with so I can get you home."

She laughs. “This is a monumental event, Colt. You need to savor it.”

Licking the seam of her lips, my fingers flex against her throat. “My cock thinks it’s monumental every time it slides inside you.”

“Let’s get this over with.” She shudders and I smirk.

Opening the driver’s side door, I jump out with Nova right behind me. Reaching inside the truck bed, I bring out the duffel bag with everything we need. Throwing it over my shoulder, we start walking towards the gravel driveway leading to my childhood hell. She stays close behind me, a second set of eyes scanning our surroundings as we approach the back door.

All the lights are off, and the house is quiet. Pulling the lock picking kit from my back pocket, I work the deadbolt and knob until they click, and the door opens. I come to a halt a few steps in, the same smell from when I was a kid slapping me in the face. Mildew and cigarette smoke burn my nostrils and a sick feeling churns in my stomach. There’s just enough moonlight shining through the kitchen windows that I see the same hideous wallpaper on the walls.

The same filth on the tile floor.

The tiny table with four chairs that I rarely sat at because I was locked in my room.

Blinking away the memories, I push away the little boy who suffered, bringing forth the man who will cause the suffering.

We slowly move into the living room, the same shit brown carpet from all those years ago meeting the soles of my boots. The old blue couch with holes and the red chair with liquor stains are still the centerpieces of the unpleasant room.

“You okay?” Nova checks in and I nod.

Tossing the duffle bag on the couch, I pull open the zipper, revealing everything she requested.

“Get the duct tape to cover their mouths.” I tell her and she nods.

I grab the baseball bat she insisted on bringing, saying it would help her relieve some of her pent-up aggression. My personal weapon of choice is the switchblade I always keep in my pocket. I’ve brought some other things with me, just in case I change my mind.

After I slide on my gloves, she hands me the tape and I go ahead and tear off a piece, she does the same.

She turns to move deeper into the house, but I grip her waist, spinning her around. “If at any point this becomes too much, you go to the truck, and I’ll finish up.”

She looks at me like I’ve lost my damn mind. “Like hell! We’re in this together and I’m going to enjoy every fucking second of it.”

I kiss her hard. She gasps and I plunge my tongue inside her mouth, devouring her until she’s breathless. “Alright, little demon. Let the games begin.” I murmur against her lips.

She smiles and it’s both beautiful and sinister, taking the baseball bat from my hand as I lead her towards their bedroom. The dark hallway is short, and I blink to refocus my eyes as we creep slowly so not to wake them. The door is open, and I find my parents sound asleep in the dingy room, barely lit up with a night light shining from my mother’s side of the bed. Nova nudges past me, taking in the room as she walks to her side of the mattress.

I take a few steps before reaching my father, and I'm instantly filled with rage as I look down at him. My mother lies beside him, her face just as cold while she sleeps as it is when she's awake. They both look bitter, the years since I last saw them not very kind.

Glancing at the bedside table, his belt hangs off the corner, and I grin. Pulling it from its resting place, I meet Nova's gaze, and she nods. Stretching the belt across my shoulders, I pull the tape tightly between my fingers.

We sync our movements, pushing the tape to their mouths at the same time. They both wake in a panic, their screams muffled, and I revel in their fucking fear. Nova jumps on top of my mother, straddling her waist and pressing her shoulders against the mattress. "Shut the fuck up or I'll gut you right here, you worthless bitch."

Sliding the belt from my shoulders, I press the ends together in my palm. Raising it behind my head, I swing it as hard as I can, the old leather snapping against my father's chest. His body curls, but I lean down, pinning him to the bed. "Good to see you again, Dad."

His tear-filled eyes widen, and my mother begins to fight again. Nova backhands her so hard, her neck snaps to the side, and I think it's broken until she starts screaming again.

"Get up!" Nova grits out. Where she was giddy earlier, she's fucking pissed now.

Grabbing my father by the bicep, I pull him from the bed. "You don't look happy to see me."

His eyes widen and I chuckle. "I'm happy to see you. We have so much to catch up on."

We lead them down the hallway, into my old bedroom. As my mother realizes where we're going, she tries to run, but Nova simply kicks her in the back of the leg. She falls to the ground, her head bouncing off the wall. She looks at me exasperated. "This cunt is stupid, Colt. It's hard for me to believe she birthed you."

I chuckle as we reach my old room, opening the door. All humor is lost when I take a look around, unwanted memories assaulting my mind. Nova drags my mother across the floor, leaving her in a heap in the corner of the room. She walks over to me, gripping my father by the arm. He tries to fight, but she knees him in the balls, and he falls to the floor whimpering. She pushes him to the opposite corner of my mother and comes to my side.

"Hey." She whispers and I find her gaze. "We're going to fix this. Once they're dead, you'll never have to think about them again."

I nod as I look around the bare room. When I was younger, I only had a twin bed. There was no dresser, no games, no toys. Nothing.

She threw my clothes in the bottom of the closet, never bothering to fold them or hang them up. So many days and nights, I sat in this room, alone and in pain. Now, the bed is gone, the room is empty and it's as if I was never here.

Cupping her cheek in my palm, I let her see into my soul. I give her a glimpse of my pain.

The darkness my parents cast me into.

I never found my way back.

She gasps at what she sees, and I grin, feeling free and truly feral. "Will you still love me when I've finished?"

She grins. “The question is, will you still love me when I’m finished?”

I fist her hair, our lips coming together in an explosion of depraved intentions and primal lust. She wraps one arm around me, the other holding the bat as she battles for control, her predator instincts unlocked.

There’s shuffling from my father’s corner and she breaks away, giving him a look that almost makes me cower. “Keep your ass where you are, or I’ll make this more painful than I originally planned.”

Slapping her on the ass, I kiss her cheek. “Do your worst, baby.”

She spins around, focusing on my mother. The bitch whimpers as her body trembles and I do what she did to me. I walk to the door, propping myself against the frame, watching my girl unleash her fury.

## Page 23

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

The sound of her knee crunching under the baseball bat reminds me of stepping on a bag of potato chips.

What the hell have I been doing with my life?

I should've been kicking ass this entire time, instead of taking people's shit.

Yeah, I killed my mother. And her boyfriend. And Daniel.

But this is different.

This is pure fucking vengeance for the only person who's ever cared about me. Together we'll unleash our demons and bask in the depravity of what we've done.

"What's this bitch's name?" I ask Colt.

He chuckles. "Kathleen."

She's holding her leg, howling through the tape as I squat down beside her. "Nice to meet you, Kathy. I'm Nova. Your son told me how you stood there and watched your cunt husband beat the shit out of him over the years. You locked him in this room with his injuries and no food." I grit my teeth, trying to reel in my rage enough to speak. "You know, I killed my mother. She let her boyfriends abuse me and didn't give a fuck. Abusing children like that gets you a one-way ticket to hell. Think of me as your guide. I'll send you the way I should've sent her."

Her eyes widen and I laugh. “What? I just set her house on fire, and she burned to death. Killing you is going to be more fun.”

Colt coughs behind me and I don’t have to turn around to know he’s smiling. I don’t think either of us realized how unhinged I am. Maybe I needed him to bring it out of me. Maybe he needed me to help control his own.

Mommy raises her hand, flipping me the bird.

“Defiant twat, aren’t you? Where was that fire when your son needed you?” I spit in her face, and her body jolts from pain or fear, who the fuck cares?

Raising the bat, I bring it down on her other leg. Her stifled scream gets my blood pumping more and a part of me wants to remove the tape so I can hear her agony at full volume.

“Colt, you want to start in on daddy over there? I think mommy needs to soak in the pain for a little bit.”

He comes up behind me, gripping my hair, jerking my head back. “I’m so fucking hard right now, little demon. I’m going to ruin your pussy when we’re done.”

My breath hitches as he lets go, moving to stand in front of his father. It’s my turn to lean against the doorway and watch my man in his element. I was concerned at first, coming into this house was a shock to his system. But he’s resilient and I knew he would come back to me.

He bends down, removing the tape from his father’s mouth. “I’d be a fool to expect an apology. A bigger idiot to believe it. I only have one question. Why?”

The bastard on the ground snarls, spitting at Colt’s feet. My blood boils, but I keep

quiet, knowing he needs to do this himself.

“We never fucking wanted you. That dumb bitch was too stupid to take her birth control every day and then she was knocked up.”

Colt nods. I expect to see anger or hurt.

Anything.

But he’s cold as ice. “You got your revenge, didn’t you John?”

He snarls again. “I should have buried you in the yard. If I’d known whooping your ass would’ve gotten you taken away, I would’ve called the cops myself.”

I snap.

Lunging forward, I rip the switchblade from Colt’s pocket. Pressing the button, the blade appears, and I slam it into John’s thigh. He screams in agony, and I rip the knife from his muscle, plunging it into his other thigh. “You motherfucker!” I shout.

Before I can stab him again, Colt wraps his arms around me, pulling me away. He drags me into the hall, and I spin around, pushing him in the chest. “How the fuck are you so calm?”

His big ass doesn’t move, just watches me as I lose my shit. Huffing out a breath, I fist my hips, staring back at him. He steps forward, pushing me against the wall. Gripping my chin with his fingers, his expression is somber. “You’re so fucking beautiful.”

I melt against him, holding his wrist. “Are you okay?”

He nods. “Yes, baby.” He kisses me softly. “Will you go in the living room and bring in the bag?”

“Okay.”

He lets go and I head towards the living room to retrieve our weapon bag. It’s a short walk to the shitty couch and I throw the bag over my shoulder. Once I reach the hallway, I hear thumping and smacking sounds. My pace quickens only to freeze when I reach the doorway.

Colt is on top of his father, pummeling him in the face. With each punch, John’s head bounces off the floor as Kathleen cries in her corner, her mangled legs useless in any attempt to get away.

Yeah bitch. That’s your future.

I watch in amazement as Colt’s body flexes with every swing, delivering knock out blows to the face of the man who created him. His breathing is surprisingly steady, his expression detached and void of any emotion.

It’s terrifying how quickly he can go from being soft with me to being unhinged like he is now. It’s even more horrifying to me that I can do the same myself.

I silently wait, letting him work through his childhood trauma. He throws punch after punch for long minutes until his body slouches, his breathing finally showing signs of exhaustion.

His mother is still crying in the corner, and it pisses me off. “Where the fuck were your tears for your son?”

Colt rises to his feet, giving his mother a quick glance before moving towards me.

His fists are bloody, his face and chest splattered with red. I look past him to see his father lying unrecognizable and dead . His still chest makes me believe he was gone long before Colt's blows stopped.

It should concern me his preferred method of killing people is his fists. This is the second person he's literally beat to death in my presence. His passion doesn't bother me. If he needs to end someone's life with his knuckles, I'll be there to clean and bandage them afterwards.

He takes my hand. "Will you end her so we can go? I'm done with this shit for good."

I nod. "I have an idea."

Striding over to his mother's side, I raise the bat, bringing it down on her stomach, then her chest. She coughs and heaves, but I have to stop myself, my plan will make her suffer so much more.

He must've known exactly what I had in mind because as I turn around, he's holding a black zippo, a tired grin on his lips. "Light it up, little demon."

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Colt

There's something about getting rid of dead weight that makes you feel lighter.

Since killing my parents a week ago, I feel better, like the past no longer has a hold on me.

Even though she didn't need to, Nova proved herself that night. She's an avenging angel, shrouded in darkness reserved only for me.

I've never had anyone in my corner. I've had to fight and kill for everything I have. To be on the receiving end of her love and loyalty, it's more than anything I could've asked for. She gives it to me willingly and I'll never take it for granted.

I pull up to the bar, parking my truck next to her car. Heading inside, she's laughing with an old timer, I think I've heard her call him Joe.

She glances up, her laughter shifting into a soft smile. I feel like a fucking king when she looks at me that way. She only needs to say the word and I'd fall to my knees before her or burn everything around us to ash.

Whatever she's in the mood for.

She walks around the bar, coming to meet me as I reach her. "Hey."

Wrapping an arm around her shoulder, I pull her into my chest, kissing the top of her head. "Hey, baby."

“You staying for a while or heading home?”

“I’m staying.” I smirk. “And I’ll imagine everything I’m going to do to you when I get you home.”

She swats my chest. “Go to your table.”

“What if I want to sit at the bar?”

She shakes her head. “No. You’ll distract me.”

Kissing her soundly, I swat her ass before I go and take my seat in my usual spot. Pulling out my phone, I check my messages, looking for anything that will point me in the direction of a rat within my organization. I still don’t know if I believe what Junior told me. He’s his father’s son and that alone makes me doubtful. But his lack of anger or hostility blindsided me.

Something isn’t right.

A cold beer appears on the table in front of me and I look up to see my girl. “Here you go, Daddy. How’s our boy?”

Taking a swig, the cool liquid feels good sliding down my throat. “He was hanging upside down on the swing when I left.”

She giggles. “You didn’t take a picture?”

“Check your phone.” She pulls her phone from her back pocket, laughing at the picture I sent her.

I never saw myself having a raccoon, but if it makes Nova happy, I’ll get her as many

as she wants. Besides, the little fucker is entertaining. But those noises he makes; some of that shit sounds creepy as hell in the middle of the night.

Glancing past her, I catch Lacey staring at us with a frown. She's never been a fan of mine, but I find her expression odd. Nova catches my gaze, looking behind her to see what caught my attention. As soon as Lacey sees her, she puts on a fake smile.

Oh well. Fuck her.

Nova turns her attention back to me. "We're dead tonight. Want me to see if I can leave early?"

"Yep." I quip and she spins on her heel, heading to the bar.

She says something to Lacey, and she nods. Nova grabs her purse, and waves for me to follow. I stand up, tossing a few bills on the table. As I head towards the door, the bitch gives me a look, telling me to eat shit and die, but I give her my award-winning smile which makes her frown deepen more.

Once outside, I meet Nova at her car, hugging her tightly. "Be careful."

Her hands find my ass and she squeezes. "You too."

Shaking my head, we get in our vehicles, hitting the road as I stay behind her car. Her little beater is a death trap. I've talked to her about getting a new one, but she's attached to the damn thing for some reason. I've thought about just buying her a car, but knowing her, it'd probably piss her off.

That's a battle for another day.

We pull into the driveway, and I hop out of the truck as she meets me halfway and we

head towards the house. Unlocking the door, we take two steps inside before we both stop. Nova's entire body shakes with laughter, and I just stare, shaking my damn head.

Bandit's bad ass is creeping through the house on his hind legs, carrying a jar of fucking peanut butter.

We step further inside, closing the door behind us. Nova follows the furball into his room, her giggles becoming louder. I join them, finding the little shit twisting off the lid of the jar with his creepy little fingers.

"You're so smart, buddy. You almost have it." She coos, clapping her hands.

I love this woman with every fiber of my being and seeing her happy is the only fucking reason there's a racoon eating peanut butter in our spare bedroom.

He removes the lid, dunking his paw into the jar. He brings it back out, smacking loudly as he licks his fingers clean.

"Aw. Look at him Colt. He's such a big boy now. He doesn't need the spoon anymore." She kneels in front of him, fascinated by the little thief.

"I see that." I say flatly.

She side-eyes me, before returning her attention back to Bandit. "Daddy loves you, baby boy. He's just an asshole."

I chuckle at that, coming up beside her, running my fingers through her hair. She leans into my touch with a content smile on her face. "I'm going to make us something to eat."

“Okay. I’ll be in there in a minute.”

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

I'm off work today, but Colt had some business to take care of.

I slept in, waking up to Bandit staring at me while smacking on a celery stick, courtesy of his dad. He's so good about keeping fresh fruit and vegetables in the house for him.

Bandit and I watched each other until he smacked me in the forehead with his celery. I figured after that; it was time to get up. I took him to the pet store, fitting him for a harness so I can take him for walks outside. I'm sure he's tired of being cooped up all the time, but you'd never know with the way he's made our cabin his own.

We've been home a little over an hour and I haven't heard from Colt in a while. I'm cooking dinner while Bandit chases his ball, batting my leg with his paw every time he passes me. The little furball running circles around the island has brought me so much joy. Other people might think I'm weird for having him. I guess it's a good thing I don't give a fuck what people think.

Stirring the chicken in the pan, my mind drifts to Colt. Something has been on his mind the past few days. I've tried to talk to him, but he says everything is fine. He seems withdrawn, lost in his thoughts and I don't know how to get him to open up.

Bandit swipes my leg for the twentieth time as he passes me and I spin around to watch him, but I'm met with cold, blue eyes instead.

Colt's body is rigid, obviously in stealth mode since I didn't hear him come in. He

looks detached, like he's planning his next kill.

Oh shit.

I approach him slowly.

I'm not worried he'll hurt me; I know he never would. He's shutting me out and I don't fucking like it, but I don't want to spook him. He's like a caged animal and I have to remind him I'm here, on his side, ready to fight beside him.

He's as still as death and I raise my hand to his cheek. He doesn't move and my stomach twists. Rising on my tiptoes, I press my lips to his.

Nothing.

Wrapping my arms around his neck, I tug him down, demanding his attention. He's drifting away and I have to pull him back, out of whatever is going on in his head. Biting his lip causes him to flinch, and the fog slowly recedes, his eyes becoming focused.

"There you are." I whisper.

"Nova." He breathes, almost as if he didn't see me before.

"I'm here. Will you tell me what's bothering you now?" I trail my fingers down his cheek, and his gaze hardens.

He grips my wrist, leading me to the dinner table. Taking a seat, he pulls me onto his lap. "Fredrick Morrison."

My eyes widen. "The guy you stabbed at the funeral?"

“Yes.” His jaw clenches. “His son, Junior called me a couple of weeks ago. He said there was no ill will towards me for killing his father. Or Daniel.”

“That’s good, right?”

He sighs. “I wouldn’t give a fuck if there was, but that wasn’t the reason he called. He said I have a rat in my organization. He said his father wasn’t behind the theft of the shipment or my guys being gunned down.”

My brows furrow. “Who?”

“I’ve been keeping my eyes and ears open, doing some digging of my own.” He grips my chin, his eyes penetrating my soul. “Did you know Lacey is with Max?”

I’m taken aback. “The guy I kneed in the balls?”

He nods.

I’m stunned, shaking my head in denial. “No. I didn’t know she was seeing anyone. But we don’t really talk about our personal lives other than me telling her to back off about you.”

His fingers leave my chin, gliding down my throat, across my collarbone and finally down my arm. “I always thought she gave you a hard time because of who I am. I thought she was trying to be a friend to you. But I got an odd vibe from her last time I was in the bar. She stared me down and when you turned around, she was all smiles.”

I scoff. “Fake bitch.”

He nods. “That’s what I thought. I actually felt ashamed for doing it, but I tailed Max one night. He went to an apartment complex after our meeting. He knocked on

someone's door. It was Lacey who answered."

"Okay. They kept their relationship a secret. I don't know why, but is it worth you being bothered by it?"

His teeth grind together, the sound like nails on a chalkboard. "Max has been by my side since I took over. He stood by me as I killed every motherfucker who challenged me. I placed my trust in him. I don't trust people, Nova. Only ever you." I start to speak, but he continues. "I dug some more. Lacey is Frederick Morrison's niece, Junior's cousin."

I gasp. Slowly, the puzzle pieces come together, and I realize what he's saying. "Lacey is the connection." I replay everything she's said to me about Colt. She kept warning me to stay away from him. She kept calling him a dangerous man, a monster.

She was trying to keep me out of it because they've been plotting against him.

My blood ignites with fire, burning a path through my veins. "They want to kill you and take over."

He nods again. "And make me look incompetent before they do. They want to ruin my reputation before snuffing me out."

I jump up from his lap, Bandit skidding across the floor, running to his room. Stomping over to the stove, I grab the pan by the handle, chucking it into the sink. I grip the edge of the counter, my knuckles turning white with rage. I'm no longer hungry for food.

I want fucking blood.

That stupid bitch is planning to kill Colt, the only person I've ever loved. If she thinks

she'll live to see another day, she's out of her fucking mind.

Strong arms wrap around me from behind, and I'm too pissed to accept his touch. I can't handle this. I feel like I'm about to explode and take everything with me.

He spins me around, his hard eyes softening as he takes in the violent energy around me. It's suffocating. "You feel it, little demon?"

Fucking right, I feel it.

This is the evening I killed my mother.

The day I killed Daniel.

The night we killed his parents.

All rolled into one and amplified tenfold.

Max betrayed Colt in the worst way. I never really liked the bitch, but Lacey still betrayed me. No matter how many times people fuck you over, you'll never be numb to betrayal.

Nodding my head, he cups my face. "No one can touch us, baby. I'll kill them all."

"When? I can't be around her, Colt. I'll bash her fucking face in with her serving tray."

"You're not going back to the bar." He grounds out, his tone harsh.

"I can't go without a job."

“I can’t protect you there. She’ll know something’s wrong if I’m hanging around your entire shift. You don’t have to work, Nova. I have more than enough money to take care of us.” Before I can argue, he grips my chin with his fingers. “You’re independent and strong. You don’t need me to take care of you, but I’m going to because you’re mine.”

“But-”

“No, baby. There’s no buts. I will provide for you and your little thief in there. Once everything blows over, if you want to get something part-time to give you something to do, go for it. But right now, I need you safe.” He kisses me hard. “You don’t understand, Nova. I can’t lose you. I won’t fucking survive it. You’re my life. Without you, it’s over. You were my beginning, and you are my end.”

Tears fill my eyes, but I keep them at bay, my voice strong as I speak. “I’m going to keep you safe, too, Colt. You may be the devil, but I’m the flames of hell. We’re in this together and no one will take you from me.”

He crushes me to his chest, burying his nose in my hair. “I’ll rip out their hearts for you. You’ll feel their last beat in your palm.”

“And I’ll burn them to a crisp, their betrayal turning to ash, fading from our memories like they never existed.”

He fists my hair with one hand, circling my throat with the other. “My Lilith.” He whispers.

“My devil.” I breathe before crushing our mouths together, biting his lip until the taste of his blood coats my tongue.

He groans, pulling away. “It’s sealed in blood now, my demon queen.” He dives back

in and lifts me off the floor, my back pressing against the wall. He ravages my mouth, my body trembling with adrenaline and lust. I'm soaked, craving every inch of his cock inside me, ripping me apart while simultaneously making me whole again.

"I need you inside me." I moan and he wastes no time reaching between us, undoing his belt and pants, sliding them down past his ass. I'm only in a t-shirt and panties which he moves to the side, thrusting inside me with such force, I scream. My nails dig into his back, the pain of the intrusion only adding to the immense pleasure radiating through my body.

He reaches behind him with one hand, pulling his shirt over his head, throwing it to the floor. "Make me bleed, Nova. I'll only ever bleed for you."

His words make my pussy clench around him, and he growls, burying his face in my neck. His strokes are furious as he pounds into me, my nails scoring his skin. The wetness of his blood coats my fingers and I clench again, my orgasm building quickly.

"Fuck, Nova. Your tight cunt will be the death of me."

"I'm so close." I whimper and his hips snap forward so hard, it feels like he's trying to pierce my soul with his cock.

He leans into my ear, his warm breath sending goosebumps across my skin. "Come for me."

I sob his name, my entire body stiffening as the tidal wave of pleasure takes over, thrusting me into oblivion. Stars burst behind my eyelids, my stomach dipping like I'm on a rollercoaster. My arms and legs are limp against his body, but he doesn't slow down.

He chases his release, dragging out my own, and we're so entangled, it feels like my entire being is chained to his soul for all eternity.

He roars my name, his cock swelling as his cum coats my insides and I clench around him, not wanting to lose a single drop. He kisses me softly, a stark contrast to what just happened, and I melt against him.

"I have a good mind to keep my cock inside you for the rest of the night. I don't want my cum leaving your body."

I laugh causing us both to groan. "Take me to bed and I'll sit on my throne while we plan a couple of murders."

He smiles for the first time tonight and my chest loosens a little. Though they may try, no one will ever break him.

I'll make sure of it.

We enter the bedroom, and he moves to the bed. I push at his chest, and he falls back, his eyes roaming my body as I sit on his cock.

A sinister grin tugs at his lips, his dick twitching inside me. "Plot away, little demon."

## Page 26

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

Colt and I hatched a plan last night.

We both agreed an ambush would be the most logical solution to our problem. Take out Lacey and Max at the same time, our consciences unbothered by our decision. When they chose to fuck with Colt, they signed their death warrants, plain and simple.

We've kept the discovery to ourselves, not wanting anything to interfere with our retribution. He spoke with Junior again, attempting to pry more information out of him, but he claimed he told him everything he knew.

Colt had some errands to run this morning, so I offered to go grocery shopping while he handled his business. He gave me free reign with his credit card which makes me uncomfortable, but after he assured me with his tongue between my thighs, I gave in and accepted his black card.

He told me to buy anything I want for the cabin, change whatever I don't like. The house is a fucking dream, I couldn't imagine changing one single thing about it.

I've just finished loading the groceries into the bed of his truck. He hates my old beater, tirelessly trying to persuade me to find a new vehicle, but he drove it anyway so I could take the truck.

I'm living in his home, now jobless, and he wants me to purchase a new car.

He's exasperating.

I know he wants to take care of me, but he needs to understand it makes me feel like a damsel in distress, which I'm not .

Returning the buggy to the cart station, I head back to the truck. Climbing inside, I toss my phone into the cup holder. As I reach for the handle to close the door, an arm appears, stopping me.

My head whips around, my gaze locking with a very cold and angry looking Max. I swallow slowly, pushing down any sense of fear I may have. He doesn't know we're onto him.

"Hey Max." I try for a genuine smile.

His expression changes so fast, it unnerves me. "Hey, ball buster."

I laugh like he's the funniest guy in the world, my hand slipping behind my back, grabbing my phone. Colt is literally the only person I talk to, so I take a chance, pushing the call button at the bottom left corner of the screen. Knowing his name will be highlighted, I push it again.

Please work.

Maybe I am a damsel in distress.

Fucking Max.

"What can I do for you?" I ask, a fake smile plastered across my face.

"I was here grabbing a few things and saw you unloading your groceries. Just wanted

to say hi.”

The man isn’t this friendly on a good day, so he’s up to something, my already heightened senses on full alert.

“That was nice of you.”

“Where are you headed?” He asks.

“Home, to get this stuff put up.”

He steps closer, resting his hand on the head rest. My body stiffens and I’m hoping my call went through to Colt.

Max leans in close and I’m about to kick him in the fucking balls again if he doesn’t back off. “Have a safe trip home, Nova.” He smirks, bile rising in my throat.

“You too, Max.” I reply and reach for the door, but he doesn’t move.

“Tell Colt I’m coming for him.” He smiles and before I can react, he fists my hair, slamming my face into the steering wheel.

Pain radiates through my skull, a strangled cry escaping my throat. My vision darkens and I hear the truck door close, the clanking of the metal too loud. Moisture trails down my cheek, and my head begins to spin. Looking through the window, everything is a blur, and I feel like I’m about to vomit.

Until suddenly, there’s nothing.

## Page 27

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Colt

I'm going to rip that motherfucker apart.

As soon as I answered Nova's call, I heard his fucking voice. I knew he was up to something, so I jumped in her piece of shit car, screaming and cursing while flooring the gas pedal to get to her. This death trap won't go fast enough, and I beat my fists on the steering wheel, losing my fucking mind. I shout into the phone over and over, but she can't hear me.

He tells her he's coming for me, and I hear a loud thump, and the horn blares as she cries out.

"Nova!" I shout. "Nova!"

She whimpers twice before the line is quiet.

Fuck!

Running the redlight, I take the turn into the parking lot on two wheels, desperate to get to her. I see the truck and stop in the middle of the aisle, jumping out and I start running. Snatching the door open, my fucking chest caves seeing her slumped over the wheel, unconscious.

"It's okay, baby. I'm here." I whisper, lifting her into my arms, running to the passenger side, placing her in the seat gently.

I could call an ambulance, but I don't have time to waste. I can get her to the hospital faster. Climbing inside, I crank the truck, throwing it into reverse, smashing into her car.

I don't give a fuck.

She can be pissed at me later.

It's a piece of shit and it's going to the scrap yard.

People jump out of the way and stare as I speed out of the parking lot.

Her long hair covers her face, and I push it behind her ear, seeing the blood on her forehead, running down her cheek. There's a trail leaking from her nose, trickling over her lips. "Hang on, baby."

I run every light and stop sign until I screech into the emergency room parking lot. Slamming on the brakes in front of the entrance, I jump out, running through the doors, cradling her in my arms.

The receptionist stands quickly.

"Her face hit the steering wheel. She was unconscious when I found her."

A gurney appears with two nurses, and I lay her down carefully. They begin wheeling her away and I try to follow, but the receptionist stops me. "Sir, are you her husband?"

"Not yet." I grit out.

Her eyes fill with sympathy. "You can't go back there. I'm sorry."

Fuck!

I pace the floor in front of her desk when she comes around, holding out a pen and a clipboard. “Could you fill these out, so we’ll have her information?”

Clenching my jaw, I take the paperwork from her. “So, I can’t go with her, but I can give you her personal information? That makes a lot of damn sense.”

“I’m sorry, sir.” She turns to go back to her desk.

I’m too wired to sit down.

I need to punch someone.

Or mutilate them.

Standing by the doors they wheeled Nova through, I fill out the medical papers. I’m pissed at myself that I don’t know her social security number.

Why would you know that?

Because she’s fucking mine!

She doesn’t have insurance, so I leave that part blank. I’ll pay the damn bill and won’t think twice about it. Signing my name as the responsible party, I head over to the desk, giving the clipboard back to her. “When can I see her?”

She smiles politely. “The doctor will come talk to you when he’s finished examining her.”

“How long does that take?” I grit out.

She sighs. “When she’s stable, he’ll come out to speak with you.”

Glancing at the clock on the wall, an hour has passed without a word on Nova. I try to sit down, but I’m up within a few seconds, wearing a hole in the floor. The other people in the waiting room are staring at me with pity in their eyes, and I don’t fucking like it.

She’ll be fine.

He’s just checking her out.

She’ll be okay.

Another hour passes before the double doors whine behind me, and I spin around to see a male doctor. “Nova Bradley.”

I rush to his side. “Is she okay? Is she awake? When can I see her?”

He puts his hands up, nodding his head. “She’s fine. She’ll have a lump on her head, some bruising and a few migraines, but she’s alright. I’ll take you to see her now.”

He leads me down a sterile hallway that smells like disinfectant and it gives me the creeps. I need to get her out of here as soon as possible.

We stop in front of a door. “She’s in this room. As soon as the nurse brings in the discharge papers, you can take her home. There are two prescriptions. One is for pain, and one is for the migraines she’ll have. Make sure she takes them when needed.”

I nod. “Thank you.”

Opening the door, I step inside, closing it behind me softly. My heart stops when I

see her.

Her face is scrunched up in pain, bruises already forming around the top of her head and above her right eye. I immediately flip the light off, since the asshole doctor didn't bother to do it.

Coming up beside her, she sighs. "Thank you, Colt." She rasps and it kills me to see her like this.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I grip her hand in mine. "I won't ask you how you're feeling. I can see it on your face."

"I tried to call you, but I had to be sneaky about it."

"You did call me, baby. I jumped in the car and was on my way to you."

She barely opens her eyes. "They told me some irate man brought me in."

I smirk. "That would be me."

She tries to smile and it's pitiful. "My head hurts so fucking bad."

Squeezing her hand, I stop myself from running my fingers through her hair. It always comforts her, but Max took that from us.

He will die.

There's a knock on the door and the light flips on. I shoot off the bed, meeting the nurse before she makes it to us. "Turn the fucking light off. Her head was bashed into a steering wheel." I growl and her eyes widen, flipping the switch quickly.

“H-here’s the discharge papers and her prescriptions.” She stammers.

I take the paperwork from her, folding it and sticking it in my back pocket.

“Does she need a wheelchair?” The nurse asks.

“No.” Lifting her into my arms, she groans, and I carefully guide her head to my chest. “I’m taking you home, baby.”

She whimpers and I imagine all the ways I’m going to make that motherfucker suffer for what he’s done to her. Passing the nurse on the way out of the room, she steps back quickly to put distance between us. I stride down the hallway, trying my best not to jostle Nova in my arms. We reach the truck, and she groans, the sun intensifying the pain in her head.

Opening the passenger side, I set her in the seat, reaching inside the console. I pull out a pair of jet-black sunglasses with black out lenses. They make it seem like nighttime. “Can you slide these on? They’ll protect your eyes and help your head.”

She takes them slowly, grimacing as she slides them on her face. I close the door as gently as possible. Once I’m settled in my seat, I squeeze her thigh, letting her know everything is going to be okay. “I’m going to take you home and get you settled and then I’ll go get your prescriptions filled.”

“No!” She arches out of the seat, gripping my wrist. “I want to go with you. I’ll wait in the truck.”

“Okay, baby. You can go.”

She slumps back in the seat again and I watch her for a few moments. My heart slams against my chest, my fist clenching around the steering wheel.

She's terrified.

Glancing down, I notice a dark stain on the truck emblem in the middle.

It's her fucking blood.

It feels like my bones are breaking and my muscles are ripping apart. There's a transformation happening inside me and it's unlike anything I've ever felt.

I've killed many people.

Some of them for Nova.

She's been assaulted and mistreated over and over by this world.

But, never have I seen her shaken like this. The evidence of her attack is staring me in the face and I'm slowly turning into the devil people think I am.

I need to get her home and safe because I don't know how long I can cage this beast.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

“Where’s my car?” I ask, my head throbbing with every word I speak.

Colt had my prescriptions filled, but the pain medication didn’t help much. We both had a restless night.

My injuries being the cause of mine.

His brooding rage the cause of his.

While I’m angry about what Max did to me, I don’t want Colt to go after him unprepared and unfocused.

The man beside me is larger than life and I know he usually has the upper hand in any confrontation, but something about this doesn’t feel right. There’s more to what’s going on and I can’t put my finger on it, especially with this fucking migraine.

“That’s a conversation for another time.” He whispers and my stomach sinks.

I have a feeling I’ll be getting that new car after all.

I’m lying on his chest, listening to his heart pound erratically. He’s so damn angry.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“Not particularly.” He murmurs.

I try to lift my head to look at him, but he grips my side tightly. “Don’t you fucking move.”

Sighing heavily, I know better than to push people when they’re like this, but he’s mine and we don’t keep things from each other. “Please talk to me.”

He’s quiet for a little while until he lifts his upper body, carefully shifting me to my pillow. His eyes meet mine and I’ve never seen true darkness so ingrained in someone’s soul as what I’m witnessing now. It’s a pool of infinite depth, shadowed by more blackness than I ever thought possible.

It’s horrific, yet beautiful.

The love he has for me is limitless, defying all reasoning and logic.

His thumb traces my bottom lip. “You’re so fucking beautiful. It’s painful to see you with these bruises, but I can’t look away. Tragic and lovely at the same time. While you’re in agony, you still bewitch me. Your light brought me to life while your darkness rivals my own. You’re everything to me, Nova. Once you’re healed, you’ll be my wife.”

I gasp. “What?”

“You heard me, little demon. You’re going to marry me after I kill the motherfucker who did this to you, and his bitch.”

A lone tear leaks from my eye, trailing down my cheek. He catches it with his thumb before it makes it to my jawline. He brings it to his lips, sucking it into his mouth. Heat floods my body and although I feel like hammered dog shit, I want him.

“I recognize that look in your eyes, baby. Do you need something?” He leans close,

his scent wrapping me in the safety I need right now.

“You.” I whisper, wishing my head would ease up some.

He closes his eyes for a moment before they snap open once again. “I know, baby. Fuck, I know. But I don’t think you can handle it right now.”

While my pussy screams for me to suck it up and demand his cock, he’s right. “I know.”

I hope he makes Max suffer.

His hand reaches out to run his fingers through my hair, to comfort me, but he catches himself, resting it on my chest instead. “Sleep, sweet girl. It’ll help you heal.”

He lays down beside me and I slowly move my head back to his chest. He’s holding me carefully like I’m made of glass.

While it’s exactly what I need, I want to fucking scream.

Colt

Nova was out like a light when she finally got comfortable.

Our cabin has a state-of-the-art security system considering my line of work. I made sure I installed every sensor and gadget possible before she moved in. If something happened and I wasn't home, I needed to know she'd be safe. No one knows where we live to my knowledge. I've taken precautions to keep our cabin a secret.

She's in the bed with that damn raccoon snuggled beside her. The security system is armed, and I'll get a notification if she even breathes too hard. I hated to leave her alone, but I don't trust anyone. The one person I believed I could count on, my second in command, proved himself untrustworthy.

When I slipped out of bed to get dressed, a pang of guilt hit me. She'd be upset if she knew what I was doing, but when it comes to her, there's nothing I won't do. I can't just sit by and let him get away with this. I know she wants to be there when I kill them, but I can't wait. The more I think about it, the more unhinged I feel. If I don't act now, I'm afraid of what I'll become.

That's why I'm in my truck, heading towards the warehouse where Max always hangs out. If he had the balls to attack Nova in broad daylight, I know he's waiting for me where I expect him to be. I'm positive I'll be walking into a trap, but there's a reason why I'm the boss.

Placing some calls while Nova was resting, I found out Junior ran his mouth to his men, declaring I had a traitor within my organization. Some of his guys talk to mine

and word spread like wildfire. Max was never fingered, but common sense told him I'd figure it out. Lacey was a well-kept secret; I'll give him that. But when I saw him with her and dug into her background, I knew exactly what was going on.

I hope his blind ambitions and Lacey's pussy were worth his life.

And hers.

They call me Devil.

They're about to enter my hell.

Pulling into the vacant lot next to the warehouse, I cut the engine. A flicker of movement catches my eye at the side of the building when I exit the truck.

Fucking rat, Jonah.

It seems like Max isn't the only delusional motherfucker in my crew. He's obviously corrupted my guys, most likely spinning a tale of how much better things will be if he's the boss.

There's a forty-five tucked in the waistband at my back. A hunting knife on each hip. Reaching behind the driver's seat, my hand grips my pride and joy, an AK-47 with a seventy-five-round drum.

While it may be over kill, why the fuck not?

I knew he wouldn't be alone. Cowards never are.

I cringe inwardly, knowing Nova is going to be pissed she missed this.

Pulling it from behind the seat, I place the strap across my body, the assault rifle resting against my bullet proof vest. I grab two thirty-round magazines, slipping them into my back pockets.

I came prepared.

There's no point trying to be stealthy since that little cunt saw me. I slam the door of the truck, heading towards the warehouse.

Kicking in the door, I raise the AK in my hands, spraying bullets across the entire fucking building. Stray bullets wiz by my head, barely missing me as I continue peppering the place until every person I see hits the ground. I haven't seen Max or Lacey yet, but as I walk further into the area, more shots ring out.

So many faces I recognize as my own men, but there are some who are strangers.

They bleed the same.

I pick them off one by one until the drum is empty. Ducking behind a beam, I pull out a magazine, popping it in easily. Some men groan on the ground while others scatter, trying to find cover. As they take off running, I put them down like the pieces of shit they are.

There are bodies everywhere. Some dead, some wounded. My eyes dart around, looking for anyone else. I spot Jonah in the corner. We lock eyes and he drops his gun, lifting his hands in surrender.

"Where is he?" I snarl.

'W-we were the distraction. H-he knew you'd come.'

I freeze.

Nova.

Dropping the gun, it hangs from my body as I reach for the forty-five at my back. Raising it in the air, I shoot him point blank between the eyes. As I sprint from the warehouse, I pull out my last 'fuck you' from my front pocket. Yanking out the pin, I toss the grenade to the floor and run like hell.

Bursting through the door, I make a hard dash for my truck, jumping inside, tossing the AK in the passenger seat.

Tires screech as I throw it in reverse, flooring the gas pedal. The truck spins around once I hit the asphalt, not touching my brakes as I shift it into drive. A loud explosion rattles the windows and the pavement, but I don't look back.

While I have faith my security system will hold Max off from getting to Nova, how long will it last?

I don't know how they found out where we live, but they're about to regret it. The pedal hits the floorboard and I speed through town, everything a blur. The closer I get, the more my vision dims, my chest thumping with a dangerous force. My skin is crawling, and I want to claw it from my bones. Everything feels wrong.

My phone dings with a notification.

Pulling up the feed, I see two figures standing in our yard.

Max and Lacey.

She's in fucking danger!

Calling Nova's phone, she doesn't answer, and I beat my fist against the steering wheel.

The turn for our road is up ahead and I barely tap the brakes before jerking the wheel. Dirt clouds behind me and I speed down the gravel road, the sound of rocks pinging against the truck drowned out by the ringing in my ears.

Reaching the cabin, what little bit of humanity I have left disappears.

The front door is wide open.

## Page 30

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

I felt him slip out of bed.

I listened as he got dressed.

Knowing what he was about to do, I didn't stop him.

He needs this.

I hope I didn't make a mistake by letting him go out there alone. He thinks the pain killers knock me out, but they have the opposite effect. They make me itch like crazy and keep me awake.

I knew he was watching me before he left. He was quiet and Bandit's tail started twitching before he burrowed himself deeper into my side. When I heard the front door close, my heart sank. I'm too fucked up to help him and I know he has to do this before he implodes.

Please don't let him get hurt.

Colt is the only person I've ever known who isn't scared of anyone or anything. His confidence is enough to make people run screaming in the other direction. His wrath rivals Satan himself.

I'm not naïve enough to think he'd wait until I'm healed so we could do this together. It doesn't stop me from worrying. He's my heart and soul. If anything

happens to him, there won't be any moving on or starting over. There'll be nothing left of me. I'll die with him. We're tethered together, our souls bonded where we're no longer two separate people, but one being.

A series of beeps went off after he left, and I knew he locked down the house like a fortress.

My protector.

My head has finally eased up some, and I reach for Bandit. He makes an adorable purring noise, curling into my chest. Running my nails through his fur, he lifts his ass in the air, swaying from side to side. I move my fingers to the base of his tail, scratching him as his purrs get louder. He stretches his body like a cat, yawning and licking his lips.

"You want some peanut butter, buddy?" I coo and he perks up at the sound of his favorite words. I sit up slowly, propping myself against the headboard. He jumps into my lap, waiting patiently as I grab the jar off the nightstand, unscrewing the lid.

Offering it to him, he scoops some out with his paw. I smile as he licks it off each of his little fingers. He looks up at me and I nod. He reaches in for another helping before I replace the lid, putting it back on the table. "Good boy."

He hops off my lap, racing back and forth on the mattress. Moving my fingers across the sheets, he chases them, chittering as he reaches for my hand, but I pull it away before he catches me.

We play like this until he finally plops down, rolling onto his back. "Poor buddy. You're exhausted." I scratch his belly and chest as he paws his face, looking too damn adorable.

All of a sudden, he shoots to his feet, his body tensing as his ears perk up. He usually does this when Colt comes home, but I doubt he's had enough time to dole out his revenge.

Slowly, I slide out of bed, gripping the edge of the nightstand for balance. A wave of dizziness hits and I squeeze my eyes closed, waiting for it to pass. Once I feel centered again, I open my eyes as I hear gravel crunching in the driveway. Headlights stream through the curtains, and I know immediately it's not Colt.

A knot forms in my stomach.

What if the alarm doesn't stop them? I'm useless at the moment, how am I supposed to fight?

I reach for my phone on the edge of the nightstand, but my trembling fingers knock it off, and it skids across the hardwood floor, under the bed.

Fuck!

I begin to spiral, staring around the room as the lights get brighter, the vehicle getting closer. My eyes dart all over the place, trying to think of something. I catch sight of Bandit, and I move to the bed, scooping him into my arms and carrying him into the bathroom. "You'll be safe in here, baby boy. I'll be back."

Closing the door behind me, I see the jeep come to a stop in front of the house, the lights disappearing from the window. Anxiety seeps into my bones, a plan still not yet clear. My gaze lands on the nightstand and I make my way over to it, pulling open the drawer. To my surprise, there's a nine-millimeter laying inside.

Fucking, Colt.

Always a step ahead.

I take the gun, popping in the magazine.

Sixteen bullets.

Sixteen opportunities to save my ass when they come through the front door.

My head is pounding again, moving around proving too much for my fucking skull. Trying to ignore the pain, I rush into the closet, sliding on a pair of leggings since I'm only wearing one of his t-shirts.

It's not ladylike to fight with your pussy on display.

Leaving the closet, I quietly make my way through the house, reaching the front door and looking through the peephole.

Max and Lacey are climbing the steps, guns in hand, smiling like they've already won.

Cunts.

He knocks on the door, setting off an incessant beeping noise from the security system. Glancing at the keypad, multiple lights blink in unison, no doubt alerting Colt.

"Nova!" I take a few steps back, preparing myself for him to kick the door in. "I know you're here. All alone." He taunts and I grit my teeth.

He bangs on the door again, the sound going straight to my head. Anger overshadows the pain. These motherfuckers think they can come to our home and end my life? On

their terms? They're about to find out I've dealt with worse than the likes of them.

"Nova, please. We only want to talk." Lacey chimes in and I roll my eyes, deciding to shoot her in the pussy as soon as I get the chance.

"Fuck you, traitorous bitch!" I yell, immediately regretting it. My head throbs, but I block it out again, refusing to give them the upper hand.

Shots ring out, the door vibrating from the spray of gunfire. I move back until I'm in the kitchen, bullets coming through the door at the jam, lodging into the floor. Seeking cover behind the kitchen island, the front door bursts open, Max and Lacey both peeking inside before rushing in.

"Where's your Devil now?" Max shouts and I aim my gun at Lacey.

My vision is fuzzy, and I can't seem to focus. It feels like my head is being smashed into a wall over and over. Blinking rapidly, I try to clear my eyes. As I find my target, a loud rumble from outside catches my attention. Relief like I've never felt floods my chest.

My calvary has arrived.

Sneaking a peek around the corner, Max and Lacey take off running down the hall and I gasp. Colt barrels up the driveway, no sign of stopping.

He's going to drive into the fucking house!

The beast of a truck speeds towards the cabin, skidding sideways, slamming into the porch before coming to a stop. I waste no time getting to my feet and running as fast as I can, hoping I don't catch a bullet in the back.

Colt appears in the doorway, gun drawn, his eyes darting around looking for the assholes trying to kill us. Before I can reach him, he lunges forward, picking me up and running to the driver's side. He tosses me in the truck, and I move quickly for him to jump inside.

He spins out in the yard, speeding down the driveway, neither of us speaking a word until we're on the main road.

"Are you hurt?"

I shake my head. "Nothing new anyways."

He reaches over, gripping my wrist, pulling me closer. "You're okay." He murmurs more to himself.

I kiss his cheek. "I'm okay."

He glances in the rear-view mirror, lights appearing, a vehicle gaining on us. "It's them."

"Just keep going, Colt." I urge.

His blue eyes find mine and I see how dark and tortured they are in the gleam of the streetlights. He didn't think he'd get to me in time and it's obvious he's reeling from it.

"I don't run, Nova. Neither do you. We fucking fight." He growls.

I nod, knowing he's right. Max's surprise attack fucked me up but it's time to put my big girl panties back on.

It doesn't matter if we make it through this night or not. We're together and that's everything we need. In this life or the next, we belong to each other. "I'll lean out of the window and shoot at them."

"No. We're about to turn the tables." He grins and I realize Colt isn't here right now. The man beside me is the devil incarnate. "Hold on, little demon. Shit is about to get rough."

Colt

She's okay.

She's beside me.

I got there in time.

I've never been more terrified in my fucking life. I didn't know what I'd see when I crashed into the cabin. All I knew was I had to get her out of there, still breathing, still mine. She was taking cover behind the kitchen island. Glancing at her hands in her lap, my smart girl found the gun I put in her nightstand after she was attacked. I wanted to kick my own ass for not doing it before. She hasn't memorized the code to the gun safe yet, and I couldn't stand the thought of her being without a weapon.

I knew Max and his cunt would come after us. I fucking counted on it. He wants to be head dick too badly to see the consequences of what he's done. But I didn't expect him to bring the fight to my front door. That will be his last mistake.

His jeep closes in, and I grin. We're doing ninety-five in a fifty, but the cops are never out this way. It's why I chose this route, a split-second decision when I pulled in the driveway at home.

Nothing will stop me from killing this motherfucker tonight.

"Get ready, baby. When I say 'now', shoot his tires." She nods, sliding back to her side, twisting in her seat. "Stay how you are, he'll be in front of us in just a second.

“What?” She asks, but as he’s about to tap my bumper, I jerk the wheel, flying to the opposite lane, letting off the gas.

The jeep passes us, just as I knew he would and I give the order, rolling down her window. “Now!”

She aims her pistol, rapidly firing at the tires. She hits the front and back on the driver’s side, the jeep spinning out of control. I see the moment he overcompensates the wheel, and it flips, not stopping until it lands in the ditch just ahead.

“Holy shit!” Nova whispers, looking at me with wide eyes.

Pulling in behind the crash scene, I throw the truck in park, gripping her forearm and dragging her closer. “You did good, baby. I’m so fucking proud of you.” Our lips crash together, the fear of never tasting her again slowly fading.

She crawls onto my lap, wrapping her arms around my neck. “You saved me again.”

“You’re a fucking demon, Nova. You don’t need saving, but I’ll always come for you.”

I lean in, my lips only a breath away from hers, when she jerks back. “Bandit!”

“Where is he?”

“I locked him in the bathroom when I knew something was wrong.” Her eyes fill with tears, and I kiss her.

“He’s okay, baby. As soon as we finish here, we’ll go get him.” Fuck, I hope they didn’t kill her damn raccoon.

“Okay.”

“How’s your head?”

“Let’s just say it feels like I was in that car when it flipped.” She sniffles.

“Stay here. I’ll handle this.”

“Like fuck!” She snaps, crawling off my lap.

Reaching for her, she slips from my grasp, climbing out of the truck. I jump out, chasing after her. We reach the jeep at the same time, and she goes to the passenger side, where Lacey’s legs are pinned by the dash and she’s crying out in pain. Max is unconscious, but still breathing, so I decide Nova should have her fun first.

“Does it hurt, bitch?” She grits out and I lean against the fender, watching my girl issue her judgement.

“Please, Nova. Max made me do it. It was all him.” Lacey pleads and Nova cackles at the absurdity of it all.

“You’re Morrison’s niece.” Lacey’s eyes widen and Nova laughs. “Oh! Surprised we knew that part?” She looks at her gun, then at me. “I’m out of bullets.”

Pulling the forty-five from my waistband, I hold it out to her. She bites her lip, shaking her head.

Savage.

Reaching by my side, I pull the hunting knife from its sheath, holding the handle out to her. She takes it from my fingers, lifting up on her tiptoes, kissing my cheek. My

hand finds her ass, giving it a smack as she pulls away.

Dropping to her knees beside the shattered window, she leans inside, hovering above Lacey. I take a few steps behind her so I can see what she's doing. Beginning at her navel, she traces the tip of the knife over Lacey's flesh, digging in slightly. "Nova, you weren't supposed to be part of this. We only want to kill Colt. You were my friend."

Nova laughs as she reaches her cheek with the knife. "I've been a part of this since I met him. He was my Colt before he became the devil to all of you. I told you who he was to me, and you still chose to go after him. If we were truly friends, you would've accepted he's mine, and left him the fuck alone."

Before Lacey has a chance to respond, Nova sinks the blade into her left eye, a faint popping noise reaching my ears as she penetrates her eyeball. Twisting the knife clockwise, it makes a squelching noise, like a boot sinking into the mud. The agonizing scream that follows is a beautiful melody, what I'd imagine the choir sounds like on an early Sunday morning to all those dedicated church folk.

Lacey's body begins convulsing as she struggles to breathe, and we watch silently until her chest stops moving. Nova pulls the knife from her eye, but it's attached to the tip of the blade. She whips her hand back and forth, shaking the eyeball from the metal. It finally drops, dangling at Lacey's cheek, hanging by the optic nerve.

My eyes widen, witnessing something that can only be described as both impressive and sexy as hell. Helping her up from the ground, I tug her against me. "So vengeful. So fucking beautiful."

She grins. "Your turn, Devil."

We walk around the jeep, squatting down next to Max. He's still knocked out cold, so

I attempt to wake him up. Lifting the hunting knife, I position it above his knee, driving it into his thigh. His eyes pop open, the muscles in his throat stretching as he screams.

“Is it everything you imagined? Did you think killing me would be easy?” I twist the knife, and he looks like he’s about to pass out again. “You fucked up when you came after Nova.” Ripping the knife free from his leg only to slam it into the other one, he cries out and I grin.

“He’s making my head hurt worse.” Nova hisses and I grimace.

“Sorry, baby.” Slipping my hand behind his head, I snap his neck forward, bashing his face into the steering wheel. His sounds become muffled, blood gushing from his nose. “Feel good? You did that to my fucking woman, you piece of shit.” I pull the knife from his other leg, and I’m disappointed when all he does is grunt.

I glance at Nova and she’s in a daze, lost in her own little world. “Hey.”

She blinks a few times, her eyes finally focusing on me. “Sorry.”

“What is it?”

She shakes her head slightly. “I’m just enjoying his pain. Taking it all in.”

“You want more?” I ask and she nods. “Where?”

She bites her bottom lip, a mischievous grin forming. “His nipples.”

I chuckle, proud of her for embracing her dark side. Lifting his shirt, he tries to wiggle away, but being pinned keeps him from moving. Flicking my wrist, the sharp blade slices his nipple clean off, leaving a bleeding wound on his flesh. He groans,

choking on his garbled sobs and I chuck the severed nub in Lacey's direction.

She's dead, she doesn't care.

Nova makes a sour face, and I quirk an eyebrow. "That kind of made my ass cheeks clench together." She takes a deep breath. "Okay, now the other one."

Leaning further into the jeep, I sink the tip of the blade into his skin, slicing through his other nipple. He whimpers as I hold the bloody glob of skin, still attached to the knife, in front of his face.

"Let me see." She whispers and I bring it closer for her inspection. She grimaces but continues to stare at it like she's never seen one before. She reaches inside the jeep, gripping Max's jaw. He opens his mouth with a whimper. "Feed it to him."

My eyes widen at her depravity, but my cock approves. The blade hovers above his mouth and I give it a shake, watching as the limp nub falls between his lips. Dropping the knife to my side, I pinch his nostrils together with one hand and cover his mouth with the other, ensuring he chokes on it immediately.

As he gags and splutters, Nova leans in closer, staring him in the eyes as his life slips away. "That's for all these fucking migraines, you dick."

Glancing at Max, I see a lump in his throat, his nipple lodged in tightly. My ass hits the ground, knowing he's good as dead. Gripping Nova by the waist, I pull her down to the dirt with me, settling her between my legs. Wrapping my arms around her, she relaxes against me. It's a beautiful night and my little demon is here with me and safe. We continue to watch as Max struggles to breathe, his hands clawing at his throat until they fall limply to his sides, and he takes his last breath.

"It's amazing how something so small can kill someone." She muses and I huff out a

laugh.

“You’re a wicked woman and I fucking love you.”

She twists her head to the side, a grin tugging at her lips. “I love you, Devil.”

I rise to my feet, helping her up from the ground. She looks around. “What do we do about this?”

“I’ll take care of it.” I grip her hand, pulling her away from the scene. We reach the truck and climb inside, and I start the engine, doing a U-turn in the middle of the road. Once we’re a safe distance away, I stop the truck, rolling down my window. Reaching beside me, I pull out my pistol, aiming at the jeep’s fuel tank.

The first shot puts a hole in it.

The second shot sparks the flame.

I fire a third shot just because I fucking want to and the thunderous boom that follows has Nova giggling beside me. She reaches over, lacing her fingers with mine, and I know without a shadow of a doubt, we’re going to be okay.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

Nova

We're lying in bed, soaking in the peace after the chaos.

With everything that happened tonight, nothing made me happier than coming home to find Bandit safe and curled up in his bed. I had locked him in the bathroom before all hell broke loose and I've heard raccoons can open doors, but I never believed it.

Until now.

I'm laying on my side, meeting Colt's gaze as we watch each other, silently. There's no need to talk about what happened. Max and Lacey were obstacles that needed to be removed to ensure our future. The end.

A loud smacking noise interrupts our quiet moment, and I look towards the end of the bed. Bandit is sitting like a tiny human with a jar of peanut butter in front of him, using a celery stick as a spoon. He dips it into the jar, swirling it around before bringing it back to his mouth. He takes a big bite, his lips and tongue making gross little sounds.

Glancing at Colt, his lips tug up in a grin and I giggle. It draws Bandit's attention, and he leans the jar of peanut butter against my ankle, crawling between us with the celery stick still in his mouth. He squeezes his squishy body between our chests, turning towards Colt, tilting his head.

"What is it, furball?" He asks and Bandit's tail swishes.

“What do you want, buddy?” I coo, running my hand down his fur.

He glances my direction, batting his eyes before turning back to Colt. Just as I’m about to cuddle him to my chest, he pulls the celery stick from his mouth, whacking Colt in the nose with it.

He rears back, looking stunned. “You little shit!”

“I told you he hit me with celery, and you didn’t believe me!” I burst out laughing. It’s still painful, but damn this is worth it.

Bandit begins chittering, zipping back and forth across the mattress, jumping over our legs like an Olympic hurdler.

“Oh, I’ve got something for you!” Colt jumps from the bed, spreading his arms wide, making ridiculous, beastly noises at Bandit.

He climbs off the bed and takes off running, Colt chasing him down the hall. His nails tapping quickly across the floor, followed by Colt’s heavy footsteps have me rolling in laughter.

I listen to their playfulness, so fucking happy this is my life now. I don’t need anything in life but these two clowns.

Colt slips back into the bedroom, closing the door behind him. His hair is disheveled and he’s a little out of breath.

I grin. “Did he kick your ass?”

“The chubby bastard ran into his room and went to sleep. He needs to lay off the peanut butter.”

“You leave him alone. I bought him a leash so I can take him outside more. That will be plenty of exercise.”

He slips into bed beside me. “I may need to join you. He wore me out.”

He pulls me close, and I snuggle into his chest. The rhythm of his heart beating relaxes me, but my mind begins to whirl with thoughts of the future.

“What will you do now? You killed your entire crew.” I ask, curious about the future of his organization.

“They shouldn’t have betrayed me.”

“I’m not saying they didn’t deserve it. Will you find new guys?”

He sighs. “I think it’s time for a change.”

Lifting my head from his chest, I prop myself up on my elbow. “What kind of change?”

“Did you like bartending?” He asks.

Thinking it over for a few moments, I nod. “I don’t particularly like people, but I did enjoy talking to the old timers when they came in. The only issues I ever had was when the drunks got handsy, but you took care of that.”

He growls, gripping my hips and rolling me onto my back. “I sure the fuck did, and I’ll do it again.” He bends down, kissing me softly, treating me as if I’m made of glass.

Deepening the kiss, I wrap my arms around his neck, my legs around his waist.

“You’re a psychopath, but I kind of love it.”

He chuckles, nipping my bottom lip, licking a trail across my jaw until he reaches my ear. “How are you feeling?”

My voice is breathy as he licks the shell of my ear, grinding his hard cock against my bare pussy. “Like I need you inside me, now.”

The only thing keeping our bodies from joining is his stupid fucking boxers and I’m about to rip them off.

“How’s your head?” He whispers, making my body tremble.

“Great. Get naked.”

He pulls away, looking down at me with that gorgeous smile that melts me into a puddle. “Tell me the truth, baby.”

Exasperated, I roll my eyes. “I’m fine, Colt.”

He reaches for my wrists, pinning them above my head. “You’re a fucking brat.” Holding them both in one of his large hands, he glides the other down my body, goosebumps erupting across my skin. He reaches my aching pussy, and I gasp as he slides two fingers inside me.

I’m fucking drenched.

Lifting my legs like I’m a gymnast, my toes find the waistband of his boxers, pushing them over his ass and down his thighs. He groans as his cock springs free, pressing against my swollen clit. He removes his fingers, bringing them to my mouth. My lips part eagerly, and he pushes them inside, not stopping until he hits the back of my

throat.

My gag reflex tries to surface, but I relax and let him play. His eyes widen as I take his fingers deeper, moaning as I suck them clean.

“Fuck.” He groans, the tip of his cock pushing past my entrance.

I release his fingers with a pop, my heels pushing into his ass, needing him all the way inside me. “Colt.” I whimper and he slams into me, ripping a scream from my throat. The dull headache that still lingered has amped up once again, but I ignore it, his cock too fucking good to concentrate on anything else.

“I’ve missed you.” He murmurs, crushing his lips to mine and I’m thrown into an alternate reality where only Colt and I exist, and nothing else matters.

While we’re practically attached at the hip, I know what he means. When we’re together like this, nothing can touch us. Nothing can penetrate our little world full of darkness and love.

Two things that most people see as polar opposites, but to us, it’s all we know.

All we need.

My back arches off the bed as he hits that sweet spot that I never knew existed until I felt him for the first time. The place inside me he always finds so easily, like it was put there just for him.

He releases my wrists, sliding his arms beneath me, cradling my body against his own.

It’s suffocating.

It's consuming.

It's everything I could possibly want.

He's my devil and I'm his queen, but in the end, we're nothing but mere servants, willing to do anything for each other.

I'm addicted.

He's obsessed.

We're possessive, murderous beings willing to do unspeakable things to hold onto each other for as long as we live in this fucked up world.

My pussy clenches as he rotates his hips, sending me into a downward spiral of sweet torture. He buries his face in my neck, sucking and nipping my sensitive skin. It's sure to leave a bruise, but I'll wear his mark proudly, letting everyone see I'm owned by a ruthless killer, who will only bow to me.

My quiet blue-eyed boy turned into a feral beast, a monster, but he's all mine until the end of time. That thought alone sends me crashing into the most powerful orgasm I've ever experienced.

He growls into my skin, my tight cunt ripping his release from his body. He buries himself as deep as he can, grinding against my cervix and the pain only prolongs the aftershocks of the earth-shattering explosion between us.

He rolls to the side, taking me with him, our bodies still joined. Our sweat slicked skin moves easily against each other as he kisses me softly before tucking my head under his chin.

“I can’t lose you, Nova. It was too close.” He whispers into the quiet room, and I shudder.

“You won’t lose me, Colt. Even in death, we’ll be together.”

He kisses the top of my head. “As I was saying earlier, before you distracted me with your perfect cunt-”

Rearing back, I cut him off, swatting him in the chest. He chuckles and I can’t help but smile when he’s carefree like this.

“If you still like bartending, I thought about buying the bar.”

My eyes widen. “Jared’s bar?”

He nods. “Yeah. He’s a dumbass and doesn’t have a clue how to run that place. I have business sense and the money to do it.”

I’m vibrating with excitement. “Do it!”

“Really?”

“Yes!” I shout, pushing him onto his back and straddling his waist. “We’d be together all the time. If you get on my nerves, I’ll just kick you out for a little while.”

He grips my waist, a devious grin playing on his lips. “I’d find a way in.”

“I know.”

His face grows serious. “We’re getting married tomorrow.”

I damn near choke on my own spit. “What? My face is-”

“Fucking gorgeous as always.”

The fight leaves me immediately. The truth shines in his eyes and I know without a doubt, I could grow a third eye, and this man would show me off like I’m the most beautiful woman in the world.

“Okay.” I agree, suddenly nervous about getting married.

“Nothing changes between us. The only difference is I’ll have paperwork proving this pussy is mine.”

I burst out laughing. “You’re fucking ridiculous!” He grins and I lean down, kissing my future husband.

He squeezes my ass, his chest rumbling as I deepen the kiss. “Ride me, baby. Show me what a dirty little wife you’re going to be.”

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:31 pm*

One year later...

Colt

Pulling into the driveway, I'm fucking exhausted.

Nova took today off from the bar, she said she had some errands to run. She wouldn't tell me anything which I don't like, but I know she needs time to herself every now and then.

I missed her like crazy. I could spend every fucking second of the day with her and it still wouldn't be enough.

The bar has done a complete turnaround since I bought it from Jared. The place is booming and people from all over come to see it. We renovated, having more diverse liquors and beers, which the customers love. Nova hit it out of the park redecorating the place. The atmosphere is more upbeat, but still calm enough for the old timers to hang out. Joe is still around, and I don't mind. Nova has a soft spot for the old man. He warned her away from me at first, but he's friendly now, seeing how I am with her.

Opening the front door, I walk inside, and the cabin is eerily quiet. Tossing my keys and phone on the counter, I make my way through the house. There's no sign of Nova or Bandit, but as I enter the bedroom, I stop in my tracks, all exhaustion vanishing.

My wife is laying on the bed in red, lace lingerie, wearing a tiara with sparkling devil horns. My throat goes dry at the sight of her, and I feel like I'm a mute teenager

again, unable to use my voice. A part of me wants to chuckle at her horns, but my painfully throbbing cock keeps me from doing so.

“Hey Devil.” She grins, her sultry voice the epitome of pure fucking sin and temptation.

Her dark eyes roam my body and my cock twitches, eager to rip the lace from her skin. Coming to the side of the bed, I trail a finger down her cheek, hooking it under her chin, our eyes locking. “So fucking beautiful.” She flushes at my praise. “I’m almost sorry I’m about to ruin you.” Her eyes widen as I take a step back. “On your knees.”

She slides from the bed, gracefully kneeling in front of me like she’s done many times before. She peeks up at me and my chest tightens with the love in her eyes.

“Tell me, little demon. What do you see when you look at me?”

Sliding her hands up my thighs, she smiles softly, shifting the charged energy around us. “My protector. The man who owns my heart. The devil who stole my soul.” She unbuttons my pants, pulling them down my legs along with my underwear. “What do you see when you look at me ?”

Kicking off my shoes, I step out of my clothes, my cock jumping as she leans forward, licking the underside of my shaft. Words get caught in my throat as she swallows me completely, her soft lips stretched to their limit. She swirls her tongue around me, and I can’t remember what the hell I was about to say. Her eyes find mine and she quirks an eyebrow expectantly.

Fuck.

Slipping from her mouth, I grip her biceps, pulling her from the floor. She squeals as I toss her onto the bed, lunging forward, pinning her to the mattress. Taking her

mouth roughly, she rips my shirt open, buttons flying everywhere before pushing it over my shoulders.

We're all tongue and teeth, attacking each other, unable to get close enough. She tastes of freedom and me. I can't get enough as I slide my hand between us, ripping the lingerie from her body.

"Colt." She whimpers and I pull away.

"When I look at you, I see everything. The reason for my existence. The reason for the pain. I'd go through all of it again if it leads me back to you. Everything I'll ever need is here." I press my palm against her chest and her bottom lip trembles.

Wiping the tears from under her eyes, I kiss her softly before meeting her gaze. "Enough, little demon. I want my dark goddess back." Reaching across the bed, I grab the tiara that flew off her head when I tossed her, setting it back on her head.

She grins, her glassy eyes focused on my lips. "Yeah? What filthy thing would my king like me to do?"

She yelps as I flip onto my back, bringing her with me. "I want you to turn around and swallow my cock while I drown in your cunt."

Her body shudders as she spins around, positioning her swollen, pink pussy above my face. My mouth waters at the sight and I grip her thighs, slamming her down on my waiting tongue. Spearing her entrance, she cries out, circling my shaft with her fingers.

Warm breath heats my cock before she shoves me to the back of her throat, moaning around me. We devour each other, and I'm hell bent on making her come. I want her release soaking my face.

Just the thought has tingles shooting down my spine, my balls tightening with each swirl of her tongue. Sucking her clit between my lips, I slide two fingers inside her pussy, finding the place that always has her screaming.

Her muscles tense, her cunt grinding down on my mouth. I suck harder and apply more pressure to her g-spot and she erupts, crying out around my dick. Her orgasm hits so hard, she squirts, and I swallow every drop, the taste of her setting off my own release. She takes me deeper as I explode, shooting my cum down her throat.

We work each other slowly until she finally pulls away, too sensitive for my touch. She lets go of my cock with a pop and rolls onto the mattress. I prop up on my elbows, watching her. She lays panting and nothing makes me feel more like a God than seeing the pleasure only I can bring her.

She's gorgeous, lying naked with a thin sheen of sweat covering her body. I'm unable to keep my hands off her as I slide my fingers up her thigh, gliding my thumb through her slit. My semi-hard cock springs back to life and I growl as she squeezes her thighs together, trapping my hand. "Are you trying to keep me from your delicious pussy, wife?"

"No, dear husband. I'd never dream of it." She spreads her legs wide, giving me the naughtiest grin. "Come give me that huge cock, or would you prefer I beg?"

This woman.

She bursts out laughing as I jump up, diving on top of her, pinning her with my weight. The victory in her eyes makes me smile. She knows she owns me and there's no point in hiding it. "You're such a fucking brat."

"You like it." She quips.

"Yeah, I do." Slamming inside her, my name leaves her lips with a strangled cry.

Pulling out to the tip, I plunge inside her again, setting a harsh pace.

The sounds of pleasure leaving her throat spur me on and something snaps inside me. Striking her neck like a viper, I sink my teeth into her sensitive skin. She screams, but it's followed by a deep moan, her nails clawing at my back. Warmth trickles down my spine and she flattens her hands, spreading it across my heated skin.

I grunt against her neck, my hips snapping back and forth, pummeling her pussy like my life depends on it. You'd think our sex life would've leveled out by now, but the more I take her, the more I crave her.

My teeth release her skin as I find her face, her lips parted and eyes on me. She brings her blood coated hand into view, pushing two fingers into my mouth. The flavor explodes across my tongue and I'm feral in an instant. My thrusts slow as I reach for the drawer in the nightstand, pulling out a knife. Flicking it open, I move the blade towards her hip where my other marks are, but she grabs my wrist, bringing it to her chest.

"This is your everything. Mark me here." She whispers and I almost choke on the emotion she brings out of me.

Silently, I drag the blade across her chest, just above the valley of her breasts. Blood seeps from the thin mark and I swipe my fingers across it before sucking them into my mouth.

My eyes close at the taste of our life force mingling together. After savoring our combined flavors for a few moments, I gather more of her blood, offering it to her. She shoves my fingers past her lips, moaning as she closes her eyes.

My cock twitches inside her and I lose all control, fucking her hard and deep while staring at my mark. "Mine" is scrolled across her heart, while my name is scarred on her hip. I didn't know what she carved into my chest that night, but the next morning,

I looked in the mirror to find a single heart etched into my skin. That was the moment I knew I owned her, as she does me, whether she realized it or not.

The memory has me on the verge of coming. Ripping my fingers from her mouth, I fist her hair, jerking her head back. I nip and suck her neck, knowing everyone who'll see her at the bar will know who she belongs to. The thought has me grinding against her, circling my hips while she sobs beneath me.

“That’s it, little demon. Squeeze my cock.” I groan as she clenches around me.

Her eyes roll back in her head and her mouth hangs open, lost in her own little world as I fuck her with everything I have. She’s going to be sore later, and I smile inwardly, knowing every time she moves, she’ll think of my cock buried deep inside her.

Sweat covers my body, dripping onto her flushed skin and it’s another way I’m marking her.

Her pussy is so fucking tight, it’s damn near painful to hold back, wanting to see her come first. I don’t have to wait long as she arches her back, her arms and legs wrapped around me tightly like I may disappear. She’s fucking beautiful, lost in the throes of passion, tortured by the intense connection between us.

When my time comes to leave this earth, I hope it’s a replica of this moment.

Nothing compares to sinking inside Nova, pumping her full of my cum, claiming her every day of our lives.

She collapses onto the mattress as I fill her up, rocking into her slowly, dragging every drop of pleasure I can from both of us. She unwraps herself from around me, her limbs falling to the mattress. Rolling to my side, I bring her with me, staying tucked inside her warmth.

Pushing the damp hair from her forehead, she finally opens her eyes. “You lost your tiara again, Mrs. Everly.”

She huffs out a laugh. “Did you like it?”

“Yep. Keep it around.”

She yawns, snuggling into my chest. “Anything for you, husband.”

A few seconds later, she’s breathing softly, falling asleep in my arms like she does every night.

We should shower.

I should change the sheets that are covered in blood, sweat, and cum.

I should cook dinner, so she doesn’t wake up hungry.

Will any of those things get done tonight?

Absolutely fucking not.

I’ll lie here all night, holding my girl for as long as I can. Until she wakes up complaining about feeling gross and sticky.

Why?

Because I know what it’s like to be without her.

The emptiness. The loneliness. The numbness.

The feeling of dread that every day without her brings.

I'll spend the rest of my life being better for her.

People have learned to call me Colt.

But I'll always be her devil.