



# Squire (Sinner's Mark MC #5)

**Author:** *Sinclair Kelly*

**Category:** Suspense Thriller

**Description:** I have five men at my back

Until I don't.

The woman who was okay being alone has gotten used to warm beds and safe arms. Now that everything is once again cold, I'm ill equipped to handle what lies ahead.

Facing evil is one thing. Recognizing it in a face that is unexpectedly familiar is another.

There's only one way to survive this new nightmare—lock away the emotions that have slowly crept back into my heart, and let the Avenging Angel once again take the wheel.

She's our only hope of getting out of this alive.

For readers who love MC romance, stabby serial killers, friends to lovers, arranged marriages, an old fashioned twin swap (FMC), and forced proximity. Squire is the final book in the Sinners Mark MC series, a medium-burn reverse harem romance featuring darker elements. Please check my website for trigger warnings.

**Total Pages (Source):** 33

## Page 1

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That smirk. It's as familiar as the stocky build and cocky attitude. They're exact likenesses of the man that raised us—Rock, our father.

The truth of it all is like a slap in the face. Rock did cheat on our mother, but not with Stella. No, it was with whatever two-bit club whore gave birth to the jackass standing in front of me, looking like he doesn't have a care in the world.

My emotions are in an uproar, but I don't let even a hint of that shit show.

"Hello... brother."

His sigh is as exaggerated as his ego. "How I've longed to hear those words from your lips, dear sister."

My hand strokes down the center of Killer's head. His body is tense, at full attention, waiting for an order. "Tell me, Colt, what's your endgame here?"

His eyes narrow, his head tilting, the manic grin still plastered on his face. "What do you mean? I want a chance to get to know my beloved sister, obviously."

"Cut the bullshit. You want us dead. Hardly think that would give you the opportunity to learn shit-all about us other than our coffin sizes. Tell me why you're really doing this, then we can move on to the next level of this fucked-up game you're playing."

He tsks like a disappointed parent. "Now, see, I don't want you dead."

My stare doesn't waver.

"Fine. Straight to the point. I like it." His thumb and forefinger raise to his beard, tugging on it slowly. "It's quite simple, really, little sister. All I ever wanted was a family, but Rock always had a denial ready for me. Over and over and over again. Hell, even after Ma died, he wouldn't let me meet the only blood I had left. As far as I'm concerned, the selfish, old bastard got what he deserved."

My demons' demands are growing louder by the second. Fury roils through my blood, and I barely manage to keep it in check.

"Bet that got under your skin. Your hired thug missed his target."

"You're right. That bullet was meant for your twin, but dear ol' dad just had to take something else away from me—my chance to put the fucker six feet under myself. But, admittedly, I missed the swap you and Etta had pulled, so I guess you can say this worked out better for me in the long run. Would've ended my game a little too soon for my liking."

Internally, I count to ten to get myself under control. Whether intentionally or not, he's given away more than once that his main focus is me. But why?

"You seem to know an awful lot about us. Rock wasn't the most chatty guy, so how is that possible?"

"I still remember the night I overheard him telling my mother about his beautiful newborn twin girls and how it might be longer between trips because of it. Life changed after that. Ma fell into drugs and forgot I existed altogether. When Rock would make rare appearances, he'd give her money and tell her to clean her shit up, but it wasn't enough. All that did was fuel her hatred...of both of us. Instead of buying food, she'd binge on drugs. Our home became a revolving door for the losers

she'd bring home to use her for her money and me for a punching bag. When Rock inevitably came back around, I'd beg him to take me with him. To let me live with him and the sisters he always talked about. There was always an excuse, and I was so pathetic, I believed him. I was only eight and didn't know any better. Looking back at it now, I can see his reluctance for what it truly was...a lie. He never had any intention of letting me get close to you or his precious club."

That sounds like Rock. Tell you what you want to hear and worry about the fallout later. On one hand, I feel bad for the little boy he was. I want my child to have the kind of life we didn't—simple family meals, holidays without violence, and hugs given freely no matter who happened to be watching. On the other hand, no matter his sob story, I want to gut the man he's become.

"So what stopped you from reaching out to us once we were adults?"

"Are you kidding? Rock forbade any contact, and I was so desperate for his approval I listened. When I was twenty-five, I couldn't take it anymore. I just needed to see what you all had that I didn't, so I got ballsy and drove my piece of shit car all the way to Deadwood Peak just to get a glimpse of the revered Steele twins. You were around eighteen at the time, I think. Watching both of you from afar, I saw just how different he was with you. Even though you acted like a bitch to him, he still loved you. Yet here I was, the dutiful, obedient son who had spent years doing what I thought would get him to finally respect me. He said jump, and I asked how high. I never questioned him. Never let him see me cry. I worked out every spare second I had, so I could bulk up and prove I was strong enough to hold my own in the club. I kept hoping that one day he'd see I was worthy of the time and energy he gave so effortlessly to you. Fuck, I was so damn naive. Turns out, I wasn't ever going to be good enough. No matter what I did to earn my place in this family, I would always be kept on the outside."

So, basically he's a murderous asshole because he's butthurt he didn't get the love

and affection he wanted? There are over three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand kids in the foster care system and probably a shit ton more who are stuck in dysfunctional homes. He's not the only one. Hell, it's not like Etta and I were raised behind white picket fences. I was raped right under Rock's nose, for Christ's sake. Bruh can get in the whine line... all the way at the back.

Except I don't say any of that. I continue petting Killer's head, sliding together pieces of the puzzle that's finally starting to come together, because I need more. He's not shy about his past, that's for damn sure. Maybe it's time to poke at the wound a little—learn as much about him as he apparently knows about us.

“That's it? You gave up like some little bitch? No wonder Dad never brought you here. Strength isn't just about how big your biceps are when you flex. This life requires you to have impenetrable will and a soul so dark that death himself is scared of it. You just don't have what it takes to be a Steele.”

Anger flashes across his face. “Watch it, Remington. I might decide holding back isn't such a good idea after all.”

“No one asked you to.”

He takes a few seconds to compose himself. I watch every little detail, cataloging his weak points and noting the things that make my big brother tick so I can exploit them.

Daddy issues.

Abandonment issues.

A need for approval.

Cockiness that will be his downfall.

“I didn’t give up . I made a stupid fucking slip and mentioned something I shouldn’t have known during one of our rare calls. He caught on that I was close, too close, in his opinion. Threatened to end me if I so much as stepped a toe into Deadwood Peak ever again.”

Ah, there it is, the moment that tipped him right over the proverbial ledge. But something he said earlier keeps picking at my brain.

“I’m curious, Colt. What exactly did you do to earn your place in this family? Couldn’t be prospecting for the club because, as you said, Rock refused to bring you into the fold. My guess is you only got in because Uncle Storm is about as observant as a gnat.”

If smug had a face, I’d be staring right at it.

“See, that’s the true genius of my plan right there, Remington. What started as a way to help earn Rock’s trust became the way I could bring about his downfall. That was the beginning of my brilliant plan, which is still unfolding. In fact...” He raises his wrist to glance at his watch. “I’d bet that you’ll be getting a call any second?—”

Before he finishes that thought, my phone rings. I don’t want to look at it. Whatever it is, it can’t be good.

“Trust me, you’re gonna want to get that.”

With my eyes locked on his, I pull my phone from my pocket. Big Mack’s name flashes across the screen, so I tap the green button.

“Please tell me it’s not more bad news.”

“Remy, Etta and her guys were in an accident on the freeway!”

My gut plummets to the floor.

“Is she...” I swallow harshly, my voice hoarse. I can’t lose my twin. I’m not sure I’m strong enough to stop myself from killing every motherfucker in this town if that happens...starting with Colt.

“Fuck! They’ve got her, Remy. Someone’s fucking got her! We were on the phone when it happened, and I heard her scream, followed by the sound of tires squealing. Then the line went dead. With Squire gone, I had Trace track her cell. It took him fucking forever . As soon as we had their location, we raced straight here, but they’re gone. A witness said a white van pulled up right as the crash happened, and men in black ski masks fucking dragged them all out of the busted ass car and threw them into the open door of the van. There’s a fuck ton of blood, and I’m not sure how they could’ve survived. What the fuck is happening?”

My fury is threatening to boil over, but I manage to keep it in check...barely. “I’m not sure, but I’ve got a pretty good hunch. I’ll call you back.”

“Remy, wait!”

Disconnecting the call, I slip my phone back into my pocket, taking a deep breath in and exhaling. I want to kill him. Send the knife sheathed at my ankle sailing right through his black heart. But I can’t. Won’t . He’s got my sister, and until I know what else he’s got up his sleeve, I can be patient... will be patient. Almost everyone I care about has been knocked off the playing board by this asshole, but I’m stronger now than I’ve ever been. I can do this.

Panic tries to rear up, but my demons beat it back for me.

You can do this, Remington. Take a deep breath in and exhale. That's it. No one can hurt you anymore.

My eyes raise, meeting Colt's stare head on. "Your work, I presume?"

His hand lifts to his chest. "Look at us. Bonding over the absolute shit storm swirling around you created by yours truly. Whatever will you do, I wonder, now that your entire support system has been ripped out from under you?"

So he doesn't know about Aunt Charlie. I have to keep it that way.

But then another thought strikes. Does Aunt Charlie know about him ? She and Rock were close even after she left the club. Would he have kept this from her? I bury the betrayal that's slithering through me like poison, trying to taint the relationship I barely just got back. Instead, I shift my focus to more pressing matters.

"Where have you taken my sister?"

"Hmmm. Don't you mean our sister?"

Don't kill him, Remy. Do. Not. Kill. Him.

"Where is Beretta? I won't ask again."

He smacks his lips together like a jackass. "She's fine...for now. If you consider being kept unconscious until I can confirm I have your full cooperation fine , that is."

"And her guys?" I grind out.

"Who the fuck cares about those losers?"



“Etta does, and I care about Etta, so they fall under my protection as well.”

He sighs dramatically, pulling his phone out of his back pocket and giving it a cursory glance. “We’re keeping them sedated as well. There weren’t any major injuries. Just some stitches and a hell of a lot of scrapes and bruises.”

“And I’m just supposed to blindly trust that they’re still alive?”

“I’ve got proof.” He clicks a couple of buttons until my cell chimes. “That’s a link to a twenty-four-hour feed of the rooms our sister and her men are being held in.”

Pulling out my phone, I click on the link. When it opens, I’m looking at a rotating loop of livestreams from four individual rooms. Etta’s flashes up on the screen, and it takes every ounce of control I possess to keep my face blank.

Her head is being bandaged by a man in a white lab coat. An IV bag sits beside her bed, and a tube runs to her bruised arm. Her eyes are closed, but I’m able to make out the slight rise and fall of her chest before the screen changes again.

My demons are viciously shaking the bars of their cages, demanding I do something, but he’s smart. Smarter than I gave him credit for. Until I know everything, I can’t risk making the wrong move and jeopardizing those I love.

“What do you want?” I ask, my voice monotone and cold.

“What do I want?” He taps his chin thoughtfully. “For years, I’ve wanted to see you and Etta suffer in ways a person in their right mind would never dare dream of. I wanted to see the look on your face as everything you loved was destroyed. I wanted to be the one whose name they remember for taking down the indomitable Steele family.” He takes a step closer, and Killer releases a low warning growl. “But then I discovered who you truly are, and my plan changed. There’s one thing I now want

more than any of that. I've watched, and I've waited. I've admired your intelligence, your strength, and your cunning. I know everything there is to know about you, little sister, and there's one way to end all of this right now."

My eyes narrow, and my hand stills on Killer's head. "It's about time you got to the point."

He smiles like he has me right where he wants me. "Turn yourself over to me, and I'll let everyone else go."

I blink. "Turn myself over?"

"Imagine it..." He raises his hands, arcing them through the air like a game show host. "The Avenging Angel giving herself over to me. "

I'm not surprised that he knows my darkest secret. Viper had to get his information from somewhere, after all, and this man has been pulling the strings almost too effortlessly from the shadows. The real question is, just how much string does he have left?

"Then you'll...what? Make me play house, pretending we're the perfect little family you never had growing up like the deranged psychopath you are? Hand me over to the police? Kill me?"

He laughs. "Oh, little sister, you still haven't figured it out yet."

I barely manage to withhold my growl. "Why don't you clue me in?"

"Now, where's the fun in that?" He checks his watch again. "The clock is ticking. What will you choose, I wonder? You or them? Save yourself, or be noble and give your life for theirs?"

I can tell by the cocky way he's holding himself that he's anticipating an immediate answer. Little does he know, I'm not only stronger, but smarter. Going against every instinct I have to fix this now—by handing myself over to save those I love—I inhale, exhale, and let a small smile appear for the first time in hours.

“Guess you'll find out when I make my decision.” His smirk falls, hands fisting at his sides. “Now, get the hell out of my house. You're not welcome here.”

Killer growls fiercely, standing and staring Colt down. My brother takes a couple steps back, bumping into the wall behind him.

“Don't try anything stupid, little sister. Remember, I know everything. One call from me, and everyone you care about will be permanently wiped off the board . I hold the cards here.”

“If that were true, you would've played them already.”

“One little text from me, and a syringe with a nasty cocktail of medicine will be injected into Etta's IV. You're really willing to risk your sister, your twin , just to prove a point?”

“You kill Etta, and you lose your leverage.” His eyes go wide. Sliding Rogue's gift out of its sheath, I let it roll between my fingers. “You're not the only one with tricks up their sleeve, brother . In fact, right now, I'd be more concerned about the sleeping giant you just woke up with this little game you're playing. For someone who knows everything about me , I'd have thought you'd understand that I would never bow down to you.”

“Not even if it means your twin and those pathetic men of yours live to see another day? You don't think I've been planning this for years? How is it not clear to you yet that I've plotted out all the angles and anticipated your every move? I'm the one with

all of the power here!”

“Are you sure about that, or are you really just scared that I might beat you at your own game, which is why you’ve pigeonholed me into this ridiculousness? Is it because you know I’m better than you? More ruthless . More vindictive. More Steele than you could ever hope to be.”

Crazy flashes in his eyes, anger making the veins pop out along his temples. “You have no idea how dangerous I am, Remington. You don’t scare me.”

“No? If that’s true, and you really want a challenge, then how about we make this game a little more interesting? If you’re really that much better than me, what difference does it make if I hand myself over now, in a few days, or even a few weeks? What will waiting a little longer to get your prize really do in the grand scheme of things, besides giving you more time to gloat about who has the bigger balls?”

He stares into my eyes from behind a face that looks so much like a younger version of our father’s I’m having trouble not interchanging the two. There’s an overconfidence there that I’m playing into, using against him, because he’s more like our father than he realizes.

“Fine. Midnight. Two weeks from today. That’s all you get. If you can’t manage to undo the mess you’ve found yourself in, along with every single obstacle I throw at you between now and then, and trust me, there’s more coming, then everything that happens after will be on you. You’ll be forced to live with the fact that Etta’s death and the deaths of the five men you love will be on your hands. Considering Rock’s death already is, I’d hate to see what happens when I pile the rest of their corpses on.”

“Deal.” I don’t need to say more. I’m already making plans in my head.

“Remember, I’ve got eyes and ears all over, Remington. You don’t stand a chance.”

“Run along now, big brother. I’ve got a demise to plan.” His jaw clenches, and I know he wants to say more, but I don’t let him. “Oh, and if I see your face again, I won’t hesitate to carve it up and frame it for my wall. Remember that ...and watch your back.”

“I’ll never give up, Remington.”

“Guess we’ll see who plays the game better, won’t we? Daddy’s favorite little girl, or the piece of trash he tossed to the curb.”

“Fuck you,” he snarls.

My knife sails through the air, penetrating the wall right next to his head.

“You were saying?”

He swallows harshly. “I can’t wait to see the look on your face when you realize you’ve lost. To me. My offer will remain on the table until your time runs out. Consider it carefully. It’s the only way any of you will make it out of this alive.”

With that parting shot, he turns and walks out the door.

The sudden silence washes over me as hate flows through my veins like lava. His day will come. For now, I need to be smart. Getting to work, I copy the link and send it to an encrypted email that will scrub it for any traces of spyware or tracking programs, then walk over and yank my knife out of the wall. With a serious amount of pent-up aggression, I set my phone onto the counter and stab the knife right through the middle of it. I’ll grab one of the new ones I have set aside for this exact reason. No way am I underestimating him.

My brother may think he's got this shit in the bag, but he doesn't yet realize my comeback game is on point. I just need to make a plan, be methodical, and remember who I am.

I'm the fucking Avenging Angel, and he's about to learn exactly what that means.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

Running my hands through my hair, the orange jumpsuit shifts, the abrasive material irritating my skin. It's only been hours, but it feels like years since I last laid eyes on Remy. The woman I love is out there...unprotected...with him. Whoever the fuck he is. The steel bars in front of me don't scare me half as much as my thoughts do. Don't wanna hear no shit about how she can take care of herself or how deadly she is in her own right, either. It's not just about her anymore. She's carrying our baby, and if there's anything I've learned recently, it's that her mind isn't as focused, as calculated, as it used to be. Hasn't been since the Sinners entered the picture, not that I fault them for that. Hell, I'm happy that she's embracing this second chance she's been given. All those emotions she locked away ten years ago have fought their way back to the surface, and she's feeling again. I'm just worried that with everything else going on, she won't see the danger coming until it's too late.

"You gonna sit there, moping, all day?"

Saint's leaning against the cell door, arms crossed and lips quirked up in a grin.

"What the fuck else do I have to do?"

He scratches his beard. "Oh, hell, I don't know. Maybe help the rest of us miserable fuckers plan our next move?"

General Population within the Maximum-Security wing is a dangerous combination of desperation and hate. Who thought it was a good idea to let twenty-to-thirty incarcerated inmates roam freely in an enclosed space? The illusion of freedom is often worse than being locked down in a six-by-nine cell all day. An internal hierarchy, where only the strong survive, is instinctually created, and you damn well

better believe that will be me and my brothers. Part of me wonders if they purposely put the group of us together in the same block to see if we'd make their jobs easier by incriminating ourselves further or using this as an attempt to kill us off without getting their hands dirty. Lazy bastards. There's no other reason that Ace, Rogue, and Saint, suspected serial killers, would end up in Gen Pop otherwise.

Standing, I stretch, practicing a yoga move Remy and I learned that always helps ease stress. Unsurprisingly, it does shit-all right now.

"Anyone figure out why we haven't been able to reach Remy?"

"Ace finally got a hold of Big Mack. He assured him Remy's okay, but some shit happened with her phone. She wouldn't tell him the details. Says she's got her hands full. The club's in chaos. Etta and the guys were abducted. Cops are everywhere. Shit's a mess, bro."

"What the hell do you mean, Etta and the guys were abducted?"

"He didn't have much information other than it was an intentional hit. Masked men pulled them out of the car, shoved them into a van, and drove off."

I run my hand through my hair, my heart racing. This is worse than I feared.

"Fuck, man. We need to talk to Remy soon. If she's gone radio silent, it can't mean anything good."

"It's not like she can just pick up the phone and call when she's got a free moment. We've caught her at bad times is all."

I shake my head. "My gut tells me she's fucking plotting revenge in that beautifully warped brain of hers, and we need to get the hell outta here before she goes off and



does something crazy.”

“Maybe it’s time she lets the crazy out. You consider that?”

I blink up at him, replaying his words in my head.

“What do you mean?”

“She’s been holding herself back. I was only half kidding when I said she was all domesticated and shit. If I were her, I’d be giving that part of myself free rein right about now. Let those motherfuckers know who they’re really messing with.”

Holy fuck. Is Saint actually making sense?

My head tilts, and I study him a little closer. “You really do understand her, don’t you?”

His hand slaps his chest. “You wound me.”

“Shut up, fucker. You know what I mean.”

“For what it’s worth, I know that woman better than I know myself. I’ve been obsessed with her for years.”

“How the hell did I miss that, by the way?”

He brushes his shoulder off. “I’m just too damn good.”

I laugh. “Well, for her sake, I hope you’re right. Our enemy is too damn close, and if we can’t be there to look after her, she needs to be on guard.”

“She will be. I can almost guarantee it. Now, c’mon. The guys are all at a table downstairs, waiting on you. You’re the brainiac after all.”

Following him out onto the metal terrace, our feet clank off each step that leads us to where my brothers are sitting, heads down in low conversation. Before my foot even touches the ground, a loud voice shouts over the low din of inmate voices.

“Wilson. You got a visitor.”

My eyes snap over to Ace’s, then Rogue’s, then Trip’s.

Saint claps me on the back. “If it’s our girl, you better fucking tell her we’re doing what we can to get back to her and to not do anything too crazy without us. I’ll need a fucking outlet for all this pent-up anger.”

Making my way toward the door, I follow the officer out, complying with his order to face the wall and place my hands behind my back while he cuffs me. He leads me down a long cement-block hallway toward the visitor room. It’s eerily quiet, the smell of despair and sweat hanging heavily in the air. Other inmates line the counter, each station given the illusion of privacy by the thin partitions separating them. In every station, a simple black corded phone hangs on each side of the wall. Large glass windows are the only things keeping the innocent safe from the accused.

Arriving at the last available seat in the row, I see the puff of blonde hair before I even reach the metal chair, and I growl. I try to turn around, but the guard stops me.

“I don’t want to talk to that bitch,” I snap, angry eyes meeting his amused ones.

“That ain’t no way to talk about your mama, boy.”

“She’s nothing to me.”

“She said you’d say that, but she insisted you needed to hear what she came to say.”

I release a lungful of air, knowing a fight with an officer is the last thing I need right now, and turn to drop into the hard metal seat that’s bolted to the floor. He unlocks the cuffs, stepping back toward the exit. The second my eyes come up, they widen. One eye is purple, black, and swollen. There are stitches on her chin and a bruise over the bridge of her nose. Her right arm is in a cast, and when she shifts on the chair, she winces.

I try to drum up even the smallest hint of sympathy but don’t have any luck.

She picks the phone up off the receiver, bringing it to her ear. For a solid thirty seconds, I debate whether I want to deal with this shit. Her bottom lip quivers, and I roll my eyes. As far as I’m concerned, bitch got what she deserved.

I go to stand, but her good hand bangs on the glass.

Please , she mouths.

With a sigh, I grab the phone.

“Nothing you can say will change anything. I want nothing to do with you,” I mutter, then move to replace the handset on the base.

“No! Wait. I have information on Remington!” she shouts into the phone.

I freeze, every muscle in my body refusing to hang up the phone like I want to. Like I know I should. I can’t trust a word out of her mouth, but my instincts tell me I need to at least listen on the slim chance she’s not just throwing out another bullshit lie.

Slowly, I sit back in my seat and turn to study her face.

“You’ve got two minutes. If you lie to me again, this will be the last time I give you even that much.”

“I’m sorry. I never slept with Rock. They told me if I didn’t sell that story and get you to believe it, I wouldn’t live to see another day. I had no choice.”

“What did they have to gain?—”

“They wanted to split you and Remy up. They know they stand a better chance if the two of you aren’t together.”

“Who’s they ?”

“Storm’s got Colt in his ear at all times. They’re scheming behind the scenes, and it’s only a matter of time until something worse than a stint in prison is handed down to you all.”

I don’t let the shock at hearing those two names together show on my face. My mind starts to buzz, struggling to put together all of the scraps of information we’ve learned. There are a million questions I want to ask, but I don’t want to seem too eager, either.

“Why now? What the hell do you care what happens to me?”

She glances down at the dented metal counter, her lips trembling as she shakes her head.

“One minute, Stella. You’re wasting time.”

“I returned with the intention of slowly working my way back into your life. Believe it or not, I still love you. You’re my son.”

“You never loved me. The second an opportunity arose to wash your hands of me, you took it and ran. Never even looked back. So that’s bullshit, just like everything else you’ve said to me.”

Pulling the phone away, I hear her yell, “Please!”

Gritting my teeth, I place the hard plastic back up to my ear.

“I was addicted to drugs and heavily into prostitution back when Snake left me. I was no good as a mother, and Rock knew it. He sent me to get help. Told me he’d take care of you as long as I worked to get clean. It took me a couple decades, but I finally did it. When I decided to come back, I stopped into the Tucson chapter as a pit stop before heading into Deadwood Peak. Storm and I struck up a conversation, and he convinced me to stick around for a couple days. Get familiarized with the way things are now.” She laughs, but it’s not a pretty sound. “Should’ve seen that for what it was—another man using me to get what he wanted.”

“And what did he want?”

“What does every asshole biker want, Grant?” she scoffs. “Except pussy and blow jobs were’t enough. He took more and more until I almost didn’t recognize myself again. This last beating helped me realize that he never really cared about me. I was just a means to an end.”

“What’s his goal? A takeover?”

She shakes her head. “It wasn’t, not at the time. Storm’s not smart enough for that, but ever since Colt showed up, I’ve noticed shit starting to change. Things were happening that didn’t make sense, especially considering the kid was just a prospect, and Storm was listening to him more than his own officers. Of course, they don’t know their asses from a hole in the ground, but that’s neither here nor there. Then

they came to me with that ridiculous plan to drive a wedge between you and Rock's girl. Said shit was going to change. They didn't care that I didn't want to lie to you. Didn't care that what I really wanted was the chance to get to know my son again. They took that from me, and I... Well... I don't blame you if you hate me. I just wanted you to know the truth. I don't know what's coming, but I know it ain't good. You need to watch your back. All of your backs. Including Remington's. I don't know who you can trust. They're up to something, and I don't know how or why he's involved, but it's got Colt's name written all over it."

I process everything she just said, rolling through the different angles and possible scenarios. As much as I hate to admit it, things are starting to make a little bit of sense. Funny thing is, I actually believe her this time, but I'm not ready to forgive and forget. We're a long, long way off from that, but I appreciate her risking herself to come here today.

"Thank you. I'll make sure to tell the others."

She nods, her chin dipping again as she worries her bottom lip between her teeth. When her eyes come up, there's a glossy sheen sparkling in the light.

"I really am sorry, Grant. I'll never be able to say that enough. I... Well, I can't stick around town now. They'll know I came here and won't take too kindly to me blabbing all their secrets. If things change, maybe I'll come back, but if not, just know I love you and I'm so fucking grateful Rock did the one thing I never could have managed. He made you into a decent man. I'm... I'm so proud of you, son. Love that girl right, you hear me?"

"Yeah, I hear you."

A tear rolls down her cheek. "Take care of yourself, Grant."

“You too, Stella.”

With a shaking hand, she replaces the handset onto the receiver and stands. She walks toward the exit, briefly looking over her shoulder before opening the door and walking out of my life, possibly for good.

I slowly stand, my brain a clusterfuck with all the thoughts rolling through my head. Storm, or if Stella is to be believed, Colt is the one responsible for some of the shit that’s been plaguing us. How in the hell is the prospect tied to all of this?

Fuck. I should’ve seen this coming. Just how deep does the betrayal run?

“Was it worth it?”

The guard’s words drag me out of my mind.

“Yeah. I think it was.”

“All people have the potential for change. Most never take it, but sometimes they do. You lose nothing but a few minutes of your time to hear them out and judge for yourself.”

I nod because what else can I fucking say?

All the way back to Gen Pop, her words are on repeat. My gaze finds the table where my brothers are waiting as I enter the door, and with one look at my face, they stiffen.

“What is it? Give it to us straight,” Ace murmurs.

“Was it Remy?” Trip asks, his eyes full of worry.

I shake my head.

“Then who the hell was it, bro?” Saint snaps, his nonexistent patience already at an end.

“Calm down,” Rogue says softly, eyeing the room.

“It was Stella.”

I recount the entire conversation as their eyes widen in disbelief.

“He’s been to our new house.” Trip’s horrified whisper is barely heard over the noise from the other inmates. “Fuck, how could I be so stupid?”

“Let’s not rush to conclusions. We don’t know if he’s the one responsible or if Stella was just bullshitting, but I don’t want to waste time we don’t have either.” Ace looks at Rogue. “Any chance your contact could do some digging on the prospect?”

“We use an encoded message system. I don’t have access from here.”

Ace’s shoulders droop. “Fuck! Fine, then the next priority is getting a hold of Remy. Each of us calls until she finally fucking answers.”

We share a look loaded with things none of us will say. Our woman is out there, alone, with an enemy who may be closer than we even realized, and there’s nothing we can do to help her.

I’ve never felt so hopeless in my life.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The sun has barely started to rise when I find myself standing in front of Aunt Charlie's door. The house is dark, but I can't fight back the intrusive thoughts anymore. I need to know.

My knuckles rap against the wood, interrupting the peace of the early morning stillness. In less than a minute, lights start to flicker to life, then the door swings open. Charlie stands in the entryway, her dark hair messy and her hands fumbling to tie the belt of her blush-colored silk robe. Tired, worried eyes scan over me from head to toe.

"Remington, it's barely five o'clock. What is it? Are you alright?"

"Did you know?" I ask, my voice devoid of any of the emotions threatening to strangle me.

Her brows furrow. "Know what, Remy darling?"

"That Rock had a son? One he named Colton and hid away from all of us?" Her eyes widen, whether at my revelation or my complete lack of emotion, I can't be sure.

"Did you know?"

She blinks, her mouth dropping open only to close again before she finally collects her thoughts. "A son?"

My head cocks. "You didn't know he hid his firstborn, his only son, in New Mexico with his drug-addicted club whore mother? Let him rot there, giving him scraps of attention which just fueled my brother's hate and fury?"

Shock and disappointment flash across her face as her palm meets her chest.

“No,” she whispers, shaking her head. “I had no idea.”

My serial killer senses aren’t tingling, which means she’s telling the truth. Rock apparently concealed his bastard from his sister, too.

I nod, satisfied. “You know I loved my father, but there are times, even now, I hate him a little too.”

“Understandable,” she murmurs, motioning me closer. “Why don’t you come in? I’ll make us some breakfast, and you can tell me everything you’ve discovered.”

Following her through the door and down the hall into the kitchen, she steps over to the coffee pot and pushes a button.

“You shouldn’t be drinking coffee, but lucky for you, I’ve got some decaf pods on hand.” With quick efficiency, she makes a cup, setting it down in front of me before turning to make her own. “Alright. Now, spill. What’s this about Rock having a son?”

Recapping the latest crazy turn of events, including the brother I didn’t know I had and the lunacy of him kidnapping our sister, I help her make breakfast like it’s just a regular ol’ morning and not one in which the life I was building feels like it’s one crack away from crumbling down around me.

When I finally set my plate of food down on the table, my stomach growls loudly. Aunt Charlie gives me the look, and I sigh.

Fuck, Remy. You’ve gotta take care of yourself, if not for you, then for the baby.

“I know, I know. I’ll do better. I promise.”

She just tsks and sits down with her own food. We eat in silence, each of us lost in our thoughts as we come to terms with the reality of our situation.

“So what are you going to do?” Aunt Charlie asks, lifting a bite of pancake to her mouth.

“I’ve got a few ideas, but...”

She lowers her fork to the plate. “But what, Remington?”

“I’m not used to having to do this alone,” I whisper, like it’s blasphemy for me to say the words even though it’s not that I feel weak.

Strength isn’t measured by your ability to handle a situation on your own. Strength is measured by your ability to get through it in whatever way you can so you can come out better on the other side. That very concept defines my entire adult life. So while I may not be used to operating solo, that doesn’t mean I’m not capable. I just need to have a little more faith in myself and my abilities.

“You’re not alone, sweet girl.” Aunt Charlie reaches over, her hand covering mine. “I might not be a whiz with computers or have a motorcycle club to back me up, but you’ve got me, and I will help in any way I can.”

My eyes come up to meet hers, and the sincerity shining back at me warms my heart.

“I’m hesitant to get you involved. I don’t want Colt to come after you to get to me.”

“I may have left the life long ago, Remy darling, but underneath this classy exterior, I’m still a Steele woman. We were born and raised for hell, and I dare any motherfucker to try to hurt those I love.”

For the first time in hours, I smile. “Why, Aunt Charlie...such language!”

“Psh. Whatever. Don’t pretend like you didn’t hear me cussing at inanimate objects the entire time you lived here. I’m a reformed Sinner, but I’m not a saint.”

“Your patients and colleagues would disagree.” I chuckle. “But thank you, Aunt Charlie, for everything.”

“You don’t have to thank me. I always promised Rock that I would make sure you girls were taken care of if anything happened to him. Now that the old buzzard left you with an out-of-control shit storm, it’s only right I try to help clean up his mess. Honestly, what the fuck was he thinking?”

“Only he knows, and unfortunately we can’t ask him.” My gut churns a little at the thought, but I force myself to focus on the present, not the past I can’t change. “Look... I don’t want you to insert yourself right into the middle of this madness, but I might not have a choice.”

“Whatever it is, the answer is yes.”

With a heavy sigh, I set my fork on the table. “If I can manage to get the guys released, can we stay here? Colt knows where our new house is, and obviously the ins and outs of the clubhouse. This might be the safest place to set up a base of sorts since as far as I can tell, he’s not aware that you and I have reconnected—if he even knows about you at all.”

She nods. “Of course. Maybe it’s time I show you the upgrades I’ve had installed. They’ll be beneficial, I think. You can let me know if Squire would approve.”

Leaving her food mostly untouched, she stands and heads down the hall. Placing my napkin on the table, I follow her to a nondescript door toward the back of the house

that didn't exist when I called this place home. The lights automatically turn on when she twists the knob, and my gaze scans the room, in awe of what I'm seeing.

"It's a state-of-the-art security and camera system, with alerts set up to notify me on my phone if anyone steps foot across my property line. Everything is recorded twenty-four-seven, and when the alarm is set, the police are notified if a person lingers longer than the preset time limit, which I can adjust if needed."

"Holy shit."

"Right? I was pretty impressed myself, and it gave me peace of mind. Especially after..."

My eyes snap to hers. "After what?"

She clears her throat. "My drunk, belligerent neighbor from a couple miles down the road showed up one night not long after you left, insisting I stole his tractor."

"Why didn't you call me?"

She rolls her eyes. "You don't think I can handle a sloppy drunk? Man could barely stand upright. One wave of my handy nine-millimeter, and he sobered up real quick. Of course, it didn't hurt that I had your dad on speaker. Anyway, his wife eventually arrived, begging him to come with her because, as it turns out, his teenage son took the tractor for a joyride and crashed it into a tree."

She says it like it was no big deal, but this room says otherwise. She was obviously terrified if the sheer size of this set-up is any indication. The monitors cover damn near one whole wall, and a bunch of high-tech equipment that Squire would probably orgasm over fills the built-in desk beneath them.

“I don’t doubt you handled the situation, but it obviously scared you enough to install all of this.” My hand sweeps the room.

“I just realized how isolated I’d become. Figured it was better safe than sorry.” She shrugs.

Us Steele women are cut from a different cloth, I swear.

“Squire’s really gonna fucking love this, and I already know he’s going to want one for our house.” I steal another glance at the different screens, noting they cover every square inch around the property with zero blind spots. “It really is the perfect set-up if you don’t mind us crashing your sanctuary and potentially bringing danger to your door.”

“Let it come.” Her eyes flash, letting a hint of crazy she does a damn good job of hiding sneak through. “But that raises another question. Just how are you planning to get those boys out of jail?”

“Actually, that’s one more thing you could help me with. I need you to call Owen.”

This might be where her generosity ends, but it’s the only solution I could come up with on short notice. That says a lot considering I don’t trust outsiders... ever. Of course, it doesn’t hurt that this particular outsider comes with two-for-one benefits.

Her eyes go wide. “Remy, you’re not seriously thinking about asking Owen to help you with this?”

“Look, he’s the best attorney in the Southwest, and I know y’all broke up years ago, but he’s the only one I know I can trust. He’d never do anything to hurt you, which, in turn, means he won’t try to fuck me over.”

“I don’t know. I?—”

“Aunt Charlie, you know I’m right. I’m not sure who Colt’s already sunk his slimy little claws into.”

Her sigh makes me feel a little bit guilty for potentially dragging the man she loved and let go back into her life when she clearly doesn’t want him here—it’s been ten years after all—but I don’t have a choice.

“No. You’re right. I just...” Another long, drawn-out sigh. “I haven’t seen him in so long. I’m not even sure he’ll answer my call.”

“Try? For me?”

She exhales roughly, “I’ll call him in a few hours when?—”

“I need you to call him now , Aunt Charlie. This can’t wait.”

She swallows harshly, then nods, pulling her phone out of her robe pocket. She stares at it like it might bite her. Reluctantly, her fingers tap across the buttons. Putting it on speaker, it rings once. Twice. Then there’s an audible click.

“Charlize? Is everything okay?” a deep voice asks urgently.

He definitely doesn’t sound like a man who wants to dodge his ex to me. I raise my brow, and she scrunches up her nose at me. I can’t help it. I grin.

“Y-yes. I’m fine. I just... Um... Well, I’m sorry to call so early, Owen, but I need a favor.”

“Anything. How can I help?”

“You remember my niece, Remington?”

“Of course.”

“She’s got a complicated situation that requires an attorney’s guidance, but it has to be someone she can trust. I told her I wasn’t sure if?—”

“Say no more. I can clear my schedule this morning, and we can get together to discuss the situation. Is there somewhere private we can meet?”

The moment my aunt realizes her house is the only safe place for such a meeting, her narrowed eyes turn to me. “Um, yes. My house. But you don’t have to?—”

“Nonsense. If you’re calling me after almost a decade, it must be important. I think I need to get a handle on this right away.”

Her head falls back, her eyes closed as her fingers grip the phone so hard her knuckles are white. “Thank you, Owen. Truly. No rush. We’re here.”

“I’ll be on my way in thirty minutes, and it shouldn’t take me longer than another thirty to get there, so plan on an hour.”

“Okay. I’ll let her know.”

“See you shortly. Oh, and Charlize...”

“Yeah?”

“It was good to hear your voice.”

There’s a swift intake of breath before her hand drops to her side, still clutching her



phone. Accusing eyes turn to me.

I hold up both hands. “What did I do?”

“Remington, whatever it is you’re concocting in that scheming mind of yours... Stop it!”

Shaking my head softly, I fight back my smile. “I honestly have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Oh, give me a little credit here. I know you. You always felt guilty about our break-up. I told you then, and I’ll reiterate it now... It just wasn’t our time back then. I had a busy job and had just taken you in. He was climbing the ladder at his law firm. We simply couldn’t focus on each other without our other responsibilities getting in the way. It wasn’t your fault.”

“Maybe not, but I sure didn’t help things. You’re still a young, beautiful woman, Aunt Charlie, and just like I’ve recently learned myself, you’re deserving of love too.”

For a few seconds, she’s absolutely still, then, before I can react, she’s wrapping me up in a hug so fierce, I can barely breathe.

“I’m so damn proud of you, Remy darling. You’ve become an incredible young woman. Those boys of yours better take damn good care of you.”

My arms slide around and hold her just as tightly. “It’s all thanks to you. I may have chosen a different path, but the person I am today wouldn’t exist without you. You and Squire saved me. I’ll never be able to repay you for what you did, but if I can give back even just a sliver of the love you so selflessly gave to me, then I’ll do it, happily.”

She sniffles.

“No. Nope. We’re not going to do that. Once these flood gates open, there’s no closing them. I need to keep that shit locked up tight right now. Pregnancy hormones or not.”

She laughs, pulling back, and holds me at arms length. “You’re going to make an excellent mother, Remy. I can’t wait to be there to see it.”

“Ah! Stop it.” I spin around, staring up at the ceiling, biting my tongue, doing anything I can to not cry. Exhaling, I turn back around. “I don’t need to remind you that the love of your life will be here in an hour. I’d go take a shower and get all sexied up if I were you. Show him what he’s been missing.”

“I don’t even know if he’s single.”

“He is. I checked.” I wag my eyebrows suggestively.

Her cheeks flush, then she turns and heads for the door, muttering the whole way to her room. “I absolutely am not doing this to try to get his attention. I’m doing it because I have a reputation to uphold. That’s all. Nothing more.”

“Keep telling yourself that!” I shout.

She growls in response.

Laughing, I walk back out to the table to finish my breakfast. Even though it’s cold, I don’t care. I’m still starving. My phone is on the table, and when I pick it up, I look at the numerous missed calls from an 800 number that were forwarded from my previous line.

I don't trust myself enough right now to go see them in jail. Not only because Colt obviously has eyes everywhere, but with the way my demons are skirting the edge of my control, one look at my men trapped in that oversized cage might be enough to rattle my fragile barriers.

Don't worry, boys. I've got a plan that, surprisingly enough, doesn't include blood or torture. At least not yet. Hang in there for me. I'm coming.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

It's been five goddamn days. Technically, five and a half, but who's counting?

We're stuck in some weird goddamn due-process limbo that doesn't make a damn bit of sense. We've requested a meeting with our lawyer, repeatedly, but there's always an excuse. Just like with our request to see the judge. It's starting to feel like the set-up that got us here runs far deeper than we even know.

On the bright side, Ace managed to catch Remy on the phone—only once, but we'll take what we can get. He confirmed that she's okay, she's staying at Charlie's, and she's got a plan. Whatever the fuck that means. Stubborn woman wouldn't elaborate over the phone, which is actually smart, but that's beside the point. We're worried about her, and not knowing what she's got up her sleeve is giving us all anxiety. Or maybe that's just me?

All I can do is stare at the cement-block wall, listening to the drip of water from the sink's faucet, and wonder when I'll get to hold her in my arms again. It's fucking torture.

Clang, clang, clang.

Glancing over at the metal bars, I catch Officer Hutchins's baton tapping against the metal. He's the most tolerable of the assholes in charge around here. The rest treat us no better than shit beneath their shoes.

"It's your lucky day, Johnson. Gather up your shit and meet me at the stairs."

"What's going on?"

“You’re being released. Not sure how the hell you pulled that off so quickly. If I were you, I’d go play the lotto.”

He walks away, and it isn’t long before the clang of his baton echoes again through the open space while his deep voice carries down the row.

What the hell is happening?

Deciding not to chance it, I stand and look around. Ain’t shit here that I care about, so I leave whatever remains for my cellmate. Squire steps out of his cell just as I make it onto the metal catwalk. We share a concerned look, then follow the officer down the stairs. I note that he isn’t stopping at Ace, Rogue, or Saint’s cells, and that’s a hard pill to swallow—leaving my brothers behind.

When we reach the bottom, we head for the door that will take us out of the cell block. From the second level, our brothers are watching our departure, and all I can do is shake my head and shrug.

Take care of Remy , Ace mouths.

I nod, then it’s my turn to be cuffed, following Squire and the officer out the door and down the long hall. In minutes, we reach the processing counter where the officer behind the desk has our paperwork ready and waiting. Our cuffs are removed, then we just stand there, still in a little bit of shock at what’s happening.

“It’s already pre-filled out. Just need each of you to sign and date your designated copies, then I’ll give you the bags with your belongings. Officer Hutchins will guide you to the exit.”

“I know I shouldn’t look a gift horse in the mouth, but how the hell are we being released right now? We were told our appearance before the judge was delayed

indefinitely,” Squire asks.

“Don’t ask me, but if I had to guess, you’ve got some friends in high places. The system doesn’t normally move this fast.”

Squire looks at me, and once again I’m at a loss. He grabs a pen, signing the spots indicated. Taking the form, the officer stamps it and reaches for the small paper sack waiting next to him, passing it through the window to Squire. Then he holds out a pile of folded clothes.

Officer Hutchins points to a door next to the counter. “You can change in there. Throw the jumpsuit in the labeled bin.”

Squire nods, disappearing inside as I step up to the window. Scrawling my name twice and dating the line indicated, I slide the paperwork back to the officer. In seconds, he’s handing me my own bag and clothes.

My brother steps out, wearing his jeans, t-shirt, and cut from the day we were arrested, and just that hint of normalcy starts to make this seem all too real.

“Your turn,” Officer Hutchins says, nodding his head toward the bathroom, then turns to speak to the man behind the counter.

Without hesitation, I step in and waste no time stripping out of the ugly ass jumpsuit. Orange is nobody’s color. Even if they’re not clean, my jeans and henley feel like precious silk after the scratchy material of the jail garb. The second I slip my cut over my shoulders, everything feels right with the world. Or at least it will once I get to hold my girl.

“This way, boys,” Officer Hutchins says as I step out, motioning toward a door that leads to a shorter hallway. He stops by big glass windows, his hand landing on a

button next to the door. “Right through here. When you get to the second door, you’ll be at the exit to the main parking lot and on your way to freedom. Hopefully, we don’t see you back here any time soon.”

With a press of the button, the lock releases and Squire pushes through the first door.

When it shuts behind us, I whisper, “Any ideas what in the hell is happening right now?”

Squire doesn’t turn to look at me, just shakes his head.

“Why do I feel like we’re being pranked, and the second we step foot out that next door they’re going to arrest us for attempted escape?”

He laughs. “Just stay calm. The second we get outside, we can use our phones to call Remy and have her come pick us up. Assuming the batteries aren’t dead, of course.”

“Shit. What if they are? What the hell will we do?”

“I’m not sure, but we’ll figure something out.”

Sun is shining through the glass when we reach the end of the hall, but it’s who’s standing on the sidewalk outside that has all of my attention.

“Who the fuck is that standing next to Remy?” I growl.

“If it’s who I think it is, he’s the reason we’re getting to walk free right now. Don’t be a neanderthal. Play nice.”

He pushes through the door, and the smile that lights up our girl’s face when she sees us is worth every second of misery without her. She rushes forward, practically

throwing herself into Squire's waiting arms. He spins her around as they kiss while I glare at the man who's casually standing by with his hands in his pockets and a smile on his face.

He doesn't get to look at her like that.

Turning, I lock eyes with my girl.

"Miss me, handsome?"

Before she can step out of Squire's arms, I'm there, pulling her into mine.

"What do you think?"

I can't wait any longer. My lips smash into hers, and for the first time in almost a week, I feel like I can breathe again. It's so easy to get lost in her, but this isn't the time or the place. Breaking the kiss, I inhale her scent, letting it infuse me with the peace I've been missing. I hold her to me tightly, my forehead dropping to hers.

"I'd say you missed me a whole helluva lot," she murmurs, her voice husky with a need that matches my own.

"I don't ever want to be apart from you two again." I drop a quick kiss on her forehead, finally remembering the stranger watching on the sidelines. "Who's the dude in the suit?"

She grins, leaning in close so no one else can hear. "Why? Are you jealous?"

"Damn right I am. Have you seen you?"

Her laugh does funny things to my dick, but I ignore it as she grabs my hand and tugs



me over to the older man. He's tall, with hair that's more salt than pepper and laugh lines framing kind blue eyes.

"Owen, you probably remember Squire..."

The man's smile grows as he holds out his hand to my brother. "I do! How are you, son?"

Squire shakes it, not nearly as suspicious as I currently am.

"A lot better now. Do we have you to thank for that?"

"I helped, but really it was all Remington. Girl's got a knack for circumventing the law, that's for sure. Knew just which buttons to push to get Judge Samuels to throw out all of the charges against both of you. Hell, I'm trying to convince her to come work for me after seeing her in action."

Our eyes go wide.

"How the hell did you manage that, Rem?" Squire asks, which says a lot considering, as the other half of the Avenging Angel operation, he knows just how resourceful our girl can be.

"Turns out the good judge has a small gambling problem and other not-so-seemly nighttime activities. Once he saw that there was absolutely zero evidence tying you to anything in that warehouse, he quickly conceded. Facing the potential release of his own damning evidence didn't hurt our case either."

She's so goddamn sexy when she's vindictive. I'm fucking hard as a rock right now, seeing her in her element, that I'm tempted to say fuck it, throw her over my shoulder, and find a private place to sink balls deep into that tight pussy of hers.

Squire elbows me in the side, tearing me from my rather detailed daydream. He's grinning when my eyes cut to him, and I have no idea what the hell I missed.

He finally takes pity on me. "Rem just mentioned that we'll be staying at Charlie's for the foreseeable future. You ready to go wash off the jail stench?"

I groan unrepentantly. "God yes. I need a shower and a decent meal."

Owen pulls his keys out of his pocket. "My vehicle is parked right over there. Charlie insisted I drive Remy because she didn't want her to come here alone."

He turns and heads for a black Range Rover parked in a spot in the front row. Because of course the dude has money. He's well-dressed, relatively handsome, intelligent, and has connections in the right places. I'm not threatened at all .

"Who in the hell is this dude?" I whisper to Squire as Remy pulls us along after Owen.

"He dated Charlie back in the day. They broke up when Rem went to live with her, and she always felt guilty about that. My guess? The fact that he's the top defense attorney in the entire southwest region gave her the perfect opportunity to take care of two birds with one stone."

Rem turns around, walking backward with a huge grin on her face. "What he means is that I finally get to play matchmaker, and I'm enjoying the fuck out of it."

For the first time in five days, a smile curves my lips—both because I'm relieved the dude has his sights set elsewhere, and because my girl is something else. "You're fucking spectacular. You know that, right?"

"I mean, it doesn't hurt to hear it now and again," she quips.

Stopping abruptly, I pull her into my chest, forcing her head back with my fist wrapped in her hair.

“You are one hell of a woman, Remington Masterson.”

“She is, isn’t she?” Squire murmurs against her neck as he plasters himself up against her back, sandwiching her between the two of us.

“Is that a shank in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?” she rasps.

Squire snorts, and I growl. “I can’t wait to show you just how happy I am, babe.”

Her tongue comes out, licking along her plump lower lip. “Then we better get in the car. The sooner we get home, the sooner we can play show and tell.”

“Fuck, what am I going to do with you?”

“I’ve come up with a list in the five days we’ve been apart, so hurry up, would you?”

Squire and I share a look over her shoulder, one that clearly says we’re all going to be in for a long night.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

We've all heard the pregnancy horror stories. Weird cravings. Back pain. Shitting while giving birth. A serious lack of libido.

But that last one? Well, they fucking lied, because right now, all I can think about is getting fucked. And I'm not talking about soft, sweet love-making. No, this is more like the push me up against the wall and screw my brains out kind of craving. Or, hell, slide your chair back and let me ride you until the sun goes down would work for me just fine, too.

Instead, here I sit, desperately trying not to shift in my snug jeans in order to get a little friction where I need it most. It's a damn good thing I've had years of practice appearing as though I'm completely unaffected because these guys are killing me. Trip is groaning over every damn bite of lasagna, and Squire just licked a small drop of sauce off his plush lips.

"Seriously, Charlie. This is so good." Trip stabs another bite, and with rapt fascination, I watch his tongue come out just before he places the fork between his lips.

Squire finishes chewing before he adds, "Much better than the jail slop we were forced to suffer through."

Owen pauses with his second bite poised in the air, sharing a look with the woman beside me. "The boys are right. I'd forgotten how much I love your lasagna, so thank you for letting me stay and share it with you all."

My aunt grins, a slight flush spreading across her cheeks. "I'm happy to be able to do

something for all of you. It's nice to have someone to cook for again."

Everyone else focuses on the meal. Unfortunately for me, I can't stop focusing on anything but the meal.

"You haven't touched your food," Trip murmurs softly, startling me out of another particularly vivid fantasy. "Everything okay?"

I clear my throat and spare a brief glance at Aunt Charlie, who is talking softly with Owen. "Mmhmm. Everything is fine. Great, actually. Just. Peachy. "

Other than the wet spot I'm probably leaving on Aunt Charlie's dining room chair.

Squire chuckles.

My gaze darts to his. "What's so funny?"

"Don't think I don't know what's going on inside that mind of yours, Rem."

My eyes narrow, and his brow arches in return, daring me to ask him to elaborate. Only that's not going to happen because my aunt and Owen don't need to hear the thoughts that are playing like a continuous porn reel inside my brain.

Seriously. It's only been five goddamn days.

Squire leans in so close his lips brush against my ear. "Don't worry. We'll take care of that ache for you as soon as we help clean up after dinner. Trust me, this is torture for us too."

When he pulls back, I see the heat sparking in his eyes. Knowing I'm not alone in this makes the situation slightly more tolerable.

I force myself to pick up my fork, and before I even realize it, my entire plate is empty. Trip steps closer and leans in to grab it, but before he pulls away, his lips brush my ear.

“Good girl,” he whispers seductively.

I bite down on my lower lip to stifle my moan.

He shoots me a wink, then saunters off.

Bastard.

Squire is wiping down the counters, whistling a soft tune. Aunt Charlie and Owen are standing side by side, washing dishes. Their low conversation is impossible to pick up from here, but the grins on their faces tell me love is most definitely in the air.

Or maybe it's just pheromones. That would explain a lot, actually.

Despite the lust fog I find myself under, there's something about this moment that has a different kind of warmth building in my chest. The sense of family is stronger than I ever remember it being before. Knowing that our child will have nights like this, which will help give him or her the normalcy I never had, does funny things to my heart. The only thing missing is the rest of my men to complete this new picture I'm so desperate to hang on to.

“Remy darling, what's the matter?” Aunt Charlie asks with a hint of concern in her voice.

I awkwardly wave my hand in front of me before swiping away the lone tear trailing down my cheek. “Ignore me. Damn hormones got me all up in the feels.”

This emotional whiplash is enough to drive a sane woman mad. Guess it's a good thing I'm not exactly sane.

Trip kisses my temple. "It's been a long day. Maybe Squire and I should go get cleaned up so we can head to bed? Looks like you need some rest, babe."

His thumb brushes along the dark circles I know are present from a serious lack of sleep. Without them beside me, the nightmares have returned in full force, making it difficult to even close my eyes when my head hits the pillow.

My voice isn't nearly as steady as I'd like when I murmur, "You saying I look like shit, handsome?"

"No. You look like mine, and my one job is to watch out for you. Was hard to do from behind bars, but I'm here now, and I'm going to make sure you and that little one are properly cared for."

Well, hell. Cue the waterworks.

"C'mon, Rem. Trip's right. Let's get you to bed." Squire doesn't wait for my approval. He just bends down and scoops me out of my chair, carrying me bridal style toward the hall. "See you in the morning, Charlie."

"Goodnight, guys," she calls out, but I can't even spare her a glance because my attention is focused on the man holding me like I'm a precious treasure he'll never get rid of.

"I missed you," I whisper, fingertips skimming along his ear.

"And we missed you. More than we can even put into words."

“Five days without you is too fucking many,” Trip adds, the heavy sound of his boots trailing behind us.

Squire pauses outside my suite, letting Trip get the door. He stalks through the room, heading straight for the attached bath, which is one thing Charlie didn’t skimp on when she had this place remodeled. Warmed tile floors. Granite vanity with double sinks. A large soaking tub and a shower, complete with waterfall shower heads on each end, big enough to fit a few grown men. As a teen, I didn’t appreciate that nearly enough. Now, I can see the appeal.

Squire sets me down, fingers brushing against the hem of my Sinner’s Mark t-shirt. His eyes meet mine, and for a second, his uncertainty is like a living thing between us.

“Rem...”

“I told you once before, Grant. The answer is always yes.”

His lips slowly curve, a dimple appearing in his cheek.

“Have I told you what it does to me to hear you call me by my real name?”

“You have not, but...” My hand slips along the bulge in his jeans. “I can make some assumptions.”

“Mmhmm,” he groans. “I like it. A lot.”

Trip is leaning against the door jamb when I glance over my shoulder. With his hands in his back pockets, the muscles in his chest and arms are fucking droolworthy. “And what about you, Emery? Which do you prefer?”



His nostrils flare, telling me everything I need to know, but I still want to hear the words.

“Didn’t realize until just now how much I like hearing my name leave your lips, baby.”

Deciding to take matters into my own hands, I reach down, lifting my shirt up and over my head. I can feel their stares. My black lace bra fits more snugly than it did pre-pregnancy, and it makes me feel powerful in a way I’m barely getting used to. When my hand reaches for the button on my jeans, Squire’s hands cover mine.

“Let me do it,” he whispers, his deep, husky voice sending a shiver down my spine.

“You are...” Fingers brush against the back of my neck as Trip pushes my hair to the side, dropping kisses against my skin. “Exquisite, Remington. I’m not sure how you could get impossibly more beautiful in just five days, but motherhood definitely suits you.”

Squire, who has finished removing my pants, drops a kiss on my exposed, not quite totally flat belly.

“You’re barely starting to show, but I’ll be damned if knowing we put a baby in here doesn’t turn me on.”

“You can say that again, brother.”

My hormones suddenly seem to go into overdrive, my senses overwhelmed in the best way possible. Their lips and hands are everywhere, all at once, and I want them to both slow down and hurry up all at the same time.

“Are you wet for us, Rem?” Squire trails his nose over my lace-covered pussy,

inhaling deeply. “Fuck, you smell good.”

“Bet she tastes better,” Trip quips, his mouth dropping to suck on the sensitive spot where my shoulder and neck meet.

“You’re right. I should find out.” Squire’s fingers dip into the band of my panties, slowly drawing them down my legs. When I step out of them, his palms grip my calves, sliding up until his fingertips are barely tracing the curve of my ass cheeks. “Would you like that, Rem? Like my tongue sliding through these full lips of yours, circling around your swollen clit until you come in my mouth?”

The whimper that escapes is embarrassing, full of the need that’s strangling my words.

Trip chuckles. “Pretty sure that was a yes.”

Squire must’ve thought so too because he dives in, the length of his tongue splitting the seam of my pussy and sliding through the excessive wetness he finds waiting for him there. His groan echoes through the small space.

“Grant, please?—”

Trip’s fingers grip my chin, tilting my head until I’m staring into his pretty green eyes. “Uh uh, baby. Let him take his time with you.”

He may be calm on the outside, but his kiss tells me he isn’t nearly as unaffected as he appears. His mouth consumes mine, large hands sliding around my ribcage until he’s kneading my heavy breasts. My back bows, desperate for more of his touch. I barely notice when Squire lifts my leg to rest on his shoulder, opening me up so he can devour me fully. It isn’t until his mouth latches onto my clit and two fingers thrust into my sex that I gasp into Trip’s mouth while my fingers dive into Squire’s

long hair to hold him against me.

“That’s it, Rem,” Squire coos. “Let go for me. I wanna taste your cum on my tongue.”

I’m grinding against his mouth and hand, so close to the edge I want to cry. Then Trip rolls my sensitive nipples between his fingers, the full weight of my breasts resting in his palms, and the thought of how we all must look together has me exploding with shocking ferocity.

Squire growls as he consumes my release, and Trip manages to keep me upright when my body damn near gives out from the pleasure. It isn’t until I hear the shower door open and the water kick on that I finally break through the surface of the post-release haze I’ve been trapped under thanks to one of the most intense orgasms I’ve ever had. The second my eyes open, I notice I’m in Trip’s arms and we’re heading toward the bedroom.

“Don’t you even think of putting me to bed, handsome.”

“You’re exhausted, baby. We’ll be just a few minutes as we wash up, then we’ll climb in beside you.”

“A few minutes is too long, Trip. I need you now, and I know you both need me too.”

He pauses, studying my face intently. I know he’s seeing everything I’m not saying.

I don’t want to be alone.

“Okay.”

He doesn’t say anything else. He turns around and sets me back down just outside of

the shower where Squire is currently rinsing the soap off his body.

“Knew she’d talk you out of it.”

Trip rolls his eyes as his fingers unhook my bra and slide the garment down my arms while I’m too busy ogling Squire’s dick to even help him out.

“Yeah, well, I’d like to see you try denying our girl after being apart for days. Oh, that’s right. You couldn’t . Damn near mauled her before you even got her to her room. Then we had to listen to you bang her against the door.”

“First off, those were completely different circumstances. Secondly, what can I say? She’s irresistible.” Squire’s smile grows wicked. “C’mere, baby. I’ll take care of you while Trip cleans himself off.”

He opens the glass shower door, holding out his hand. Without hesitation, I place mine in his, and am immediately engulfed in his arms, the warm water falling between us. I let my cheek rest against his wet skin as he kisses the top of my head.

“What do you need, Rem?”

Pulling my head back, my eyes lock on his. “You.”

He lifts me up, turning us until my back is pressed up against the tile wall. “You’ve got me. Always.”

His lips press into mine. It’s soft and sweet despite the ebbing need now inching up degree by degree.

“I meant all of you,” I whisper against his lips, feeling his responding smile against my own.

“Yes, ma’am.” His hips roll so that the long length of him that had been pressed between us is now poised exactly where I need him most. “You want me, you got me.”

In a blink, I go from empty to full—my body forced to stretch around the sudden intrusion. It feels fucking fantastic.

“God yes, Grant.”

His kiss is less gentle this time, his control snapping like a rubber band stretched too taut. I can do no more than hold on while he begins to fuck me like a man possessed—his dick plunging in and out with harsh strokes that have my blood going from a simmer to a boil in a matter of a few thrusts.

“I can feel you, Rem. You’re already right there.” His voice is gruff, his fingers digging into my thighs with a desperation I reciprocate.

He stills, watching my face to carefully gauge my reaction. His hands slide up my thighs, over my hips, and across my ribcage, until he reaches my arms. Slowly, he lifts them above my head, pinning my wrists to the wall.

“Grant...”

“Say the word, and I release you, Rem.”

I’m damn near breathless with need at this point, willing to let him use me however he wants as long as he makes this incessant ache go away. “I trust you.”

He groans. “Fuck!”

“That’s the idea.”

It's like those simple words officially unleash the beast. Using his hold as leverage, his hips pull back then slam forward so hard I cry out. He doesn't relent, pistoning back and forth, his dick spearing me with such forceful intensity that I'm pretty sure I'm going to simply expire from the ecstasy skirting up my spine.

"Not yet. Just a little longer."

"Please!"

He's pumping into me so hard my entire body is sliding up and down the tile. I might have scratch marks from the grout, but I can't find it in me to give a damn.

"Almost," he growls. "Fuck! You feel good."

"You too. Please, can I come? Please? Please!"

He thrusts once, twice more. "Now, Rem! Come with me."

When my orgasm rushes through me, he swallows my scream, his body stilling so deep inside I swear I can feel each heady throb of his release. He frees my wrists, dropping his forehead to my shoulder as my fingers absently run through his wet hair. When I finally manage to pry my eyes open, my head falls to the side. Trip is waiting at the other end of the shower, water pouring over his deep bronze skin, stroking his cock. There's a feral look in his eyes that sends a thrill shooting through me.

"My turn?" he asks, voice hoarse.

"Come here, Emery."

He hums. "Yeah, I like that a whole lot."

In a few steps, he's standing beside us, brushing a stray piece of wet hair off my cheek. "You're so fucking beautiful after you come, baby girl."

"Then maybe you should see if you can make it happen again."

He grins. "Is that a challenge?"

"Maybe."

"Jesus," Squire mutters. "She's strangling my dick, man."

"Then hand her over."

Squire straightens from the wall, twisting until Trip can steal me away. My arms fall over his shoulders, and my legs slide around his lean waist, nestling his rigid cock against my ass. Without bothering to grab a towel, he pushes the shower door open, stepping out onto a floor mat. Stalking into the bedroom, his eyes never once leave mine. He climbs up onto the bed and slowly lowers us both to the mattress. He's so much larger than me, his body covering mine entirely, but it's not suffocating or intimidating. It's comforting and safe in a way I never thought I'd be.

"Say it again." His stare drops to my lips as if he wants to watch them form the words he's waiting to hear.

I don't need to ask what he means. I already know.

"I want you, Emery."

His chest rumbles with approval as the thick head of his dick finds my pussy and slips in. He lets the tip play in and out of my hole, teasing me but never going any further.

“This is becoming a thing with you,” I mutter petulantly.

He grins. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“I seem to remember you fucking me in the shower a while back without really even fucking me at all.”

He laughs, and everything inside me sings with my love for this man.

“Don’t worry. I don’t have the restraint needed for that right now.”

My fingers run along his neck, tracing the line of his beard to his chin. “Then what are you waiting for?”

His head dips, lips pressing against my ear. “For you to be as on edge as I already am.”

My lips barely have time to part when he thrusts in. Even with two orgasms and Squire’s dick before him, the shock of suddenly being impaled has my back bowing off the bed as my fingers scramble for purchase against the back of his neck.

“Yup, just like that. Squeeze me, baby girl. I love how good you feel when I’m sheathed inside you.” He slowly pulls out, watching my face the entire time. “I want to see every emotion, every bit of pleasure cross your face. Want to commit it to memory so I can see it any time I want.”

He thrusts in again fast and hard.

“Holy shit. Do it again, Emery. Fuck me harder.”

His mouth drops to mine. “What do you say?”



“Please?”

He pushes up, then his hips retreat until he’s once again teasing me with his tip. My body is eagerly trying to anticipate his next move. My heart races like I’m simply waiting for him to complete me again. Urgency rises up inside as my chest rises and falls with each erratic breath.

“Like this?” he growls, plunging into me even harder than before.

I can’t speak. Can barely think straight. My body is awash in pleasure so complete that I can only nod. Pretty sure my fingernails are digging into his back, and I pray to fucking god he’s not bleeding because no way in hell am I letting my weak stomach fuck this up for us right now.

“More,” I rasp, when I finally find my voice.

As if that simple demand was all he could stand, he drops to his forearms and his body begins to ruthlessly pummel into mine, with a force and speed that take my breath away. The sound of our bodies slapping together reverberates through the room. It’s rough and it’s dirty and it’s so unlike my sweet guy that I can only hold on to him and let him work out the five days’ worth of pent-up aggression.

“God, baby.” He’s staring into my eyes, hands bracketing my face, serving as witness to the utter rhapsody he’s forcing upon me. “You have no idea...”

Pressure builds inside as my body prepares to leap off the ledge he’s all but dragged me to.

“Emery... Handsome... I...”

“Go ahead. Come for me, Remington. Let me see you.”

I'm in a freefall before the words even finish leaving his lips. He continues to fuck me through my release, his hips crashing into mine over and over until he comes with a roar. Even when his weight drops down onto me, pressing me into the mattress and making it just a bit difficult to breathe, my body is wracked with aftershocks until I'm completely spent and can't do so much as twitch.

"You're gonna smother her, jackass," Squire mutters, nudging Trip as he slides onto the bed beside us.

"I'm sorry. Give me two seconds. My limbs aren't cooperating."

"No fucking wonder. I'm surprised you didn't break the goddamn bed."

A laugh escapes.

Trip lifts himself up just enough to lazily grin down at me. "See, she can breathe just fine."

Which just makes me laugh harder and him groan.

"Now you know how I felt when she was clenching around me in the shower."

We all burst into fits of giggles until Trip eventually rolls us onto our sides, settling me between the two of them. Squire snuggles into my back.

"I'm so glad you two are here."

Squire kisses the back of my neck. "Now, we just have to figure out how to get the others out."

I glance over my shoulder. "I've got a plan."

My men groan.

“Hey, now. I got the two of you released, didn’t I?”

Trip pushes the hair off my face. “Yeah, but something tells me this isn’t going to be as easy as getting dirt on a judge.”

“You’re right. It’s not, and it’s going to require some help from you,” I say, glancing back at Squire.

“You know I’ll help in any way I can. What do you need?”

“Think you can hack an encoded message system?”

“Please tell me you’re not talking about—” I’m nodding before he can finish his sentence. “Fuck!”

“What?” Trip asks.

“I’ll explain the entire plan in the morning when my mental capacity has recovered. For now, we really should get some rest.”

Trip drops a sweet kiss on my lips, and Squire leans over my shoulder to do the same.

“Get some rest, baby girl. Something tells me things are only going to get crazier from here on out.”

“Yeah, Rem. Go to sleep. We’ll figure it all out in the morning.”

“I love you,” I mumble around a yawn.

“And we love you.”

It isn't long before my eyes fall shut and my body relaxes, sleep starting to claim me. I hear their soft murmurs, but although my brain is curious as to what they're talking about so quietly, my body decides it doesn't give a damn. Guess I'll worry about that in the morning too.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

My ass is beginning to hate this goddamn metal bench, but it's not like I have many options. It's either this or a thin foam mattress that rests on a steel slab, which is about as comfortable as it sounds.

"You think that shit yesterday was Remy?" Saint asks, foot bouncing against the concrete floor.

"Had to be," Rogue answers, eyes perpetually scanning the room like he's still on watch duty in the military.

"I don't care who it was. At least the two of them are out there with her right now. We need to focus on what we can do from here to help. I'm not gonna just sit on my ass and twiddle my thumbs while our woman works to get us out of here."

Saint's brow scrunches up, creating deep ridges between his eyes. "What the hell can we do while we're locked up?"

"Remy's not the only one with contacts. Surely there's someone that owes us a favor?"

We all go quiet, each of us running through an extremely short mental list of people we might be able to trust enough to help get us the fuck out of here.

"Masterson!" a guard shouts from the door. "Got yourself a visitor. Let's go."

I stand and share a look with my brothers, who just nod in response. Lifting my leg over the bench, I confidently walk toward the guard. Once he's secured my cuffs, we

walk down the hallway, but I barely pay attention because my mind is focused on who could be waiting for me on the other side of the glass. I'm both praying it's my ol' lady and hoping it's not. It would be a risk for her to come here, but I'll be damned if I don't need to see with my own two eyes that she's really okay.

We walk into the visitation room, and he points to the second-to-last seat in the row. There are two other inmates in here, and although the low hum of conversation offers the slightest hint of privacy, I know better. There are ears everywhere.

"You're down there."

The second I round the partition, I lock eyes with a man I don't recognize. Sitting calmly on the metal seat, I wait for the officer to unlock my cuffs and step back. As soon as he's gone, I reach over and lift up the black receiver as the mystery man does the same.

"Mr. Masterson, let me introduce myself. I'm Owen Wallace. Partner at Wallace, Howe, and Hammerstein."

"And you're here because..."

He smiles, lines appearing beside his blue eyes. "Because your wife is a very headstrong, persuasive woman. She wanted to be here herself, but I advised against it...for obvious reasons."

My eyes narrow on the man in the three-piece suit, who looks polished in a way that screams attorney. Doesn't mean I trust that he is who he says he is. I wasn't born yesterday.

"If that's true, then she would've told you that I wouldn't just take your word for it."

He shifts in his seat. “She did, yes, though I was holding out hope that I could avoid this.”

My head tilts as I study his obvious discomfort.

He clears his throat. “I was dating Charlize when Remy came to live with her. I made the mistake, during our first meeting, of reaching my hand out to shake hers. She flinched back, dropped to the floor, and curled up in a ball beneath the table in the foyer, sobbing. It took Charlize almost an hour to get the panic attack under control. I wasn’t aware of the severity of the crimes against her at the time. Charlie hadn’t had the opportunity to explain the depravity those men had done to her. When she told me the story, I wanted to kill those bastards myself. She was just a girl—barely fifteen—but Charlize assured me that the men in question had been handled by the MC. I didn’t ask what that meant. I knew better. Then Grant showed up a while later and took her out for a long walk—after giving me a look that very clearly told me what he thought of my blunder, of course—and I didn’t see either of them for the rest of the night. Not long after that, Charlize and I decided to part ways. Something I’ve regretted to this day.” He stares at me for a moment, eyes serious as he takes in my lack of emotion. “Do you know, she apologized to me the other day. Said she’s trying to make things right. It matters to her now, more than ever, that her family be a cohesive unit. She wants that stability for...future generations.”

I hear what he’s not saying. He knows about the baby. About Remington wanting our baby to have what she didn’t. I’m starting to believe this man’s story.

“So what brings you here now?”

“Son, we both know the three of you aren’t the Avenging Angel.” His stare is penetrating. “The person responsible for those crimes must’ve suffered something positively horrific to do the things they’re being accused of.”

Obviously, he can't come right out and admit he knows it's not us because the real killer sent him here. We're in the middle of jail where everything is monitored.

"That's true. Wonder if a person like that could ever live a normal life? Get married. Have kids?"

"I think with the right support system, anything is possible. Even a serial killer could become one hell of a good mother."

Not father. Mother.

He clearly knows her history as well as he knows her present, and obviously her future, but how the hell does that help us?

"I agree. Now, the question is, how can you get us the hell out of here and back to our girl before something else happens?"

"Remy's a tough girl, Mr. Masterson."

"She is. Doesn't mean I don't worry."

"And it seems you have every reason to. How much have you managed to work out about the current situation?"

Frustration rushes forth, but I tamp it down. "Not a whole helluva lot. We know one of our new prospects that just transferred from our Tucson chapter might be involved, but it's unclear to what extent."

He tsks. "I've been given the okay to give you more details, none of which are going to make you feel any better."



My gut churns with dread. I'm already feeling incredibly helpless inside this glorified cage. I'm not sure how much more my mind can take.

"Give it to me straight. We need to know what we might be up against."

"Colt is Rock's son. Remington's half-brother."

He details the encounter Remy had with the man who managed to slide right under all of our noses, leaving mayhem and destruction in his wake. How could we be so fucking blind?

"Son of a bitch!" I growl, wishing there was something I could punch because the fury roiling through me is making my skin feel too tight.

He solemnly nods. "She handled herself well. Got some much needed information that has helped us gain a clearer perspective of what we're up against. Now, the problem is working to undo this man's tangled web of lies before he throws something else at us. Remy's already struggling with the fact that her sister is...indisposed. Charlize and I are worried that if it takes too long to get you three out, Trip and Squire won't be enough to hold her back through her sister's continued absence."

"They still haven't managed to get a lead on Etta or the guys?"

He shakes his head.

"Tell us what we can do to help. We'll do anything to support our girl."

He grins. "Remington was right. You're all going to make it through this. I'm glad she has you in her corner."

“We’ll do whatever we can to make her happy. She’s it for all of us.”

“Good.” He nods approvingly, like a proud father. Why that settles the last of my suspicions, I can’t quite say. “For now, I’ve been instructed to tell you that you need to be on alert at all times and to not trust anyone. All communication will run through Big Mack. He’s the only one being kept in the loop for now and will be able to give general updates. No specifics over the phone. For safety reasons, we’ve minimized the use of everyone else’s cell phones to limit tracking, etc. I’ll leave my number with you, and you can call that at any time as well.”

“Understood.”

“Okay, then. With that out of the way, let’s get down to business. Tell me everything you can remember about the house where you were arrested.”

I spend the next forty-five minutes detailing everything from the tip that led us to the house, up to the moment we arrived at the property. Then the shock of finding the elaborate set-up and discovery of Thorn’s dead body.

He takes notes, his pen flying across his notepad until he hums when something catches his attention.

“So Thorn hadn’t been deceased long when you found him?”

I shake my head. “No, it couldn’t have been more than an hour or two max. He was still warm.”

“And you said there was a ton of blood pooled beneath him?”

“Yes. He was lying on the bed, which was soaked with his blood.”

“Did any of you touch him?”

“Rogue had checked for a pulse before he called us in. That was it before the police showed up.”

He taps the pen against his notepad, eyes scanning everything he’s written.

“Now that I’m officially listed as your attorney, I’m going to submit a request for all the records related to your arrest, as well as the case they’re building against you. Once I’ve reviewed everything, I’m going to submit a petition to the court for an emergency meeting. It’s my understanding you all haven’t even gotten your initial hearing yet, correct?”

“Correct. It’s been delayed several times for reasons they refuse to explain to us.”

“Hmmm. That in itself is odd. Give me some time to try to get this sorted and get some answers. As soon as I know what’s going on, I’ll be back.”

“Thanks, Mr. Wallace. We appreciate you stepping in to clear our names.”

He smiles warmly. “Call me Owen. If I get my way, we’re going to be family soon enough.”

With a wink, he hangs up the receiver and stands. For a moment, I watch him walk out the door, trying to contain what’s slowly coming to life within my chest. Hope is a dangerous thing, but I feel like the tides are beginning to shift and things might finally start falling in our favor. Time to go give the boys an update.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

“A re you sure about this, Rem?” Squire asks as I throw on my leather jacket. “None of us have ever met this man before.”

“We discussed this plan at length and agreed this might be our only chance at getting Ace, Rogue, and Saint out of that godforsaken jail before they’re tried on charges we all know they’re not guilty of.”

Trip sighs. “Still don’t like it, even if I understand this is our only option.”

Stepping closer to him, I wrap my arms around his waist and stare up into his pretty eyes. “And I appreciate your concern, handsome, but if Rogue trusts this guy, so do I.”

Squire crosses his arms over his chest. “You don’t even know if he’ll talk to you.”

“I think as long as I can manage to keep my serial killer vibes under wraps, dude will talk.”

He just raises one eyebrow.

“What? I can be charming when I want to be.”

Trip snorts, burrowing his nose into my hair as his arms tighten around me. “Just be careful, okay? We literally know nothing about this guy.”

“When am I not careful? I mean, have you met me? I’m, like, the epitome of careful.”

Squire meets my stare dead on. “Two words. Razor and Viper?”

I groan. Mostly because he’s right. One caught me completely off guard, and the other...well, I sort of threw caution to the wind on that one. That doesn’t mean I should be crucified for two teensy little mistakes though, right?

“You know we just care about you and our little one, right, baby girl?”

“I know you do, and I love you both for it. But right now, I need you to trust me.”

Squire steps up to my back, placing his hands on my hips, and sandwiches me between them. “We do, Rem. Just cut us a little bit of slack. We’re on edge, and knowing you’re carrying our baby makes it a million times worse.”

How in the hell am I supposed to argue with that? Simple. I don’t.

“I understand, truly, but we’re running short on time. I need to go in there and handle this before we lose our chance.”

Trip grips my chin, tilting my head up until I find myself lost in his pretty eyes. “Go on. We’ll be out here waiting. If shit goes south, give the signal through the window and we’ll be in there before you can so much as blink.”

“Got it!”

He drops a sweet kiss on my lips before he pulls back and spins me around. Squire’s staring down at me, the worry furrowing his brow impossible to miss.

“I’ll be okay, Grant.”

“I know. Just wish it didn’t always have to be you putting yourself at risk.”

“Today’s no different than all of the ones that came before. In fact, the risk is significantly less because this isn’t one of our projects. Hopefully one day, we won’t have to worry about things like this. Today just isn’t that day.” I lean up on my tiptoes and press a kiss onto his lips. “I love you.”

“Love you too.”

He pulls me in tighter, his palm splayed across my lower back as he kisses me senseless. There’s something large and hard pressing into my belly that has a soft moan escaping. When he finally releases me, I’m almost willing to say fuck this meeting and let him take me somewhere to finish what he started.

Instead, he releases me with a slap on the ass. “Off you go before I change my mind.”

I huff out a frustrated breath. “No fair, Grant Wilson.”

“Now you know how I feel.”

“Fucking men,” I growl, hearing Trip’s laughter in the background.

I don’t bother turning around. I just head for the diner’s front door, the chime of the bell as I enter doing little to cool my heated cheeks. Doing a quick scan of the dimly lit interior, I notice one couple cuddled together at the stools facing the eat-up bar. They’re so lost in each other, they don’t even notice when I pass behind them, heading for the booth in the corner. It sits next to the window with wooden bench seats that appear to have seen better days and a table so carved up I’m surprised a cup can sit on it without tipping over. It’s the only one in the entire diner that has unobstructed views of both the front door and the lot, so it’s the clear choice. Rogue would never put himself at a disadvantage.

Sitting, I don’t bother removing my jacket. My guess is this conversation won’t take

long. That's if he even shows up. Squire was able to hack into the system Rogue and his buddy use, but we didn't have time to completely unravel their code. Best we could do was send a transmission that most closely matched the little we could decipher and pray for the best.

"Hi, sweetie. Can I get you something to drink?"

"An orange juice and a black coffee would be great."

"You got it! Anything else?"

"That'll be good for now, thank you."

"Sure thing. Be right back."

She isn't gone long before she sets the coffee down in front of the open seat and a tall glass of OJ in front of me. Personally, I hate the stuff, but since the guys have gone all mother hen and Aunt Charlie keeps telling me I need more vitamins and minerals, I've been trying to keep the peace where I can. Hell, I'm half tempted to raise my glass to the window just to be a brat, but I refrain.

For ten long minutes, I sit and wait, wondering if we got this all wrong, until the chime above the door draws me out of my thoughts. I glance over to see a man damn near as tall as Rogue walk through the door. He's broad, with a narrow waist and long legs that pause when he glances at the booth I'm occupying. His hat hides his hair, but the gray in his beard tells me he's older than I expected. Probably closer to Aunt Charlie's age. His eyes meet mine, and I know he's sizing me up just like I am him. What he sees, I can't be sure, but I must pass the test because he stalks toward the table, sliding his massive frame into the booth.

"You're not Hart."

One corner of my mouth quirks up. “What gave me away?”

“I know who you are. That’s the only reason I didn’t turn around and walk out. The fact that you’re here and he’s not tells me he must be in deep shit.”

“He is. You might be the only one who can help us help him.”

His brown eyes narrow. “What makes you think I can?—”

“Let’s cut the bullshit. We don’t have much time. Rogue needs your help. Are you in or are you out?”

The muscles in his jaw bunch as he takes another long look at me from under the brim of his hat.

“Depends on what you need from me and how much trouble Hart’s in.”

“He’s in jail for murders he didn’t commit.”

He blinks.

“Yeah. I know. Dude’s luck with false murder charges is shit. What can I say?”

He fights the grin I can see trying to split across his face. “You are...not what I expected.”

“I get that a lot.”

“Who’s he accused of killing this time?”

“Ever heard of the Avenging Angel—the serial killer responsible for numerous



deaths throughout the Southwest?”

“No fucking way.”

“Way.”

His rugged hands lift to his face, running down the tanned skin until his forearms hit the table.

“He didn’t kill those people. Rogan Hart is one of the most honest men I know.”

See, now here’s where it could get a little dicey. Rogue trusts this man, which my gut tells me means I can trust him too, but how far does his loyalty extend? Guess we’re about to find out.

“I know he’s not the Avenging Angel...because you’re looking at her right now.”

There’s a brief pause before he nods. “I had my suspicions after he had me looking into the person targeting you and your sister.”

My head tilts. “That doesn’t bother you? Knowing you’re sitting in front of a serial killer?”

“Rogue trusts you, so that means I do too,” he says, mirroring my thoughts. “Plus, it’s not like I’ve never taken a life before. Just because I did it under someone else’s orders doesn’t make my hands any less bloody.”

“Okay then. Are you willing to help?”

“What do you need?”

“I need all the information you can find on Colton Steele, aka Colt, aka who-the-hell-knows-how-many aliases. I’m sure he’s got other aliases, but we haven’t managed to uncover much. He’s planned this all out with a precision that is honestly as impressive as it is frustrating. We need everything you can gather as fast as possible, especially any weaknesses that can be exploited. There’s a big empty hole in his history, and I need to know how he filled it.” Reaching into my pocket, I pull out a photo of the asshole and slide it across the table. “This is him.”

He picks up the photo and gives it a cursory study, then slips it into the pocket of his flannel jacket. “How will this help Hart?”

“That’s the man that set him up. He also happens to be my brother and the one who’s out to get me. I can’t play my cards until I know what hand Colt’s holding and what his next move might be.”

“I’ll do what I can.”

I nod. “Thank you.”

He glances down at the table, thick fingers tapping against the wood. When he looks back up at me, I see pain and a shit ton of emotion I’m not sure how to interpret.

“Rogan Hart deserves more than this world has ever given him. I’m glad he has someone like you to right the wrongs he’s been forced to endure. You’re probably the only one who can. I’ll be in touch.”

He slides out of the booth and walks away. I’m left staring at his back, wondering what the world did to hurt a man like Jay and how I might be able to help him too.

Slipping some cash from my pocket, I place it in the center of the table and slip off the bench. When I make my way outside, Trip and Squire are waiting at the far end of

the lot, their eyes trained on me as I draw closer to them. The sun is high in the sky, brightly shining down on us as the heat of the day has sweat beading along my forehead. Weird thing about the desert, it can go from cool to scorching in a blink. Kind of like me, I suppose.

“How’d it go?” Squire holds out his hand.

Placing mine in his, I let him pull me into his arms. “I need you to research Jay Monroe and see what you can find. Something tells me he needs our help as much as we need his.”

Squire smiles knowingly. “You know serial killers aren’t supposed to be saviors, right?”

“Says who?”

Trip appears beside us. “You are one special woman, Remington Masterson. What did we do to deserve you?”

“I don’t know, but I’m damn glad you did it.”

Their laughter echoes through the mostly empty lot, and for just this one simple moment, I let go of the worry and fear and bask in the simple joy of having them with me. With a war on the horizon, I’ll need memories like these to remind myself what I’m fighting for.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The mood in the clubhouse is somber despite the smiles and chatter. Trip and Squire are surrounded by their club, but it's clear that everyone in the room is still worried about the rest of their leadership. We all are.

But no one more so than me. Three of my guys are still behind bars, and each day that passes makes me wonder what level of hell my brother might unleash on them next.

Shaking off the depressing thought, my eyes take in these big burly men in their Sinner's Mark cuts, looking like they haven't shaved in at least half a decade, with grease under their nails and lines next to their eyes. Never in a million years would I have ever thought I'd be in this position. Then I catch Trip's smile as he talks with Pitch, and I feel that sense of awe that hits me every time I look at one of my men. They did the one thing I didn't think was possible—they brought me back from the dead, introducing me right back into the life I left behind.

Go figure.

"You hear anything?" Big Mack whispers, stepping up beside me, his eyes scanning the crowd.

I shake my head. "Nothing. Squire's been tracking down leads but hasn't had much luck. The IP of the video feed just continuously pings off random towers, so we can't get a solid location. It pains me to say it, but Colt's damn good."

His massive hand lands on my shoulder. "You're better."

Looking up into his worried face, I let his faith in me temporarily calm my demons.

“I sure as hell hope you’re right. He’s had her close to a week. The feed shows no change, but it could be on a loop for all I know. I keep telling myself Etta’s strong and can handle herself, but that doesn’t apply if she’s fucking unconscious .”

He gives me a pointed look. “Remy, I know you’re doing everything you can to save your sister and the rest of them, but you need to make sure you’re taking care of yourself too. Etta would skin me alive if anything happened to you. Those men of yours would too for that matter.”

“I am, I promise. Trip and Squire are making sure of that now.”

He nods. “Good.”

“How’s Killer doing with us being gone?”

He smiles. “He misses you all, but he’s become Pitch’s shadow. Where one goes, so does the other. It’s almost like he knows shit is coming and since you all aren’t here, he’s made it his job to protect his friend.”

“He’s right. Colt’s definitely plotting something, but it’s been too quiet. It’s like I’m waiting for the other shoe to drop as the clock keeps ticking down.”

The words no sooner leave my lips than the front door of the clubhouse bursts open. Masked men wearing black tactical gear rush in, guns drawn.

“Everyone get down on the ground, now! Hands above your head and belly to the floor,” a voice orders.

After a brief shocked pause, the men mutter and grumble as, one by one, they do as they’re told.

“Remy!” Squire calls out, his panicked eyes meeting mine across the room. “Please!”

I snap out of it, realizing Big Mack is gently tugging me down to the cement floor, holding my hand in a death grip. Slowly, I comply, eyes tracking the movements around me. Men storm through the building barking orders as others start pulling open drawers and tossing cushions. Anything they can get their hands on gets thrown around the room in their search for who the hell knows what.

“Who’s in charge here?” a deep voice shouts above the chaos.

“I am,” Trip calls out.

“Stand up.” A short but stocky man steps further into the room, eyeing the destruction with barely concealed glee.

Trip slowly gets to his feet, keeping his hands out in front of him where they can clearly be seen. “What’s this about?”

“I’m Special Agent Kinney with the FBI. We received a credible tip that there were drugs on the premises. Please identify yourself.”

“Emery Johnson.” Trip’s eyes narrow. “I’m assuming you have a warrant?”

Kinney smirks, waving a sheet of paper in the air. “I do. As long as you all cooperate, this should be a fairly painless process. Unless, of course, we find something illegal.”

“Well, you’re going to be disappointed. We don’t have shit here but booze and bikes.”

“Guess we’ll see, won’t we?” He stalks through the sea of bodies with a smirk. There’s no doubt in my mind my dear brother has something to do with this so-called

tip . “Oh, I almost forgot. Is Remington Steele here, by chance?”

Squire makes a barely noticeable movement with his head, and I know he’s telling me to stay where I am and keep quiet.

He should really know me better than that. I’m no coward.

“Right here,” I say, raising my arm slightly.

Malevolent brown eyes meet mine before Kinney’s smirk turns into a full-blown smile. “C’mere, Ms. Steele.”

“It’s Masterson, actually,” I quip as I gently push myself off the floor and stand. I can feel Trip’s eyes on me, but I don’t dare look at him. I need to keep my attention on the cocky agent eyeing me from head to toe.

“Right. You married the leader of this lovely establishment. Is that right?”

“Looks like you got at least partially correct information,” I snipe joyfully, watching his eyes narrow. “Now, what can I do for you, Agent?”

He pulls out a second piece of paper that was folded in his back pocket, taking his time to open it up as the silence in the room grows. “This is a warrant to search your person, as we have it on good authority that you often smuggle drugs inside...well, let’s just say unsavory places, for your husband and his friends. In fact, we’ve been told you may be concealing some at this very moment.”

Anger spikes in my blood as the tension in the room rises, but I remain calm on the outside.

“What exactly do you mean by search my person ?”

“We have the authority to perform a full cavity search. Now, if there’s an office we can go to?—”

“Oh hell no,” Trip barks. “You’re not laying one fucking finger on her.”

“I believe this sheet of paper gives me permission to do just that, Mr. Johnson. We can either do this here, or I can cart Ms. Masterson to the local field office. Your choice.”

“This is bullshit! Remy...”

Trip’s eyes are wild when they lock onto mine. For a second, I just stare into them, praying he understands that I need him to remain calm. I can’t lose him again, and like hell will they get me anywhere near the FBI headquarters that are located outside of Deadwood Peak. They’ll find every excuse to keep me inside those walls, and we can’t afford that complication right now.

Glancing back at the smug agent, I calmly say, “I’d like to request a female officer.”

“Hmm. No can do, unfortunately. We don’t have one on duty today.”

I grit my teeth but otherwise show no signs of distress. “Then what about a medical professional, which I believe is actually protocol.”

“They’re all tied up with a larger case at the field office. Again, I’m more than happy to take you down there if you’d like.”

Swallowing my growl, I consider my options. Admittedly, there are few. Studying the swarm of black-clad men, most aren’t paying us any attention. A few steal glances at their superior, but then I catch sight of one near the bar that keeps glancing between Agent Kinney and me. When he looks my way again, I see uncertainty staring back at



me.

Bingo!

“I’d like to request the presence of another agent of my choosing. I refuse to go into that room with you alone.”

Agent Kinney’s smile dissipates as he studies me with fury in his eyes, the muscles in his jaw working overtime.

“Fine. Pick one so we can get this over with.”

I point to the worried-looking agent. “Him.”

“Fine. What room can we use?”

“We can use Mr. Masterson’s office.” I slowly walk toward the hall, sparing a brief look at Squire who is seething on the cold cement.

“Remy—” Trip looks about two seconds away from losing his shit.

“I’m fine, handsome. It’ll be over before you know it, then they’ll get the hell out of here and leave us alone.”

“Jenkins, follow Ms. Masterson. The rest of you, no sudden movements. My team has a shoot-to-kill order for anyone who appears to be taking an aggressive stance against me or my team.”

All of the ways I’m going to make this asshole and my brother pay play out in my mind. I let my demons’ imagination run wild as I open the door to Ace’s office with a surprising level of calm. Stepping inside, I walk over to the desk and turn just as

Jenkins crosses the threshold, looking very unsure. Kinney steps in after him, closing the door.

“You and I both know this is bullshit, Agent Kinney.”

“I know nothing of the sort, Ms. Masterson. The tip we received was from a very credible source.”

“Is that so? And you honestly think you’re going to find drugs stuffed inside my vagina?”

“I’ve seen weirder shit, honestly. Now, turn around and place your hands on the desk.”

My nerves spike, but I do as he says, palms hitting the cool wood surface.

“You do realize that when you come up empty handed, I am going to bring a complaint against you to the local field office.”

“As is your right, Ms. Masterson,” he murmurs as he steps up against my back.

Glancing over my shoulder, I see Jenkins watching his superior with a look of trepidation in his blue eyes. When they rise to mine, they’re apologetic, so I make a note that this one is to be spared my wrath.

Unfamiliar hands touch my shoulders, running down the tops of my arms, then back again along the bottom. His hands skim along my rib cage, fingertips dangerously close to my breasts, and it takes all of my self-control not to elbow this motherfucker in the face.

Luckily, I don’t have much of a baby bump yet—the secret of our little one is safe

from the likes of this asshole—as his touch brushes down my hips, around the waistband of my jeans, then down the outside of my legs. As he makes his way up to my inner thighs, I bite my lip, letting the pain distract me when his fingers graze across my crotch.

“Unbutton your pants and push them down to your knees.” His amused voice reaches my ears, and the first hint of panic stirs in my gut.

“Is this really necessary?”

“My warrant says it is.”

“Can I see this warrant before this goes any further?”

His arm brushes against mine as he holds the paper in front of me. Skimming the document, I quickly realize it’s legit. There’s not much I can do to avoid this if I don’t want to end up detained.

“Fine,” I bite out.

Reaching for the button of my jeans, my fingers only tremble for a second before I push it through the fabric and slide the zipper down. I can sense him behind me, and my fingers hesitate when memories threaten to overtake me.

“Is there a problem, Ms. Masterson?”

I take a deep breath in and exhale, repeating my mantra in my head.

You can do this, Remington. Take a deep breath in and exhale. That’s it. No one can hurt you anymore.

“None at all,” I manage, my voice raspier than I’d prefer.

My jeans skim over my hips as I push them down, thankful I’m wearing a simple pair of black cotton panties today and not something more revealing. Not that this isn’t about to get one hundred percent more awkward in just a few moments anyway.

The snap of rubber gloves draws my attention, and I risk a glance over my shoulder. Agent Kinney is staring at my ass, a smirk curving the corner of his mouth as his tongue licks across his lower lip. My stomach pitches, but I don’t so much as make a sound. When I look at Jenkins, his brows are furrowed and he looks about as uncomfortable as I feel.

“Now the underwear.”

Doing as I’m told, my fingers grip the cotton and push them down, feeling the cool air of the office hitting my naked skin.

“Take a step back and bend over for me.”

My breath catches in my throat, but I silently follow his instructions.

“Spread your cheeks with your hands and cough.”

Despite the smugness in his voice, I do what he requested, all while imagining shoving my favorite knife deep into his vocal cords.

“Good. Now, this next part might be a bit uncomfortable, but lean forward with your palms on the desk again. Try to relax, and I’ll try to make it... quick.”

My entire body goes still, feeling him step closer, the heat of him hitting my cool skin. One gloved hand skims up my inner thigh, slipping between the lips of my sex

which is as dry as the Sahara. My legs threaten to tremble, but I shore up every last ounce of willpower I have left to keep them steady. Back and forth, he swipes along my seam, far too many times to be considered strictly professional. Just when I'm about to say fuck it and reach for the knife sheathed at my ankle, one thick fingertip prods my opening, forcing its way past my body's resistance.

My eyes close, nightmares threatening to rush over me as I take slow, even breaths.

"You're too tight, Ms. Masterson. Why don't you cough again for me?"

I can barely breathe, but somehow I manage a cough.

"Looks like this hole is clear."

But his finger is still inside me. It isn't until Jenkins clears his throat that his superior seems to even remember he's there. The slide of him out of my channel nearly has my knees giving out, but I lock my elbows and dig my fingertips into the wood of Ace's desk. I picture my husband. The scruff of his beard. The way his lips feel when they press against mine. Anything but the strange man behind me.

"One last check, then we're through here."

"Sir, this isn't..."

"You have something to say, Jenkins?"

Seconds pass before the man simply says, "No, sir."

"Good." Fingers skim between my ass cheeks, and my lungs seize. "I need you to relax, Ms. Masterson, or this is going to be even worse for you."

“I...” No words form as my brain balks at the press of his finger against my asshole.

The second his digit pushes through the tight ring of muscle, my brain shuts down, going to a place it hasn't been in the last decade, a place where no one can hurt me ever again.

The next thing I know, I'm redressed, in Squire's arms, his hand gently brushing my hair out of my face as I hear Trip's angry voice amongst others that seem way off in the distance.

“Shhh, Rem. I'm here. It's me. It's Grant.”

“Is she okay?”

Jenkins. He sounds genuinely concerned.

“You better sure as hell hope so. You're lucky you stepped in when you did, or I can guaran-fucking-tee you that things would've gotten messy. Hell, they still might if she doesn't shake out of it soon.”

No. I can't let that happen. I take a steadying breath, forcing my eyes to open.

“I-I'm okay.”

Squire's forehead hits mine. “Fuck, Remy. I'm sorry.”

My hand comes up to cradle his face. “Hey, I said I'm okay. It's not your fault.”

Trip's voice is vibrating with fury. “You haven't found shit, you've terrorized an innocent woman, and you wrecked our clubhouse. I'm going to ask you and your team one last time to get the hell off my property before I make some calls of my

own.”

“Sir, we’ve double checked everything. The place is clear,” an unfamiliar voice murmurs in the background.

“Fine. But this isn’t over. You tell your precious leader that we’ll be watching you. The second you all slip up, we’ll be here to drag your asses in, and next time, none of you will see the light of day for years.”

The sound of boots stomping away fills the room until the only thing that remains is silence and the rapid beating of Squire’s heart.

“How is she?”

I force my eyes to open again. Trip is assessing me, tiny lines creasing the corner of his eyes when he grimaces.

“You’re fucking pale as hell, Remy. Do we need to call Aunt Charlie?”

My bottom lip trembles, but I straighten my shoulders and shake my head. He pulls me from Squire’s arms and holds me so damn tightly I can barely breathe.

“No. She can’t come here.” Pressing my face into his neck, his scent calms me and helps to get my pulse back under control. “I’ll be fine. Just...need a second to box up all the nightmares again.”

“Fuck!” Trip growls. “I could fucking kill them for hurting you like this.”

“Don’t worry, handsome, I came up with some pretty creative ways to do just that.”

“If I ever see Kinney’s face again, I’ll fucking make sure he gets to visit your new

playroom. Might even help you put that asshole right where he belongs.”

Trip and Squire are staring down at me when I pull back.

“He’ll get what’s coming to him, and so will my brother. Don’t either of you worry about that.”

“You think this was him?” Squire asks.

I nod. “I know it was. It was an effort to humiliate me and prove that I’m weaker than him. It may have worked a little too well, unfortunately.”

Trip’s hand grips the side of my face. “You are the strongest woman I know, Remy.”

Squire leans forward and kisses my cheek. “Agent Kinney’s name is on our list now, and there’s little doubt his history is as dirty as he is, especially if he’s connected to your brother. It’s only a matter of time until he finds out he messed with the wrong fucking woman. Can’t wait ‘til that fucker meets your stabby alter ego.”

They wrap me up in their arms, and I slowly start to settle. My demons, though? They’re still pacing inside their cage, more bloodthirsty than ever. And that’s when it hits me.

“Holy shit!” I push free of their group hug, eyes wide and a wicked grin starting to spread across my lips.

“What is it, Rem?” Grant asks.

“How the hell did I not think of this before?”

The men share a confused look.



“Think of what before?”

I kiss the tip of Trip’s nose as the fog over my mind finally clears completely.

“You’re right. They messed with the wrong fucking woman.”

Trip studies me carefully. “Yeah, I’m still lost.”

“I’m the Avenging Angel.”

They nod like I’m a crayon short of a full box.

“We know that, baby girl. But what?—”

“I’m the Avenging Angel , you guys! There’s one sure fire way to prove that Ace, Saint, and Rogue are innocent.”

Squire blinks, but then a slow smile appears on his face. “Fuck! Of course!”

“Who’s going to fill me in?” Trip asks with a pout.

I kiss his sad little lips. “It’s time the Avenging Angel makes a reappearance, this time to save some innocent lives while removing a bad one, don’t you think?”

For a second, he just stares at me, then he smiles too.

“You’re brilliant. Think we can coax her to come out and play?”

“Oh, definitely.”

“Guess I should get the bucket ready.”

And for the first time in almost a week, I laugh.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

If I had to be described in just a few words, I'd probably say stinky feet and despair. I'm not sure I'll ever get this scent out of my nose hairs. After a week of this shit, I'm starting to lose hope that I'll ever smell crisp, clean air again. But more than that, I miss the smell of my woman. The feel of her softness against me. The warmth of her breath on my skin as she sleeps in my arms.

"Heads up," Rogue whisper-shouts from my cell door. "Something's going down."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"It means keep your goddamn eyes open."

He stalks off, and I hear a similar warning given to Ace a few cells down.

"Fucking hell. What now?" I whine, grateful no one can hear me.

Jail life is not for me. Sure, we weren't always law-abiding citizens, but I'm not cut from the same ruthless cloth as Rock and the Havoc Reapers. Plus, I'm not a young kid anymore. I've got a woman and a baby on the way. I'm all responsible and shit. The picture of fucking civilized.

"Meal time!" one of the officers shouts from the main room. "Line up. You know the drill."

Getting to my feet, I peer out the door and watch the inmates in this block of Gen Pop file out. Ace pauses in front of me, giving me a pointed look, and I simply nod in response as I step out behind him.

Guess we're taking Rogue's warning seriously.

One officer is at the door, another just outside of it, waiting for all of us to file out. He'll follow at the back and make sure no one causes any trouble on our way to the chow hall.

I feel it then. The tension buzzing through the air. My focus sharpens, and I make sure to take in my surroundings, paying attention to who's in front of and behind us. Rogue is a few men behind me, which makes me antsy. I don't like strangers at my back on a good day, and those don't exist in jail.

The line isn't moving as we wait for the inmates from the upper floor to make their way down. The men are restless, which isn't unusual, but I catch a couple of them further up the line eyeing someone behind me. The hairs on the back of my neck raise, and I relax my body to increase my reaction time because Rogue was right. Shit's about to go down.

Just as one of the fuckers in front gives a small nod, the asshole behind me speaks up.

"You fucked with the wrong dude. Now, you've gotta pay."

It's like everything happens in slow motion. There's a shift of the air just as I start to turn, and my body moves on instinct, even with a bum ass shoulder. My good arm swings up, hand wrapping around the wrist of the jackass behind me. Light glints off the makeshift blade clutched in his hand, and I barely manage to stop the upward trajectory of it as he was no doubt aiming for my unprotected back.

Son of a bitch!

"Fight!" some asswipe shouts, then all hell breaks loose.

Rogue's roar echoes through the cavernous room as Ace curses in front of me. I manage a frantic glance at my brothers. We're each surrounded, two or three against one. Then a fist connects with my jaw, sending me crashing into someone else's hands. He grips my shoulders, holding me in place for another punch to the gut, followed by a solid hit to my face.

"Saint!" Ace calls out, followed by a grunt.

"Kinda busy over here," I manage to call out before another hit wracks my mid-section, forcing me to keel over. "Motherfucker."

Dude with the shank steps in front of me as I raise my head. There's blood pouring from my nose, and if it's broken, I'm gonna be pissed.

"You all need to learn your place, and it's our job to teach you."

"Eat a dick," I mutter, trying to catch my breath.

"Funny. You'll end up someone's bitch after this, but I get to rough you up some more first. Make that face a little less pretty for your new daddy."

My smile is manic. "I know someone who's much better with a knife, and she'll skin you alive for even trying."

With a furious glare, he steps into me, but he's yanked from behind before he can even take a swipe. His body flies back onto the table behind him, rolling over the edge and onto the hard concrete floor, his head hitting the metal bench.

Rogue stands in his place, cracking his neck and glowering at my attackers.

"Who's next?" he growls.

There's a bloody cut on his cheek and blood seeping from the busted knuckles on his massive fists. Looks like the big guy had some fun. The man holding me shoves me toward Rogue, who stops my momentum with one of those mega paws of his. He spins me around, so I can watch the two pussies that ganged up on me retreat until they're backed up against the metal table behind them.

"Which one of you wants to fucking talk?" I ask, swiping my forearm across my tender nose. "Maybe we'll grant you mercy."

"Or not," Rogue quips menacingly.

Ace steps up beside him, out of breath and one eye already swollen shut. "Don't bother. His friend already spilled. Colt's reach is further than we gave him credit for."

"Fuck!" I mutter, spitting blood onto the cement floor.

"Masterson, Hart, Barlowe, hands behind your backs!" the guard shouts.

Where the hell has he been? Is he in on it too?

The three of us do as we're told, then we're cuffed and dragged out of the room. I'm thrown into solitary confinement, and I can only assume the other two are as well. They don't even offer me a wet towel to clean myself up. Fuckers.

I'm not sure how long I sit in the utter silence of the tiny space, with only a thin mattress and single toilet, but I'm feeling every twinge and ache and a new fiery pain in my shoulder. Can't catch a fucking break. Thoughts of Remy fill my head. Leaning my back up against the cold cement wall, I wonder what she's doing. Sure hope Trip is keeping her fed and Squire is making sure she doesn't do anything stupid. There's a little solace in the fact that two of us got the fuck out of here and can keep an eye on her. Of course, they can keep their hands on her too. My dick perks up. I'd totally let

that little daydream play out and get off to it, but unfortunately there isn't a sink in here. I don't feel like adding dried cum to the blood already crusted on my body.

The sound of the metal lock engaging breaks me out of the chaos of my mind, the door swinging open to reveal an officer I've never seen before.

"Come on, Barlowe. Gotta take you to the captain for questioning."

"Do I get the chance to clean up first?" I ask petulantly.

His eyes widen as he gets a good look at my prison garb. "They didn't have you checked out by the nurse?"

I shake my head. "Officer..."

"Cook."

"Officer Cook, I was shoved in this cell without so much as toilet paper to wipe my ass. I've got dried blood caked to my face, every muscle in my body is sore from the beatdown I received, and I'm pretty sure I may have reinjured my shoulder. It's been a shit day."

"Here." He steps forward, offering his hand. "Let me help you up. We'll swing by the bathroom, and I'll let you wash your face off, then, after questioning, I'll suggest a trip to the nurse's station."

Either he's a newbie and a little too trusting, or I look worse than I feel. Either way, I'm grateful for even the smallest hint of compassion at the moment, so I take his hand. The groan that escapes as I stand, not to mention the shortness of breath as my ribs scream from the strain, aren't faked. I feel like I was hit by a goddamn bus.

“I apologize. No matter what you’re in here for, you’re still a human and deserve a little respect. Sometimes, some of these assholes forget that. They’re too jaded.”

“Sometimes, you have to be to do the job you all do. You’re too soft, you get taken advantage of.”

He side-eyes me as he guides me out of the cell and down a few feet where a single bathroom sits open. “You saying I should watch my back?”

“Not on my watch, but the good men always get the raw end of the deal. Life experience and all that.”

He motions for me to head into the bathroom. “Go on in. I can’t shut the door, but at least you can clean all that blood off.”

“Thanks, man.”

Making quick work of the mess that is my face, I feel slightly more human. Small mercies. Jail isn’t exactly full of them, so I gratefully accept the ones I’m lucky enough to receive. There’s no mirror, so I can’t take stock of the damage. Guess that will have to wait. Stepping out, we proceed down the hall to a small office. I’m a little surprised I’m not cuffed, but again, not gonna look a gift horse in the mouth.

The tiny room is set up with only a small table where another officer sits, a pad of paper in front of him. He motions toward the chair in front of me, and I gratefully sit, sensing Officer Cook taking up a position in the corner of the room.

“Mr. Barlowe, would you care to tell me what happened in there today?”

“You’ve had time to watch the camera footage. You know that my brothers and I were attacked.”



He silently assesses me, his face blank. He's hard to read, much harder than Cook, but let's face it. He's staring at a man arrested for potentially being the long-sought-after Avenging Angel. Why the hell is he so fucking calm? I see this going one of two ways. He's honest and reports things exactly how they went down, or he's just as corrupt as the officers that were in the room when Colt's goons got their licks in.

"I'd like to hear it in your own words if it's all the same to you."

My deep sigh is real, and it hurts like a bitch. "I was lined up for evening meal when a guy from behind told me that I had pissed someone off and had to pay. He took a swing with a shank. I managed to dodge that, only to be punched in the jaw, which is sore as hell, thank you for asking. Another guy held me while they beat the shit out of me. Shank dude went to take another stab, but Rogan Hart was faster and managed to get him out of the way. The other two dudes went running like bitches 'cuz Rogue's a scary motherfucker when he's not bleeding. Surprised the dudes didn't piss their pants when they got a good look at him like that. That's when Ace managed to escape the group that had him cornered and came over to check on us. Then Officer Dipshit, who did absolutely nothing to break up the fight, called our names, cuffed us, and we got thrown into solitary for...fuck. I don't know. A couple hours?"

His pen's gliding across the notepad, but I don't even bother trying to make out what he's writing. My head is starting to pound.

"So you didn't do anything to provoke this attack?"

"Sir, I've been a model inmate since the day I arrived. I've kept my head down and hands clean. I'm respectful to the officers on duty, even when they're not to me. I've requested information as to why we have yet to see the judge and gotten shit excuses each and every time. At this point, I'm not even sure it matters what I tell you because something tells me we're not being treated fairly here. Someone's pulling strings. Question is, has he gotten a hold of yours yet?"

Astute eyes study me, pen tapping on the hard metal surface.

“Mr. Barlowe, I want to personally apologize for your treatment since you entered our facility. Normally, this precinct is run with the utmost care and respect, and we’ve always received high commendations. I can assure you I will work diligently to get a clear idea of what happened today. I’d like to extend a rare offer, if you’re willing to hear it?”

It’s my turn to study him, taking in the four stripes on his arm that indicate his rank. The crisp folds of his uniform that were meticulously ironed to get the creases just right. The ring on his left hand that indicates some woman made the decision to marry him, maybe even have kids with him. Of course, that’s not proof of his character, but together, all the details paint a pretty clear picture of the man in front of me.

“I am.”

“I’m giving you two options. Option A: you get moved to a Maximum-Security cell in full lockdown without the ability to move around freely. It’s twenty-three hours in, with one hour of free-time daily. This option will provide a level of safety because you’ll have less interactions with other inmates, but also less interaction with your friends.”

“And option B?”

“We put you back in Max-Security General Population. You’ll once again be with your brothers, but I’m sure I don’t have to point out the risks that this presents as you’ve seen first hand what can happen.”

I consider the options, but the answer is easy.

“I’ll go back to Gen Pop. No offense, Captain, but I trust my brothers to have my back. At this point, I don’t trust anyone else.”

He nods, sharing a glance with Officer Cook. “So be it. For what it’s worth, your version of the story matches what I watched on the tapes. You three were the innocent victims. Thankfully, no one was fatally hurt. However, I’ll give you this word of advice before I send you and Officer Cook to the nurse’s station.”

I lean forward, wincing at the tug on my shoulder. “I’m listening.”

“I’m one man, with limited power to make demands. The natural process of the law is being ignored in your case, and I’m not sure why or who’s allowing that to happen. I’ll do some digging, but I can’t make any promises. In the meantime, watch your backs. If another incident occurs, tell them you request to speak to Captain Davidson. If they refuse, then tell them you want your lawyer.”

I nod, feeling my nerves settle slightly. It’s a small relief to know that there are two men here who aren’t on Colt’s payroll—at least not yet.

“Good luck, Mr. Barlowe.” He motions to Officer Cook. “Take him to the nurse and make sure she gives him a full evaluation and provides any treatment he may require before he’s returned to General Population.”

“Thank you, Captain Davidson.” I stand, only groaning slightly this time.

“Don’t thank me yet, Barlowe.”

With that, I’m led out of the office, my mind whirling with the limited information I just received. I know that we’ll all need to have a little talk when we get back to our home away from home. We’ve got to figure out what the hell we can do to get ourselves out of here before Colt strikes again. We may not be so lucky next time.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

“Such a pretty view to have while killing a man,” Remy murmurs, staring out the windows in her new kill room that overlooks Deadwood Peak. “Or woman, as the case may be.”

There’s a stillness about her that is reminiscent of the pre-Sinner Remy. The one who was shut down and closed off, barely letting me in. I’m not sure if we should be worried by that, or if what Saint suggested is true—maybe this is what needs to happen. Either way, I can’t help but be concerned by seeing the woman I’ve loved damned near my entire life retreat back into herself.

“I know we said we were going to do this, but?—”

Her dark glare whips my way. “But nothing. Don’t you even think about it, Grant.”

Looking over at Trip, I find his eyes darting between the two of us, watching the unfolding battle.

Remy’s eyes narrow. “Trip is not going to save you from this conversation.”

“We’re just under a shit load of scrutiny right now, Rem. You’re carrying a baby, and blood makes you vomit. I mean, the list of cons is pretty long.”

“You’re forgetting the biggest pro.” Her face is a blank mask that’s as eerie as it is familiar.

“What’s that?”

“The Avenging Angel making a reappearance will help clear the guys’ names and get them out of jail. It’s the fastest, most efficient way. We both know it.”

Her fingers twitch by her sides, and that’s when I realize I’ve also made another miscalculation. While the guys are the biggest motivating factor, something else is driving her just as hard.

My shoulders ease a tiny fraction, my voice dropping to just above a whisper. “Guess it also doesn’t hurt that you need something to stab.”

One corner of her plush lips curves upward, but the humor doesn’t reach her eyes. “Sure. I might also have a tiny bit of aggression to work out.”

My sigh is pulled straight from my soul. I wish I could take that pain and that fury and that...all-consuming need from her so she never has to suffer from it again.

“I know what you’re thinking, Grant, but this is my burden to bear, and there’s nothing you can do to change that. We’ve talked about this.”

“Okay. Alright.” I throw my hands up, frustrated despite myself. “I’ll stop being a worry wart. Now, do you know where...”

“The toolkit is?”

“Yeah.”

She points toward the newly hung peg board that we haven’t had time to fill. “Sitting on the floor over there.”

I nod absently. “And what about the...”

“Documents with her list of transgressions?” Our eyes meet. “In the folder inside the bag with the toolkit.”

“How long until...”

“She wakes up?”

“Okay, it’s creepy as fuck how you two do that,” Trip mutters, arms crossed over his chest.

The first real grin I’ve had all day slowly appears on my face. “Jealous?”

“As all hell, brother.”

We both laugh until we notice Remy hasn’t joined in. She’s turned her attention to the woman strung up in the center of the room. With her brow furrowed and her hands fisting at her sides, I know her alter ego has taken over.

“Might want to grab the supplies,” I say softly to Trip, who raises one eyebrow as he picks up on the building tension.

Walking over to the door, he grabs the bucket and a small bag of other necessities...like a pack of wipes and a bottle of water.

“So what’s her story, anyhow?” he says out loud, eyeing Remy who’s still silently staring at the unconscious woman.

“She was River’s ol’ lady. When they divorced, he tried to get custody of the kids because she’s not exactly what you’d call mother material . They’ve ended up with bruises, cuts, burns, broken bones, but each time, she’s explained them away. River’s pleaded with the court system for his children’s safety, but they ignored him. Melinda

gave the judge a sob story about her baby daddy being a member of the Havoc Reapers, and he awarded that sadistic excuse for a mother full custody.”

“Her drugs and men of the week are more important than the three children she’s brought into this world.”

Remy’s voice is soft, steady, but there’s a thread of fury woven into the otherwise even tone that most wouldn’t recognize. I do, and so does Trip. We share a look loaded with things neither of us dares say out loud when she’s like this, lest we risk having that fury aimed our way. She’d never hurt us, but taking the brunt of her anger isn’t something either of us want at the moment. As much as she doesn’t want to hear it, it’s impossible to shut off the voices that keep insisting we protect our woman and child from anything and everything...even herself.

A soft whimper echoes through the room, and a sinister grin starts to spread across Remy’s face.

“Looks like Miss Wilson is almost ready to say hello, boys.”

As the woman slowly comes to, her unfocused eyes go wide when she takes in the room and the three strangers surrounding her. Panic begins to set in. As she struggles to get free, Remy casually walks over to the leather satchel, picks it up along with the manila folder, and carries them over to a nearby small metal table that is in plain view of our guest. In no rush, she unties the knot and opens the folded sections, revealing a multitude of shiny, pointy objects, along with others that probably seem innocuous on their own. Spoiler: they're not.

“Welcome, Melinda,” Remy says cheerfully. “Did you have a good nap?”

“W-where am I?”

“You’re in my new kill room. The very first VIP guest, actually. Quite the honor, if you ask me.” Remy waves her hand around the room. “What do you think?”

With the meds wearing off, the woman’s bravado starts to come back online right along with her anger. “I think you’re a goddamn whack job. What the fuck, Beretta?”

Remy tsks. “Well, that wasn’t very nice, Melinda. And sadly for you, you’ve got the wrong sister.”

“R-Remy?” she whispers, shocked.

She was just a club whore when Remington was still around the clubhouse, but she witnessed enough to know the Steele sisters were never to be fucked with.

“It’s been a while, Melinda. I think the last time I saw you was when River had you bent over the pool table in the clubhouse with your skirt pushed up around your waist and your pussy dripping all over the green felt. Do you remember what you said to fifteen-year-old me?”

Melinda blinks, eyes darting to where Trip and I are standing, then back to Remy. “N-no. I?—”

“You told me to keep my whore eyes to myself because River would never want inexperienced pussy like mine.” Remy shakes her head. “I was still a virgin then. Not for long, of course, but that’s neither here nor there. River was one of only a select few people who were around to help Rock clean up the mess of my life, and I owe him one, so here we are. I’m ready to settle up.”

“What the hell does that mean? Let me go, you fucking psycho. You can’t keep me here!”



Remy picks up the folder and pulls out a few sheets of white paper, waving them in the air. “This right here? It’s your signed permission slip for your first and only field trip. Not really fair if you ask me since your kids never get to go on any because you’re a lazy, selfish mother, but it is what it is.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Melinda yells, beginning to tug on her arms. Unfortunately for her, they’re chained above her head. Her pleading eyes flash to Trip and I. “Help me. Please. She’s fucking crazy. She?—”

Remy’s hand whips through the air, her open palm connecting with Melinda’s cheek.

“Tell me... Did I do that right?”

Melinda sputters as a fiery red handprint lights up on her cheek. “You psychotic bitch. I’ll make you pay for this. You just wait and?—”

After another slap across the face, Remy shakes her hand. “That shit stings. Your hand must have grown used to it considering it’s one of your favorite forms of punishment to inflict on those three angels you have.”

The first tear rolls down Melinda’s cheek. “You don’t have any idea what you’re talking about. I’d never?—”

This time, her words are stopped with a swift backhand that makes her nose bleed.

Trip lifts the bucket, watching our girl for any signs she’s about ready to blow, but nothing happens. Instead, Remy’s gaze remains locked on the woman strung up under the bright light in the center of the room.

“So, you’re saying your son lied in his statement to the nurse at the hospital? You didn’t slap him in the face then backhand him when he cried?”

“O-of course n-not. I’d never hurt him.”

Remy walks back over to the table, her elegant finger running across the paper as she reads the words that spell the demise of the woman now openly crying.

“Hmmm. Then I guess this bit about the burn marks on your little girl’s legs was a lie too?” she murmurs, picking up the pack of cigarettes. Pulling one free from the open box, she turns and lifts the lighter, her thumb rolling over the little metal piece with a click. A flame appears.

“I didn’t... I’d never...p-please...” Melinda sputters, terror flashing in her eyes as Remy lights the end of the cigarette.

Her eyes meet mine as she holds the cigarette out toward me. Stepping forward, I take a drag off the end until it glows red. I don’t inhale, just blow the smoke out from between my lips, because that shit is nasty.

Melinda contorts her body, though her struggle is useless thanks to her ankles being chained to the hook on the floor beneath her, as Remy stalks closer. She has nowhere to go, but that doesn’t stop her from trying.

“No. No! I’ll do anything. I’ll... I’ll sign over custody. River can have his little fucking brats. Fuck. Please. Don’t!” she screams, blood and snot now running from her nostrils. “And they say your s-sister is the m-monster...”

Remy grips the terrified woman’s cheek with her free hand. “They were wrong. I’m the monster, not Etta, and you’re no better. There is, however, one thing that differentiates between you and me. I only terrorize other monsters, avenging the innocents you’ve all tarnished with your despicable evil. Personally, I think there should be a special place in hell for people like you who ruin something so pure and bright...” She pauses, a dark smile lighting up her features. “Oh wait. There is.

You're in it."

Remy's hand drops, pressing the lit end of the cigarette into the woman's bare thigh.

A loud shriek fills the room, which grows louder with each new burn etched onto Melinda's previously unmarred skin. When our girl steps back, she tosses the cigarette butt onto the concrete and stomps it out with the heel of her boot.

"There's one thing I don't understand, Melinda."

The woman doesn't respond, just watches Remy with wary eyes as her chest heaves and tears run down her face, smearing her mascara.

"Why not just let River take the kids? You obviously didn't want them or love them. Why be so selfish?"

Melinda doesn't answer quickly enough, so Remy grabs a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back.

"I asked you a question!"

Around a sob, Melinda sputters out, "I d-didn't w-want to lose the ch-child s-support money."

Remy goes still, her head cocked to one side. "Let me get this straight. You didn't actually want the kids. You just wanted to keep them so you didn't lose the money that funds your drug habit?"

Melinda's entire body sags in defeat, her shoulders shaking as her body is wracked with pain she more than deserves.

Remy releases her and steps back, her mask still solidly in place. “I really should’ve gotten around to this sooner. Now, I’ll owe River an apology and those kids some ice cream, or candy, or, hell, maybe a puppy when the judge grants their father full custody after their piece of shit mother turns up dead.”

Trip runs his hand over his head while our girl walks over and picks up a belt from the table. She runs it through her hand while Melinda shakes in fear. There’s a tiny spark of pleasure in Remy’s eyes that most wouldn’t notice, but I do. I notice everything about this woman.

“Fuck. Does she seem...”

I glance over at Trip, whose eyes are locked on our girl, his brow creased with worry.

“More vacant than usual?” Looking at Remy, I take in her seemingly emotionless face as she murmurs something into Melinda’s ear. “To you, I’m sure she does. The woman you’ve witnessed prior to this is the one who had reconnected with a part of herself she hasn’t seen since her teens. That softness hasn’t existed in over a decade. This version...the cold, detached woman in front of us now? This is the real Avenging Angel. The one that girl had to become in order to survive.”

His eyes meet mine, a question in them I’m not sure he truly wants to ask.

“Our girl is still in there, Trip, but she’s learning how to navigate the balancing act between the two distinct sides of herself. She’s getting better at knowing when Remy needs to take a backseat and let the Avenging Angel take over for a little while.”

The words leave my lips, and while they ring true, I have to admit to myself he’s not the only one worried that Remy might get lost within her own mind again. I know she’s strong, and I know she’s resilient, but I also know that we haven’t seen the worst of what Colt has planned. If we don’t end this soon, there’s a chance any

progress Remy's made these last few months might be lost forever. I'm not sure if we'll be enough to pull her out of the depths of her darkness again.

"Is it too much for you? This version of her?" I ask softly.

He shakes his head. "Not at all. Just makes me want to love her that much harder to remind her who's waiting for her when this is all done and over with. I refuse to lose her, man."

The first hit of the belt echoes through the room, and we silently stand by, witnesses to our girl righting the wrongs committed against three innocents. Whether or not her actions cleanse her soul or damn it straight to hell is something none of us have the answer to. We can only wait here in the shadows, ready to drag her back into the light when she's done.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

Having two of my guys with me has been both a blessing and a curse. Tucking away my emotions in order to keep a clear mind is a necessity, but being with Trip and Squire makes that almost impossible. How am I supposed to fight the evil on our doorstep if I can't keep a firm grasp on the evil within myself?

A body drops heavily into the bench seat across the booth from me, drawing me out of my thoughts. The Melinda stench had barely been washed off when Jay's urgent message came in. His curt tone told me this wasn't something that could be put off for later, so we put a pin in her disposal, got ready, and hauled ass to meet Rogue's friend.

I've only met the man once, but I'm astute enough to recognize exhaustion when I see it—the messy hair peeking out from underneath his ball cap, the dark smudges beneath his eyes, and the stubble on his previously clean-shaven face. The man deserves a vacation after this.

“Jay. You said it was urgent.”

“Remington, you're in deep shit.”

My elbows hit the worn wooden surface, my glass of orange juice forgotten as I take a quick look around the quiet diner. No one is paying us any attention.

“I'm pretty sure we already established that.”

He shakes his head as his hand runs over his mouth. “No. This is deeper shit than I could've anticipated. Half of it doesn't make a damn bit of sense, but I suppose not

much about this does when you look at the full picture.” He takes a second to look out the window, no doubt seeing Squire on his bike in the lot. “I’m glad to see you got two of them out. You shouldn’t be alone right now.”

“Jay, you need to tell me what’s going on.”

Tired eyes meet mine, a heavy sigh slipping from his lips. “Your brother is not who he appears to be.”

He pulls out a large manila envelope from inside his jacket and slides it across the table.

“Again, we’re already fully aware?—”

His hand comes down, covering mine as I reach for the envelope. The urge to rear back is strong, but the sincere concern that flashes across his stern features has me halting my instinctive reaction.

“He’s an FBI agent, Remington.”

Silence.

My mind has gone quiet, struggling to put this newest piece into a puzzle that was only just barely starting to take shape. Carefully, I undo the prongs and pull out page after page of proof supporting the bombshell Jay just dropped.

“He’s got connections and intel that outmatch the reach of the Sinners. It’s how he’s managed to outsmart you at every turn. If I were you, I’d get those boys of yours and leave?—”

“We’re not going anywhere.”

The muscles in his jaw clench as he pulls back. “Had a feeling that would be your reaction. Can’t say I wasn’t hoping you’d be smarter than that though.”

My eyes narrow. “What would you have me do? Pick up and leave my life behind? Leave my men, including your friend, to rot in jail for crimes they damn well didn’t commit? Leave my unconscious sister in our demented brother’s care? I’m not a fucking coward.”

“I know you’re not, Remington, but this is a losing battle. It’s the fucking FBI.”

Slumping back into the bench, I glance out the window. Squire is sitting astride his bike, periodically checking his surroundings. When he glances my way, our eyes lock across the distance. I don’t even need to see them behind his glasses to know he’s studying me in that way of his, the one that means he sees too damn much.

“I’ll figure this out. He thinks he’s got the upper hand, but he has no idea what I’m capable of.”

Picking up the documents, more pieces fall into place. Now, I get what he meant by earning his place in the family. He worked his way through the New Mexico PD then somehow maneuvered himself into a position within the FBI, probably thinking that Rock would see the benefits of having an inside man on the right side of the law. Little did he know, Daddy already had that in place without any help from his son.

“You’re a smart woman, I’ll give you that, but this is going to take a whole fucking army if you want to even have a chance at taking him down.”

Glancing up, I drop the mask I’m always so careful to have in place with people I don’t know. He needs to understand just how serious I am. “I don’t need an army. I just need to remember who the hell I am and everything Rock taught me. We may be blood, but I’ve got something Colt never had—years spent under my father’s thumb.



There's no one more conniving than Rock Steele. I learned from the best."

Jay studies me in that silent way I'm coming to expect from him. After a few tense seconds, he says, "This is probably a death sentence, but I'm in. Ain't like I have anything worth losing. What can I do to help?"

"Jay, I appreciate all you've done, but I can't drag you into my war. Rogue would never forgive me."

"We don't know each other well, so in case it's not clear, I don't get dragged anywhere I don't want to be. Trust me when I say, if you want to beat him, you're gonna need my help."

One killer to another, we stare each other down, assessing the other's mettle. I don't know what this man has on his hands, but I recognize the shadows within his eyes.

"I'm curious, Jay. Just how did you obtain all of this intel?"

A dimple appears in the stubble on his cheek. "You trusted me with your secret, so I'll trust you with mine. I work within a black ops division of the CIA. Officially, we don't exist. Our lines are...well...let's just say a little less black and white than the FBI, so I have a more leeway when it comes to the jobs I choose to take on."

Well, hell. Maybe he's right. I could definitely use someone with his kind of connections and moral turpitude.

"Fine. You let me worry about Colt. What I need you to do is figure out where the hell he's holding my sister and her men. If we can free her, that's one less worry I've got on my shoulders."

"You got it. Give me forty-eight hours."

“Oh, and any information you can get me on Agent Kinney of the FBI.”

He nods.

“I owe you for this, Jay.”

“Maybe one day I’ll cash in on that. For now, you just focus on getting Hart and the others out of jail. You’re going to need them for what lies ahead.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve already got a plan.”

“I’m sure you do.” He slides out of the booth and stands. “Good luck, Remington.”

“Same to you, Jay.”

I stare at his back, my thoughts a flurry with our next steps. Through the window, the hulking shape of Rogue’s friend appears, heading straight for Squire. Straightening in the booth, I slowly get to my feet with my eyes locked on the two men. They shake hands and exchange a few words, then Jay walks toward his car, gets in, and drives away.

Dropping a couple of bills on the table to cover my orange juice, I head outside and straight toward the man who’s practically my shadow, more so now than ever before.

“What was all of that about?”

The corner of his lips quirks up. “Jealous?”

See? This is exactly what I mean. How can I keep the evil mask in place when this man is over here acting a fool?

“Totally. He’s hot. Might steal you away.”

His arm snakes around my waist, drawing me into his chest. His long blond hair is tied up in a knot, the scruff on his face longer than it’s ever been. He looks rugged and handsome, with a confidence that’s impossibly attractive.

“You think he’s hot?” he growls in my ear. My attempt at stifling the laughter bubbling up inside fails, and I lose it in his arms. “God, I love that sound. I don’t hear it nearly enough.”

His words calm the amusement still rushing through me, and I pull back until I’m staring up into a face I know by heart.

“You’ve seen all the different facets of who I am, Grant. The good, the bad, and the fucking horrifying, yet you stayed right by my side through it all. I don’t deserve you.”

“No, you deserve someone better. Someone who would whisk you away from the hell this town has become in order to keep you safe. Someone who would do anything, even leave the only life he’s ever known, if it meant you and our baby wouldn’t have to face another monster. Someone who would risk your hatred just to make sure you get to live another day. Yet here I am, driving you to clandestine meetings, setting up projects that could see you sent to prison if we’re ever caught...” Big hands slide up my sides and along my neck until his calloused fingers are cradling my face. “Remington, you deserve the world, and I just wish I was strong enough to give it to you.”

The worry flashing in his eyes takes my breath away. I’ve always known what my crusade could cost us. What I failed to calculate is the weight it’s placed on my best friend’s shoulders, but even now, I can’t find it in me to want to change a thing. Maybe that makes me selfish, but this is us. Together, we weather the storms, only

growing stronger because of our commitment to one another. Now, we're getting ready to bring a baby into this crazy life we live, and at one time I might've panicked about that. Hell, I did panic. But then I remember I've got four other men who have pledged their lives to me. Four loyal, powerful men who will stop at nothing to guarantee we all make it out of this alive. No. I don't need to be anywhere but right where I am. Let the shit storm come—and there's no doubt that's exactly what it will be. We'll be ready.

“I don't need the world, Grant. I just need you.”

We kiss under the dying light of an Arizona sunset, like two teenagers who never got the chance. One of the promises I make is to ensure we get more of these moments, no matter what I have to do to make them happen.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The constant barrage of noise in this place doesn't bother me. My years in the military, deployed to war-torn countries, taught me valuable survival skills—one of which is being able to tune out the chaos and focus on a target. In this case, making sure my brothers and I aren't caught up in any more unexpected jail fights.

They released us back into General Population, but we're in a different cell block, with all new faces and a whole new list of potential enemies. I'm not sure if that's a blessing or a curse. Saint relayed his conversation with the captain, and I'm not sure about the others, but I'm even more on guard than I was before. This thing with Colt goes higher up than just some pull with shithead criminals, and that means we're worse off than we were before.

A small television is playing in the corner of the open space, a couple of inmates glued to it like addicts waiting for their next hit. Ace and Saint are quietly talking at the table closest to me, while I've placed myself against the cold cement wall, my eyes perpetually scanning the room, waiting for the next shoe to drop.

“Breaking news! It has just been confirmed that the body found on the steps outside of the Public Safety Building, which houses the Police Department, Sheriff's Department, and County Jail, along with other city facilities, is victim number thirty-six of the infamous serial killer known as the Avenging Angel.”

My eyes cut to Ace's, then Saint's.

“Authorities are stating that a note was left with the body, along with the usual list of prior transgressions, as the Avenging Angel labels them. The note was directed to the Deadwood Peak Police Department with a message that read, ‘Nice try. Better luck

next time.””

Saint smirks, earning a scowl from Ace. Luckily, mine’s hidden beneath my beard. Our girl must be out of her mind to try something like this right now, but I can’t say I don’t admire the fuck out of her for it. She’s scarily brilliant.

“The Chief of Police is now under heavy scrutiny after he announced that his department had apprehended three suspects believed to be involved with the Avenging Angel murders. Our office has reached out to him for comment, but as of this morning, he has yet to respond. Join us at noon for the latest updates on the case as it continues to play out.”

“What does this mean?” Saint asks quietly.

“It means we need to be on high alert. This is going to piss Colt off, and it wouldn’t surprise me if he tries to come up with another way to keep us locked in here.”

As the words leave Ace’s lips, I catch two of the guards huddled together by the door, whispering as they shoot nervous looks our way. I don’t bother to pretend I’m not watching them. I want them to know that I see them, that I’m ready and waiting for whatever shit they’re concocting.

Another officer enters, glaring at the two men who look like gossiping teens. “Don’t you two have jobs you should be doing?”

“Yes, Lieutenant,” one says, hightailing it up the stairs to do his rounds.

The other takes up his post beside the door, his neck and cheeks red from the not-so-quiet scolding.

“Hart,” the lieutenant calls out. “You have a visitor.”

Straightening from the wall, Ace stops me with a look. “If it’s Remy, tell her we’ll be with her soon.”

I nod, heading toward the door. He efficiently cuffs my hands and leads me down the long corridor toward the visitor room. The entire time, my nerves prickle along my skin, both hoping it’s Remy and praying she was smart enough to stay the hell away from here.

Once I’m through the door, the lieutenant leads me over to one of the open stalls toward the end of the row, and the second I round the privacy wall, my eyes land on her.

Fuck, she’s beautiful.

With her hair hanging down her back in wild waves, her cheeks slightly flushed, and her large brown eyes staring up at me, something inside me settles for the first time since we entered these gray walls.

The officer unlocks my cuffs and walks back over to the door, giving us as much privacy as prisoners are allowed in this place.

We reach for the receivers hanging on the wall at the same time.

“Hey, big guy. Miss me?”

Her voice rushes along my senses, lighting up the dark spots only she’s ever been able to reach. “More than words, gorgeous. How are you doing?”

Her wide smile is all too brief.

“We’re both doing okay,” she says somewhat cryptically, but I don’t blame her.

We've done our damndest to keep her pregnancy under wraps. "I'm actually here because I had an interesting conversation with one of your friends."

One of my friends? There's only one person she could be referring to because outside of the club, there's no one else I'd use that particular term for. I'm surprised despite myself. Squire must have helped her gain access to our encrypted network.

"Oh? What did he have to say?"

"Turns out, our landscaper lied about his qualifications."

Landscaper? Oh. Right. Colt had been hired to do our patio.

"How so?"

She casually glances around the room before turning to meet my worried stare.

"Turns out his full-time job is with the FBI."

Warning alarms blare in my brain as all the possible complications this creates clang around in my head. My wide eyes lock on hers.

"You shouldn't be here. Go. Now."

Every instinct I have is demanding I get her out of this building before Colt can somehow figure out a way to have her taken into custody.

"Don't worry. He's probably a little preoccupied at the moment. I may have sent him a present after I got the address to his fancy field office."

My breathing stalls. "You didn't."



“Oh, I most certainly did. The middle finger to be exact.”

Not her middle finger. The middle finger. From the body the Avenging Angel—aka Remy—dumped in front of the Public Safety Building.

“Fuck, gorgeous.” Running my free hand down my beard, I try to decide whether I’m now terrified or turned on by her audacity. “Please tell me you didn’t come here alone. I will literally beat Trip’s and Squire’s asses if they aren’t waiting for you outside.”

Her smile reappears. “Don’t worry. They’re close by. Owen is here somewhere too. He’s currently meeting with Captain Davidson and the district attorney. My guess? You all will get a hearing before the judge by the end of the day and be released before sundown. After all, you’re obviously not the Avenging Angel. That psycho just dropped another body.”

My eyes narrow on the woman I love, the one who killed my personal demons and to whom I owe everything. She’s not the psychopath. Her brother is. The next time I get my hands on her, I’ll need to reinforce that concept. I’m sure Saint won’t mind helping.

“When I get out of here, you and I are going to have to talk about some things.”

Like her being so damn reckless when she’s carrying our baby. Or how fucking sexy she looks in that off-the-shoulder black sweater and skin-tight jeans.

“Oh, I hope we’ll be doing more than just talking, big guy. It’s been ages, and I need you.”

My dick strains against the rough seam of my orange jumpsuit.

“Better be ready for us, gorgeous. The three of us have a lot of pent-up aggression after all this time without you.”

Her eye are alight with heat, a pretty flush spreading across her cheeks as she bites her lower lip. “I’m always ready when it comes to you guys.”

It’s been too fucking long. Even a brief stint without her has me on edge and desperate enough to take drastic measures to get the hell out of here so I can make sure she’s safe and see with my own two eyes that she and our baby are being taken care of...along with a host of other things I’d like to do when she’s within reach.

Her voice drops, taking on a tone I recognize from our moments in her kill room. “Don’t do anything stupid, Rogue.”

I shake my head. “You know I won’t, but if we don’t get out of here soon, I’m worried about what he might try to pull. Just the thought of something happening to you while we’re locked away in here...”

My body reacts, muscles tensing and jaw clenching as I fight against the fury that rolls through me at my inability to protect what’s mine. She holds her hand up to the plexiglass, and I follow suit, my palm dwarfing hers.

“Do you trust me?” she whispers.

“With my life.”

“Then know I’ll be seeing you soon. Until then, you keep an eye on Ace and Saint. Fill them in, so when you walk out those doors, we’re all ready to end this thing. He’s pushed me too far, and now it’s time he realizes exactly who I am. Steele women don’t take it lying down...unless we want to, of course.”

She fucking winks, and just like that, my soul settles again. This fucking woman is going to be the death of me.

“Time’s up, Hart,” the lieutenant calls out. “Say your goodbyes.”

“Watch your back, gorgeous.”

“Always do, big guy.”

She blows me a kiss and hangs up the receiver. I watch her stand and walk toward the door, not moving until it closes behind her. The entire way back to Gen Pop, my mind focuses on what’s to come. I’m not a big believer in some of the hippy dippy shit that’s become so popular these days, but manifesting positive energy is something I can definitely get behind. Fuck knows we could use all the help we can get for what lies ahead.

Walking back into the room, Ace and Saint make eye contact. I hold their stares until I maneuver my big ass body into the tight bench seat attached to the metal table.

“Well?” Ace asks.

“Remy says a war is coming. Time to gear up, because the second we’re free, it’s on.”

They don’t ask questions. Don’t try to fill the space with false hopes. We know that what comes next won’t be easy, and it sure as hell won’t be pretty. I know I speak for my brothers when I say that our single goal is to make sure Remington and our unborn child live to see a world without fear and constant threats. We’ll make that happen...or die trying.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The judge's face looks like Saint's that time Trip dared him to bite into a lemon.

"You mean to tell me that these men have been in Maximum-Security lock-up for well over a week, going on two, and have yet to appear in my court?"

"Yes, Your Honor. Their paperwork was...misplaced, and they slipped through the cracks."

Judge Dickinson's expression becomes even more dour. "That is the most pitiful excuse I've ever heard in my life, Counselor. Especially now that you're here in my courtroom—at the eleventh hour, I might add—telling me that new evidence suggests these men are not, in fact, linked to the Avenging Angel like initially believed." He shakes his head. "Not a good look for the district attorney's office, Mr. Samuels. I'm highly disappointed."

Saint and Trip are cuffed on the bench beside me, with a guard on each end, the three of us witnessing the chastising of the city's most popular district attorney in Deadwood Peak history. It's too early to say whether he's involved in Colt's grand plan, but you better fucking believe we'll be looking into it.

Owen is at the table in front of us, with the district attorney sweating bullets at the next table over. Can't say I blame him. Judge Dickinson is a mean old coot known for taking no shit. Last time I saw him, I was seventeen and had gotten caught on a drug run with my father. Even then, Dickinson was wrinkled and gray. He gave me a tongue lashing I'll never forget. It was the start of us turning the club around.

"I want to apologize to the court for my office's mishandling of Mr. Masterson's, Mr.

Hart's, and Mr. Barlowe's cases, Your Honor. I take full responsibility and will personally oversee a review of the procedural processes that allowed this to happen."

The old man grunts and flips a few papers on his desk before looking up at Owen.

"Mr. Wallace, all of this is well outside the norm for the judicial process in this county, and I would like to personally apologize for the absolute fumbling of this case from the very beginning by multiple agencies that are usually above reproach. The evidence presented by the district attorney not only confirms, without a shadow of a doubt, your clients' version of events on the evening in question, but also further illustrates the depths that this person will go to in order to lead law enforcement on a ludicrous goose chase. The police department finally had a chance to gain new evidence that could have led them to a suspect in the Avenging Angel killings that have been plaguing this area for years, and sadly they bungled the whole thing. Therefore, after reviewing the aforementioned evidence, it is my ruling to expedite the release of your clients, effective immediately."

Owen nods stoically. "We appreciate that, Your Honor. On behalf of my clients, I want to thank you for your willingness to hear this urgent case after what I'm sure was already a long, trying day."

The judge shoots another nasty look at the district attorney. "I truly hope you get a handle on the malpractice of your office, Mr. Samuels, so that a case such as this does not cross my desk again. I might not be so lenient with you next time around." Picking up the wooden gavel, he bangs it against his desk. "Court is adjourned."

Owen turns, his briefcase already in hand. "We'll be waiting outside the jail. It shouldn't be more than a couple of hours to get you through the release process."

"Thank you, Owen."

He nods in reply, a small smirk appearing on his face. “It’s not me you have to thank.”

He’s right. This has my wife’s name written all over it, and I can’t wait to thank her properly.

The guards lead the three of us out of the courtroom. We’re silent the entire way back to lock-up and through the tedious hours that follow. None of us want to even remotely risk saying or doing anything that could jeopardize our pending release.

Almost two hours later, we finally step foot outside the glass doors of the county jail. The fresh night air fills my lungs, and it’s like I can suddenly think straight again, knowing I’ll finally get to hold Remy in my arms.

“Fuck. I never thought I’d say this, but the scent of the Arizona dirt might be my second favorite smell.”

I glance behind me, finding Saint with his head back and eyes closed as he takes a couple of deep breaths in and slowly exhales.

“I hear that, brother. Only the smell of our woman beats it.”

A wide smile curves his lips. “Which smell? I can think of at least one I prefer.”

“Let me guess,” Rogue murmurs. “Her arousal?”

Saint opens his eyes. “Tell me I’m wrong.”

Rogue’s beard shifts in the dim light, but I don’t need to see it to know he’s grinning. “Nope.”

“You fools gonna stand there and gossip all night, or are you gonna get your asses moving so we can get the hell out of here?”

My eyes meet Trip’s across the parking lot. Squire steps up beside him, and my nerves instantly skyrocket.

“Who the fuck is with Remy?” I growl. I’m being slightly irrational, I know, but considering the shit storm we’ve found ourselves in, I don’t think the question is completely unwarranted.

Owen laughs, but wisely doesn’t say shit.

“Glad to know you think so highly of us, Prez,” Trip mutters, but I see the amusement in his eyes.

“Trip, so help me god, I am tired and on the edge of sanity. Don’t fuck around right now. Just answer the question.”

His sigh is loud and exaggerated. “Right now?” He glances at Squire, then back at me with a shrug. “No one.”

Rogue’s growl cuts through the night’s stillness.

“She’s asleep in the backseat,” Squire hurriedly replies, nudging Trip with his elbow. “Be nice. They look like death warmed over.”

“Fuckers,” Saint mutters.

I don’t waste any time. Stalking past the assholes who seem to have so easily forgotten what it’s like to not have constant access to our girl, I peer into the Denali’s interior. Remy’s leaning up against the window in the third row seat with a jacket

covering her like a blanket.

“Fuck. Is she okay?” I whisper, not wanting to wake her.

“Yeah.” Squire appears at my side. “She hasn’t been sleeping more than a couple hours a night. I think knowing we were coming to pick you all up settled her and her body finally gave in.”

Maneuvering my body into the space next to her, I brush a stray hair off her cheek. She’s so damn soft like this, which has every protective instinct within me rushing to the forefront. She murmurs something unintelligible, then shifts in the seat until she’s curled up against me.

This. Right here. My entire world wrapped up in a five-foot-four package that’s deadlier than most of the men I know.

Fuck, I needed this.

I gently kiss her forehead. “Get the others. We need to get her home, so she can get some real rest.”

Squire calls out to the guys then climbs into the middle row. “We haven’t been back to the new house since we got out. Our current base of operations is Charlie’s. She’s got a killer security system—no pun intended—so we should be safe there for a while.”

I can’t fucking believe we handed Colt access to our new home. Looking back now, Rogue was right to be wary. Unfortunately, hindsight doesn’t do any of us a damn bit of good.

Saint shifts in the middle row. His arm slides along the top of the seat, his eyes



drinking up the sight of our woman like he's dying of thirst and she's the only thing that can quench it.

"Jesus fuck, man. Not a whole lotta room here," Trip mutters.

Saint grins. "Gonna be a whole lot less room in bed tonight too, cuz ain't no way the three of us are leaving her side."

"What he said," Rogue calls out from the front seat.

Trip groans. "Why'd we have to pick them up again?"

"Because Remy would slice our balls off if we didn't?" Squire replies, and all of us wince at the graphic image.

"Right . Right. Got it." Trip chuckles. "But seriously. It's good to have you guys back. It's been quiet, but we all know that shit isn't going to last long. Power in numbers, ya know?"

And that's just what I'm afraid of. What's going to happen now that Colt knows we're all back together again? Is he going to come at us that much harder?

Brushing my lips against the top of Remy's head, I attempt to box up the chaotic thoughts rushing through my mind. For now, all I want is to soak up the peace currently residing within me while I can. My brothers talk softly while I half-listen. Instead, I focus on every breath Remy takes and the slight hint of vanilla that happens to be my favorite smell.

Before I know it, we're pulling up to a sprawling Spanish Colonial ranch. I'm not sure what I expected, but it wasn't this serene setting or the warm, welcoming home.

“Damn. Aunt Charlie must be loaded,” Saint murmurs, scoping out our temporary digs.

“Rock bought this for her when she left the club, but she’s also a well-respected doctor and head of the Obstetrics Department, which means she’s done pretty well for herself.”

“You really think we’re safe here?” I ask softly, glancing down at the sleeping woman in my arms.

“I’m not sure you’d find a safer place in all of Deadwood Peak,” Owen chimes in from the driver seat. “Charlize might not be a Sinner anymore, but that doesn’t mean she’s forgotten where she came from. I wouldn’t want to cross her.”

Our eyes meet in the rearview mirror, and I give him a small nod. I don’t trust easily, but Owen has earned my respect and gratitude for all he’s done for us. It’s easy to see why Remy chose him to join this crusade. I just have to hope he doesn’t end up another casualty of our war.

Parking in front of the garage, he and the others all file out. I’m stuck in a moment of indecision. I want to get the hell out of this cramped space and take a nice long shower, but I also don’t want to wake the woman peacefully resting at my side. Trip makes the decision for me, hitting the button on the middle seat so it slides forward. With a sigh, I slide my hands under my wife, cradling her to me like the precious cargo she is, and maneuver us both out through the small space.

“Ace?”

Her voice is raspy from sleep, but hearing my name from her lips is almost more than I can handle.

“Shh. I’m here and we’re home. You can sleep. I’ve got you.”

Her eyes slowly open and slide up my face until she’s staring up at me. “I missed you, husband.”

My heart pounds in my chest at the vulnerability shining back at me. It’s such a rare sight, it almost takes my breath away.

“I missed you too, doll.”

My mouth drops to hers, a soft hum slipping from her lips. The kiss is tender and sweet, speaking all the words neither of us wants to pause to say. I don’t even realize I’ve come to a stop in the middle of the driveway, nor do I care about the introductions being made somewhere nearby. All I can focus on is the feel of the woman in my arms and the way she makes me forget everything around me.

When she finally pulls back, her lips pink and a little swollen, I have to tamp down the urge to drag her mouth back to mine.

“The others?” She yawns widely.

“We’re here, Angel.” Saint steps up to us, his hand sliding along her jaw to cradle her head. “Fuck, it’s good to touch you.”

He leans in, kissing her like a man obsessed.

When we talked about sharing a woman in our teens, there’s no way we could’ve known it would be like this . My brother’s obvious desire fuels my own as I watch the woman I love kiss him the way she kisses me. There’s no jealousy or hurt feelings. No. There’s only love and trust and a sense of wholeness that feels so fucking right there are no words to describe it.

“My turn,” Rogue mutters, impatiently nudging Saint out of the way.

Saint curses, stumbling back a step. “Fucking impatient dick.”

Rogue ignores him, taking the opportunity to kiss Remy himself.

Saint’s eyes catch mine above them. “Like he couldn’t have waited a few more seconds.”

Remy laughs against Rogue’s mouth. “You would’ve done the same thing. Don’t even lie.”

“Of course I would have. That’s not the point.”

Rogue smirks as he finally steps back.

Saint rolls his eyes. “You’re lucky you’re so damn big. Otherwise, I’d totally make you eat that fucking smug expression on your face.”

Rogue just crosses his arms over his chest with one eyebrow raised.

Ignoring them, I glance down at Remy who yawns again. “I should probably go introduce myself to Aunt Charlie.”

“I think you’re gonna like her because she’s a lot like me...just less stabby.”

For the first time in days, I smile. “Your stabbiness has grown on me.”

A sleepy grin spreads across her face. “Awww. Don’t make me blush.”

“That’s on the agenda for later. Right now, I’m putting you to bed.”

She sighs. “Yes, sir.”

My growl is low and deep. “I fucking love you, Remington Masterson.”

“And I love you, Beck Masterson.”

With restraint I didn’t even realize I possessed, I step over to the woman who is watching us with this wistful expression softening her face.

“You must be Aunt Charlie.”

I don’t offer my hand because both are in use, and I can’t find it in me to let go of my wife for even a millisecond.

“And you must be Ace. It’s a pleasure to finally meet you. I’ve heard all good things.”

My heart swells when I glance down and catch the content smile on Remy’s lips as she leans her head against my shoulder. “I just want to thank you for taking such good care of Remy. The last couple of weeks have been hard, but it helped knowing she had you.”

“She’ll always have me. That applies to all of you, too, for the record.”

We share a look loaded with the unspoken thoughts of what the future may hold. With everything so uncertain, it’s good to know there are people who we can trust, that have our back no matter what happens. Because hell is coming for us. We’ll have to fight the Devil himself and pray we’re strong enough to beat him.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

There's this weird juxtaposition inside me. The killer who's itching to go after the son of a bitch who's threatening her and her family versus the soon-to-be mother and wife who just wants to protect the people she loves and keep them safe. One is emotionless, while the other is so chock-full of emotions it's a full-body experience.

Stepping into the bedroom, the sound of the shower running interrupts my musings. The others are out in the living room with Owen and Aunt Charlie, catching up on everything they've missed and getting a tour of the place. What better time to reconnect with the one man who always holds the weight of the world on his shoulders?

I could see it in his eyes earlier, the struggle between wanting to stick me back up on that pedestal he loves so much and trusting in my abilities. It's hard for a man like him—born to lead a group of rough-around-the-edges bikers and keep them on the straight and narrow—to let go of that control he holds like a shield. Part of his role is to protect everyone beneath him. That includes me and the baby I'm carrying. While he's come a long way in understanding my capabilities and coming to terms with what I've done to earn back each tiny sliver of my soul, I know he'd hide me away without hesitation if he thought it would guarantee my safety.

My footsteps are silent as they pad across the warm tile. He's barely visible through the steam, but I stare at his silhouette behind the glass and let Remy fully take over for a bit. The Avenging Angel has no place in this moment between a wife and her husband.

“Want some company?”

There's a brief pause, not more than the span of a single breath. "Thought they were going to put you to bed?"

My eyes narrow. "One—I'm not a toddler. And two—I don't go anywhere I don't want to, husband. You should've learned that by now."

The glass door creaks open, letting me see the small grin playing across his plush lips. "I ever tell you it turns me on when you get all contrary?"

I blink.

He chuckles, the low, deep sound touching a spot in my core that lights up like a Christmas tree. "C'mere, doll. I'll never turn down my wife's company."

Quickly shedding my clothes, I step toward the shower and reach for his waiting hand. Water drips from his dark lashes, his abs highlighted by the sparkle of moisture running down the grooves between them.

He's a literal wet dream, and he's all mine. Before I can say a word, I'm pulled into his arms. Water rushes over me as his big hands slide along my lower back, drawing my body close to his.

"Hello, Mrs. Masterson."

"Hello, Mr. Masterson."

For a second, we simply take in the sight of each other. The warmth of the space around us. The tension that grows with each passing second. I expect fireworks. Combustion. A flash fire. What I don't expect is the way he gently lifts me up, gripping the back of my thighs to draw them around his waist. Or the tender kisses he presses along my jaw and down the side of my neck. Or the near-bruising grip his

fingers have on my ass as his body vibrates with the strain of everything he's feeling.

"Remy..."

"Shh. I'm right here, Ace."

"I've never felt as helpless as I did knowing you were out here on your own and I couldn't get to you or our baby."

His voice is a soft murmur, so low I almost can't hear it over the spatter of water hitting the tile, but I feel his pain and the fear like they're a physical thing.

"But you're here now, and I'm not letting anyone or anything get between us again."

The fire within his eyes nearly burns me. "No one can touch us, doll. Not as long as we're together."

He kisses me with all of the love that exists between us. My fingers slide up his slick neck and through his drenched hair until a low growl rumbles against my mouth.

"Make love to me, Ace. Keep the darkness at bay just a little longer."

"Fuck, Remy, what you do to me." But he indulges me, slowly turning our bodies until my back is pressed up against the shower wall. His hips pull back until the head of his dick is poised right where I need him most. "I'll make love to you for the rest of our lives. I promise."

With exquisite care, he presses in, never once taking his eyes off of me. The thickness of him stretches me in a way that sends all of my senses spiraling. It's slow and sensual and sexy as hell. When he's in as deep as he can go, his body stills. We sit there, as closely connected as two people can be, until the urge to roll my hips



becomes damn near impossible to ignore.

“I love the way your cock feels inside me, husband.” I press a brief kiss against his lips, then lean in to whisper in his ear, “But I love it even more when it’s sliding in and out of my tight little pussy.”

His forehead drops to mine on a groan. “You make it hard to be gentle.”

“There’s gentle, and then there’s torture. I’m better at one than the other, but you’re apparently a pro at both.”

He snorts against my neck, then pulls back as his hips retreat. “This what you want, wife?”

“Mmmhmm...” The slide of him inside me is the most perfect friction ever created.

With his tip playing in and out of my hole, he teases me for a second before pushing back in. “And what about this?”

My head drops back against the tile. “So perfect, husband.”

One hand slides up my back until it wraps around the back of my neck. With his other hand gripping my ass, he lifts me off the wall and, with impressive strength, proceeds to slowly raise and lower my body onto his thick cock.

“Is your husband making love to you right, doll?”

My body is already coiling tighter, my release gathering power until I feel like I might explode if I don’t tip over the edge soon.

“Yes. Yes. Fuck, Ace. It’s so goddamn good. I—I’m close.”

He kisses my chin, then each cheek, with slow, purposeful presses against my skin. All while his hips steadily pump in and out of me. His grip on my neck tightens as he presses his lips against my ear.

“Come on my dick, wife. Show your husband how good he makes you feel.” My body eagerly leaps off the edge it had been precariously balanced on, my orgasm stealing my breath and forcing my eyes to damn near roll back in my head. “Fuck yeah. Just like that.”

He continues to plunge his dick in and out of my quivering pussy, drawing out my release until I swear I’m about ready to pass out from lack of oxygen, then he presses me up against the tile wall once more, his hips stilling.

“Fuck. Fuck. I’m coming. You’re squeezing me so goddamn good.”

My gasp is drowned out by the sound of the shower, but I manage to suck in much needed oxygen as all of my senses come back online. Ace’s forehead is resting on my shoulder as his chest heaves in his attempt to catch his breath. My fingers comb through the long strands of his hair, so utterly exhausted but completely content.

I have all of my men back with me. My baby is growing strong and healthy inside me. I’ve been reunited with my aunt, and I’m helping her reconnect with the love of her life.

But darkness is lurking on the edges of my new-found happiness, and I can’t ignore it any longer.

“Ace?”

“Yeah, doll?”

“Will you still love me if I’m forced to let the Avenging Angel take over for a while so we can finish this? I can’t be Remy—the woman you’ve grown to know and love—and do the things that need to be done. It would break the fragile balance I’ve been able to maintain these last ten years.”

He studies me for a long moment, fingers brushing a stray strand of hair off my cheek.

“I will love you until my dying breath, Remington. No matter who you have to become or what you have to do in order to save yourself and our child. I will be right there with you, every step of the way, so that when this is all over, you’ll finally trust that while we fell in love with Remy, we’ve accepted the Avenging Angel too. We won’t walk away from you, ever, for any reason.”

“Thank you for loving me,” I rasp.

“Thank you for letting me.” He straightens and pulls us back into the water. He lifts me off of his dick, and we groan at the sudden loss of contact. “But now I’m going to clean us up and get you to bed.”

One side of my lips quirks up. “Yes, sir.”

His eyes narrow, but he doesn’t respond. Instead, he reaches for the shampoo and starts washing my hair. He doesn’t stop taking care of me until I’m dried off, tucked next to him in bed, and falling asleep in his arms. The last thing I hear is the rest of my guys filing into the room, then I fall into a sleep so deep it’s like I haven’t slept in a year.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

There's something about those vulnerable moments in between sleep and awake that have this hazy, almost other reality, kind of feeling to them. It's a place where the brain struggles to determine what's real and what's not.

For instance, the murderous rampage I was gleefully twirling my way through was most definitely not real. However, the dick nestled deep inside my pussy? Very, very real.

"You finally awake, angel?" Saint murmurs in my ear, his lips brushing along the length of my neck. "I'm dying here."

My leg is resting over his hip, and his hand slides up my sides to cup my naked breast. Before I can respond, the bed shifts behind me.

"And you called me impatient," Rogue's deep voice mutters. "Maybe you should've kept your dick out of her until she could consent."

"It was cold. She was warm. It made sense."

Rogue's grunt forces free the giggle I'd been withholding.

"Ahh. There she is. Ready to be fucked, angel?"

"Jesus Christ," Rogue mutters.

Glancing over my shoulder, I wrap my hand around the back of his neck. "You can fuck me too, big guy. No man left behind."

“Remy...” he growls.

Saint’s laugh rings through the room. “In that case...” His hips slide back, the drag of his dick inside me too perfect for words. My pussy is so wet, I can feel the dampness between my thighs as he thrusts back in.

After my time with Ace, and having all of my guys home, my heart is whole, but there’s an urgency inside. My demons are demanding revenge. Justice. They don’t want to wait any longer. The clock on the wall is ticking, and time is almost up.

Yet here I am again, struggling to fully bring forth the darkness like I need to. There’s simply too much light keeping the shadows in check. Too much of the Remy I could’ve been and not enough of the one I became instead. I need to fix that, and there’s one easy way to do so.

When I put my hand on Saint’s chest, he stills.

“What is it, Remy?”

The fact that he’s using my real name tells me he really does understand me as well as he’s always claimed he does.

“I need you to do something for me.”

His eyes are steady on mine. “Anything. You know that.”

“Make it hurt.”

Rogue’s hand flexes on my hip. “Gorgeous?—”

“No. You both need to understand. Right now, I need the reminder of why I started

my crusade in the first place. I need to be the Avenging Angel, and that's incredibly difficult when I'm constantly reminded of how real men treat women because you all never let me forget. My heart beats again because you forced it to, and right now, that's a weakness I can't afford. I can't hesitate when facing my brother's evil. In order to keep all of us alive, I need to be the vicious, deadly woman I was before you."

Saint brushes his thumb along my bottom lip, his eyes darting between mine as if he's searching for something. "Define hurt."

"I don't want soft or sweet. Be rough. Bring me right up to the edge where pleasure turns to pain, then push me over. I have a safeword. Get me so close to the point of using it that I'm screaming for mercy." His hand grips my chin, tightening until it's almost uncomfortable. The muscles in his jaw bulge as he struggles between his own dark side and the one that refuses to hurt the woman he loves. So I whisper the words I know he needs to hear. "I trust you."

"Fuck!" He glances above my shoulder, having an entire unspoken conversation with the man behind me. When his eyes shift back to mine, I know I've won. His face has hardened, and there's a distinct sparkle in his hazel eyes. Dominant Saint has come out to play. "Fine. Here's how this is going to play out. You get to be our little slut, but if we reach a point where you are forced to use your safeword, you'll never see this side of us again because you'll have ruined us. Don't let this get that far. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

I do. And I refuse to hurt the men I love.

"Yes, sir."

"Good girl." He pulls out of me, reaching under his head for his pillow. With efficiency, he removes the pillow case. "Up on your knees."

Pushing myself up, I kneel in the center of the bed between the two men who are staring at me like lions eyeing their next meal. It makes me feel both powerful and exposed at the same time.

Saint sits, twisting the pillow case until it's tight like a?—

“Turn around, angel, and put your hands behind your back.”

My breath hitches, and my palms grow damp. We've only attempted this once, and it went much better than I had expected, but it's the worst of my triggers so I know things are about to get real.

Shifting on the bed, I sit on my heels and place my hands against my lower back. My heart has already started to pound in my chest, and at the first brush of Saint's fingers against my wrists, I inadvertently flinch.

“We haven't even gotten started yet, angel. Say the word, and we can go back to fucking you senseless without all the other stuff.”

I shake my head. “That right there is why you're the only ones who can do this. I love you.”

His thumb and forefinger grip my chin and force me to meet his steely stare over my shoulder. “I fucking love you. Remember that.”

In a few short moments, my hands are restrained and sweat is breaking out along my skin. Using my hands as a leash, he turns me around until I'm in between Rogue's legs. My big guy is stroking that monster cock of his, precum dribbling down his length.

“Suck his dick, and make it good.” Saint's voice is different. Grittier. Raw. His palm

lands between my shoulder blades, pushing me down until my lips are poised above Rogue. “Don’t go easy on her, brother.”

“Not planning to.” Rogue grips the back of my head, pulling me down onto his dick. He’s not gentle. His tip hits the back of my throat, making me gag as my mouth spreads wide to take in his girth. We’ve just barely begun, and my jaw is already screaming.

“Fuck. Our little slut looks so fucking hot swallowing your dick.” Saint roughly grips my hands, and my panic flares. I try to jerk off Rogue’s dick, but his hand holds me down. My pulse spikes and my belly flips, tears running down my cheeks as Rogue starts to thrust into my mouth. Then Saint’s finger runs between the crease of my cheeks. “But look at this pretty ass just begging to be fucked.”

Oh god.

Air is becoming a precious commodity as my breathing falters. The memories I’ve managed to lock up slowly slither out of their hiding places. My whimper is loud, ringing in my ears. Rogue’s hand releases my head, letting me up for some desperately needed oxygen.

“What was that? Got something to say?” Saint asks.

You asked for this. You knew what you were doing. You can do this, Remington. Take a deep breath in and exhale. That’s it. No one can hurt you anymore. You’re stronger now than ever before.

I shake my head, meeting Saint’s eyes over my shoulder. “No, sir.”

My voice isn’t as steady as I would’ve preferred, but there’s nothing I can do about that.



Saint pulls me up, his chest plastered against my back. “Remember what they took, Remington?” he murmurs in my ear. “Well, I’m fucking taking it back the same way. You are mine. Your pain is mine. Not fucking theirs. It’s going to fucking hurt, but it will be the only thing you remember from this moment forward. Do you understand me?”

A sob nearly chokes me, but I swallow it down. At the time, I thought they had taken everything. But in reality, it was so much more than I could comprehend. The ruthless, cruel men stole the light from my soul. Bruises, blood, and pain were all they left behind.

Saint’s right. I’m going to let him steal it back because at least I can trust him with it.

“Yes, sir.”

His hand fists in my hair just as his lips brush against my ear. “You’re our little slut now, right, angel?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then show me how a good little slut sucks cock.”

He roughly drags me back down, his free hand grabbing Rogue’s dick and forcing my mouth to take him in deep. I don’t have time to process the fact that Saint just touched Rogue’s dick, or that Rogue damned near choked on his own tongue, because I’m deepthroating as much of his length as I’m able.

Saint yanks me up, only to slam me back down. My eyes track his hand at the base of Rogue’s cock each time I slide up and plunge down. It somehow grounds me, and suddenly he’s damn near balls deep with each stroke.

“That’s it. Nice and fucking deep just like a good little slut.”

“Son of a bitch!” Rogue groans.

“You take over, brother. I’m going to fuck our little slut’s ass nice and rough so she never forgets the feel of me stretching her tight hole.”

Rogue’s hands grip my hair tightly, the pinch of pain causing me to gasp just as he thrusts hard down my throat.

“You heard him, gorgeous. Fucking take it all.”

He pulls me down until not even breathing through my nostrils will save me. His long legs slide up, his heavily muscled thighs bracketing my head, holding me down on his dick. Then one hand releases my hair only to pinch my nose shut with his knuckles. Terror races through my brain, but oddly I don’t struggle.

“Goddammit. That’s it. Choke her out.”

I don’t notice Saint sliding in behind me or him notching his dick at the tight pucker of my ass. I don’t even notice his thumb pressing through the dry ring of muscle or the way he spits on my crack as a sorry excuse for lube. It isn’t until he thrusts his dick into my ass without warning that all the alarm bells sound off in my brain.

Rogue releases me, and I try to gasp for air, except I can’t because Saint has stolen it. White-hot pain sears through me, and memories of another man fucking my ass with abandon begin to play like a highlight reel in my mind. The way he laughed when he said I was bleeding. The way his buddy just rubbed it around and used it as lube when it was his turn. The way it hurt so badly that I screamed against the gag they had placed in my mouth and ended up bursting all of the blood vessels in my right eye.

“It’s still me, angel. I’m right here. Tell me. Who’s the man fucking you? Who are the men that love you so goddamn much we’d kill anyone and anything that threatens you, including your own fucking nightmares, to make sure you never feel another sliver of pain again?”

And just like that, I’m back in the room at Aunt Charlie’s, with two of the men I love. One of whom is whispering in my ear even as he thrusts into my ass, brutally , over and over again.

His hand fists in my hair, yanking my head back. “Fucking answer me, Remington.”

Never in a million years would I have ever imagined myself being in this situation willingly. Yet here I am, my pussy so wet it’s dripping onto the sheets beneath me because while my brain keeps forgetting where we are, my body is all too aware that we’re safe.

“You, sir. You and Rogue,” I manage to choke out.

That coldness I’d been seeking is present even though my body is awash in fire. My mind is starting to compartmentalize in a way that’s new and fascinating. It catalogs each new sensation—not exactly erasing the nightmares from my past, but imprinting a new version beside them. I’m able to switch between two versions of the same pain, knowing that one is the reason I seek vengeance, while the other is the reason I’ve found love.

“That’s it, Remy. Remember who’s taking your ass, fucking it so hard the entire bed is shaking.” He slams into me a couple more times before he roughly pulls out and yanks me up by my arms. “But we’re not done yet. Tell me what else they did. The other ways they hurt you.”

My brain balks. Some of the worst of the nightmares have been hidden away in my

mind in places I refuse to ever tread because the depravity inflicted on me was so unfathomable, it was the only way my brain could protect me.

I open my mouth, but nothing comes out.

They know about my virginity. The restraints. The forced anal. The beer bottle. What else is there ? —

Oh... No. No, no, no.

I don't even realize I'm shaking my head until Saint grabs each side of my face and forces me to meet his eyes.

"Tell me, Remington. What else did those bastards do to you?"

"T-they got impatient." My throat grows dry, the words like glass as a long-forgotten, jagged piece of that night slips out from its hiding spot. "I was barely conscious and couldn't hold myself up, but two of them were ready to go again."

Every muscle in Saint's body is rigid as he turns me around until I'm kneeling in front of him with my arms still restrained behind my back. Just like that night.

"And...?"

"Major lifted me up and placed me on top of him, facing the ceiling. By that point, I was numb, so when he reached around, lined himself up, and slid back into my ass, I didn't even notice. Not until..."

Rogue is suddenly at my back, his large hand jostling my restraint with a light tug. "Until what, gorgeous?"

“Until his friend argued that it was his turn to take my ass. Things started to get heated until Major decided there was a simple solution.”

The tension in the room rises with each and every breath that stutters through my lips.

“Which was?” Saint growls.

“That they take it together. After that, they realized no one had to wait anymore since I had more than enough holes to occupy them all.”

Silence. My brain tries to shut down. My body, however, is wound up tight from the care my men have already shown me.

I don't notice at first when Saint hops off the foot of the bed.

“Slide down, brother.”

His words confuse me until I see him glowering at me. It's not his voice I heard. It was Major's as he told his brother he could have my ass at the same time. Reality becomes hazy as Rogue lifts me up and slips down the bed all in one smooth motion. His long legs hang off until his ass is right at the edge. It should be uncomfortable when I'm laid out along Rogue's massive body, my hands pinned between my back and his chest, but I don't even notice.

Saint steps forward, right between Rogue's legs, and lifts mine until they're spread wide on either side of his brother's. “You ready for your ass to be so full you can't walk straight for the rest of the day?”

Rational thinking is long gone. My brain has gone to that place where it hides to protect itself from what it doesn't want to remember. How much more is there, I wonder?

“You’re so fucking wet for us like a good little slut should be.” He leans forward to grab Rogue’s rigid dick, moving it out of the way so he can lick my pussy from back to front. “Tastes good too.” His eyes meet mine. “What’s your safeword, angel?”

Blinking, I absently say, “Vengeance.”

“Good. Use it if you need to, but remember the consequences.” He glances at Rogue, whose face is beside mine. “I’ll apologize in advance.”

“Wha—” Rogue’s question is cut off by a grunt.

When my eyes drop back down to Saint, he’s taking Rogue’s dick into his mouth... deep ...for just a split second, bobbing up and down then pulling back.

“What the hell?” Rogue barks.

"What? I wasn't sucking your dick. I was just getting it wet and ready for her ass."

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Rogue rasps.

“I’m not into you, for the record.”

“Good to know.”

For the briefest second, the insane urge to giggle bubbles up inside me, but then Saint grabs Rogue’s dick and lines it up with my ass, pressing the tip into the tight ring of muscle. He’s so much thicker than Saint, and that spit job did nothing to ease his entry.

“Now fuck her,” Saint growls, eyes glued to where Rogue and I are joined.

“Shit. Okay,” Rogue mutters, but one arm wraps around my waist as the other slides up between my breasts until it’s gripping my throat.

Then he thrusts all the way in.

I scream, but my pussy spasms almost painfully, an orgasm rushing over me so fast and hard that my vision goes black for a brief second. Then I realize Saint’s thumb is rubbing over my sensitive clit. I try to move away, but I’m impaled on Rogue’s monster cock with my hands restrained. I can do nothing but take it.

“Another,” Saint demands as his brother pulls out and plunges back into my ass.

My head is shaking side to side as Rogue’s grip on my throat tightens ever so slightly. I explode, feeling the growl rumbling Rogue’s chest.

“C’mon, man. I can’t hold out much longer.”

“Fuck. Fine. But goddamn, it’s hot watching her ass stretch around your cock.” My body is still experiencing aftershocks when Saint closes the gap between us and swipes his dick up and down my pussy. “This is gonna hurt so fucking good.”

He lines himself up and spits on his dick, smearing it in where Rogue and I are already connected, then presses in.

“Oh shit. No. Stop. Don’t?—”

“None of those are your safeword, Remington,” Saint says, eyes locked on mine as he continues to press in alongside Rogue’s dick.

It’s too much. The fiery burn of the stretch causes a harsh sob to slip from my throat, but my eyes are still focused on Saint’s. Sweat has broken out along his brow, and the

tendons in his neck are taut.

“I can see your pussy clenching down around nothing. Does it want to be filled too?”

“Please. No...” I cry out, just like I tried to ten years ago.

“No?” he asks, already pressing two fingers into my sopping cunt. “This doesn’t feel like no, Remington.”

He says my name the same way he called me slut. The degradation in his tone is impossible to ignore. Right now, I’m nothing more than a hole for them to get their dicks squeezed, but this time, it’s what I wanted. What I begged for.

Ten years ago, that wasn’t the case. They took what I wasn’t willing to give.

A low, keening whine escapes as Saint starts to pull out and press back in with shallow thrusts, his fingers slipping in and out of my pussy while his thumb presses against my clit. Incredible pressure is building, my voice giving way to a ragged cry as my eyes widen.

Rogue’s hand comes up to cover my mouth, taking away my voice the same way the men did ten years ago...

And I detonate.

“Holy fuck. That’s it, angel. Give it to us.”

I squirt so hard that it sprays all over Saint’s chest, but he still doesn’t ease up.

“Fuck. I’m coming,” Rogue roars.



“You’re so fucking hot. Take our cum like a good little slut.”

“What the fuck?” Ace’s voice sounds out above the din of sex and moans, but I can’t be bothered to see where he is.

My body is still locked up tight as both men go still deep inside my ass. Rogue’s hand slips from my mouth, his fingers brushing along my skin as his lips find my temple.

Saint gently pulls out, stumbling back a step or two like his legs just won’t hold him up. He spins, crashing to the bed beside us. “There aren’t sufficient words in the English language to describe what just happened here.”

“Agreed,” Rogue grunts out.

“Well, someone better find some because that shit looked like both of you were in her ass.” Trip’s voice comes from the side of the bed, and when my head tips toward him, he has an angry glare aimed at Saint.

“She needed it.” Saint draws my face back to his, his soft fingers brushing the hair off my cheeks. “I’ll take back every single nightmare they ever forced on you, Remy. It’ll be my life’s mission. I swear it.”

I kiss his fingers. “I know you will.”

“Fuck. We need to release your hands.”

“And she’s fucking restrained ?” Ace growls.

“Shhh, husband. Saint’s right. I asked for it.”

“Did it work?” Saint asks softly.

I search out the part of myself that is able to shut down and take care of shit. It comes easier than it had. The memories are now a driving force for what I need to do, but I can switch them off in order to be the woman my men need.

“Yeah, I think so. Thank you.”

“You never have to thank me, Remington.”

Squire appears between Rogue’s legs, gently gripping my shoulders to pull me up. What he fails to realize is that Rogue’s cock is still deep inside my ass, and I gasp.

“Shit! Sorry, Rem. Give me just a second.” He quickly leans me against his chest, untying the makeshift restraint and rubbing my arms to help get circulation back to them. With great care, he grips my chin and drops a searing kiss on my lips, forcing me to grip his hips to steady myself.

“Jesus. You’re all fucking masochists,” Rogue snaps.

Saint chuckles. “Maybe a little.”

“We gonna talk about the fact that Saint had Rogue’s dick in his mouth?” I murmur against Squire’s lips.

The room goes silent until Saint says, “Nothing to talk about.”

“There’s plenty to talk about,” Rogue grumbles.

“Later. You three need to get cleaned up. Squire just got an urgent message from Jay.”

My eyes whip toward Ace. “What is it?”

Ace's dark gaze meets mine. "He found Etta."

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

B barreling down a gravel road, dust flies up behind us. The meeting spot is a few minutes out, and I should be focused on what's to come...except I can't stop staring at Remy. She's in the front passenger seat, staring straight ahead while her favorite knife flips and twirls in her hand.

She's never looked more beautiful, or more deadly.

Whatever happened with Saint and Rogue—and I'm not even talking about the image burned in my brain of them spreading her ass wide open—seemed to be exactly what she needed in order to rearrange the pieces of her soul. Now the two very different versions of Remington Masterson are residing together comfortably. The transition from warm-blooded woman to stone-cold killer was swifter and more fierce than I've ever seen.

Unfortunately, that doesn't make my deep-rooted need to see my woman and child safe any easier to ignore when she's about to rush headfirst into danger to save her twin. Don't get me wrong, I back her determination and loyalty one hundred fucking percent. The Steele sisters are two halves of a whole. One can't exist without the other. They share not only blood, but their beauty, brains, and penchant for violence, and while I may not hold the same affection for Etta that I do for Remy, knowing she's in trouble sets off a wave of brotherly protectiveness that is hard to put into words. I just wish I could convince Remy to sit this one out and let us handle it because my worry is burning a hole in my gut, but I know better. No fucking way is she going to put her sister's life in anyone's hands but her own.

“You're giving me heartburn, Grant. Knock it off.”

Saint snorts beside me.

“What the hell did I do?”

Her dark brown eyes meet mine over her shoulder. “If you think, for even a millisecond, I’d let you guys do this alone, you’re outta your goddamn mind.”

“Just because I was thinking it doesn’t mean I believed it was a viable option.”

“How in the hell did you even know that’s what he was thinking?” Trip quips from the driver seat of the large white rental van whose back has been outfitted with padding on the floor to help transport four injured people.

Remy taps her temple with the butt of the knife. “Serial killer senses.”

“Oh, c’mon!” Trip scoffs.

Saint sits forward in his seat. “Then what am I thinking right now, angel?”

“You’re wondering how soon you can have my ass again.”

He whistles. “She’s good.”

“Now focus.” She’s already facing forward again, her voice noticeably more distant, the knife whirling through the air with expert efficiency. “We’re just around the block from where Jay said he’d meet us. Ace and Rogue should already be there.”

The van rounds the corner, pulling up to a stop under a broken street lamp. It’s dark, the moon hidden behind cloud cover, providing the perfect opportunity to sneak in and out of this abandoned part of the city undetected. I can barely make out Ace’s and Rogue’s bikes up ahead or the small group of men in front of them.

Remy is out of the van before Trip can even turn off the ignition.

The three of us share a look. I'm not the only one with reservations. Bastards should be grateful Remy hasn't honed that lovely trait with all of them yet, or I wouldn't be the only one on the receiving end of a tongue lashing.

By the time we meet up with the rest of the group, we catch the tail end of Remy's question.

"...and you're sure this intel is accurate?"

"Oh yeah. The good doc sang like a canary once we snatched him off the streets and gave him two options: give us the information...or die. His only stake in the game is the money Colt was paying him to keep your sister and her guys unconscious. Apparently, he's got some gambling debts he needed to take care of."

"How long until their next dose of medication is due?" Ace asks.

"It was due about six hours ago."

Ace crosses his arms over his chest. "What are the chances they're already awake?"

The sound of gunfire erupts from somewhere in the distance.

"Chances are good," Remy deadpans, then takes off running.

"Rem! Wait!"

Of course she doesn't stop. My only consolation is the pounding of boots behind me as we all take off after her. The abandoned hotel up ahead is dark and desolate, but the sporadic sound of shots being fired grows louder with each stride we take.

“Beretta is being held at the end of the west wing, third floor. That’s through the front doors and to the left. The guys are in the east wing, second floor. Elevators aren’t working, so we’ll have to take the stairs,” Jay calls out from somewhere next to me. “Six guards are assigned to the guys. Twelve to Etta. They rotate shifts, but they’re all stationed in the rooms surrounding the prisoners. My team took out the security cameras about thirty minutes ago, so Colt won’t see what’s happening here. They’ll also form a perimeter around the building, so we’re not caught unaware.”

“We didn’t grab the vests!” Trip yells.

“No time.” Rogue suddenly appears beside me, pulling a gun from the back waistband of his jeans.

“No shit, Captain Obvious,” I mutter, doing the same.

“Remington, don’t you dare—” Ace barks, but Remy is already through the front door.

She may be pregnant, but I gotta hand it to her. It’s not slowing her down in the least.

“Fuck!” he growls.

“Do we have a plan?” Jay asks.

“Trip, you, Saint, and Rogue head for the east wing,” Ace orders. “Get the guys and meet back at the van. The rest of us will go after Etta.”

“You got it, brother. Watch your six. All of you.”

We split off in the lobby, which is oddly quiet now, with the three of them heading off to the right and disappearing down the hall.

Remy has paused next to what was once a large fountain, but is now dried up and full of dirt and debris. The front desk is broken and covered in graffiti. The once shiny marble beneath our feet is littered with dirt and leaves. This place hasn't been used in at least a decade. The neighboring businesses and homes were abandoned when a new gang, notorious for drugs and prostitution, set up shop and sent all of the residents flocking closer to the city center.

The Havoc Reapers are the furthest thing from saviors, but given a choice, Deadwood Peak citizens preferred to dance with the devil they knew rather than one that had even fewer morals and regularly recruited kids into their dealings. Needless to say, it didn't take long for Rock to show the gang just who the top dog was in this part of the Southwest. The neighborhood never recovered, and Rock let nature take over as a reminder to anyone else who dared tread on his territory.

Remy's standing with her head cocked and eyes closed in the middle of her father's history lesson. The clouds outside shift, and for the briefest moment, she's bathed in a pale beam of moonlight. She looks like an ethereal goddess, dark but beautiful, delicate but incredibly powerful. When her head raises and her eyes open, the steely determination of the Avenging Angel scans the men surrounding her.

"You guys ready?" Her voice is low, steady, with an edge of danger that doesn't bode well for whomever will be on the receiving end of her knife.

Ace steps forward, sliding his hand behind her neck and pulling her mouth to his in a searing kiss. When he pulls back, he studies her carefully, noting that the touch did little to ease the tension vibrating out of her every pore.

"I will burn this entire place, and all of these bastards in it, to the ground if there's so much a scratch on your perfect fucking skin." Remy opens her mouth, but Ace cuts her off. "And then I'll give Saint carte blanche to remind you how fucking reckless you were. You hear me?"



“Don’t worry, husband. You haven’t seen me in real action yet. I’m not just an expert in torture. I’m also pretty damn good at hand-to-hand combat.”

I raise my hand. “I can vouch for that. I’ve trained with her enough and have the scars to prove it.”

“Fine. Goal is to grab Etta and get the hell back to the van. Agreed?”

Remy leans forward, dropping a kiss on his lips before she pulls away. “Do try to keep up, everyone.”

With that, she stalks off toward the other hallway, not bothering to make sure we’re following her.

Jay grins. “That woman has more balls than most of the men I know.”

Ace just grunts.

I smile. “I kinda think she forgot about her aversion to blood.”

“Aversion to blood?” Jay asks.

Ace and I share a look, and he gives me a small nod.

“She’s pregnant, and the smell of blood makes her nauseous.”

“Jesus Christ. She’s pregnant ?” Jay runs a hand over his mouth.

“Pregnant. Not hard of hearing. Get your prissy, gossiping asses moving, or I’ll take care of them all by myself.”

My chuckle echoes through the empty space. “Leave some for us, Rem. We’ve got our own aggression to work off.”

“No promises,” she sing-songs.

“Her sister anything like her?” Jay asks quietly, walking beside Ace and me.

“They’re identical twins—both gorgeous and deadly and not to be fucked with.”

“Hell, then I’m half in love with Beretta already.”

The door to the stairwell down the hall shuts, which is our signal to hurry our asses up. When we make it to the third floor, I’m a little ashamed to admit I’m winded. Remy, however, looks like she has enough energy to run a goddamn marathon. How is that possible? Aren’t pregnant women supposed to always be tired?

“On the count of three,” she whispers, “Jay, you open the door. I’m going out first. It will?—”

“Like hell I’m letting you put yourself in the direct line of fire,” Ace growls.

The emergency light on the exit sign gives off just enough light to see the glare she aims at her husband.

“It’s cute you think I’m giving you a choice.”

A loud bang echoes through the stairwell, like someone just got slammed into a wall.

“Remington—”

“Think about it, Ace. You’re aiming at a target in front of you, and then all of a

sudden, they appear behind you. It's a mindfuck. It throws people off 99.9% of the time. Etta and I have done this enough to have tested the theory."

The muscles in his jaw clench, and I'm pretty sure I can hear the sound of his teeth grinding, but he relents. "Fine, but I swear to Christ, doll, one scratch..."

She doesn't respond. Instead, she immediately starts counting. "One. Two. Three!"

Jay twists the handle, pulling the door open in one smooth move. Remy steps out into a hallway with only a dim flickering light illuminating the space, sidestepping at least six dead bodies, while the rest of us fall into step behind her.

"You fat son of a bitch!" a female voice snarls just before two people come crashing through the doorway of one of the rooms.

A short man in black cargo pants, shirt, and vest stumbles back a few feet, putting him right into Remy's path. She doesn't even give him a chance to reply. She just steps up to his back and efficiently slices his throat, dropping him to the ground at her feet.

"Remy?" Etta straightens, gasping for breath, a pistol in her right hand.

"Hello, sister."

"Bout damn time you showed up."

"Couldn't let you have all the fun."

Another man appears in the doorway behind Etta, who's wearing what looks to be a hospital gown. Remy pulls back her arm and sends the knife sailing through the air before he can even lift the hand holding his gun. The knife lodges right in the center

of his chest, and he crashes into the wall before slowly sliding to the floor.

“This is so anti-climatic.” Remy looks down at the man at her feet, her boots covered in his blood. Her fists clench at her sides, but she manages to hold it together.

Ace and I share a surprised look.

Then the door at the far end of the hall opens, and six men rush out. Everything happens so fast. One second, both groups are staring at each other, and the next, Jay rushes forward, grips Etta by the shoulders, and spins her into the open doorway beside her just as the men raise their guns and open fire. Remy drops back into a small alcove as Ace and I hit the ground, firing our weapons.

Three of the men fall instantly, but the other three start to advance on our position.

“Remy?” Ace calls out, swapping his clip for a new one as I do the same.

“As if they could kill me that easily,” she quips.

I’d laugh at his deep sigh if I wasn’t just the teensiest bit concerned myself.

“Jay?” I call out.

“We’re good.”

Remy pulls out another knife from the holster strapped to her thigh. With her back against the wall, she risks a quick look at our attackers, only to have a bullet whiz by within an inch of her face.

“Goddammit, Remy?—”

But I see the look on her face—the manic smile that’s spread wide. This side of her loves the risk, the danger. That’s why I’ve always forced her to spread our projects out. It’s too easy for bloodlust to take over, and once it has, the distinction between righteous and non-discriminatory becomes blurred.

“Don’t worry, husband. I never miss.”

The gunfire pauses while the men reload, and Remy takes advantage of their disadvantage . Running forward, she plunges the knife into the throat of the closest man, spinning out of reach as the second man attempts to latch onto her arm. Guy three finishes reloading then tries to aim in her direction.

Can’t have that.

My bullet hits him right in the temple, and he drops like a sack of potatoes.

“You throw punches like a girl.” Remy grabs the tall, thin man by the vest as he desperately tries to get away from her then, despite their height difference, cocks back and punches him straight in the nose.

“You fucking bitch!” he howls.

“What did you just call me?” Remy asks, gripping her knife in her hand. “Tsk, tsk. That’s not very nice. Someone should teach you some manners.”

“How about I teach you what happens when you cross the wrong motherfucker?”

“Oh, dude, I hate to tell you. But that’s me .” With a single jab, the knife slams into his belly, and Remy doesn’t pull it out. She just twists it as the man drops to his knees at her feet, screaming. When she finally yanks the weapon out of his gut, she trails the tip up his throat until it digs into the bottom of his chin. “I’d apologize for what

I'm about to do, but I wouldn't mean it."

He just gurgles something unintelligible in response.

Straightening, Remy uses the toe of her boot to tip the man over, cuts the vest off, and slices his black shirt open.

"What the hell is she doing?"

"You sure you want to know?" I ask, getting to my feet.

"I fucking asked, didn't I?" Ace grumbles.

"She's using that man's chest as a notepad to leave a message for her brother."

When she's done, she wipes off the blade of her knife on the man's pants and heads to where we're waiting. She pauses at the doorway where Etta and Jay disappeared.

"She okay?" Remy asks.

"I'm fucking fine. Just...a little...weak..."

"Whoa!" Jay's voice reverberates down the hall. "Don't worry, I've got her."

Remy's shoulders relax, and she glances up as we walk toward her. "You both okay?"

"I'm good."

Brushing off the dust from my shoulder, I meet her worried stare. "Me too."

Stepping into her, I brush a few stray hairs out of her face, my hand cradling her cheek. “I fucking love it when you go all badass, ya know.”

There’s a shift in her eyes, and Remy reappears with a grin. “I know.”

My lips touch hers. It’s sweet but quick, my high-alert instincts making it impossible to let my guard down.

“There are three dead men in here,” Jay says, stepping out into the hallway with Etta passed out in his arms.

“That means there’s still one unaccounted for,” Remy murmurs.

Just then, one of the doors opens just behind Remy. The man doesn’t even have a chance to say a word. A bullet hits him right between the eyes.

Remy’s stunned eyes dart to her husband.

Ace glowers at his wife. “I don’t miss either, doll.”

She nods. “Noted.”

“How are you not puking everywhere right now?” I ask, wrapping my arm around her back.

She reaches up, pulling out two small nose plugs. “These. They’re a?—”

She takes a breath, the stench of copper heavy in the air, and all color drains from her face. Spinning out of my hold, she loses her dinner all over the bloody floor.

Ace sighs. “Probably should’ve waited until you got outside, doll.”

Stepping up to her back, he rubs circles as she heaves.

“This is so unfair,” she wails, swiping her forearm across her mouth. “You better not tell the others about this.”

“Our lips are sealed.” I mime the motion.

She just rolls her eyes, trying not to breathe too heavily.

“C’mon. We need to get out of here.” Ace steps into her, scooping her into his arms, and heads for the stairwell.

“Yeah. Before my belly decides there’s something left to bring up.”

“You got her?” I ask, turning to Jay. He’s staring down at Etta with an almost dazed expression on his face. “Jay?”

“Huh? Oh...uh... Yeah. I’m fine. I’ve got her. Let’s go.”

I hide my grin. Another strong man falls under a Steele’s spell. Poor fool has no idea what he’s in for with that one.



## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The place smells as musty as my old jail cell, and those memories are something I can do without. Of course, that also goes for Mr. Grumpy Pants behind me.

“Why don’t the bad guys ever take a night off? Like... Don’t we deserve a solid twenty-four hours of rest before we’re forced to throw ourselves back into the line of fire? My shoulder’s fucking stiff, my eyes have bags bigger than my motorcycle, and I wanted to spend more time deep inside our girl. That’s not too much to ask, is it?”

“Are you fucking done?”

“I mean, I’m sure I can come up with more shit to whine about. Give me a second.”

“Focus,” Rogue grumbles as he presses his ear against the second floor door in front of us. “It’s quiet.”

“No shit, Sherlock,” Saint mutters. “Knowing the twins, Etta’s probably the one causing all the trouble. Let’s get these fuckers to the van, so we can get our asses back here to help the others.”

Rogue slowly opens the door, and a dim light spills down the hallway before we all step out into a stillness that sets my nerves on edge.

“Where the hell is everyone?” Saint whispers. “Think Jay got it wrong?”

Rogue shakes his head. “Jay’s never wrong.”

A loud clang echoes through the silence.

“You hear that?” I ask, waiting to see if I hear it again. “Which direction did it come from?”

Clang. Clang. Clang.

I point down the hall. “This way. Come on!”

We rush toward the sound, but when we try the door to the room, it’s locked.

“Now what?” Saint leans up against the wall, glowering at the handle.

Rogue steps back, and with one well-placed kick, the door splinters into pieces. He reaches in, manually unlocking it, and we walk in to find Diesel laid out on the floor, his hand chained to a cast iron radiator.

“Bout fucking time,” he rasps.

The man looks like shit. His normally well-trimmed facial hair is grown out and ragged. There’s dried blood streaked across most of his face. His shirt is gone, and his jeans are filthy. It’s a miracle he didn’t die of an infection in here.

Rushing forward, I check the handcuffs, but there’s no way to get his hand out or remove them from the radiator. “Fuck. What do we do now?”

“Leave it to me.” Saint steps forward, brushing his hands together as he blows on them.

“For fuck’s sake. Saint, we don’t have time for?—”

Then the motherfucker pulls a key from who-the-hell-knows-where, and I hear the snick of the latch releasing.

My eyes narrow. “Where’d you get that, dickhead?”

He glances up at me and holds up the key, failing to hide the smirk spreading across his face. “What? This ol’ thing?”

Rogue whacks him upside the head.

“Jesus fuck, bro. Was that really necessary?”

“Yes,” Rogue replies.

“Fine. It was hanging on a nail by the door. Sheesh.”

I look down at the man already attempting to sit up, but he’s so weak he’s struggling. Leaning forward, I slide my arm behind his back and let him use me as a crutch to help himself to his feet.

“C’mon. Let’s go get your brothers and get the hell out of here.”

“We’re not leaving without Etta,” he chokes out.

“Don’t worry. The others will get her.”

“We should go help them. The guards on our floor rushed out the second the gunfire started. They could be overwhelmed.”

Rogue shakes his head. “I wouldn’t worry about that. Remy’s with them.”

His tired eyes study me, then my brothers. “If Remy’s here, then I almost feel bad for those dickwads. Hopefully, she sends ‘em straight to hell.”

Saint snorts. “Pretty sure you don’t have to worry about that. That’s our girl’s specialty.”

Grabbing a half-empty water bottle that was just out of his reach on the floor, I offer it to Diesel. “Here. Take small sips. We’ve got more in the car.”

He does as instructed, his eyes closing as his body sways.

Saint catches him before he tumbles sideways. “Whoa, bro. What the hell did they do to you?”

“Gave us the bare minimum to keep us alive but otherwise ignored us.” The muscles in his jaw clench as his fist crumbles the plastic water bottle. “I swear to God, if they laid so much as a finger on Etta, I’m going to fucking kill them all.”

I grip his shoulder, trying to relay a hint of comfort to a man who hasn’t known much of that in the last couple of weeks. “We’ve been keeping an eye on you all since they snatched you off the street after the accident. They had each of the rooms hooked up to a security camera. From what we can tell, they pretty much left Etta alone too.”

“Still gonna fucking kill ‘em,” Diesel growls.

“We’ll help.” Saint starts guiding him toward the door. “But for now, let’s get your brothers and get the hell out of this shit hole. The others will meet us at the van.”

With Saint helping Diesel, Rogue and I head to the room next door. It’s a damn good thing Rogue is like a walking tank because it takes mere minutes to bust into the second room and use the key to unlock Rage’s cuff.

The second we walk back out into the hallway, gunfire explodes in the distance, and all of us share a worried look.

“You help him, and I’ll go grab Blanks.” Rogue hands off Rage, and I step under his arm to bear some of his weight.

My brother disappears into the darkened room next door, the lantern’s light not doing much to help with visibility this far down.

The man beside me is a mess, his dark hair coated in blood, his face pale, and a couple of stitches on his lower lip. What was once a white shirt is torn and full of dark stains—blood or dirt, I can’t be sure—while his jeans are cut from the knee down. At least four more sets of stitches mar the skin on his shins and calves.

“You think you can walk if I help support you?”

He nods weakly. “If it means getting back to my girl, I’ll damn well die trying.”

“No one’s dying on our watch,” Saint murmurs, scanning the opposite end of the hall for any movement.

Rogue appears, holding Blanks in a fireman’s carry.

“Is he…” Diesel’s voice cracks.

Rogue shakes his head. “No. Just too weak to stand. Now, let’s go.”

We follow Rogue’s lead, me helping Rage with Saint and Diesel behind us.

“But what about Etta?” Rage asks.

“Don’t worry, brother,” Diesel says softly. “Remy’s got her.”

Their confidence in our girl does weird shit to my heart. We know how badass she is,

but to hear grown men put their trust in our tiny slip of a woman is fucking astounding.

Ignoring the commotion coming from the opposite side of the hotel, we make it down the stairs and through the lobby, reaching the van with no resistance. I know I should be grateful for that, but I also know what that means.

Remy and the guys are taking the brunt of the attack.

We get the guys situated inside the van, my worry spiking each and every second I'm not in there helping our girl.

"It's gone quiet again," Saint whispers, his eyes darting in the direction of the hotel and back.

"I'm sure it's fine." I sound a hell of a lot more confident than I feel.

"Do you think we should?—"

"What? Come save us?" Remy appears, one corner of her lips quirked up.

"Fuck, angel. We've been worried sick." Saint steps forward, scooping her up and spinning her around.

Her groan rings through the quiet night around us. "Fuck, Saint. Can you stop all the spinning?"

He draws back so he can study her face. "You okay?"

"She's fine." Ace walks up, Squire beside him.

“She’s just?—”

“Grant, so help me God...”

He mimes zipping his lips, and I have to fight my smile. I’m pretty sure I know exactly what she doesn’t want him to say. “Everything went okay?”

“Yeah. Etta had already taken out a few of the men, and we managed to take out the others.”

“Where is she?” Diesel asks, scooting out of the back of the van to stand unsteadily on his own two feet. “We need to see her.”

Jay steps around Ace and Squire, an unconscious Etta in his arms.

“Who the fuck are you?” Diesel growls.

Jay straightens to his full height. “The man who saved your girl. Who the hell are you?”

The men enter some sort of silent standoff, the tension ratcheting up by the second.

“Okay, boys, here’s how it’s gonna go.” Remy taps Saint’s arm, and he reluctantly sets her down. Her eyes narrow on him as he winces, probably because his fucking shoulder is a mess, but she ignores him in favor of staring directly at Diesel and Rage, who has now joined the conversation from his spot at the end of the van. “We are going to load up inside this van, get all of you back to Charlie’s, and make sure you three get some rest and recovery. Any and all discussions about future participation in Etta’s harem will have to wait until she’s conscious and mostly lucid because I really don’t want to have to lay any of you out after we just risked our lives to rescue you. Understood?”

Jay, Diesel, and Rage share angry looks until each reluctantly nods.

“Awesome. Glad that’s settled. Now, can we please get the hell out of here?”

Diesel steps forward, his hand held out to Remy. “Thank you for saving her. We owe you a debt.”

Remy shakes his hand. “She’s the other half of my soul. You owe me nothing. Her, on the other hand... You owe her everything . Fuck with her, and I’ll castrate you and place your balls in a jar to remind you of why it’s not smart to cross the Steele sisters.”

Diesel’s Adam’s apple bobs harshly. “Yes, ma’am.” Then he looks at Jay. “I’ll take her now.”

Jay’s hold on Etta tightens. “You can barely hold yourself up. No way in hell am I handing her over to you in that condition.”

Remy sighs. “Diesel, get in the van. Jay, you can sit in the back with Etta so they can physically see she’s okay. They’ve spent the last two weeks apart and deserve that little bit of reassurance.”

Jay’s nostrils flare. “Fine.”

A CIA agent, with years of experience, bowing down to our girl. Fuck me. Why is that so goddamn hot?

“Great!” Remy claps her hands. “Everyone else ready?”

Ace takes Remy’s hand, pulling her into him. Just as his head descends, her palm lands on his chest, pushing him away.



“Not a chance in hell, husband. I need to brush my teeth first.”

“Oh?” I murmur, fighting a grin. “And why is that, babe?”

Remy clears her throat, waving her hand in the air. “We’re not here to talk about my hygiene. Let’s go.”

With a chuckle, Ace kisses her forehead. “She’s right. Let’s go home.”

“Puking happens to the best of us. Nothing to be ashamed of, angel.”

Remy’s growl booms through the night, and the laughter that follows eases what was left of my remaining tension. Tomorrow might be another shit show, but at least for right now, we’re all together. That’s what matters.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

“I love you to hell and back, Remington, but for the love of Satan... Please stop mom’ing me to death. I’d prefer your knife in my thigh at this point.”

My arms are crossed over my chest as I scowl down at the petulant expression on my twin’s face. She’s pale, too thin, and still recovering from a bullet that grazed her arm. Makes me want to stab those motherfuckers at least thirty more times for what they did to her.

“You say mom’ing. I say taking care of my sister who was in an accident, spent two weeks in a medically induced coma, then fought her way through several attackers before being shot in the arm and promptly passing out.”

Etta nonchalantly shrugs like none of that is a big deal. “Just another day in the life, dear sister. Anyways, we have more important things to discuss.”

“You mean like the murderous bastard child Rock never told either of us about? Or maybe the fact that he’s a fucking FBI agent hellbent on me turning myself over to him? As if . Or maybe you want to finally fill me in on the whole you and Big Mack situation?” I tap my lip, enjoying the way my twin is currently squirming in her bed. “Of course, there’s also the fact that you now have a CIA agent doting on you. Which would you like to start with?”

Her deadly glare slides to meet my matching one. “None of the above, thank you very much.”

“Oh? And what could possibly be more important than any of that?”

“Viper’s dick.”

I blink, bile rushing up my throat at the memory of it inches from my face. My hand goes to my mouth as I gag.

“I see you remember the slimy sausage, as Saint calls it.” One eyebrow raises. “Do you need a bucket?”

Swallowing harshly, I growl, “No, I do not need a bucket, and why the fuck do we need to talk about Viper’s dick?”

“You see... I cut it off and have kept it on ice since the attack. I made a promise to myself, and you by association, that when we found the person who was setting us up, they’d get a lovely little care package in the mail. Sir Fuck Nugget won’t even be expecting it when he opens it in his dank little office right inside FBI Headquarters.”

“Let me get this straight. You want to send Viper’s frozen severed dick to Colt at FBI Headquarters?”

“Yup. With a note and two lipstick stain kiss marks for an added touch.”

“Etta, that’s literally handing over our DNA to the FBI with evidence that we murdered a man. Not a smart move. Especially considering I already sent him the middle finger of a woman tied to the club. They could make the connection.”

Her grin is pure evil. “But that DNA also happens to match one Colt Steele or whatever the hell name he goes by there. If they run a DNA comparison, his would also come up as a potential match because all agents have to submit their DNA during the hiring process.”

Well, I’ll be damned. She might be onto something here.

“That’s assuming he didn’t falsify his DNA to get the job.”

“Are you kidding? His ego wouldn’t allow that. Rock’s son, remember?”

The wheels inside my head are turning, and the rough plan that had started to form once my guys were all safe is taking a more definitive shape. This could be step one in the Take Colt Down plan.

“Okay. I’m starting to like where this is going, but we need more. We still don’t know why he wants me to turn myself over to him. What the hell is his endgame?”

“Don’t ask me. I may be a psycho, but he’s next level.”

Stepping closer to the bed, I stare into the face that’s an identical match to my own. How many times did we use that to our advantage since we were little? Teachers, friends, boys—before my trauma. But this is one time I won’t drag my sister into my mess. I’ll come up with a plan that ends the man who has turned our shitty world upside down, so she’ll never have to worry about anything ever again.

“No matter what, you make sure you’re safe. This baby needs Auntie Etta. Promise me?”

She reaches over and grabs my hand, lacing our fingers together. “It’s always been you and me, Rem. Before. After. Forever. You hear me? I’m not going anywhere.”

“Even now, when we’re drowning in testosterone?”

She doesn’t even crack a smile. Her face remains serious, her hand squeezing mine. “Even now. Who better to understand what we’re each going through? You’re my other half, Remington. No amount of dicks can change that.”

“I love you to hell and back, Beretta.”

“Ditto, sister. Now...about the dick.”

I gag, which finally cracks the serious expression on my twin’s face. “You know that storage unit I keep in town?”

“Yeah. The one you gave me the code for in case I needed a quick place to hide a body. Which, for the record, is an awful location. Do you even know the meaning of the word discreet, for fuck’s sake?”

She sighs dramatically. “So ungrateful. Anyways ... That’s where you’ll find the dick. It’s in the single storage freezer locked inside. Diesel has the key. You’ll have to be quick about it once you have it, cuz that little wiener will decay faster than an ice cube melting in the hot Arizona sun.”

My stomach heaves.

Fuck. I might really be sick.

“So I... What? Package it up in pretty red silk and a fancy box, slap a label and some stamps on it, and send it through the mail?”

“No, silly. Pay a courier to deliver it directly to the office, using a simple label addressed to him. But definitely yes to the red silk and fancy box. That’s a nice touch.”

I run both hands down my face, starting to question my sanity. Of course my twin often has that effect on me.

“Fine. Let me talk to the guys. If they agree, I’ll make it happen.”

“Perfect! Is it weird that I wish we could watch his reaction? I mean... It’s not every day you get to watch your long-lost brother open a surprise dick!”

She’s not wrong. I want to see the look on his face when he realizes that he’s fucked with the wrong sisters. “You know what, I bet Squire could hack into the FBI’s system. Maybe we can catch it all on camera?”

She claps excitedly. “You’re my favorite sister.”

I roll my eyes. “I’m your only sister, soooo...”

Over the next hour, we discuss the current status of her love life, the absolute bliss of mine, and my impending motherhood. It all feels so... normal . Two sisters, sharing their lives and discussing what the future holds. But there’s a dark cloud waiting on the periphery of our happiness, threatening to take away everything we’re fighting so hard for.

I won’t let that happen. Not to me, not to my sister, and not to the men we love.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The chatter around the two tables arranged in the church office is nothing more than background noise. As they discuss a plan to take down Colt, my mind spins with an idea they won't like. We've come a long way in a short amount of time, but their leniency with my extracurriculars still has its limits. The biggest being putting myself in danger.

I get it. I do. But the asshole that's lurking in the shadows is nothing more than a child pretending he's not afraid of the dark. He's gained a false sense of confidence. It's easy to beat your opponent when you're hiding behind lies and deceit, but in a fair fight, he's got nothing on me. He's threatened the only things in this world I care about, and I don't take that shit lightly. If he thinks my crusade for the innocent is brutal, wait until he sees what I'm truly capable of when it comes to those I love.

"You sure this was a good idea?" Etta asks from beside me, her shrewd gaze scanning the men that have taken over our worlds.

"Oh yeah. We're all under the same roof. We might as well have taken out a billboard that says Fuck You to our big brother. I'm enjoying rubbing his nose in the fact that I am, indeed, better than him." I catch sight of Squire down the table, and one brow raises as he no doubt catches the murderous smile on my face. "And now we wait."

"Wait for what?"

As if summoned, "Fuck You" by Lily Allen starts to blare through the room. The catchy little ditty was purposefully programmed as my ringtone for all anonymous calls. Fitting tribute to the only asshole not brave enough to call without blocking his number first.

I press the little green button. “Thank you for calling the My Sister is a Badass. How can I compete? hotline. How may I direct your call?”

Silence descends as every eye in the room turns to me.

“You haven’t won yet, Remington.”

“Technically speaking, you’re right because you’re still breathing.”

“But you and everyone you love won’t be for long.”

“Tsk, tsk. Careful now, Colt. Think about who you’re talking to. What was I able to accomplish in two weeks’ time? Oh. Right. I freed five men from jail and rescued four people from your evil clutches. You sure you want to poke that particular hornet’s nest?”

His voice drops, anger and hatred lacing his normally smooth tone. “All you did was provide me with easy targets. I’ll enjoy taking them out one by one and watching you suffer as I do it. No more playing games.”

“Funny. You had all the opportunity in the world to do just that, yet here we are.”

“I’ll give you one last chance, Remington. Hand yourself over to me, and I’ll let the rest of them continue to live. Ignore this warning, and I will personally hunt you down and kill you, making a spectacle of the revered Steele name. While you’re looking over your shoulder, wondering when I’ll make my move, I will slowly and methodically make sure every single person you care about dies a death so horrific, your kills will look like the work of an amateur. When your time finally arrives, you’ll have suffered to the point where you’ll beg me to end it.”

“I’m curious, Colt. Say I were to hand myself over to save those I love...” A pack of



rabid wolves is probably quieter than the men growling around me. I silently wave my hand through the air, meeting my guys' furious stares with a look that says Really? You think I'd do that again? When they finally quiet, I continue, "Then what?"

"Either way, I'll be touted as a hero for capturing the notorious Avenging Angel and saving the world from a monster that has murdered dozens of people. I'll finally get the recognition I deserve, and having you alive when I do it only ups the satisfaction factor. Knowing you will be helpless behind bars, forced to live out your days alone while those closest to you move on as if you never existed? Priceless ."

He's definitely got Rock's ego. There's no doubt about that. Unfortunately for him, he doesn't have Rock's balls.

Glancing down at my watch, a grin plays across my face. "Tell me, are you in your fancy office right now, Colt?"

There's a momentary pause. "What are you talking about?"

"You want to make a name for yourself—your FBI career —using me as leverage. Well, I'm not really a fan of that plan."

"Remington—"

Knock. Knock. Knock.

"Oh. Sounds like someone's at your door. Wonder who that could be? I'll wait while you go see who it is."

Lowering the phone, I put it on speaker. Everyone in the room needs to hear what's about to happen.

The clip clop of dress shoes on tile rings across the line, then the snick of the door opening.

“Angie, I’m on a call right now. What is it?”

“Sorry, sir. This package was just delivered by a courier. It’s marked as urgent.”

“I’ve got it. Thank you. I’m not to be disturbed for the rest of the afternoon.”

“Yes, sir.”

The door closes, and his footsteps traipsing back across the tile brings a large smile to my face.

“Etta and I do so hope you like this newest gift, Colt.”

Paper tears on the other end of the call, followed by the sound of the box opening. There’s a gasp, followed by a heavy gag.

“What the fuck?” he rasps.

“I know, right? It’s not much bigger than a cocktail wiener—or Melinda’s middle finger, honestly—which is just really embarrassing for a man Viper’s size. Imagine trying to get someone off with that tiny little thing.”

“I’m going to?—”

“You’re going to... what ? Tell your boss that your sisters just dick-bombed you? Because you better believe our DNA is planted all over that package...which, of course, will match yours. They probably won’t be able to find any fingerprints because we made sure to use gloves. Lord only knows what kind of diseases that little

pecker was infested with.”

“Remington, I swear to Christ?—”

Looking around the table, my guys’ intense stares light a fire in the darkest depths of my soul.

“Hmmm... Now that the playing field has been evened out, I wonder if you’ll cave under the pressure.”

“You’ll never see me coming until it’s too late. I’ll fucking kill?—”

“You can most definitely try. I eagerly await your next move, big brother.” Tapping to end the call, I set my phone down on the table. “The only way that could’ve gone better is if Grant had been able to sneak a camera in the box.”

Etta sighs. “I would’ve so loved to see his face when he got a glimpse of that wrinkled dick. It looked so perfect nestled inside that red silk.”

“I’m not sure if I should applaud your ingenuity or be wary of your methods,” Jay murmurs, running a hand across his mouth.

Rogue smirks. You can’t really see it because of his beard, but I know it’s there. “You get used to it.”

“That’s assuming he’ll be around long enough to,” Etta mutters.

“Oh, sweetheart... I ain’t goin’ anywhere.”

“Who the fuck is this guy?” Big Mack crosses his arms over his chest, glaring at Jay beside him. “We just letting anyone in here now?”

Etta rolls her eyes. “Only the man who saved me and now thinks that earns him a free tour of my panties.”

Diesel leans forward, scowling at both of the men. “Ain’t no one getting in our girl’s panties unless she consents and we approve. I haven’t heard the former, and we sure as hell haven’t done the latter.”

“Okay, we need to table the harem discussion for another meeting. Right now, we need to seriously discuss our plan of attack because I can guarantee you, Colt is going to go full psycho now that I’m not giving in to his demands.”

Ace’s fingers are tapping against the wood, his stare locked onto me as if he can see right into my warped mind. “I’m assuming you have some ideas.”

“And I’d hazard a guess we’re not going to like them,” Squire adds.

“Angel, if any of it involves you going in solo, the answer is a resounding no .”

It’s my turn for an eye roll because Saint should really know better than to openly challenge me like that. It sends my demons into a frenzy, and the brat emerges.

“I don’t need to remind any of you that I spent ten years doing shit my way, with Grant handling the technical shit in the background. Every single project was physically acquired and handled by me .”

“But you weren’t carrying our baby back then.” Trip gives me a look, daring me to argue. “That alone gives us a say in how we proceed from here.”

“We know you’re capable, doll. There’s no question about that. But none of us are willing to let you put yourself at unnecessary risk in order to take Colt down.”

Taking a deep breath in and exhaling, I remind myself that they're just worried about me. It's what they do best. This is what I signed up for when I decided that my life was better with them in it. Relationships are all about give and take, and that's something I'm not at all used to.

Etta's hand slides into mine. "They're right, Rem. This time is different. We have more people in our corner than ever before. We need to trust in them the same way they trust in us."

I know she's right. They all are. But that doesn't make it any easier to swallow.

"Fine. Nothing risky and no rash decisions. We decide the best course of action as a group, and we take that slimy motherfucker out. But first, there are a couple of loose ends we need to tie up."

My gaze slides to my sister, and she nods. There's one particular person we should've taken care of a long time ago. Out of respect for our father and Aunt Charlie, we spared him, but now?

His get out of jail free card has finally expired.

The question of whether he lives or dies will be answered sooner than anyone knows.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

We did our duty to the club. Made an appearance. Clapped some backs. Assured our brothers we were here for good. Listened to our girl talk about that sniveling asshole's limp dick way more than I personally think was necessary.

Yeah, I'm glad we're almost fucking done for the day and can finally head home. Maybe we can give Remy a reminder of what a real dick should look, feel, and taste like.

After our short drop in at the clubhouse, we loaded up and drove to the house that's been unattended since we fucked up and practically gave Colt a key. Not literally, of course. Apparently, we still have at least some brains left. Right now, this place offers the most privacy, which is helpful while we get Etta and her men—including the two new ones—up to speed. Jay has been a surprising asset that comes with a long list of contacts we now have at our disposal. Big Mack is the one former Reaper we have total trust in, and to be honest, I'm thankful he's finally checking out Etta's ass and not Remy's. I kinda like the guy and would hate to have to throat punch him for continuing to eye fuck our girl.

Squire is just finishing up a scan for any unknown devices when a knock echoes through the room. All of us share confused looks. All except Remy and Etta, that is. Considering just about everyone who is anyone we care about can already be found in this room right now, I'm at a fucking loss.

“Now, whoever could that be?” Remy touts in a lilting voice.

Etta walks over to the door, snickering. When she opens it, Aunt Charlie is standing there, an innocent expression plastered on her face, but it's the man beside her that

has the rest of us on alert.

“What the fuck is this, Charlize?”

“C’mon, Storm. I never knew you to be such a pussy,” Remy’s aunt quips as she walks into the house.

He regards all of us warily but follows his sister into the living room.

“Uncle Storm, how kind of you to join us for this little reunion.”

“Remington.” He glances at his other niece, his eyes narrowing. “Beretta. It’s about damn time you two agree to see me. With your father gone, I’m the patriarch of this family, and I?—”

“Oh, cut the shit, Richard. You are no more the head of this family than I am the Queen of England.”

He scowls at his sister. “You’ve been out of club business for decades, Charlize. It should really fucking stay that way.”

She straightens her shoulders, crossing her arms over her chest as she glares at him. “You know what? I would’ve happily stayed in my own little peaceful corner of Deadwood Peak and had nothing to do with the club, or you , ever again.”

“Then why the hell are we here right now?”

She takes a step closer to him, and I don’t have to be a genius to see that she’s got some shit up her sleeve. I recognize that look. I see it on her niece’s face often enough.

“Because... You. Killed. My. Brother.”

Her swing comes out of nowhere, her knuckles connecting with his nose in a punch so damn perfect, a professional boxer would be proud. Blood pours from Storm’s nose, and I shoot a look at my girl. There’s a split second where I think we might be okay, but then the color drains from her face. Trip snatches the garbage can and lifts it up just in time for her to toss her cookies.

Poor fucking angel.

Storm attempts to staunch the flow of blood with the sleeve of his flannel. “What in the hell was that for, woman? What are you yapping about? We caught the man that killed Rock!”

“You’re right, Uncle. We did.” Remy’s face is pale, but she closes the distance between her and Storm. “But then we got some information from a semi-reliable source and did some digging. Turns out, the funds sent to the Desert Dawgs for the hit on Etta came from your account.”

“Your source is full of shit, Niece. I ain’t got nuthin’ to do with that.”

“So you’re telling me you just happened to be at the clubhouse that night to celebrate Etta’s marriage despite not giving a damn about my sister or me our entire lives?”

His eyes dart around the room, his forearm swiping across his nose. “Of course I care about you. You’re my blood.”

“Apparently, blood doesn’t mean shit if it’s got tits rather than a dick. You don’t respect women in general, but especially not a woman who might get to lead the club you’ve set your sights on taking over.”



He takes an aggressive step forward, but I'm on him before he can even fucking blink. "I don't think so, old man."

He tries to throw me off, but the fucker's out of shape and no match for my strength. "Get your goddamn hands off me."

"I'm curious about one thing, Uncle. Did you know that Colt was your nephew?"

Storm goes still, his eyes comically wide. "The fuck you mean, Colt's my nephew? Rock never had no son."

Remy smirks. "Oh, but he did, and that son used you for his own agenda. You were never going to get the club, Uncle. You got played."

Storm sputters, his mouth opening and closing as he tries to process the unfortunate news.

Etta carefully examines her nails like this is just your average family chat. "Pitiful, really, believing you could ever take over the Reapers. Daddy would roll over in his grave."

"Shut your mouth, you little bitch." Spittle has gathered in the corners of his lips. "Neither of you ever deserved to be the head of the Reapers. Hell, Rock didn't even deserve it, but Father deemed him the more capable son. I almost had it all in my grasp until that stupid loophole in the agreement to merge the two fucking clubs."

Charlie shakes her head, her eyes going glassy. "You fucking disgust me." She looks at Remy. "Do whatever you have to do. From this moment forward, both of my brothers are dead to me."

She turns and heads out the door without a backward glance. She may be a Steele,

with the backbone that reminds me so much of her nieces, but she still swore an oath to protect life. I don't blame her for walking away and letting us handle this for her.

"I've gotta say, Uncle, this is not a good turn of events for you."

Storm scoffs. "What the hell does that mean?"

Remy laughs. "Guess I need to fill you in on one more little surprise, Uncle." She takes another step closer, and I grip Storm's arms tighter. She leans in, carefully avoiding his bloodstained face. "You've pissed off the Avenging Angel, and now, it's your turn to pay for your mistakes."

Storm tries to break free from my hold, but Remy's faster. She lifts a needle, jamming it into the side of Storm's neck.

"Might want to get one of the other guys to help you, Saint. Uncle Storm is about to lose the ability to stand on his own."

Just as the words leave her lips, Storm's body starts to sag in my hold.

"Son of a bitch!"

Luckily, Rogue is close by. He grabs his other arm just in time.

"What the hell are we supposed to do with him now?" I mutter.

"Let's give our good ol' uncle a tour of the grounds, shall we? Maybe show him the backyard?"

Etta claps her hands. "Oh, sister. You are a fucking menace, and I am absolutely here for it."

“What’s in the backyard?” Trip asks.

“Just wait...” Remy quips, following behind us as we drag the fat bastard out the back door and onto the patio.

That’s when I see it.

“You can’t be fucking serious.” Ace runs his hands down his face in frustration...or maybe it’s disbelief.

Kind of hard to tell, honestly. But he’s only saying what the rest of us are fucking thinking.

A motherfucking wood chipper? Holy hell.

The bright yellow heavy duty industrial machinery is poised just off the patio, awaiting its victim.

“Rem, really?”

“C’mon, Grant.” Etta rolls her eyes. “When have you ever known my sister to make an unwise choice? Unless, of course, you count getting caught by Razor. Or walking into Viper’s lair without backup. Or?—”

“That’s enough of that,” Remy growls. “Yes, Grant. I’m sure. I even came prepared.”

She pulls nose plugs out of her pocket and waves them through the air.

“Not gonna be enough,” Rogue mutters.

“I’ve gotta agree with the big guy over here. If you’re planning to do what I think you

are, nose plugs aren't going to save you, angel."

"Don't worry. My plan has multiple parts. You'll see."

Set up next to the monstrous equipment is a set of heavy chains connected to the thick trunk of an adjacent tree with some sort of electric pulley system attached. There is literally nothing about this entire scenario that is sexy in the slightest, yet watching my girl's excitement for what's to come has me rock fucking hard in my jeans.

"I've seen some really fucked up shit, but this?" Jay stares on in wonder as Remy and Etta direct Rogue and me on how to position the fat bastard. "This may just top it all." He glances at Rogue. "Is it weird that I'm a little turned on right now?"

Rogue snorts.

Trip chuckles.

Ace sighs.

Squire leans back against the table, not looking remotely concerned about what's about to go down. "Better get used to it, man. The Steele twins are impossible to forget once they get under your skin."

Rogue and I finish securing Storm by his feet, his arms falling limply toward the ground and dangling in the air as he's hoisted upside down. He's positioned just above the grass in front of the conveyor belt that leads into the wood chipper, and we step back and out of the blast zone.

"The paralytic agent I injected you with renders you unable to move or speak, but guess what..." She leans in to the man strung up like a fat pig. "You can still feel every single thing I'm about to do to you."

Without further hesitation, she cocks back and slams her brass-knuckled fist into Storm's jaw. Blood sprays from his mouth, barely missing her.

"That's for making Grant and me think we could be related."

Etta steps forward, her head tilted as she studies her uncle's swaying body. As he slowly comes to a stop, she pulls her leg back and kicks him with the full force of her stiletto heel.

"And that's for being a blight on the Steele name."

The old man can't even so much as grunt, but tears are leaking out of his eyes and down his forehead, his blood trickling right along with it.

"But now for the real fun, Uncle." Remy pulls her favorite knife out of its sheath, trailing it over the old man's face as she stares into his unblinking eyes. "I only wish Rock was here to see this. I'd love to take my time with you, but we have bigger fish to fry."

She stabs her knife into his thigh, then promptly yanks it out. Blood slowly but steadily begins to stain his clothes, spurting from his leg, over his round belly, down his chest, and along his arms until it starts to drip from his fingertips and pool on the ground beneath him.

"See, Uncle Storm... Remy here just punctured your femoral artery. You've only got a few minutes left to poison this world with your presence. I'd say I'm sorry, but..." She taps her long painted nail to her lips, then shrugs. "I'd be lying. Rot in hell, you lousy bastard."

Remy stares at the dying man in front of us, her face a stone mask.

“Rogue...” Her cold voice is devoid of any emotion whatsoever.

It’s that same blankness that hits at the heart of my soul. I want to save her and fuck her at the same time.

“Yeah, gorgeous.”

“Lower him.”

She says it like she’s telling him to grab her a cup of coffee rather than lower a man to his death. The others may not notice, but I hide a smirk when I see Rogue adjust his junk in his pants before he steps forward and presses a button. We all watch in fascinated horror as Storm inches closer and closer. Then she holds up her hand, and Rogue stops his descent.

“See, Uncle, this is the brilliance of my plan. While your blood is just about drained from your body, you’re still clinging to life. It’s truly the most excruciating death imaginable—you know what’s coming but are absolutely powerless to stop it. Your body will end up spread across our lawn like ground chuck, but on a positive note, it won’t be a heaping bloody mess. I’m pretty sure there are some wild mountain lions in the area that will appreciate the easy meal. Pureed for them and everything. Hell, maybe I’ll even start a garden. I’ll need to do some research.”

“Jesus Christ,” someone chokes out, but I can’t take my eyes off my girl to see who it was.

Personally, I think she’s fucking spectacular.

As time ticks by, Storm’s bleeding slows to a barely there trickle while we play witness to the terror in his nearly lifeless eyes. I’d almost feel sorry for the poor bastard, but he brought this on himself.

When she nods, Etta turns on the wood chipper, and Rogue makes sure Storm's body lowers directly onto the conveyor belt.

"Any last words, Uncle?" Remy calls out, then she chuckles, the sound pure evil. "Oh. Right. You can't speak. Sucks to be you! When you get to hell, let Lucifer know he'll have to wait a bit longer to see me. I've got a couple more assholes to take care of first."

Storm's fingertips are inches from the sharp blades of the machine when Etta walks over and holds her sister's hand. The only sound to be heard is the roar of the wood chipper's engine as his body is shredded into minuscule pieces.

Remy was right. With most of the blood emptied from his body, the mess is kept to a minimum, so she manages to avoid the bucket Trip grabbed just in case.

Storm's reign of terror has finally come to an end, and I can't wait to see what my girl has up her sleeve next.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

Watching my longtime friend make googly eyes at Etta one moment, then go over plans with Remy the next, is a little fucking mind-blowing. Especially when you consider the fact that all of us watched a man die less than an hour ago. What the fuck does that say about the state of our lives?

Regardless, I can't believe Jay's here, working beside us. I'm also stunned by the small army Remy's been able to build for herself. And since we're at it, I'm damned impressed with the Steele sisters' ability to bring men to their knees with very little effort. Lord knows I'm right the fuck where I want to be. I'll gladly worship at Remy's feet if it means I get to love her the rest of my days.

"Your girl just might be the single most impressive badass I know, Hart."

My smirk is hidden when I face my friend. "I know."

"I need to follow up on some leads as soon as I leave. I've got my sources digging into Agent Kinney's background, and I'm hoping to have solid intel for Remington soon."

A growl nearly sneaks its way out, but I swallow it down at the last moment. Hearing Trip relay the story of what that fucking prick bastard did to our woman made me want to kill him myself. Of course, the others would be with me on that, but I'm pretty sure Remy would hand us our asses for taking that away from her.

"Thanks, Jay. We owe you for this."

He shakes his head, glancing back at Etta. "Nah, brother. We're even."



He claps me on my back, then stalks over to where Etta is talking with Big Mack. The former Reaper straightens, eyes narrowing at the man homing in on his territory, but Jay doesn't pay him any mind. As for the other three men in Etta's life, they don't seem the least bit perturbed by the newcomers. My guess? Etta laid down the law once she heard about the little scuffle after their rescue.

"You okay, big guy?" Remy asks, slipping her hand into mine.

Her big brown eyes are staring up at me, and the only thought that runs through my head is bending her over my bike and fucking her until she screams my name. Why is it always like this after a kill? Adrenaline? Rage over what has happened to her? I have no fucking clue. I just know I need her beyond reason.

There must be something seriously fucked up in my head. We just watched a man die in one of the most gruesome ways possible, yet I'm hard as a fucking rock. Every muscle in my body is tense, my fists clenching and unclenching at my sides. I need to do something about all of this pent-up tension soon, and I know of one thing that will help.

"Ride with me?" I murmur.

She studies me for a moment, then nods. "You've got me, anytime you need me. Understand?"

I do and I'm grateful. For someone who claimed she'd be bad at this whole relationship thing, she's awfully damn astute when it comes to what each of us needs. Leading her over to my bike, I lift her onto the back seat, then throw my leg over and start the engine.

"No fucking fair," Saint whines from beside us. "Why does Rogue get to ride with you?"

I know damn well he's got to be as fucking horny as I am. Kinky fucker. Unfortunately for him, he was just a smidge too slow in the grab your girl and go portion of today's events.

"Big guy needs me right now," Remy murmurs behind me, her arms sliding around my waist.

Even that little bit of contact is like gasoline on an already blazing inferno.

Fuck. If we don't get out of here soon, I might fuck her right here in front of her sister and everyone else. Not sure that would go over well.

"So the fuck do I." Saint puffs out his lower lip dramatically.

She reaches over, stroking the side of his face. "How about this? What if I let you tie me up later? I'll be a good little girl while all of you work off some steam."

Saint's mouth drops open. Then closes. Remy's done the impossible—rendered Saint speechless.

When his eyes narrow and he takes a step closer until he's nose to nose with our girl, I realize Remy just might've bitten off more than she can chew. She hasn't had all of us yet, and with Saint directing things, that shit won't be for the faint of heart.

"Be careful, angel. You say all of us, and I'll make sure every hole and hand you have is so full you won't be able to sit or walk straight for a week."

Remy hums against my back, and fuck me if my dick doesn't throb in my goddamn pants.

"I don't say anything I don't mean, Saint. You should know that by now." She

brushes her lips against his, teasingly, then pulls back. He tries to follow her, but she stops him with a hand to his chest. “Later.”

“Fuck. Fine.” Saint takes a deep breath in and exhales, shooting a look over at Ace, Squire and Trip, who are watching us with rapt attention, before he turns back to us. “But that pretty ass is ours when we get you alone.”

“Deal.” She blows him a kiss, then leans her cheek against my back. “Let’s go, big guy.”

I don’t need to be told twice. I gun the engine, speeding down our drive and out onto the main road. I’m not even entirely sure I know where I’m headed. The wind rushes over me, but it does nothing to cool my blood. I need Remington with a ferocity that’s beginning to scare me.

There’s something about watching her in her element, with a piece of shit at her mercy, that lights this inferno inside. Maybe it’s my own past and helplessness that finds her strength so goddamn impressive. Or maybe it’s the satisfaction in her eyes when she ends another piece of shit life. Honestly, the reason doesn’t even matter since she’s mine and I can take advantage of her lithe little body to help calm the riot of shit rushing over me.

The miles fly by until we’re suddenly pulling to stop in a parking lot that looks damned familiar. I didn’t mean to bring us here, and honestly, it’s a little fucked up. This is where we said our goodbyes to Rock.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t realize this was where I?—”

“Shhh, Rogue. It’s fine.”

With the sounds of the city far off in the distance and a view that’s almost as

spectacular as the woman with me, the tension grows exponentially higher.

“Remy...” I’m not sure what I even want to say or how to explain the mess that is my head.

“You’ve got me, Rogue. What now?”

My growl is loud in the quiet of the mountain top. Twisting in my seat, I manage to lift her up and position her in front of me with her legs straddling mine. Her arms wind around my neck as a small grin plays across her plump, pouty lips.

“I see. Take what you?—”

“Now,” is all I can manage to grunt before I’m ripping the seam at the crotch of her leggings.

For a second, we just stare at each other under the warm Arizona sun. I’m not sure what she sees when she looks at my face, but I recognize the lust sparking in her eyes.

“Got it,” she rasps, fumbling with my belt buckle and the button on my jeans. “Now.”

Rising up off the seat with her in my arms, I give her room to unzip me and push my jeans far enough down my hips that my dick presses through the hole in my boxers. I don’t have the patience for anything else.

“Enough,” I rasp, damn near incapable of speaking in full, coherent sentences.

I drop back down into my seat, lowering her until the warm wetness of her pussy teases the head of my dick. My chest rumbles with approval as I line us up and slam

her down onto me.

“Holy fuck,” she cries out, head thrown back. Her fingers grip my hair so tightly I might end up with bald patches, but I don’t give two shits.

Our position doesn’t really allow much movement on her part, so I gladly take over the job of fucking us into oblivion. Lifting her up until I’m poised right at her opening, I forcefully pull her back down so brutally she screams.

I know I should stop. Should check on her. Should do anything other than lift her up and do it again. But I can’t help myself. She feels so goddamn good squeezing my cock, her pussy desperately trying to milk me each time I sheathe myself in her heat.

“Gorgeous...”

“More, Rogue. I need more,” she pants.

Carefully, I lay her back against the tank of my bike. Leaning over her, one arm slides behind her lower back to take a bruising grip on her hip as the other finds the handlebar for leverage. Her legs wrap around my waist, and when her heavy-lidded eyes meet mine, I finally release my tenuous hold on my control. I plunge into her cunt, fast and rough.

Fuck, it’s like I’ve found heaven on earth. This woman isn’t intimidated by my size because she’s not afraid of anything. She can take my cock like she was made for me and still beg for more. She can face down the assholes that plague this earth and laugh as their lives end by her hand. There has never been anything or anyone who can twist me the fuck up the way that Remington Steele does, and the fact that she’s ours now, that she’s carrying our baby... Goddamn. I’m so fucking gone for this woman.

She's mewling like a kitten as I thrust into her over and over again.

"Oh fuck. Please, Rogue. Please..."

Hearing her beg brings me right to the edge, but I need her to come first. Nudging her sweater up with my nose, I push her bra out of the way with my face because no way in hell will I stop fucking her long enough to use one of my hands. The second my mouth connects with one of her nipples, I suck... hard. She comes undone.

"Rogue!" she screams, her back bowing as my dick pounds into her even harder.

There's just something about fucking my girl on my bike, outside, in the middle of the day, with only the open air and sunshine to witness it, that makes me want to pound my chest like some kind of feral animal.

"Another," I demand, switching nipples and sucking the other tight little bud into my mouth.

Her pussy grips me so damn hard as her body is wracked by a second orgasm. I can't hold out much longer. Dropping my forearms to the tank, my hands slide up her back until my fingers grip her shoulders. My hips are hammering in and out of her while my balls begin to draw up tight to my body.

Her delicate touch brushes the sweat off my forehead before her fingers slide around the back of my neck. "Give it to me, big guy."

She pulls my mouth down to hers, kissing me so fiercely I lose the battle I've been waging. My release slams into me like a freight train, and my entire body is locked in pleasure so intense I can barely breathe. It seems to go on forever, my body emptying itself into her wicked little pussy. There's something so intoxicating about that thought that my groan drowns out the sound of the birds chirping nearby.

After long moments of being held in her arms, that peace I so desperately needed earlier finds me.

“Fuck, gorgeous. That was...”

“Epic?” she asks with an amused smirk.

Lifting myself from where I’m laid out on top of her, I study the flush spreading across her cheeks and throat, the puffiness of her lips, and the satisfied look in her eyes. I did that. I put that love-drunk look on her face.

“I love you,” I whisper against her mouth.

“I love you too,” she whispers back.

With shaky arms, I pull us both upright. Her fingers are playing with my hair, her eyes trailing over my face, when a slow grin appears.

“What’s that look for?”

“Just thinking the ride home is going to be awfully messy.”

“You could just stay right here using my dick as a plug.”

Her laughter rings out across the open expanse of cement. “As much as I’d love to see the look on local law enforcement’s face when we’re forced to explain what the hell we’re doing, I don’t want to risk you getting put behind bars again.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Remy. They’ll have to kill me first.”

Her voice drops so low, I almost don’t hear it when she says, “That’s what I’m afraid

of.”

I pull her into my chest, holding her close. “Nothing is going to happen to any of us. You hear me?”

I say it with all the resolve of a man who is desperate to hang onto the only thing in his life that matters. Now, if only I could get myself to believe it too.



I just killed a man.

Shouldn't that mean something? Yet all I feel at the thought of the sack of shit who was once my uncle is a gnawing hollowness. Blood or not, he deserved what he got and then some.

Still. This kill hit differently. Whether that's because of who he was or because the end is that much closer, it's hard to tell.

The shit storm that is my life doesn't seem to be slowing down any time soon. From one moment to the next, I never know what to expect, and with five guys to keep satisfied, it sometimes feels a little like hopping on and off a ferris wheel as my life spins me around and around and around. Eventually, the fun has to end...right?

With my found family finally all under one roof, there's anticipation building inside. With fewer boxes left to check off, Colt's time is drawing to an end. I have little doubt as to who the victor will be, but the demons that have always applauded my ferocity are wary of the risks taking my brother out will entail—namely to those we love. Throughout my crusade, there's never been anything worth losing. I always made sure Squire was protected and safe from the dangers my work involved, but now... Now, there is so much more at stake, including the innocent baby growing within me.

My hand rubs my slight bump as I stare out at the softly trickling creek that runs behind Aunt Charlie's house. It's always held a sort of peace for me that I've only ever been able to replicate when I'm with my guys.

“Don’t worry, little one. Mommy will make sure everyone makes it out of this alive.”

It’s easy to forget that there’s a tiny life just beneath my hand, innocent and fragile. Part of me wonders why the fates decided to gift me with something so precious since I’ve been tainted with deep scars and cynicism and don’t know the first thing about purity and joy. But maybe that’s the point. Maybe this baby is my chance at redemption. He or she is the one thing that holds more value than the revolving door of death and dismay.

“Hey, you okay?”

Maybe I should be annoyed that my solace is interrupted, but I’m not. The man heading my way has seen all of me yet never shied away from the hard times.

Grant stops beside me, eyes scanning my face.

I wonder what he sees. The face of the woman who has dragged him through hell over the course of the last decade, or the one that has hope in her heart for the first time since her world crumbled down around her.

I simply nod, my throat closing as emotions suddenly swamp me.

“Oh, Rem,” he murmurs, reaching for me and pulling me into his chest.

With my mind already a mess, I came out here for a few moments alone before having to face everyone. Figured it was enough time to sort everything back into their appropriate boxes. Apparently not. Now I’m thankful for the man who always seems to know exactly what I need even when I don’t.

My arms wrap around his waist as he rests his cheek against the top of my head. “I’m sorry. I?—”

“There is absolutely nothing to be sorry for. I can’t even imagine what is going on in that head of yours right now. I can only be here as a shoulder to cry on and a hand to hold when things get too overwhelming. Just like old times. Nothing has changed and nothing ever will.”

Taking a deep breath in, I pull back so I can look into his pretty blue eyes. “Despite everything you’ve said, I truly don’t deserve you, but I’m so fucking glad you’re here.”

His lips tenderly brush mine. “I wouldn’t be anywhere else.”

I’m standing outside, in a serene setting straight out of a romance novel, in the arms of my best friend.

How is this real life?

The rest of the world can wait while I enjoy the simple pleasure of being with him. What starts as a simple kiss swiftly turns incendiary, his hands sliding down my back and over my ass until he’s lifting me up. My legs wrap around his waist just as the rough bark of a tree presses into my back.

“I need you.” His breath teases my lips, his hand snaking between our bodies. He hisses when his fingertips graze my skin. “Why the fuck are my fingers touching your bare, soaked pussy right now?”

“Rogue was impatient.”

His groan echoes through the growing twilight. “Remind me to thank him later.”

“Mmhmm...”

He doesn't hesitate. In seconds, his button is undone, his zipper is down, and he's lining himself up and driving home. The bark scratches against my skin, but I don't even care. The sting is a reminder of where I am and who I'm with.

"Holy hell. You feel fucking incredible."

His hips pull back, then he slams in again. Over and over, he fucks me like I'm his to break. Hell, maybe I have been all along.

The need for release is coiling up inside, and with each thrust, I inch a little closer to the edge until I'm suddenly tumbling into a free fall.

"Fuck. I'm gonna—" I don't even get to finish my thought before I detonate.

"That's it. Milk my fucking cock, baby." He plunges in again and again, his rhythm faltering as his head drops back and he makes this sound in the back of his throat.

Pleasure looks fucking spectacular on him.

We're both breathing heavily, his forehead dropping to rest on my shoulder, when I hear a twig crack between the trees. My eyes dart up to find Saint and Rogue walking toward us.

"For the record, I get an extra fuck since these two decided to hop the line."

Rogue snorts.

Squire chuckles into my hair.

My eyes narrow. "Am I just some warm hole to plug with your dick, Saint?"

“Angel, you know you’re so much more than that. You also know that I need you just as bad as these two fuckheads, but do they help a brother out? No. They’re fucking greedy. Like you don’t have extra holes or something.”

His pout is adorable, but like hell am I going to tell him that.

“Did you come down here for something?” I ask as Grant straightens with me locked in his arms.

“Jay needs us at the house.”

I study Rogue—his hands fisted at his sides and the slight tic in his jaw.

“Care to tell me why? We barely left him a couple of hours ago.”

“Something came up, and your new bestie has a present for you.” Saint rubs his hand down his beard as he studies me and Grant. “But you’re gonna need to get cleaned up and changed first because I draw the line at other men getting a glimpse of your bare pussy.”

He stalks over, glaring at Grant, then motions with his hands in a gimme gesture.

“What the hell do you want?” Grant mutters.

“Hand her over. You two aren’t the only ones who get to walk around smelling like her. I want to too.”

“Saint—”

“Don’t worry, angel. I’m not gonna fuck you right now. I’m just gonna rub your fucking pussy juices into my jeans, so I can torment Trip and Ace the same way these

two did me.”

Grant laughs, but his hips pull back until his dick slides out of my dripping pussy.

“Fuck, that’s messy. Cum stains aren’t in fashion, pal.”

“Says you,” Saint quips, reaching for me and lifting me out of Grant’s arms. He taps my thigh. “Wrap those fucking legs around my waist, baby, and rub that sweet little cunt all over me. I don’t even care if there are stains. Let them see what we do to you.”

I roll my eyes. “There is something wrong with you.”

“Yeah. I’m not inside you right now.”

He turns, carrying me back toward the house. I catch sight of my other two guys shaking their heads at Saint’s shenanigans and grin in return. With the world falling down around us, I’m thankful for someone like Saint who never takes anything too seriously. Except for me, that is.

## Page 23

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

There's a row of pissed off bikers staring down a man in my kill room. They look large and in charge...and admittedly hot as hell. From the scowl on Ace's face, to the fists clenching and unclenching at Rogue's side, each of them is doing their best to contain their absolute hatred for the man chained and kneeling at my feet. I appreciate their restraint almost as much as I appreciate the sight of them looking damn near as bloodthirsty as I am.

"Ahem." Jay clears his throat, drawing me out of my perusal and back to the serious situation at hand.

"I'd say I'm sorry I got distracted..." I spare one more glance at the men at my back. "But I'd be lying."

Jay laughs as he hands me a manila folder. "You're gonna want to take a look at this. It appears Special Agent Kinney here isn't as squeaky clean as he'd have everyone believe."

Flipping through page after page of detailed bribes, assaults, and other heinous acts, my stomach flips. Authority figures who prey on the weak are a personal trigger of mine.

Looking up at the man glaring daggers at me, I let the murderous smile that's been fighting to break free spread across my face. "Oh, Special Agent Kinney. How the tables have turned."

He mumbles something that I can't quite make out behind the duct tape sealing his mouth shut.

“I’m sorry. What was that?”

His muffled shout echoes through the room as he ineffectively fights against his restraints. Dude is pissed as fuck.

“Scream all you want. No one can hear you, and I personally find the sound soothing.”

His chest heaves, veins pulsing in his neck as his struggle comes to a slow halt. The visceral hatred staring back at me makes my demons clang against their cage. I recognize that look. It’s almost an exact match to the one that I memorized from my nightmare ten years ago.

“You know, men like you shouldn’t be allowed to walk this earth. It’s bad enough that you think your title gives you free reign to be a prick to everyone you view as beneath you, but when you use that authority to blackmail and coerce innocent victims into acts no female should ever be subjected to, well... I take personal issue with that. What you call your duty, I call rape, Special Agent Kinney. Something that goes against the special code of conduct you agreed to when you joined the FBI.” Continuing to flip through the pages, I tally somewhere around forty-two known accounts that have been covered up and buried where he assumed they’d never see the light of day. He was wrong. “I could let your superiors in on your little off-duty activities. Let them punish you to the full extent of the law.”

He flinches, the motion slight enough that if I hadn’t been studying him, I would’ve missed it. He’s an abomination, but he’s not stupid. He knows something worse than that is coming.

“Or I could just take care of you myself.”

The tape doesn’t mask the telltale sound of his scoff.



Stalking forward, I rip it off his mouth none too gently, pleased with the piercing groan that escapes. I want to hear his pleas when he realizes mercy isn't something he'll ever receive.

“You don't scare me, Remington Masterson.” He spits out my name like it leaves a bad taste on his tongue. “You're nothing more than a little girl playing at being in charge. Your only power comes from the men behind you. Without them, you're nothing.”

A chorus of laughs come from behind me, bringing another manic smile to my face. Kinney looks confused and annoyed. He doesn't fully realize the situation he's got himself into. Pity.

“I'm betting Colt left out some very important details when he sent you after me.”

Kinney rolls his eyes. “He told me enough. Said that you're his sister. Daddy's spoiled, pretentious little girl. That you needed to be knocked down a few pegs because the death of your loser father didn't do a good enough job of teaching you your place.”

The smile evaporates as rage begins to simmer in my blood. The demons are rioting. They want to slash this motherfucker's throat for even mentioning my father.

All in due time, my friends. All in due time.

“You see, Special Agent Kinney, he left out one key fact that would've been smart to know.”

“That you're a slut sleeping with an entire group of reject bikers?”

Someone in the back growls.

“No. Something with ramifications far worse than who I let penetrate my vagina.”

“Fuck’s sake,” Ace mutters.

I can just picture him rolling his eyes with his arms crossed over his chest. I do a countdown in my head, expecting a smartass remark in three...two...one.

Saint hums. “I’ll penetrate you any time you want, angel.”

Ah, Saint. Never one to disappoint.

Stepping forward, I glare down at the fuming asshat. “You’ve pissed off the Avenging Angel, and she doesn’t know the meaning of the word mercy .”

His eyes go comically wide. “No. No fucking way. You can’t be?—”

“The woman single-handedly responsible for the murders of dozens of sick fucks just like you?”

It’s Grant’s turn to clear his throat.

Glancing over my shoulder, I blow him a kiss in response to his pointed look. “Okay. Technically speaking, I may have had a little help on the backend, but the actual torture and death was all me.”

The blood has drained from Kinney’s face as the reality of his dire straits finally begins to sink in.

“I... I’m sorry. I didn’t... I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll?—”

My eyes narrow as I lean in and whisper, “No. Mercy.”

He's damn near hyperventilating now as his fate becomes clear. The Avenging Angel has never let anyone live. Meeting her is a death sentence, and now he knows his time has finally come.

"I don't usually do this, but I whipped up something extra special for you, Agent Kinney. You'll be an Avenging Angel first. Aren't you excited?"

His whimpers please my demons, and they take a metaphorical seat while they wait for the action to begin. Rogue and Squire are already rummaging through the storage closet. There's some shuffling, the sound of something clanging to the floor, someone's muttered curse, then they reappear carrying a contraption that has a harsh sob escaping Kinney's throat.

"No! Please. I'll... I'll do anything. Anything . I know where you can find your brother. I'll give you all the information you need to catch him. I can even help you?—"

"Tsk, ts. Where's the big bad alpha now, huh? In case you've forgotten, you're no longer in charge here. I am , and you'll give me what I want simply because you have no other choice."

Rogue and Grant set up the machine behind Kinney's shaking form, plugging it in and getting everything in place.

Saint steps up beside me, shoving his hands into the pockets of his jeans. "You are so fucked, and I don't mean that metaphorically."

I snort, walking behind Kinney and running my hand along my new favorite torture device. "In case you're wondering, this is a nine-inch dildo with a girth that's honestly a little terrifying, attached to a premium hands-free sex machine reaching up to two hundred and forty strokes a minute. I'm honestly a little curious to see just

how long it takes for you to beg me to make it all stop.”

“Just when I think she can’t possibly come up with anything more fucked up and brilliant...” Jay murmurs. “She’s fucking magnificent.”

“Also sexy as fuck,” Saint quips, adjusting his dick in his jeans.

“I won’t disagree,” Jay hedges, “but for the record, I’ve got my eyes on the other Steele twin.”

Saint chuckles. “Good luck with that one.”

Trip walks over and slides his arm around my waist, drawing my attention away from the other two men. “Baby girl, I am all-in on this plan, considering what he put you through, but I’m not sure I want your hands anywhere near this dude’s asshole.”

My eyes meet Trip’s. His brow is furrowed as he studies the contraption and the logistics of implementing it.

“I just have to line the silicone dick up and?—”

“Nope. Absolutely not. I’ll do it. You’re not touching his tainted ass.” Saint stalks forward, gripping the back of Kinney’s neck. “Shoulders to the ground, fucker.”

He puts up a modicum of a fight as Saint forces his face to the concrete, but with his hands behind his back and ankles shackled, it’s pointless. In a matter of seconds, his belt is undone and his pants are pushed down to his knees.

“Don’t look at his mangy little dick, angel.”

“Not much to see,” Rogue taunts as he and Grant shift the machine forward until the

bulbous tip of the dildo is an inch away from Kinney's cheeks.

"We got any gloves around here? I don't want to catch anything from this jackass."

Ace walks over to the cabinet, grabs a pair of latex gloves, and hands them to Saint.

"What'll it be, angel?" he asks, slipping his hands into the gloves as Rogue's massive booted foot meets Kinney's upper back to hold him in place. "Lube or no lube?"

My head tilts as I lean back into Trip's body, watching Kinney. He swallows harshly as his eyes meet mine imploringly.

"Did you give those girls an option, I wonder? Lube. No lube. Protection. No protection." I tap my bottom lip with my nail. "I doubt it."

Glancing at Saint, I shake my head.

His grin widens. "You are a menace, and I love you for it." He pushes the lever on the machine, one hand manually guiding the dildo forward while the other holds open Kinney's ass cheeks until its tip presses against Kinney's clenched ass. "Bro, I'm not gonna lie. I hope this thing tears you in two."

The dickhead cries out in pain when Saint flicks the switch and the machine slowly forces the thick toy past the tight ring of muscle. He begs for something he never gave to anyone else. Guess he now knows how it feels to be the helpless one.

"Turn up the speed. Let him see what it's like to be fucked in the ass without consent."

The machine whirs to life, the piston pumping in and out of the long tube, thrusting the massive cock-like dildo into the sobbing agent's asshole faster and faster. His

screams are music to my ears.

“What now, doll?” Ace asks over the noise, stepping in front of me to brush a stray hair behind my ear.

“Now, we wait. If it seems like he starts to enjoy it, I’ve got a few bigger dildos we can swap that one out with.”

“Seeing you like this, cold and merciless...” Ace leans down until we’re nose to nose. “It’s one of the hottest fucking things I’ve ever witnessed.”

“Even with a grown man sobbing in the background as he’s fucked in the ass mere feet from where we stand?”

“His cries of pain are only part of what he deserves for violating you and so many others. I would’ve impaled his dick with a hot iron rod, but that’s just me.”

I blink, feeling wetness flood the space between my thighs.

Fuck. Me.

I’m both disappointed I didn’t think of that and aroused at the way my husband just turned the tables on me.

He drops a kiss on my lips. “I like that look on your face, wife. I’ll have to see if I can replicate it later.”

He steps back, leaving me breathless and practically drooling.

Then Trip’s breath hits the skin on my neck. “You ready for all of us, baby girl? Because I’m not sure any of us can leave you alone after all of this.”

“Told you the scent of your sweet little cunt would torment them,” Saint whispers, gripping my chin with his thankfully glove-free hands and tilting my face to his until his lips capture mine in a rough kiss.

“Please. Please . Make it stop. I’m begging you,” Kinney cries.

“His mouth says one thing, but his dick says another.”

I pull my mouth from Saint’s, earning a growl that makes my pussy clench. My eyes shift to where Rogue and Grant are standing watch over our latest project. Grant’s look of disgust has me curious. Stepping out from between Trip and Saint, I haven’t gotten more than a few feet when I see what he means.

The fucker’s cocktail weenie is actually hard .

“Well, dammit. By the looks of things...” Kinney’s grunt slips free as his entire body starts to shake with the force of his orgasm. “He’s enjoying this way too much. Maybe Ace has the right idea after all. Anyone know where we can find a hot iron rod?”

Jay raises his hand. “I do, actually. I’ll make some calls.”

He stalks toward the door, phone already to his ear.

Glancing around at the men who are all in a little bit of shock, I grin.

“It’s gonna be a long night, boys. Buckle up.”

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The sound of heaving is impossible to ignore even with Kinney's screams trying to drown them out. As is the way my gut feels like it's turning itself inside out.

"I'll remind each and every one of you of this the next time you give me shit for puking," Remy mutters.

Rogue tapped out about thirty seconds in, Ace a few seconds after that, and Trip barely a second later. I managed to ignore instinct the longest—not that it earns me a trophy or anything—because no normal man alive can stand by and remain unfazed as another man shoves a red hot iron rod up another man's dick hole while a mechanized dildo thrusts in and out of his ass.

Unless you're Saint, of course, but he's not normal anyway. Jay may be standing stoically along the far wall, but even he's sporting a concerning shade of green.

"Haven't any of you ever heard of a sounding rod before?" Saint asks, giving the rod in Kinney's teenie weenie a twist, eliciting a fresh round of screams.

"Fuck no," Ace groans from the corner. "And after this, I don't even want to look it up."

Saint's grin is nearly manic. "Don't knock it 'til you try it."

I glance up just as Kinney's body goes limp. Saint lets the rod drop from his grip. "Thank fuck. Has he given us enough yet? I'm not sure how much more of this I can take."



“Pussies.” Remy rolls her eyes. “He deserves a lot worse than his pathetic cock becoming a corn dog.”

Trip groans. “And... I’ll never be able to eat a corn dog again, so thanks for that.”

Remy walks up to the unconscious man, studying him with a blank expression on her face. “We now know where my brother has set up his base of operations. We know who within the FBI we can trust and who deserves to die right alongside him. He also let slip that Colt is planning something big in the next few days. He didn’t have all the details, but enough to let us know to be on high alert. Maybe there’s something he forgot?—”

“Doll, I think Kinney has given us all he knew. Let the dick torture be over,” Ace begs.

Remy taps her long red nail against her lip. “I don’t know. The idea of him getting his holes fucked from both sides is oddly satisfying, knowing all he’s done to innocent woman across the region. Maybe we should go just a little longer and?—”

Rogue strides forward, one large hand gripping the side of Remy’s face as his fingers curl around the back of her neck. His other hand slides around her lower back, and he tugs her into his chest. She softens in his hold, the light filtering back into her dark brown eyes. “Please, gorgeous. I’m begging you. End this now. We’ll be lucky if any of us can get it up for a while as it is without having flashbacks of this moment.”

I’m not sure about the others, but I’m damn near holding my breath, praying Rogue’s touch has the same effect it usually does. The big guy can calm our girl faster than any of us can.

Her soft hum has all of us taking a collective sigh of relief.

“Fine.” Rogue leans in, dropping a rough kiss on her lips before pulling back. She turns to Saint. “Saint, wake him up.”

I’m not sure why, but I know what’s coming before she removes herself from Rogue’s hold. I straighten, trying my damndest to look unaffected by what I know is about to happen.

“Please tell me she’s not gonna—” Trip begins.

“Oh yeah. She most certainly is.”

“Fucking hell,” Ace grunts out, running both hands down his face.

She calmly walks over to the wall of toys, grabbing a massive blade that she studies carefully. Kinney’s pained moan as he comes to has goosebumps breaking out along my skin. Terrified eyes dart around the room until they land on our girl, and suddenly he’s got a second wind. His body struggles against the chains holding each of his arms above his head and the ones holding each leg to separate hooks in the ground. All that does is flop his dick, still fully impaled with the iron rod, through the air wildly.

Pretty sure I see Jay grab his junk out of the corner of my eye, but I don’t say anything because I’m pretty sure my dick is currently in hiding. There’s an ache gaining force in my lower belly.

“No. No, please. I’ve told you everything I know,” Kinney blubbers, tears and snot running down his ruddy face.

The cocky Special Agent is long gone. The only thing left is the shell of the man he used to be, and soon even that will no longer exist.

“Maybe, maybe not,” Remy murmurs, confidently striding toward the man sobbing in the center of the room. “Unless you can tell me what his next move is, our time together is over.”

“Fuck. Please. Don’t do this. I beg of you. I... I can get the information for you. I can be an asset. I’ll do whatever you want me to. Please .”

Spittle has gathered in the corners of his mouth, his eyes wild with fear. I try to drum up even the slightest bit of sympathy for him, but there’s none to find. This man used and abused his authority, forcing countless women to suffer at his hand. Remy was right. He deserves all he’s received and more.

Remy takes out small plugs from her pocket, carefully shoving them into her nostrils.

I take a deep breath in and exhale slowly, stiffening my spine as I prepare for the inevitable. “Brace yourself, boys. This never gets any easier, no matter how many times I’ve watched her do it.”

Trip eyes me speculatively. “Is it wrong that I’m less concerned about her cutting off his dick than I am at the thought of that fucking rod impaling it?”

“Nope.” Ace shakes his head.

Saint rolls his eyes as he reaches for the rod. “Remy’s right. Bunch of pussies.”

Saint lifts the rod to position Kinney’s dick straight out from his body, pulling it out just enough to give Remy room to work with. She approaches, the blade swinging by her side as if she doesn’t have a care in the world.

“There’s only one thing left to do,” she says all-too sweetly. “Any last words, Special Agent Kinney?”

He sucks in a ragged breath, shoring up what little dignity he's managed to hold onto. "He's going to take you down, and nothing you do is going to stop him. Avenging Angel or not, you're no match for him."

"Guess we'll see about that. Meaning us, of course. You won't live long enough to realize just how wrong you were."

With that, her arm swings through the air. The sharp blade slices his dick clean off, blood pouring from the wound as he screams. Saint lifts the rod, studying the limp dick attached to the end.

"Hey, angel... Want to ship this one to him too?"

And the dry heaves begin again as Special Agent Kinney's life comes to a painful end.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The lights of Deadwood Peak are spread out below, shining brightly through the wall of windows in front of me. This town is practically my birthright, but that reality has been tainted by the darkness of my past for far too long. It's time to end this nightmare once and for all, then maybe this second chance I've been given won't seem so damn impossible.

"Jay's done with the clean-up. He said he had somewhere else to be, but he'd reach out soon," Grant says from beside me, but I can't pull my eyes from the twinkling sea of homes and businesses that cover the valley in the distance.

The entire time I washed off Kinney's stench in the shower room, my mind was stuck on our next move, desperate to find a way to ensure we all make it out of this alive. I'm reeling, getting more frustrated with each passing second, and the high from Kinney's death is already fading. Now, I stand here, a riot of chaos whirling through my brain.

"Remy..."

"Hmmm?" I murmur.

He says something else, but I can't even pretend to be paying attention.

"Remington!" he barks, his grip harsh on my chin as he forces my gaze to his.

My demons, still a little wound up from the night's activities, don't take kindly to the aggressive treatment. My blade is out of its sheath and pressed to his throat before I can halt the involuntary reaction.

“Watch yourself, Grant,” I snap.

He doesn't so much as flinch, but I hear the silence that engulfs the room.

Fuck. What in the hell is wrong with me?

His hand slowly comes up, gripping my now shaking wrist, and pulls it away from his skin. My eyes dart down, relieved when I see there isn't so much as a scratch.

“I'm sorry,” I whisper, ashamed of myself.

It's been years since I've reacted like that. Normally, I've got more control over my instincts, but everything is hitting just a little harder than it usually does. I'm worried about what this might mean if I can't put a stop to my brother soon .

“There's no reason to be sorry.” His thumb brushes against my lower lip. “I should've known better. Especially so soon after a kill.”

I hate it when my bottom lip begins to tremble. The emotions I typically keep locked up tight start to rush forward.

He studies my face, and the intensity staring down at me does little to staunch the multitude of feelings coursing through me.

“What do you need?” he whispers.

I'm shaking my head as the first tear falls. “I don't know.”

He glances over my shoulder, giving a small nod to someone I can't see before dropping a tender kiss on my forehead. “You trust us, right?”

“Of course,” I say without hesitation.

“Good.” He slowly turns me around until I’m facing Saint.

His hair is damp, a bead of water trickling down his bare chest. I track its journey until he clears his throat. My eyes travel up his body, pausing on the clean t-shirt thrown over his shoulder. When they finally meet his steely glare, it sets my nerves on edge. Not because I’m afraid. No. Because I understand what’s about to happen, and I welcome it with my entire tainted soul.

“You need another reminder of how this works when we’re alone, angel?” His tone is low and menacing, my pussy clenching with desperate need.

“Yes, sir,” I murmur, eyes locked on his.

“Perfect. Come.”

Without missing a beat, he lifts me up, my legs wrapping around his waist as he carries me over to one of the extra rooms in the far corner of the space.

“I may have had some redecorating done in here recently,” he says casually, and I hear Ace’s snort trailing behind us.

“Told you guys he’d transform one of these rooms into a BDSM dungeon.”

My eyes dart to Saint’s. “You did not!”

“Of fucking course I did. Seeing you in your element turns all of us right the fuck on. We needed something close by to work off all that adrenaline.”

One hand leaves my ass long enough to dig into his jeans pocket. He pulls out a key,

unlocks the door, and steps into a plush, carpeted room. Everything is red and black—the light fixtures casting a dim red glow along the walls. The furniture isn't something you'd see in your average store either. A gigantic metal four-poster bed with red silk sheets. An ornate St. Andrew's cross. A padded barrel horse. A swing. Dressers line one wall, the other lined with black peg boards that run up to the ceiling. They're filled with items I can't even begin to name. There are groups of chairs set together with small tables in the corners—perfect places to sit and watch or take a breather as needed. A small corner bar completes the space, with glasses and a mini fridge that I can see is stocked with bottled water.

He stalks past all of it to a soft-looking daybed placed near the center of the room, its cover a velvety red. A round pillow rests at one end, and impossible-to-ignore hooks are conveniently placed around the base. Slowly, he lowers me to my feet and takes a step back.

“What's your safeword?” Methodically unbuckling his belt, he slowly pulls it through the loops until it's dangling from his fist.

“Vengeance.”

“Good. Now, strip.”

The single word has goosebumps spreading over my skin and wetness seeping out from between my thighs. Reaching for the hem of my black Sinner's Mark tank, I lift it over my head and drop it to the floor, followed by my leggings. I'm standing, naked, in the middle of the room while five guys spear me with heated glances. There's a small niggle in my belly—the tiniest hint of panic—but it's drowned out by the love I see reflected back at me.

Saint stalks forward, running the thick leather through his hands. “Turn around.”



That simple command has my pulse jumping in my throat, but I do as I'm told.

"Boys, our slut has such a pretty little ass, doesn't she?" he damn near purrs, running his fingertips across my skin.

Trip's eyes are narrowed on Saint, and I already know this is going to be a struggle for him.

"I'm not sure I can?—"

"You can, and you will, brother. For Remington," Saint demands from behind me. "She trusts us, and so do you. If you want, you can play the good cop to our bad. I'm down for that. But if you really think you aren't going to be able to stand by while we debase our little cum slut here, then you should probably bow out now."

I'm holding my breath as Trip's green eyes drop to mine. The muscles are bulging in his jaw while he studies me, and I'm not sure he's going to be able to go through with this. It goes against everything in his nature to sit back and do nothing while they degrade me.

"It's okay, handsome. You don't have to?—"

He closes the distance between us, tenderly running his fingers along my jaw. "I'm not leaving you, baby girl. You might need what they're willing to give you, but you'll also need a reminder that you're loved and cherished when it's all said and done. I'll be here for that . For you ."

"I love you," I manage to whisper just before his lips brush mine sweetly.

"And I love you." When he steps back, he gives Saint a nod over my shoulder.

“With all of that out of the way...”

The first brush of leather against my shoulder has me tensing up. My brain balks even though my heart knows I’m in safe hands. The constant dichotomy of mind versus heart is something I’m not sure I’ll ever get used to.

“You gonna use your safeword already, angel?” Saint murmurs against my ear.

I clear my throat, straightening my shoulders. “No, sir.”

“Good girl.” Saint runs the leather up the side of my neck and begins to secure the belt around my throat. It’s not constricting, just tight enough to act like a collar. “Look at our slutty little pet, boys. On all fours, pet. You’ve got dicks to suck.”

Getting to my hands and knees, I watch Ace, Rogue, and Grant undress. Saint’s holding the end of the belt like a leash, and he tugs on it, startling me when he starts to urge me toward the guys. They’re now standing in a row, stroking their dicks while their hungry stares trace over me.

My breasts, which are starting to swell slightly from the pregnancy, sway as I crawl forward, and Grant’s eyes follow the movement.

“Who wants her mouth first?” Saint asks.

“Me,” Ace says, gripping my chin and lifting my face to his. “Get to it, wife. You have two other men to suck off.”

Raising to my knees, I’ve barely got my mouth around the tip of Ace’s dick when his hand wraps around the back of my head. He thrusts in deep, hitting the back of my throat. I gag, tears rolling down my cheeks as he begins to face fuck me in earnest.

“Fuck. Her mouth is so goddamn perfect.”

With a grunt, he takes the belt from Saint and wraps it around his hand. Using it to pull me off his length, he turns me to face Rogue. “Your turn, brother.”

“Open up, gorgeous.” Rogue taps my lips with the fat head of his cock, smearing the bead of precum around my mouth.

Dutifully, my lips part, but before I can lean in, Ace’s hand grips my neck on top of the belt and presses me forward. He uses his hold to fuck his friend with my mouth, Rogue’s girth making my jaw ache. At this point, the apex of my thighs is so wet, it’s starting to drip down my skin.

“Our little slut likes being used, brothers,” Saint murmurs in my ear from behind as I swallow down as much of Rogue as I can. “Time to up the ante, angel.”

His calloused hands slide from my shoulders, traveling down my arms until he’s gripping both wrists. I can’t see what he’s doing since Rogue is now actively thrusting down my throat as my husband holds my head still for him, but I feel something padded wrap around each wrist. When I try to shift my hands behind my back, I discover they’re chained together. My pulse thunders in response.

“You’re at our mercy, Remington. We can do whatever we want to you. Fuck you in any hole we choose with as many dicks that will fit. You’ll be stuffed so fucking full that you’ll be begging us to stop.”

His breath against my skin makes me shiver.

Ace tugs me off Rogue, forcing my head back. I’m staring up at my big guy, who leans down, reaching out his hand and swiping it through my dripping slit. He gathers up an embarrassing amount of wetness, lifting it in front of my face until I can see my

arousal dripping down his skin. With slow deliberateness, he sucks one finger between his lips with a satisfied hum.

“You like when we use your pretty little mouth, gorgeous?”

I’m lost in the lust swimming in his bright blue eyes. “Yes, sir.”

“Such a dirty little slut, right, brothers? Maybe she should taste for herself just how turned on she is for us,” Saint suggests.

Rogue lifts another finger and presses it between my lips. The sharp tang of my own juices hits my tongue, and I groan helplessly.

“Fuck,” Grant groans. “She’s killing me. I need her mouth.”

Ace pulls my mouth off Rogue’s finger, turning my face until I’m looking up at my best friend. His hair is pulled back, his mouth tight with need as he stares down at me through heavy-lidded eyes.

“You heard him, slut. Suck his dick. But first...” Saint commands. The feel of his body suddenly pressing against mine makes my heart pound in my chest. Fingers once again slip through my pussy, dragging that copious amount of wetness up to my ass crack. Without hesitation, he thrusts one finger in, and I gasp at the sudden intrusion. “Gonna fuck this perfect fucking ass while you suck his dick, angel.”

One finger becomes two, the pressure making my chest ache as my breathing gets shallow. The entire time, my eyes are locked on Grant, who patiently strokes his cock. Saint loses what little patience he had left, pressing the tip of his dick against the tight ring of muscle.

“Fucking let me in, angel,” he growls, thrusting against my body’s resistance.

I scream, but that doesn't stop him. He pulls out and slams back in again.

"Look at poor Trip, doll," Ace murmurs, twisting my face until I can see him sitting forward in his chair, naked, looking like he's seconds away from rescuing me. "You gonna tell him to come save you?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Because..." I rasp, feeling the slide of Saint's thickness in and out of my asshole. "B-because I like it."

The tension eases from Trip's shoulders, but it doesn't erase the intensity in his eyes as he watches his brothers use my body for their pleasure.

"Damn right you do," Saint barks. "Now, suck Squire's dick so we can move things along."

Ace guides my face back again, my mouth poised right in front of Grant as Saint's hips continue to slap against my ass.

"You are so goddamn sexy like this, Rem," Grant murmurs, guiding himself to my lips.

"You should see her from this angle," Saint rasps. "Hottest fucking thing I've ever seen."

Grant's control snaps, and he plunges into my mouth. My eyes water as I stare up at him, watching his head drop back with a groan. The silky length of him slides along my tongue, over and over again, until I'm practically whining. I can feel an orgasm

teasing its way up my spine, my toes curling as Saint fucks my ass while I give my best friend head.

“Not gonna happen, slut.” Saint roughly pulls out, his arm wrapping around my waist as he yanks me back against him and off of Grant’s cock. “You only come when we say you can.”

My whimper echoes through the space, my breathing ragged. With impressive strength, he stands with me in his arms.

“Rogue, go lay on the daybed.”

My big guy does as instructed, and when he’s laid out flat, with the round pillow supporting his neck and shoulders, Saint carefully places me so that I’m straddling Rogue’s waist.

“You’re going to ride him while the rest of us rock, paper, scissors to figure out who gets your mouth and which two are going in your ass.”

The memory from ten years ago rises up loud and fierce, white noise muffling the voices around me.

“It’s too much, man.”

Trip’s words barely filter through the fog. I try to find my voice, but I’m hit with another image of Major and his bastard buddies fucking whichever hole they could squeeze their dicks in.

“She has a safeword,” Saint argues.

“But not if she’s too traumatized to use it,” Trip counters.

Large palms cup my face, forcing me to meet Rogue's worried stare.

"Squeeze my arm twice if you want this to stop, Remington," he murmurs.

I shake my head. As much as what's about to happen terrifies me, I don't want them to stop. I want to finish what Rogue and Saint started and push past this final barrier. I want to shed the last remaining nightmare from my mind for good and move forward with the men who have made me whole again.

"She doesn't want to stop," Rogue says to the others, my panic receding with the strength of his concern.

"Remy?" Trip asks, stalking over to where I'm straddling Rogue's waist.

"I-I'm good. Just a tiny setback."

He cups my face, swiping a tear off my cheek. "That didn't look so tiny to me."

"I trust all of you, handsome, or I wouldn't be in this position to begin with."

After a few seconds of hesitation, he drops a heated kiss on my lips. "Fine. But I'll be right here if you need me."

My heart is full to overflowing as he steps back, crossing his arms over his chest as he gives Saint a pointed look. My kinky guy just claps him on the shoulder.

"Take it easy, brother. You know we'd never do anything to hurt her or the baby."

"Rationally, I know that, but my instincts still aren't fucking happy about it."

"Just watch us drive our girl wild, then you can love on her to your heart's content."

Saint straddles the narrow daybed behind me, settling in between Rogue's spread legs.

Rogue glares over my shoulder. "I swear to Christ, if your mouth gets anywhere near my dick again, we'll have words."

"I told you, I'm not into you like that. Act of convenience. That's all."

Laughter bubbles up inside, but before it can break free, Rogue lifts me up until I'm poised above his monster dick.

"Do it already. My balls are fucking aching."

Grant steps up beside us. "I never thought I'd say this, but I agree with Saint on this one."

"So fucking impatient," Rogue mutters, but he slowly lowers me until the fat head of his cock presses into my pussy.

"Too goddamn slow," Saint snaps, placing his hands on top of Rogue's on my hips and slamming me down until Rogue's dick jabs my cervix.

I let out an embarrassing yelp, trying to lift up on my knees to ease the pressure, but Saint won't let me.

"You fucking take him all, Remy. If you can't, then you know what you have to say."

"Yes, sir," I manage to choke out.

"Such a good little slut for us, aren't you?"



As if that's all my body needed to hear, the tension leaves my body and I sink fully down onto Rogue.

"Now, it's my turn," Saint says just as I feel his palm pressing between my shoulder blades until my cheek is resting against Rogue's chest. "Your ass misses my dick, slut. You ready?"

I'm not sure if I am or not, but I'll be damned if I bail now.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

If I have a motherfucking heart attack, I'm going to fucking kill Saint.

Watching my girl struggle is something I'm not sure I'll ever get used to. The bursts of pain and terror that flash in her eyes breaks my fucking heart. Logically, I know my brothers aren't the ones causing it, but that doesn't make it any easier to swallow.

There's one thing that I can reluctantly admit though. Seeing her like this—flushed and filled with my brothers' dicks—is a sight so glorious I've had to squeeze my damn balls to draw myself back from the edge.

“Goddammit, she's tight like this.” Saint's hands are once again gripping her hips on top of Rogue's as he thrusts all the way in.

She cries out, her hands clenching into fists behind her back where they're still restrained.

“Holy shit,” Rogue grunts out, his hips grinding into her.

For a drawn-out second, Rogue and Saint are still, then their eyes meet over Remy's back. As if they've done this a million times, they begin to fuck our girl in unison, Saint's hands latching onto the leather belt still attached to Remy's throat. He leans back slightly, holding the makeshift leash taut as he fucks her ass fast and rough. I try to watch for signs she's lost in her head again, but I'm distracted by her swollen, parted lips and the flush spreading down her chest. Her back is slightly bowed, which puts her heavy breasts right in Rogue's face. Taking advantage of the situation, his mouth closes around her hard nipple, suckling from it like it could actually provide him sustenance.

“O-oh god. Fuck. P-please, sirs. Let me come.”

“Our little slut likes her nipples sucked, brother. Do the other one.”

Rogue dutifully shifts his attention to the other breast with a satisfied hum.

“I-I can’t... I’m gonna...”

She’s so sex drunk she can’t even finish a sentence.

“Not fucking yet, you’re not,” Saint barks, pulling out of her ass and landing a resounding slap to one bouncing cheek.

Her whimper makes my dick hard, but I study her face to make sure she’s not truly suffering from anything other than orgasm denial.

“You’re up, Squire. It’s about to get pretty cozy in here.”

Squire glares at Saint. “You get anywhere near my dick or my asshole, and I’ll fucking kill you, Remy’s rage be damned. Understood?”

He lifts his hand and salutes Squire with something that looks a hell of a lot like the shocker—two in the pink, one in the stink.

Ace snorts. “Fucking idiot.”

“Don’t worry, Prez. As soon as we get our groove going, you’ll get to fuck our slut’s pretty little mouth.”

“Then hurry it up, yeah? Watching you stretch all her fucking holes is making my dick hard as a rock.”

Saint nods at Squire. "Climb up, brother. Hope you're ready for a leg workout."

Squire maneuvers onto the daybed, in front of Saint. Leaning forward, he drops a quick kiss between Remy's shoulder blades as his hands softly trail down her restrained arms.

"You ready, Rem?"

She glances over her shoulder, her cheeks a pretty rosy pink. "Fuck me, Grant."

"You heard her. Get to it, bestie."

"Sometimes I fucking hate you," Squire mutters under his breath.

"I heard that, nerd boy."

"You were meant to, asswipe."

"For fuck's sake, if you all don't finish this up and let her come, none of you will get another shot until she's done coming on my cock," I snap.

"Fuck. Alright, bro." Saint taps Squire's hip, and the dude rears back. "Easy. I was just trying to hurry you up before lover boy over there tries to steal her away."

Squire grumbles something that I can't make out, but he lines his dick up and slowly presses into her.

"Holy fucking shit." He bottoms out with a low groan. "She's tight as hell like this."

"And she's about to get tighter. Lean forward, brother."

Squire shifts forward just enough for Saint to slide in and line himself up. The scene laid out before me is like nothing I've ever seen before. With Rogue's dick filling her pussy, Squire's in her ass, and Saint pressing into that same tight hole with him, I'm so fucking turned on that one simple touch to my dick would have me shooting off like a bottle rocket.

"How does it feel, baby girl?"

"Full. So. Fucking. Full," she rasps.

"Hell yeah, you are." Saint swipes a bead of sweat from his forehead, glancing at Ace. "You better get up here, Prez, because I'm not sure any of us are gonna last long."

Ace steps up next to the velvety daybed and kneels on the edge. It puts him just low enough that she doesn't have to lift her head up much. Her pink tongue comes out and licks along the veiny underside of Ace's rigid dick.

"Son of a bitch." His voice is choked as his head falls back, palms sliding along each side of her face until his fingertips sink into the silky length of her hair. "Blow me, wife. Make me come down this sweet little throat."

"Yes, sir," she murmurs before wrapping those plump lips around his head.

"Alright, boys, time to move," Saint says seconds before he begins to fiercely thrust into Remy's ass.

Remy gasps around Ace's length, taking him in deep until her gag echoes through the room.

"That's it. Deepthroat my fucking dick," Ace demands, holding fistfuls of her hair

while he thrusts forward again and again. Tears pour down her cheeks.

Rogue's arms slide around Remy's lower back, using the hold for leverage to pound into her cunt from below.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck," Remy chants hoarsely as Ace lets her up for a little bit of air.

"Is that how you ask to come, slut?" Saint's hand comes down on the small expanse of skin on the back of her thigh, the sound making my teeth grit together.

"Sirs, please. May I come?"

"No," Rogue snarls. Ace is already plunging back down her throat, and her cries make my heart feel like it's bleeding for her.

"Fuck, I'm close." Squire's legs are trembling as he continues to shallowly thrust into her ass.

"Same, brother," Saint grunts out. "Ace?"

"Almost. There." Each word is punctuated by Remy's gag.

Remy whines around Ace's dick, but Saint understands what she can't say.

"You can't come. Not until you're so full of our cum that it's leaking out of each of your holes." Saint's hand slides down, two fingers forcing their way into her pussy right alongside Rogue's dick.

The big guy roars, hips brutally bucking into our girl as he comes.

"That's it, fucking take our cum like a thirsty little cum slut. Shit. I'm coming..."

“Oh fuck. I can feel you swelling against my dick. I’m gonna—” Saint and Squire groan in unison as they release into Remy’s ass.

Ace thrusts in deep, holding her down on his cock. “That’s it. Swallow me down like a good fucking girl.”

Remy’s chest is heaving as her throat bobs with each swallow of Ace’s come. When he’s finally emptied himself into her mouth, he stumbles back into the chair beside me. Saint slides back, giving Squire room to slip off the daybed and damn near collapse on the floor. His head falls back onto the cushion, his breaths coming in rough pants.

But it’s Remy’s hiccup that captures all of my attention.

“You fucking assholes,” I growl when a sob breaks free from her lips, stalking forward until I can undo the restraints and toss them aside.

“All part of the plan, brother,” Saint rasps around a tired grin. “Wait until she comes like a fucking geyser for you. You can thank me later.”

Lifting her off Rogue, her moan makes my dick bob. The second she’s in my arms and staring up at me with those needy brown eyes, everything else in the room vanishes. She’s fucking mine now.

“Please, handsome,” she cries.

“Shhh, baby girl. I’ve got you.”

In a few steps, I’m climbing up onto the massive bed and laying her down on the softest sheets I’ve ever felt in my life. Her long hair is spread out around her head, her nipples puckered and swollen, and the second her teary eyes meet mine, I know I

can't wait another second.

My dick unerringly finds her sopping pussy, dripping with Rogue's cum, and she clenches around my length as I slowly sink into her.

"You feel fucking incredible, Remy." Bending down, I suck one of her sweet nipples between my lips.

Her back bows up, a ragged cry slipping from her lips.

I shift to the other nipple, lavishing it with long pulls from my mouth. Her pussy is gripping me so fucking tightly I know I'm not gonna last long. I begin to steadily pump into her just hard enough to make her full breasts bounce, and the sight is so fucking erotic, my balls draw up and fire alights at the base of my spine.

"I love you, Remington," I whisper as I brush my lips against hers. "You ready to come for me, baby girl?"

A tear rolls down her cheek. "Make me come, handsome. Please."

Lifting up onto my hands, I gaze down at the woman who stole my heart. I pull out until my tip is poised just inside her entrance, then thrust forward fast and hard, watching her pink lips open with a moan.

"What do you need, baby? Tell me."

"Do that again." Her hand snakes up my chest until it slides around the back of my neck. "I'm gonna come so hard for you, Emery."

Hearing my real name from her mouth does something crazy to my heart. I thrust in again, the sound of our skin slapping together filthy fucking music to my ears.



“Again,” she begs, nails digging into back.

I oblige her because how can I not when she looks like everything I’ve ever fucking wanted? She’s spread out beneath me like a wicked goddess come to life.

“Oh fuck. Again, Emery. I’m gonna?—”

My next thrust steals her words as her breath catches and her entire body goes taut. Her pussy clamps down around me so hard, it’s almost like it’s trying to push me out of her body. The next thing I know, wetness sprays from her cunt, soaking us both. It’s the hottest goddamn thing I’ve ever experienced. My hips pound into her, her body milking my dick until I’m dropping to my forearms and smashing our mouths together as I come.

This woman is so fucking perfect. For the millionth time, I ask myself how the hell my brothers and I got so goddamn lucky. With my forehead resting on her shoulder and her fingers playing down the back of my neck, the last thing I want to do is disturb this moment we’ve found ourselves in. Of course, Saint doesn’t have any such compunction.

“Told you she’d come like a geyser.”

Remy giggles, and the sound is so fucking sweet that my dick throbs inside her. My head comes up, our eyes locking on each other, and I give in to the need to roll my hips against hers.

“I fucking love the way your pussy milks my cock, baby girl.”

“Hmmm. And I love the way your cock makes me come.”

My kiss is tender and sweet as my body slowly moves in and out of hers.

“No fucking fair. Why does he get to go again?” Saint whines like a little bitch.

“I warned you. You didn’t listen. Since you didn’t let her come, it’s now my turn for as long as she’s coming around my cock.” I steal another quick kiss. “Ready to show them what they missed out on, baby girl?”

My hips buck a little harder this time, earning a lusty moan from her pretty mouth.

“I’m ready, handsome. Make me come until I’m too tired to come anymore.”

“You’ve got it, baby.”

The other guys in the room curse, but I simply smile against my woman’s mouth. Guess being the nice guy isn’t always a disadvantage.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

I 'm not sure when this empty house started to become a home, but apparently the guys have been adding furniture and decorating rooms in between daring rescues and bloody murders.

Go fucking figure.

Looking out over our gorgeous pool deck with a view of the Valley under the midday sun, I can easily imagine future get-togethers, holidays, and raising our little one away from the chaos of an MC clubhouse. Maybe we'll finally end the cycle of trauma and bigotry. All of it is right at the tip of my fingers. I can feel it.

I just have to kill my bastard brother first.

“You ready to head back to Charlie's, doll?”

Ace's arms wrap around my waist. There's something about the simple comfort of leaning back into his chest that warms my icy heart.

“Yeah. We need to sit down and work out a plan. My brother?—”

Colt's ringtone begins blaring from my phone, and a smile born of hate and fury slowly spreads across my face.

“Pretty sure brother dearest just received our latest delivery at his not-so-secret base of operations.”

“Answer it, but put it on speaker,” Ace murmurs.

Glancing over my shoulder, I shoot a narrow-eyed glare at my husband. “Might I remind you, we are no longer in the bedroom.”

He leans in until we’re nose to nose, his breath brushing over my lips. “Maybe I just like the fire that glints in your eyes when I use that tone.”

Speechless and wet. A combination I’m coming to realize is all too common with these men around.

He drops a kiss on my nose, then taps the screen. “Answer it. I’ll get the others.”

Clearing my throat, I shake off the lust haze from my brain and lift my phone.

“Remy’s House of Torture. Our special of the day is crooked FBI agents, with a two-for-one deal. What can I get for you?”

“You fucking bitch !” my brother yells through the line.

Footsteps echo through the cavernous room, and I spare a quick glance at my guys as they file into the space with angry glares aimed at the device in my hand.

“Well, hello to you too, Colt.”

“Where the hell is Kinney?”

“Oh. I thought it was pretty obvious considering you must’ve received our newest gift by now. You are amassing quite the impressive collection. You’re welcome, by the way. I felt like delivering this one to your evil lair was probably a safer bet. Wouldn’t want your colleagues and superiors getting suspicious, after all.”

“What. Did. You. Do?”

“Oh, you know. Just my usual. By now, he’s nothing more than ash, freeing the world from the taint of his vile existence.”

“So help me God, Remington, I’ll?—”

I drop the smile and feel everything inside me go cold. “You’ll what ? Bribe another one of our members to unwittingly plant fake evidence at the clubhouse then set up another raid in a lame attempt to get your evil clutches on my men? Which, I should remind you, you’ve spectacularly failed at already. Twice, in fact.”

“How the fuck?—”

“Your friend Kinney told us so many great stories.”

“You think you’ve won, but this isn’t over, sister. I will relish watching you suffer as I pick apart everything you hold dear. Those losers you fuck each night like a common little slut will be the first to go, and...”

Hearing him use that word causes a much different visceral reaction compared to when Saint says it, and I can feel the tension in the room rising with each syllable he spews. But as he rambles on, a plan slowly starts to form in my mind. He wants me to suffer. He wants glory. He wants to win . And I know just how to use that against him. Oblivious to what’s racing through my mind, he continues growling in my ear.

“Then that tramp sister who doesn’t deserve to still be breathing. The once powerful and feared MC that our esteemed father held so much pride in won’t be spared either. When you’re left with nothing but rubble surrounding you in this pathetic shit hole of a town, when you’re broken and defeated, it’ll be your turn. I’ll be hailed a hero, not only for ending the blight on Deadwood Peak, but for putting a stop to the killer no one has been able to catch. After the shit you’ve pulled, I’d decided to just take you out of the picture entirely. But maybe I’ll make you beg me for your life instead. Beg

me to give you a choice on how I take you out. Death or prison.”

My demons are livid, battering against their cages with a bloodthirst that’s reaching unhealthy levels. I’ve always toed the line that exists between reality and the Avenging Angel, but the longer this hell with my brother is drawn out, the more that line is starting to blur, and that’s a terrifying thought. All the more reason to bring this shit to a close.

“You’re getting a bit repetitive, brother, but you’ve got one thing right. It’s not over. At least not until you’re dead and your ashes are blowing in the hot desert wind.” My eyes scan the men surrounding me, receiving support without them having to say anything at all. “As I reminded your friend, Kinney... I don’t believe in mercy for men like you. You’ll get no options from me. There’s only one ending to your story, and there will be no sequels.”

I click the button and casually slide my phone into the back pocket of my jeans, the weight of the guys’ stares a steady pressure on my chest.

“For the record, I’m going to cut out his tongue for trying to corrupt my word,” Saint grumbles, breaking through the silence.

One haughty brow raises dramatically high. “Don’t worry. If you don’t, I will.”

His hand slides along my jaw as he grips my face and pulls me in for a heated kiss. “Next chance I get, you’re coming on my cock. Understood?”

Trip coughs, “Dumbass.”

I hide my smile. “Yes, sir,” I whisper against his lips before I take a step back.

Grant’s eyes are trained on me—his expression one I recognize all too well.

“I see the gears turning, Rem. What’s going on in that beautifully depraved brain of yours?” Squire asks.

“My brother wants to destroy my world while I watch it all crash and burn around me.”

“Yeah, he made that shit real clear.” Ace crosses his arms over his chest, sharing a look with Rogue. “We need to end this fucker before someone really gets hurt. Now that we’re onto him, he might start getting reckless.”

“It’s simple. We give him what he wants.”

The room is suddenly in an uproar, their growling and snarled words drowning out my ability to think. It’s like I’m suddenly surrounded by a pack of wild, rabid animals.

Trip runs his hand over his head, his eyes filled with worry. “Absolutely not, baby girl. You’re not handing yourself over to that asshole.”

Rogue just shakes his head, the muscles in his jaw flexing as his teeth grind together.

“Been there, done that, you killed the motherfucker,” Saint quips.

“I don’t think that’s what she meant, guys.” Grant is still studying me, his head tilted as one hand tugs on his beard.

“He’s right. I’m not handing myself over.”

“Care to enlighten us then, doll?”

“I’m handing us all over...” I barely get the last word out before chaos once again

erupts around me. Crossing my arms, I sit and wait for them to wear themselves out. Long seconds later, when they've mostly quieted down, I add, "Or at least giving him the illusion that I am."

The look Ace gives me clearly says I better explain myself before his patience runs out. Of course, if I hesitate a bit more, I'm sure some sort of punishment would be involved and I'm not all that sure that's a bad thing. With a sigh born of disappointment, I decide to leave the punishments for another time and take pity on him.

"Okay, okay... fine . I'll outline my plan for you, but I think we need to get all of the major players to Charlie's for a meeting. We'll need everyone's cooperation for this to be believable."

"Saint, make sure Etta and the guys are already there. Trip, call Big Mack and the other officers and have them meet us in an hour. Rogue, get a hold of Jay. Something tells me we'll need him there as well. I'm going to give Charlie a call and let her know we're invading her space."

All the men walk off, leaving me alone with Squire.

"What aren't you saying, Remy?" he asks, closing the distance between us until he's staring down at me with worried eyes.

"What makes you think I'm withholding something?"

"You get this look on your face when you're not telling me something because you think I'll freak out."

My hands reach for his hips, needing the touch to ground me.



“We always knew my time as the Avenging Angel would be finite.”

His hands slide across my lower back and tug me in just a little closer. “We did. Statistically speaking, serial killers don’t go on to live happily ever afters. But what does that have to do with?—”

“I have no plans of getting myself killed, but I won’t lose any of you either. We’re doing this my way or not at all, and I need you to back me up on that.”

His eyes intently search mine, trying to figure out what exactly it is I’m asking of him. “Remy, it’s not just us anymore. The guys?—”

“The guys will want to protect me. You saw them earlier. They’ll jump in front of a bullet before letting Colt hurt me. They want me and the baby safe, and I can’t fault them for that, but I need to do this alone. I need to make sure all of you are safe and he doesn’t live to breathe a single breath more.”

“You know I’ve always got your back, but the fact that you’re asking this of me makes me think this whole thing might be a little riskier than you’re letting on. Why don’t you tell me?—”

I shake my head. “Do you trust me?”

“You know I do.”

“And you trust that I would never intentionally put myself and my baby in harm's way if I didn’t know, with one hundred percent certainty, that we’d both make it out alive?”

Calloused fingers run along my jaw, his thumb brushing against my lower lip.

“Remington, I trust you with every last fiber of my being, but that doesn’t stop me from wanting to protect what I can finally claim as mine.”

If serial killers could swoon, I’d be a puddle at his feet for sure.

“I love you, Grant. For the way you’ve always been here for me. For the way you helped me rediscover the woman I’ve become. For everything you’ve given me without ever expecting a single thing in return. I am yours, and nothing and no one will ever take me away from you. You hear me?”

With his lips brushing mine, he whispers, “I hear you.”

Then he kisses me, and this one is unlike any that have come before. I can sense the sheer force of his love in the way he holds me tight as his mouth takes mine, but there’s a gentleness that makes me feel like a precious treasure when I’m here in his arms.

“Just promise me one thing,” he murmurs, drawing back enough to tenderly place his forehead on mine.

“Anything.”

“When this is all over, we focus on us—our relationships and growing family. We take the time to just live ...without fear and the past tarnishing what we’re building.”

“When this is all over, there won’t be anything stopping us. I’ll literally give you the world, Grant Wilson. You just wait and see.”

“And the Avenging Angel? What happens to her?”

The thought makes everything inside me go still, like the different facets of who I am

are just as curious about the answer. I know what needs to happen, but when the time comes, will I be brave enough to see it through?

Shaking my head, I stare into his bright blue eyes. “I’m not sure.”

Who am I without her? Is Remington enough for the men who have devoted themselves to the both of us? If she’s gone, how will I contain that darkness that exists within me?

“Don’t worry. We’ll figure it out together.”

His kiss steals away the hint of panic rearing up at a future where the Avenging Angel doesn’t exist.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

Everyone is playing their part—our guests arriving just as we discussed. Bikes fill the lot, music is blaring from the speakers, and it looks like an average Saturday night drunkfest at the old Havoc Reapers clubhouse. From the outside, people would assume there's alcohol being liberally consumed, sex fully on display on any and all flat surfaces, and the random fist being thrown when some bearded dumbass pisses off another bearded dumbass.

Except none of that is actually happening. As each of the guests walk through the doors, they make their way to a secret passage that no one other than me, Etta, and Squire know about. Or at least, only we did...until tonight. Jay and Rogue are dutifully directing people through the hidden door that leads down an underground path which eventually exits between two other buildings six blocks away. Rock was a lot of things, but stupid wasn't one of them. He had a plan B, C, D, and E, in case shit ever went sideways.

God love him.

I'd like to think he'd be extremely proud of the plan we're putting into action, and I just wish I could see his face as he realized the true brilliance of it all. Sadly, that's yet another thing my brother has taken away from me, but it will most definitely be the last.

"Remy, are you sure about this?" Etta asks, walking up to me. Tiny and Crow appear in the doorway then immediately head toward Saint, who points them in the direction of Rogue and Jay.

"This is how it has to happen, sister. You know it as well as I do."

“I do, I just don’t like it. You’re carrying my niece or nephew in that mostly flat belly of yours, and if something happens to either of you, hell will have nothing on what I’ll unleash on the world.”

Closing the distance between us, my arms wrap around my sister, pulling her in for a big hug. I’m not sure who needs this more at the moment, me or her.

“First off, I’m growing a friggin mini-human, so sue me if my belly isn’t flat. Secondly, I love you to hell and back, Etta. Nothing can separate us. Not even death.”

“I sure as hell hope you’re right, Rem. I’d say don’t do anything stupid, but I know you better than that. Just come back to me, okay? I can’t lose the other half of my soul. I’ll never recover.”

She squeezes me extra tight, then steps back into Diesel’s waiting arms.

“You be careful, for all our sakes,” he says softly, his voice so deep I can barely hear him over the bass from the speakers.

Without another word, he leads my twin and the rest of her men toward the hidden door. There’s a sharp pain in my chest, watching her go. Part of me wishes I could call her back and have her by my side—it’s her brother too, after all—but I’d never put her in the line of fire. I promised Rock I’d watch over her, and that’s what I’m going to do until the day I die.

“I think everything is going smoothly so far. What do you think?” Ace slides his arm behind my back, pulling me into his side.

“Everything is right on schedule. Colt’s expecting this place to be chock full of everyone he wants to ruin. Little does he know...”

Ace grins down at me, but there's a hint of worry in his deep brown eyes. "He'll never see you coming, doll, and then you can fucking gut that motherfucker so we can finally get on with our lives."

Leaning up on my tiptoes, I drop a brief kiss on his lips. "That's the plan, husband, but?—"

He draws back, his brows already furrowing. "Something tells me I'm not going to like whatever's about to come out of your mouth."

"Pretty sure none of us will," Saint mutters.

I'm not sure when, because I sure as hell didn't hear them, but my men have surrounded us. They're looking at me with varying degrees of oh-hell-fucking-no .

"I want you all to listen to me first, then you can freak the fuck out when I'm done, okay?"

Rogue crosses his arms over his chest. "No."

My gaze darts toward the big guy at my right. "No, what , exactly?"

"No."

My eyes narrow just as Trip butts in with his two cents. "Whatever it is, he's right. The answer will probably be no."

It's like a bad case of déjà vu.

Don't get stabby, Remington. Do. Not. Murder. The. Men. You. Love.

“I recognize that look in your eyes, angel. Keep the sharp objects tucked away a bit longer, yeah? We just want to protect you. Let us hang onto our balls, just this once.”

Stepping out of Ace’s arms, I push my shoulders back and take a deep breath in and exhale.

“I need to do the last part alone. If and when I say go, I need you all to walk out that door. Find my sister and the others and make sure they’re all okay until I give the final signal. Let me focus on what I’m here to do without having to worry about any of you.”

“There’s no way in hell we’re leaving you alone with that son of a bitch, Remington,” Ace barks.

Rogue’s response is, once again, succinct. “No.”

“Hell to the naw.” Saint rolls his eyes. “I get to cut out his tongue, remember?”

“Baby girl, you can’t ask that of us. Not after everything we’ve been through.”

My eyes meet Grant’s, imploring him to back me up just like I asked.

“Rem...” His sigh is long and deep, and I bite back the sting of disappointment. His eyes search out his brothers’, and I wait for the words that will make tonight a million times harder. “For the last ten years, I’ve watched this woman do things I would’ve said were impossible. Her instincts are what’s kept her alive this long, and I trust her without hesitation. If at any point she tells me to go, then I’m going to do what she asks of me. I’ll back her on this. One hundred percent.”

My heart swells until it’s damn near bursting. My arms flung around Grant’s neck, he lifts me off the ground and holds me close.

“I love you,” I whisper into his ear.

“I love you to hell and back, Rem.”

Those words, always shared between my sister and me, make my breath stutter. It seems oddly right that he'd take them up and use them as his own. We've been through hell and back, and look at us now. Stronger than ever before. That's gotta mean something, right?

When I finally tear myself out of my best friend's arms, I find the men of Sinner's Mark staring me down. Their unreadable expressions make my nerves flare wildly.

“You guys need to understand. Before you, I was nothing more than an empty shell. Each day was a means to an end, nothing more. I went through the motions, so lost inside myself that I couldn't even see the incredible man I had right in front of me. Now, here I am. Able to feel things other than hate and anger. I'm able to truly feel love . We're bringing a new life into this world, and he or she will be surrounded with so much fucking goodness I'll have to buy a minivan and join the Pinterest moms while they do...whatever the hell it is they do.” Tears are threatening to spill, but I force them back, meeting each one of their eyes. “Your belief in me and acceptance of who I am have meant the world to me. Now, I'm asking you to extend that trust one last time. If I were to lose one of you, there'd be no coming back for me. The darkness would take over, and I'm not sure I'd ever be able to be pulled from it again. So, please , once I give the signal, go . For me.”

It's like time has been suspended, the tension in the air so thick it's difficult to breathe. I'm asking a lot of the men who once believed the only way to keep me safe was to shelter me from the world. We've come a long way since then, but is it enough for them to trust that I'll always come back to them, no matter what?

“We trust you, doll, and while I might not like it, I can understand what you're



saying. But if you walk out of this clubhouse with so much as a single hair out of place, I will personally kill you myself.”

I fight back a grin, loving this aggressive side of my husband. His hand snakes behind my neck before he smashes his mouth to mine.

“I fucking hate everything about this,” Saint mutters, pulling me away from Ace who curses his brother with some colorful expletives. “But I once told you there isn’t much I wouldn’t do for you, angel. It’ll kill me, but I’ll listen for once in my life, only ‘cuz it’s you.”

I’m not sure what I was expecting. A harsh kiss. A spank on my ass. Anything but the tender kiss he presses to my lips or the way he leans over, both hands landing on my hips to place another peck on my belly.

When he straightens, I’m completely fucking speechless.

Trip pretends to close my mouth before pulling me into his chest. “It goes against everything I am to walk away from you and our baby when you’ll be facing your brother’s brand of evil, but if that’s what you need, I’ll do it for you both. It’s us to the end, baby girl. Don’t forget that.”

He places a soft kiss on my forehead before he backs away, leaving me to face off against Rogue.

“Big guy?”

He’s still standing with his arms crossed, damn near still as a statue and just as impossible to read.

“I agreed to join your crusade, Remy.”

I swallow down my rush of panic. “You did.”

“I vowed to always protect you.”

“And you have.”

He steps forward, wrapping those thick arms of his under my ass, and lifts me up until we’re nose to nose. “Then you know that asking me to leave you when you need me most will damn near be the death of me.”

My breath is stuck in my throat as he intensely studies my face.

“I know,” I whisper.

“But I’ll do it because I love you and trust in you. Always and forever.”

The air whooshes from my lungs as the last one of my men kisses me with every bit of pent-up frustration I know he’s got to be feeling.

Someone clears their throat, and Rogue reluctantly releases me.

“He was just seen a half mile from the clubhouse. He’s headed this way.” Jay walks over, eyeing me like he would a wild animal. “I’m not sure exactly what your plan is, Remington, but for all of your sakes, I hope you make this asshole pay. I’ll be waiting at the rendezvous point for every single one of you. Don’t make me call in reinforcements. I have them on standby.”

I hold out my hand, extending trust to someone other than my sister or my men to have my back. “Thanks, Jay. For everything. Keep my sister safe for me until I get there.”

“No hardship there.” With a grin, he shakes my hand, then does the same with each of my guys. “Good luck to all of you.”

We watch him walk through the hidden door, and when it closes behind him, a stillness settles over the group. Our plan is solid. We discussed it at length and took extra precautions in case Colt caught on before he’s meant to. But if there’s one thing we learned, my unpredictable brother always seems to be one step ahead.

He believes the club is still in the dark as to his real identity. He believes that tonight is the night he takes the first step toward my demise. He believes he’s invincible.

That last one will be his biggest mistake.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The sound of a motorcycle engine roars above the music, and we all share one last look before everyone finds their places. Everyone we invited has already come and gone, and the rest of the members were sent a message about the clubhouse being closed down for renovation work. That leaves only one person that would be pulling up right now. The guys take up spots around the room while I sit in the dead center, perched in Rock's favorite chair we pulled from his office. Crossing my legs and placing my forearms along the wooden arm rests, I let my darkness consume me. From the tips of my toes to the hair on my head, cold takes over. There's no place for emotions here—only focus and the determination to kill the man who no longer deserves to walk this Earth.

The creak of the front door has my demons perking up just before I get my first glimpse at my brother. Fury rushes through my blood fast and hard, but I manage to rein it back in. Barely. The motherfucker has the nerve to wear a Sinner's Mark cut, a pair of sunglasses—at night —and a baseball hat covering his dark hair. His beard has nearly been trimmed off. His stonewashed jeans and black boots look like they've never even been worn. If he thinks he's disguising himself in that get-up, he's more delusional than I thought. That, or his ego is so big he truly believes he's unstoppable.

Definitely the latter. Time to prove him wrong.

The music cuts out, and he comes to an abrupt halt when he takes in the mostly empty room. At the sight of me, his fists clench and unclench by his sides. Slowly, he removes the sunglasses, and even from twenty-five feet away, I recognize the spark of hatred that lights up in eyes that are so eerily similar to my own.

“Hello, Colt.”

“Remington.”

“Fancy seeing you here tonight.”

He casually slides his hands into his jeans pockets, and I keep my eyes trained on them in case he decides to be stupid and go for a weapon. Instead, he slowly glances around the room, taking in the men who are watching him like a hawk.

“Funny. Looked like you were having a BBQ. Where’d all your guests go? Didn’t want to stick around for a lame ass Sinner’s Mark party?”

“There was a party happening here tonight? Huh. Didn’t get that memo.”

His jaw muscles clench as he no doubt realizes the information he was given was purposely planted by the men loyal to me .

“So what’s your next step, sister? Shoot me where I stand? Have your muscleheads beat me to death? Kill me with that knife you’re so fond of?”

“Hmm. Where’s the fun in that? I’ve gotta keep you guessing just a bit longer, or it will take all the excitement out of it for me.”

His nostrils flare. “Then I guess it’s a good thing I brought some back-up with me.”

As if they were waiting for their cue, a group of uniformed men rush through the door, covered in head-to-toe black, with bulletproof vests on. Each of them points a gun at one of my men, with two of them aiming their guns at me.

Little does he know...

“Oh. Hey. Looks like you showed up just in time,” I quip.

Almost in sync, they turn, the muzzle of their rifles now aimed at Colt's head.

“What the fuck are you doing?” he growls. “You’re here because I paid you to be. She’s the target.”

My grin is wicked. “Kinney gave me a list of names, and honestly, it’s sad how quickly allegiances can shift thanks to a little cash. Turns out I offered them just a teensy bit more than you did, so they readily switched sides. Crooked FBI agents really don’t have loyalties to anyone. Not even their own colleagues.”

“You’re all going to regret this. I’ll?—”

“You’ll what? Explain to your superiors that you hired these esteemed agents to come here with you to kill me? Wonder what they’ll think of that, brother .”

He’s seething. With every move he tries to make, he’s finally the one two steps behind. I’ll be damned if that doesn’t make my dark little heart a happy little camper.

“What do you want, Remington? We’re at a stand still. We both know this needs to end, but maybe we can come to some sort of agreement. I’ll let you?—”

I stand, giving my demons free reign. “You’ll let me? I’m the one with the upper hand here. You’re nothing more than a pathetic excuse of a man who has just been bested by a woman—his own sister—who did absolutely nothing to deserve the hatred and malice you’ve shown her. So, no . There won’t be any agreement . And maybe you all forgot, but mercy isn’t in my vocabulary. In fact, I have a particularly strong distaste for disloyalty, so unfortunately, boys, your time with us has come to an end.”

With barely enough time to blink, Ace, Trip, Rogue, Saint, and Grant have their guns out. My men—the ones who have strived to pull their club out of the dregs of society

and make it a respectable and profitable organization—pull the triggers, a cacophony of blasts echoing through the room. Five bodies drop to the floor while Rogue and Saint quickly shift and put a bullet in the remaining two men's heads.

They did this for me. Killed...for me . I'm not sure anything could be as romantic as that.

“You won't get away with this, Remington. Killing a single agent is one thing, but this many missing agents is going to get noticed.”

My smirk grows almost too wide for my face. “Oh, I know. I'm counting on it.”

His brow creases as he tries to work through my plan.

“It's okay.” I wave my hand through the air. “You don't need to overwork that pitiful little brain of yours. I want you fully processing what I'm about to do to you. Now, get on your knees, brother , and put your hands behind your head.”

When he doesn't move fast enough, I pull my knife out of my thigh holster and flick it open.

He sneers. “Let me guess. We can do this the easy way or the hard way ?”

My blade flies from my hand, embedding itself right in the meat of his thigh. He cries out, hands gripping the wounded limb as he drops to his knees.

“Nope. I like to keep things way simpler than that.” Glancing over at Rogue, I see the hint of lust reflecting back at me. “Rogue, would you be so kind as to restrain Colt for me, please?”

My big guy stalks forward, pulling out an extra long zip tie.

“Front or back, gorgeous?”

“Front, please. I have plans for those fingers of his.”

With my eyes trained on Colt, who flinches when Rogue wrenches his hands away from the bleeding wound in his leg, I feel unbridled satisfaction as he’s restrained, his chest heaving from the pain. Then Rogue leans forward, gripping the handle of the knife, and gives it a good twist. Colt’s scream echoes through the room.

“Oops.” Rogue pulls the knife out of Colt’s leg, wiping it along his black pants legs to remove the bloody mess, then heads straight for me and holds it out. “You might need this.”

Seriously. All the swoons. But not the time.

“Tell me, Colt. You honestly expected to walk in here tonight and do...what? Face off with Ace and the Sinner’s Mark leadership? Look Etta in the eye and expect her not to stab you in yours? I’m seriously so confused. You did have a plan, right ?”

“Why the fuck would I tell you anything?”

“Because you claim to be so much better than me . Don’t you want the opportunity to give the ultimate evil villain monologue...even if you didn’t actually win? Consider it my first, last, and only gift to you. Your last meal, if you wish.”

He quietly seethes, sweat breaking out along his forehead as blood continues to seep through his jeans. “I fucking hate you, Remington.”

“No doubt. If I were you, I’d hate me too. But the clock is ticking. Tick tock. Tick tock.”



Taking a deep breath in, he exhales roughly. “You had everything I ever wanted, yet you despised it all. You ignored the father who loved you so much, he disowned his firstborn son to keep me away from you. You hated the club and all it entailed. Hell, you barely talked to your own twin. I was all alone and would’ve fucking killed for even a fraction of what you had, so that’s what I decided to do. If I couldn’t have it, neither could you. So, I started digging. Found your dark little secret and knew I could use that to bring you down. I was going to take it all away from Daddy’s little princess so you’d finally know what it’s like to have nothing.”

“If you did your digging, then you’d know the why behind every single one of those things you despise me for. How could you take anything from me when they’d already taken it all?”

“But you still had a family. You still had a whole fucking group of people behind you. None of that went away just because some jackass took your virginity. Poor, pitiful Remington.” He spits on the ground toward my feet. “Grow a fucking pair of balls and admit that you had more than I ever did.”

Ace takes a couple of steps toward Colt, but I stop him with a shaking hand, the level of sheer rage rushing through my veins making my entire body vibrate. “He’s. Mine.”

“Then hurry it up, wife. Our patience is running thin.” He backs up, but his eyes tell me everything I need to know. Where I’m concerned, my men have no patience at all.

Stalking toward my brother, I flip the knife back and forth like it’s nothing more than a pencil. “Colt, do you have any idea what it’s like having a dick shoved into your dry virgin asshole?”

“I—”

“No. You don’t. I’m fully willing to give you a demonstration if it will help that tiny

fucking brain of yours comprehend even a fraction of what I endured that night. Hell, I can give you a full play-by-play if you think you might need it to fully grasp the level of pain and agony and terror that went through my fifteen-year-old mind for hours . Kinney actually seemed to enjoy it, so just say the word...”

He swallows harshly.

“Hmm. See, Colt, you have no idea what that sort of violation does to a young girl. You may not have had a whole lot of love, but you had a roof over your head, a father who at least attempted to provide for you, an education, and, hell, even a damned decent career until you threw it all away to get revenge on me—someone who was nothing but a victim herself.” I shake my head in disappointment, running the blade between my fingers. “Ya know, part of me really does pity you. The other... Well, she wants you dead something fierce.”

“Look, maybe we can start over. We could?—”

In the blink of an eye, I’m in his face with the blade pressed up against his throat. “No.”

“But what if?—”

“No.”

Someone—I’m pretty sure it’s Saint—snorts.

“Stealing my line, gorgeous?” Rogue asks from the sidelines.

“I kinda dig it,” I murmur, never taking my eyes off Colt. “So where do we start, hmm? Fingers, for paying someone to take out Etta and killing Rock instead? Or maybe your tongue for setting up my guys for things they didn’t do?”

“And for using my word. Don’t forget that one,” Saint blurts out.

“Why don’t we start here and see where the night takes us, yeah?”

With that, I pull the black brass knuckles out of my pocket, motion to Grant to turn on the music, and get to work.

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*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

Sweat is starting to drip into my eyes, so I finally give in to the urge to swipe my forearm across my brow. I'm sure my cheeks are speckled with blood, but I've got my trusty nose plugs in which is a blessing for all of us.

"R-Remington, please..." Colt begs.

His right hand is fingerless, his left eye is swollen shut, one knee cap is busted out, and his thigh is once again bleeding because I re-stabbed it, but hey... He's still got his tongue.

Surveying my guys spread out around the room, I realize this particular project is giving me no satisfaction whatsoever. Sure, seeing him in pain does make my pulse quicken a little, but not as much as I had anticipated.

"This is so... anticlimactic."

"That's becoming a theme, doll," Ace murmurs, cautiously watching me.

"We could force him to his feet and make him try to run on that fucked up leg so it's more of a challenge?" Saint suggests.

Trip rolls his eyes. "Or she could just kill him already and we can be done with this whole fucking thing."

"Rem," Grant murmurs. "What do you need?"

Staring down at Colt's tear stained, blotchy face, I'm not even sure what to say. This

was supposed to give me the closure I needed, but instead, it just feels like playing with a broken toy—no fun at all. Maybe Trip’s right. Why am I dragging this out and delaying the start of our forever?

Part of me knew that the end wouldn’t be nearly as satisfying as I wanted it to be. As much as the Avenging Angel will always exist inside me, I’m no longer that broken girl anymore. I’m slowly becoming whole, and the part of me that derived pleasure from the pain of those who’ve wronged others has gotten...particular. More discerning. It’s like an epiphany strikes at this moment—the metaphorical light bulb shining brightly above my head—and suddenly I know what I have to do.

“I suppose it’s time for the final act of this shit show.”

“Which is?” Ace asks, straightening from where he’s leaning back against the bar.

Pulling out my phone, my fingers fly over the buttons before hitting submit. When I look up, every set of eyes in the room is locked onto me.

“You see, I knew my time as the Avenging Angel would have to come to an end one day. I just wasn’t really sure how or when.”

It’s so quiet, I finally understand the sentiment behind you can hear a pin drop .

“What does that mean, baby girl?” Trip asks, stepping closer.

“I found one way to ensure my past is truly in my past.”

“Spell it out for us, angel.” Saint runs a hand down his beard.

“Ten years ago, Rock gifted me money when I left the club. I swore I’d never touch a cent, but then I got to thinking, and... I don’t know. I feel like he’d support me on

this because it means I'm finally taking the last step to move on from the nightmare of it all."

I hold up my phone, and Grant walks closer to read it.

"Holy shit, Rem." His eyes fly up to meet mine. "How the hell did you do that?"

"I may have asked for a little assistance from Jay. I wanted it to be a surprise."

Running his fingers along the side of my face, he leans in and drops a sweet kiss on my lips, careful to avoid the splatter of blood on my cheek.

"Someone wanna fill us in?" Saint mutters.

Grant pulls back, running a hand over his head. "She transferred every last penny of that money into an account that's in Colt's name."

Silence.

"Explain," Rogue murmurs, studying me intently.

"Part of the Avenging Angel's M.O. is taking her fee from her victims' accounts. On the list of transgressions she leaves behind, she includes her fee and a stamp with Paid in bright red ink."

The guys all look at Grant like they're still not comprehending. I want to roll my eyes, but I take pity on them.

"By moving the money into Colt's account and copying all of my files onto his servers—also with some help from Jay—it will appear that Colt was the Avenging Angel. With his ties to the FBI, he'd have access to the files and the means to go after

the ones that got away so to speak.”

“Holy shit.” Ace is still staring at me while he processes exactly what I’m saying.

Saint smirks. “You are stunningly fucking brilliant, angel.”

“But that means...” Rogue’s arms drop to his sides as the final realization hits.

“That from this point on, I will no longer be the Avenging Angel.” Saying that out loud makes my voice catch and my belly flip.

“Baby girl...” Trip doesn’t finish the thought. He just strides forward and pulls me into his arms.

It’s just like him to know exactly what I need. The emotions roaring through me are fucking potent as hell. The Avenging Angel has been a part of my identity for so long, I’m not sure who I am without her, but I have no doubt that the men surrounding me will help me figure it out.

“T-they’ll never b-believe it,” Colt rasps, reminding me that there is, in fact, still a half-dead man beaten all to hell in the center of the room with us.

“But they will. That paper Jay gave Rogue with the emails back and forth between someone inside the Reapers? It will look as though you and Storm were working together. Like your agenda was two-fold—revenge for the injustices of your past, but also against my father and the club. After all, they were who you blamed for your shitty life. And those dead agents you were so worried about before? They were ambushed when they came here to capture you.”

“So, what are you going to do with him?” Grant asks, motioning toward Colt.

My eyes dart to each of my men, praying they understand what I'm asking of them without starting a whole new argument that I one hundred percent will win...again

Trip tilts my chin back, staring down at me with a level of understanding that I quite honestly didn't expect. "This is what you meant? You want us to go?"

I nod, afraid that if I try to say the words and they aren't as steady as I'd hoped, they'll rescind their agreement. He glances at the other guys, wordlessly communicating, while I wait for the final verdict.

When he looks at me, I feel my blood pressure rise.

"Okay."

I blink. "Okay?"

"Yes. Okay, wife." Ace grips the side of my face, forcing me to meet his eyes. "But what I said still stands. Not one single hair out of place. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

Of course, they don't know what I'm planning to do, and for good reason. They'd never let me go through with it. In fact, after this, they may never let me leave their sight again. Still...

Worth it!

They each give me a quick kiss before heading for the door. As Saint passes Colt, he gives him a fierce kidney punch for the road. "You're fucking lucky I didn't cut out your tongue like I wanted to." Then he spits on my brother's prone form as he doubles over in pain.



Grant's the last one to go, indecision in his eyes.

"Grant, I'll be fine. Look at him."

"I don't need to look at him. I'm looking at you . What aren't you saying?"

I plead with my demons to calm the fuck down or he won't leave, and I really need him gone. I need them all safe. Just in case...

But the anticipation of what's about to happen is coming to a head, so I just need to hold on a few more moments. Then that elusive future I'd never dreamt would be my reality will be waiting for me on the other side.

"Go. Once he's gone, our forever begins."

Pulling me into his chest with one hand, the other running along my jaw, he glares down at me with his brow furrowed and jaw muscles bulging.

"Don't make me regret this, Remington." His kiss is rough, bordering on a hint of pain, as he tugs my bottom lip through his teeth. "I fucking love you."

"I love you too."

With one last swift kiss, he stalks off toward the door. When it closes behind him, I take a deep breath in and exhale.

You can do this, Remington. Take a deep breath in and exhale. That's it. No one can hurt you anymore.

That statement has never felt more true until this moment.

Ragged laughter hits my ears. I force myself to look at the man I hate almost as much as the men who stole my soul. Colt spits blood onto the cold cement floor as his eyes meet mine.

“You really think you just walk out of here, free and clear? What? You gonna just sit around and arrange playdates for that bastard you’re carrying? Become a part of the PTO and join a book club?” He laughs again, but it’s cut off by a ragged cough. “You’ll never be fucking normal, Remington. You were raised by a psychopath and became a psychopath. There’s no going back from that.”

The small seed of doubt sparks to life in my head, but my demons beat that shit back. They’re my fiercest supporters and my harshest critics. If they think I can do this, I trust them.

“But who said I planned on going back?”

He blinks, not expecting that answer. “But you said you’re giving up the Avenging Angel...”

“And I am.” I step forward, leaning down into my brother’s face. “But that doesn’t mean I can’t kill a motherfucker if the urge arises, now does it? Kind of like it is, right...about...now.”

He meets my stare head on. “So, this is it then?”

Pulling the device out of my pocket, I dangle it in front of him. “I told you. Mercy doesn’t exist for me. There’s only one way this was ever gonna end. And...if I can take out this godforsaken building right along with you, so be it. One little push of this button, and the countdown to your demise begins.”

I press it, and the digital display reading ten minutes quickly begins to tick back by

the second.

“Any last words, brother ?”

“Why waste my last breaths on someone like you?”

My head tilts, and I ask the one question that’s been running through my mind since I discovered the identity of the mastermind behind this hell.

“Just tell me this. Why did you aim your hatred for Rock at me? This could’ve ended a hundred different ways, but you chose this. Why?”

“Because you are everything I ever wanted to be. You had the love of our father. You had the intelligence to exact revenge on those that wronged you, not to mention the notoriety that came with that, even if you couldn’t exactly shout it to the world. And in the end, you got the club that rightfully should’ve been mine. I had to prove to myself that I really was the better Steele.”

“How did that work out for you?”

“I’m not sure yet.”

Before I can register any movement, his head whips forward, hitting me right between the eyes. I stumble back, barely avoiding collapsing to the ground. My vision swims as I curse my fucking arrogance. Ace really is going to kill me now because I’m pretty sure I’ve got a lump the size of Texas on my goddamn forehead.

“You’re fucking pathetic, Remington.” Forcing myself to take deep breaths and exhale to avoid passing out, I manage to open my eyes in time to see Colt dragging himself across the cement to get to me. “If I’m going down, I’m taking you with me.”

His hand reaches for my ankle, weakly wrapping around it and tugging with the limited strength he's got left. If I was in full fighting form, it would be a lame attempt, one I could easily shake off. Unfortunately for me, my brain is still spinning. I tumble to the floor, landing hard on my ass.

"Son of a bitch!" I growl.

With surprising force, his grip on my ankle tightens.

"Guess this is the end for both of us, dear sister."

"Fucking think again, dickwad." Drawing my free leg back, I kick forward hard .

The satisfying crunch of breaking bones is like music to my ears, and the blood rushing from his nose is just the reminder I need.

The clock is ticking, and I need to get the hell out of here.

"You fucking bitch! "

Sitting forward, I only see two of him for a brief second before my vision rights itself. I take a random swing using every ounce of strength I can muster. My fist hits his jaw, and he crashes to the concrete, stunned and gasping for air. Taking one second to close my eyes and breathe, I say a prayer that when I open them again, the room has stopped spinning enough that I can get to my feet.

Grant's voice is suddenly in my head, reminding me that they're waiting for me. Telling me that they love me. Yelling at me to get the hell up and get the fuck out of here.

On shaky legs, I stand, stepping over to where Colt is laid out on the floor. Pulling

out my knife, I look down at the man that shares my blood. In the end, he will be nothing more than the final line of the tattoo that runs down my back.

Watery brown eyes open, staring up at me with the resignation that's as familiar as the back of my hand. Any other time, I'd rejoice. Another tarnished soul coming to terms with their poor life choices. But this one just leaves me feeling hollow because it cost me so much more than I ever could've imagined.

Shaking my head, which only intensifies the burgeoning headache, I prepare to end this thing, once and for all.

"I'm pretty sure even Lucifer is shaking his head in disappointment of your entire pathetic existence. Normally, I'd tell you to say hi for me, but he already knows I'm going to do my damndest to stick around up here for a while longer than I anticipated." With little fanfare and expert precision, I jab the knife right through my brother's shriveled heart. Blood spurts from his mouth, the light of life quickly fading from his wide eyes. "So, instead, why don't you have the fucking day you deserve, Colt."

I straighten, proud of myself for only wobbling slightly, and glance down at my watch.

"Motherfucker!"

One minute, five seconds, and counting. On unsteady feet, I race toward the door, managing to grip the hidden latch after only two attempts. Unfortunately for me, I don't have the strength to pull it open. Cursing my luck, I know I'm just about out of options and time. Hoping for a Hail Mary, I make a mad dash to the only other exit close by. At this point, it's my only shot. The french doors that lead to the backyard come into view, but they waver slightly because I'm pretty sure I'm weaving from side to side. The cool metal of the door handle hits my hand, and I whip it open until

it crashes along the wall. Racing out into the dark night, the world tilts and my heartbeat is like a bass drum in my skull with each yard that passes below my boots. I pray I can keep it together long enough to get as far away as possible before the entire place goes...

**Boom!**

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

The darkened street that lies between two abandoned businesses hasn't seen this much action in years. The entire group that came together to help us take Colt down is here, waiting for Remy to walk through the door. With each second that ticks by, the tension becomes almost palpable.

"Where the fuck is she?" Ace growls, pacing along the blacktop while darting anxious glances at the closed steel door.

"She'll be here. Don't worry." The words sound more confident than I feel.

"What the hell is taking her so long?" Saint cracks his knuckles, his eyes locked on the exit.

Rogue is standing in the middle of the street, glaring at the door like he can force her to appear by sheer intimidation.

Trip looks like he's seconds away from crying.

Me? I'm doing my best not to lose my shit, though I'm not sure I'm entirely successful.

Etta is pacing behind me, her usually unfazed mask nowhere to be found. Every once in a while, she'll stop and place a hand on my shoulder, but it's like her nerves won't allow her to remain still because she inevitably resumes her mission to wear out the pavement beneath us.

I keep telling myself that Colt was already weak. No way he could've bested her. But

each quiet moment that passes without her beautiful face smiling back at me ratchets up my worry another notch.

“She should be out by now,” Jay says softly, stepping up beside me.

“She’s fine. I’m sure she?—”

“No, you don’t understand. She needs to be out of there by now.”

My eyes meet his worried stare. “Fuck. What did she do?”

“She asked me for?—”

A loud explosion rocks the night, shaking the buildings around us. A huge bloom of fire and smoke rises up through the sky, and there’s only one place that could be coming from. For a moment, we all just stare at the door, expecting her to walk through at any second. Sirens sound off in the distance, and in that instant, my stomach goes into free fall.

“No. No, she’s still going to come through that door. She probably just got shaken up, that’s all.”

Jay’s hand lands on my shoulder, and the guys form a line beside me. We stare helplessly, praying to anyone that might listen that our woman...our baby is okay.

“What the fuck even was that?” Trip whispers, hands woven together on the top of his head.

“She wanted that building destroyed, and I...” Jay coughs, his voice dropping to a mere rasp. “I helped her.”



“That’s why she wanted us gone.” Saint’s usually animated tone is flat with despair.

“She’s fine,” Rogue says, looking like he’s seconds away from running right back through the door.

Except there’s no handle. It only opens one way.

“I’m running back to the clubhouse. Maybe she made it out the front.” Ace rushes down the street, but when he gets to the corner, he comes to an abrupt halt.

“What is it, Ace?”

Through the orange glow cast by the fire blocks away from where we’re standing, I see the bob of Ace’s throat as he swallows harshly. My stomach drops.

“The blast took out the street in front of the clubhouse and part of the building across from it. The emergency crews are stuck on the other side.”

“I don’t care what you see,” Etta barks, walking toward Ace. “My sister got out of there. She did. I would know if...if...” Her voice breaks as Rage scoops her up into his arms. She tries to fight him off, hitting his chest. “She’s not gone. She’s not. I... She... She promised...”

Watching the second strongest woman I know lose herself in her anguish damn near does me in. By the time I glance over, the first tear rolls down Trip’s cheek. Saint stalks forward and punches the brick wall, not seeming to register the pain. Jay is whispering something in Rogue’s ear as the big man looks seconds away breaking. And Ace... Ace hasn’t moved from where he stopped on the corner. His chest is heaving, his fists clenching and unclenching at his sides.

But there’s nothing I can do to help them because my heart is shattered. My best

friend, the mother of our unborn child, the woman I've loved my entire life, is gone . She promised me too, but if there's anything I've learned in my short time on this Earth, it's that promises are too easily broken.

I don't feel it when I crash to my knees. It doesn't even register when the first sob escapes my throat. The only thing I know is that I won't survive this pain. I can't continue on without her . She's been my sole reason for living for so long that I can't fathom a day without her beside me.

"Why's everyone so glum?"

"Remy?" Etta cries.

My eyes whip around just as Remington walks over from the opposite corner. I take in the way her hair looks like she went through a tornado, the smudges of dirt and soot across her face, the tatter of her clothes, and the way she's walking not quite straight. She looks like she's been through hell, but I've never seen anything more beautiful because she's fucking alive .

Ace is running to her before I can even process what's happening. She's in his arms, probably being squeezed damned near to death, but it's like he can't force his arms to ease up.

"I'd say you could kill me now, but people haven't had much luck with that so far." The hiccup at the end belies her sarcasm. "I really am sorry."

"Fuck, Remington," he rasps. "We thought we lost you."

"Lucifer gave it his best shot but failed once again." She squeezes him back, burying her nose in his neck. "Guess that's what I get for taunting him."

His chuckle is part laugh and part cry, then she's wrenched out of his arms and straight into Rogue's. He grips both sides of her face, his expression so ferocious I'd be worried if I didn't know the dude is beyond lost over her.

"Hiya, big guy. Miss me?"

"Never. Again," is all he can manage before his mouth crashes down on hers.

They kiss like two lovers that haven't seen each other in years, which, of course, sets off Saint's impatience.

"Look, I don't want to have to resort to dirty tactics, but if you don't share in the next ten seconds, I'm gonna kick you in the balls," Saint demands, his voice husky.

Rogue releases Remy, gently setting her on her feet. She sways, but Saint is there to catch her.

"Angel, I swear to Christ, no more almost dying on us." His voice breaks, and she wraps her arms around his waist.

"You can punish me later," she mumbles against his chest.

Trip steps into her back, hands landing on her hips as his forehead drops to her hair. "I fucking love you, baby girl. Please don't ever do that to us again. My heart can't take it."

With a shaking hand, she reaches back and rubs the stubble on his jaw, soothing him.

"Trust me, I don't have any plans to do anything like this ever again."

With my own patience at an end, I clear my throat. The other two drop tender kisses

before stepping away. When she turns, facing me, her lower lip wobbles. She valiantly tries to fight it, but it's a losing battle. Tears roll down her cheeks. When her body begins to give out and her knees buckle, I'm there, scooping her up as her arms wrap around my neck. Our foreheads meet, and I feel like I can finally breathe again.

"I'm here, Grant. I'm okay."

Fuck, I could strangle her. But I won't, because I need her so damn much, it's scary.

"When I said I love you to hell and back, I didn't mean for you to take that quite so literally."

Her laugh ends with a sob, and before I know it, she's crying so hard she can barely breathe.

"Shhh. We've got you now."

The other guys surround us, and before I know what's happening, we're all in a big group hug. It sounds like it should be awkward as fuck, but somehow it works. Or at least it does for one blissfully heart-wrenching moment.

Then Saint has to go and ruin it.

Rogue's growl echoes through the night. "Get your dick off my thigh, bro."

"Aww, c'mon, Rogue. What's a little rub between friends?"

Trip snorts.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Ace mutters.

“You horny bastards! Let me see my sister right now.” Etta steps under Rogue’s arms, pushing all of the guys out of her way until she’s standing in front of Remy and me. “Hand her over, Grant.”

The others probably can’t tell, but I’ve been around the Steele sisters long enough to know that Etta is about two-point-five seconds away from going nuclear.

Gently, I set Remy on her feet, steadying her with a hand on her back. But I shouldn’t have worried. The twins step into each other’s arms at the same time, holding on like their very lives depend on each other.

Hell, maybe they really do.

“I swear to all that is holy, Remington Sunshine Steele. One of these days, you’re going to give me a heart attack.”

“Her middle name is Sunshine?” Trip asks.

Remy’s head whips up to spear him with a watery glare. “If you ever repeat that, I will castrate you in your sleep.”

“I knew that already. How did you not?” Saint boasts.

Rogue rolls his eyes. “Of course you did.”

“Y’all need to catch up.”

“One of these days, I’m going to punch you in that smug fucking face of yours,” Ace growls.

As the guys bicker back and forth, Etta’s men, Jay, and the rest of the Sinner’s Mark

leadership come over to talk to Remy.

I manage to fight back my urge to have her in my arms again until I realize she's struggling to stay upright.

"Etta, we need to get her checked out."

She steps back, eyeing her sister up and down. "He's right. You look like shit."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence." Remy leans into my side, her head tilting back so she can look up at me. "But she's also not wrong."

Giving in and lifting her into my arms, I kiss her cheek. "C'mon, Rem. Let's get you out of here so we can start our happily ever after."

Her head finds my shoulder, and she hums her agreement.

With the love of my life in my arms, I walk away from the hell of our past and into a future that's looking brighter than ever.

Nine Months Later

The heat of the scorching Arizona summer sun makes me smile.

Bet this is what hell is like.

“What’s got you grinning like the cat who got the canary, wife?” Ace walks up, swiping a bead of sweat off my brow.

“Oh, you know. Just giving Lucifer the middle finger. Always brings a little joy to my heart.”

“Hmmm. Sure it doesn’t have anything to do with your latest garden project?”

His hands slide around my narrow waist, which was born out of hard work and sheer stubbornness. Aunt Charlie lovingly referred to my baby bump as a torpedo belly. From the back, you wouldn’t have even known I was pregnant, but the second I turned to the side, my protruding baby bump was impossible to ignore. My body somehow defied gravity, managing to maintain balance despite looking like I’d simply topple over.

Now, with our little one finally here, it’s nice getting back to my old self again. And sure, maybe my hips are a bit wider and my ass a smidge fuller, but my guys don’t seem to mind. They love me, and I’m finding I do too. Finding the balance between motherhood and womanhood is something I didn’t think would be as complicated as it is, but I’m finding the struggles oddly rewarding.

I look out over the little patch of land that sits behind our home. It's blooming with bright flowers and green plants, as well as a small vegetable garden near the back. It's a tiny oasis right here in the middle of the desert that I've painstakingly cared for. It's turned into my own slice of peace right here on Earth.

Of course, I say painstakingly , but the pain involved wasn't exactly my own.

"Turn it on?" Rogue asks beside the wood chipper.

Killer is running circles around his best friend, anxiously waiting for what he knows is coming—a new bone to chew on. Morbid, but what did you expect?

My grin widens. "Go for it."

The sound of the machine whirs through the otherwise quiet mountainside where a man hangs from the pulley system that's been permanently installed on a nearby tree. He killed his wife and intended to kill his three-year-old daughter after his inappropriate relationship with her was discovered. Somehow, he managed to get off on a technicality over a year ago, but now he's learning that justice has a way of catching up to you.

"Angel, you make those gardening gloves look damned sexy," Saint murmurs with a wicked smirk plastered on his kissable lips.

Our little girl is strapped to his naked tattooed chest in a baby carrier, chunky legs kicking wildly, oblivious to her daddy's filthy thoughts. The sight of this man is damn near enough to have my ovaries exploding.

For fuck's sake. It's too soon for more babymaking, Remington.

I roll my eyes, ignoring my out-of-whack hormones. "I'm sure it has nothing to do



with my short shorts or the tank top that my mama tits practically spill out of.”

“That doesn’t hurt either.”

He leans in, blowing raspberries on the side of my sweaty neck. My laugh rings out along with Raven’s giggle. All of us completely ignore the muffled screams of the man who’s about ready to become fertilizer for my garden. She’s too young to understand what Mama and Daddies are doing, but when that time comes, we’ll have to be a little more careful of our garden projects .

The last nine months have been blissfully quiet. We’ve settled into our home, making it a space where we can come together and enjoy the life we’re building away from the rest of the world. My demons, for the most part, have been relatively quiet, but when they start to get antsy, the guys know exactly what to do. We’ve only had a couple of garden projects here so far, but it’s enough to ease that burning need that tends to rear up unexpectedly.

And the club is thriving. Ace has earned the respect of the old Havoc Reapers, and as they’ve watched their pockets grow from the numerous successful, and legitimate, businesses we’ve been able to establish with Rock’s brilliant investing, it was hard for them to do otherwise.

“Where are Grant and Trip?” I ask.

“They went over to Etta’s place to help them with something,” Ace responds just as the sound of motorcycles roars up the drive.

My sister and her guys bought the property just south of us. Close by, but enough space for privacy. It’s been nice having her at my side again. The distance those ten years put between us was hell on us both.

“How’s Mama doing?” Trip asks, walking up and gripping my hips. He draws me back against his chest, kissing my temple.

“I’m perfect, handsome.”

“You really couldn’t wait on Lincoln Barnes until after dinner, Rem?” Grant eyes the man slowly being fed into my murder toy.

“He started dating a woman with a child, Grant. Hell no, I wasn’t going to sit around and wait for him to hurt that little girl too. Every second counts.”

You see, I may have said goodbye to the Avenging Angel, but motherhood brought about a more focused target. Those who hurt innocent children. So I changed up my M.O., said goodbye to my list of transgressions, and now simply complete the circle of life a little faster than Mother Nature intended. It’s a win-win in my book.

“As soon as you’re done out here, you should head inside and get cleaned up. Mama and my sisters are coming for dinner tonight. They’re excited to see you, Raven, and the house.”

“Aunt Charlie and your new uncle Owen will be here too,” Grant quips, failing to hide his grin.

“Uncle Owen still sounds so weird. They’ve only been married a couple weeks.” I roll my eyes. “But don’t worry. I won’t be long. Why don’t you guys go in and get everything started? I’ll meet you inside shortly.”

Trip drops a kiss on my forehead. “You got it, baby girl.”

“I’ll help him.” Ace kisses my cheek, following after his VP.

I side eye Saint. “Why don’t you hand her off to one of the others so you can go get cleaned up too? You’ve been out here sweating your ass off.”

His hand softly strokes over Raven’s peach fuzz on the top of her head as his eyebrows bounce up and down. “Wanna shower with me?”

“You’re a heathen. Now, go on.” I shoo him toward the house. “Raven might not care if you stink, but Mama will give you hell along with a lecture on what type of soap is best for aging skin.”

“Aging skin? Angel, I may be older, but you’re the one reaping all the benefits of my years of experience.”

My eyes narrow and fists clench at my side.

Grant chuckles. “Oh, you’ve done it now. Give me our daughter and run.”

“You want to talk about those years of experience when I’ve got a sharp pair of scissors in my hand, Saint?”

He slowly backs up, gently clutching little Raven like she’s his saving grace. “Ah, hell. You wouldn’t hurt me with our little sweetheart right here, would you?”

“You know how good my aim is, Saint.”

“Fuck, angel. You know you’re the only one I’ve ever loved. You own my heart and soul.”

“Give Raven to Ace so he can change her diaper, then clean yourself up.”

“Yes, ma’am.” He turns and jogs toward the house.

“He’s an idiot,” Rogue murmurs, stepping up to my side. “But he’s an idiot who has always loved you.”

I sigh. “I know. That’s why he’s still got his balls.”

“Vicious.” Rogue kisses the top of my head. “Garden project is complete. I gave the machine a quick rinse down, but I’ll do a full clean-up later. I’m heading in now too. Jay just messaged and said him, Etta, Big Mack, and the others are on their way.”

“Perfect. I’ll be right behind you.” As he starts to walk away, a sudden thought has me grinning wickedly. “Oh, and shut off the hot water heater until Saint’s done with his shower.”

Rogue smirks. “You got it, gorgeous.”

He whistles and Killer trots after him, a small bone tucked between his teeth.

Grant’s laugh makes me smile, and when I turn, he pulls me into his arms.

“I fucking love you, Remington Masterson.”

“And I love you, Grant Wilson.”

My best friend kisses me under the midday sun, and my entire world rights itself.

I may have been born from the ashes of my own demise, but it turns out that was just the beginning of this newest chapter in my story. With each and every passing day, I learn more about the woman I’m becoming and how the choices I make are forming the foundation of what I want for my future. And sure, the darkness will exist inside me forever, but the men I love will always light my way back to them.

*Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:56 am*

Three Years Later

With age comes wisdom, but a helluva lot less patience.

“I swear to Christ, Saint, if you don’t make me come by the time I count to three, you won’t get this mouth, pussy, or ass for at least a month, I swear.”

Deep chuckles surround us, and I’ve got a split-second to think about all the ways I’ll fucking cocktease them before Saint suddenly thrusts in deep enough to make me scream.

“This what you want, slut? Want my dick imprinting your fucking vagina so you know whose name to shout when you come around my cock?”

“Fuck yes. Please!”

He leans in, his lips brushing against mine. “Then tell us what we want to hear.”

My gasp is ridiculously loud when he slams in again.

Grant steps up to the bed. “Better say it, Rem. Because in two seconds I’m shoving my dick down your throat, and you won’t get another chance. It will be hours of edging and tears with no mercy in sight.”

“Fuck. O-okay.”

“Let’s hear it, doll.”

“Please, sirs. Please fill me up with your cum. Fuck me until you put another baby inside me.”

Rogue’s growl is loud in the small space. “Hurry it up, brother. I can’t hold out much longer.”

“You heard him, slut. Come for us now.”

His next thrust hits so deep, I scream his name as my body goes taut. My nails are digging into his back as he pumps into me harder despite my body trying to tighten around him.

“So. Fucking. Good,” Saint grunts before pausing balls deep inside me.

I’m still spasming around him when he roughly pulls out, and Rogue takes his place. The big guy lifts me up and drops to his back as he pulls me astride him. In seconds, he’s surging up into my pussy, making me so fucking full I can’t think straight. Grant appears in front of me, pulling my mouth down onto his dick.

“That’s it, Rem. Ride him while you suck my dick.” Gripping my face, he thrusts in, all the way to the back of my throat. “Hey, Prez. Come stretch your wife’s ass.”

Ace’s hand lands on my hip as the other swipes the fat head of his cock between my cheeks, finding plenty of wetness from our earlier play.

“You want my cock in your ass, wife?”

Grant grips my hair, pulling my head back just long enough for me to reply, “Yes, sir.”

“Hmmm. Such a good girl for us.” He smoothly plunges in, and they fuck me in tandem until I’m begging for another release.

“Gonna fill you up so full, you’ll be round with my baby in no time,” Rogue snarls, roughly thrusting into me from below.

He comes with a roar, sending me toppling over right along with him.

“Fuck, she gets so fucking tight when she comes.” Ace roughly sinks into my ass with a groan. “Shit. I’m coming.”

“Same, brother,” Grant rasps, pulling me down until my nose is buried in the small patch of hair at his base. “Swallow me down, then we’ll start all over again.”

He roars, his dick swelling, and spurts of cum shoot down my throat as I try to swallow it all.

Ace is the first to pull out, collapsing on the bed beside Rogue, then Grant falls back against the headboard. What I don’t expect is for Trip to walk over and lift me off the big guy. My legs instinctually wrap around his waist as Rogue’s and Saint’s cum starts to leak out of me.

“Don’t think you’re done yet, baby girl.”

Trip lifts me up, his rigid dick easily finding my seeping hole. Slowly, he slides in, my pussy already beginning to flutter around him as his mouth meets mine.

“That’s it, baby. I’m so fucking close. Strangle my cock. Milk me ‘til I’m filling you up too.”

With impressive strength, he raises me up and down on his cock, and I’m coming again before I can even blink. It’s not long before he’s grunting out his own release. He drops into one of the corner chairs, still sheathed in my cunt.

“Fuck, how is it more amazing each and every time I’m inside you?” Falling against

his sweaty chest, he kisses my forehead.

Sleepily, my eyes search the room, taking in my men. All except for one, that is.

“Where did Saint go?” I ask around a yawn.

“He heard Raven on the monitor and went to check on her. Something about Killer helping her escape again and he didn’t want her sneaking a peek at all the presents.”

I smile. My little girl and her fierce protector. The two of them are trouble with a capital T. Add in the fact that it’s Christmas Eve, and she’s been asking about Santa since Saint made an appearance at the clubhouse last weekend in full Saint Nick gear... Well, let’s just say it wouldn’t surprise me if the two of them were up to no good.

“I better go check on them.”

Trip drops one last kiss on my lips, then lifts me off his dick.

“Gonna be messy, baby girl.”

“That’s okay. Hand me my shorts. I’ll come back down to shower, so we’re ready for round two.”

“You know, I think you may actually be trying to kill us with that killer body of yours,” Ace murmurs, eyeing me up and down like he’s thinking about saying fuck it and taking me again right now.

“Nah. I like your dicks too much to get rid of them.”

He slides off the bed, stalking toward me as his muscles ripple with the movement and his dick bobs. “Better hurry up and check on our little girl then, doll. My patience



is non-existent when you're naked like this."

I smirk, pulling up my shorts and throwing on my tank. "Don't worry. I'll hurry back."

Heading for the hidden door that leads to the library which is close to Raven's room, I trudge up the stairs and make my way down the darkened hallway. It's two in the morning, but our little girl is a night owl, just like her parents, despite our best efforts. Down the way, Saint is leaning up against her door jamb.

"Hey," I whisper, sliding up against his side. "What's going on?"

"Look."

He guides my face toward the bedroom where our little girl, clad in a t-shirt and undies, her dark hair in two long braids that hang down her back, is sitting in front of this massive, intimidating-looking doberman. Their bond is truly heartwarming. He hates when she cries, so he's figured out a way to open her bedroom door with his paw on the levered handle.

"Remind me why we haven't put a lock on her door?"

"You really want to put a stop to this? He'd never let her get hurt. Not to mention it's a fire hazard."

There she sits, playing patty cake on Killer's chest, as he gives her forehead a good lick. She laughs, and the sound makes my heart swell.

Shit. If it's not my men giving me baby fever, it's the little girl that made me a mommy.

"Right. Got it."

He kisses the top of my head then pulls me in for a hug.

“You go back downstairs. I’ll put her back to bed and join you guys shortly.”

“Don’t be long. You know how I get when I’m frustrated.”

“I told you once that I enjoy the image of you being frustrated, immensely . Nothing’s changed there.”

I giggle softly. “I think you enjoy it a little too much.”

“How could I not?” He stares down at me with a look that’s rare for a man who takes few things seriously. “You’re all I’ve ever wanted, and now I get to have you in my arms and in my bed every night—something I never thought would actually happen back then.”

Gripping the sides of his face, I try to put into words everything he means to me. “I’m yours. You all have given me more than I can ever truly repay. I fucking love you, Saint. Thank you for not giving up all those years ago.”

“Never, angel. I love you too.” He kisses me sweetly, lulling me with a tenderness that is so unlike him. “Now go downstairs and wait for me. ‘Cuz, I’m not sure if you’ve heard, Remington, but this Santa comes more than once a year.”

My surprised laugh rushes out before I can stop it. “You really are Naughty Saint Nick, aren’t you?”

“Only for you, angel. Only for you.”

He kisses my cheek and turns me toward the hall that leads to the hidden door which will take me back to the others. With a swat on my ass that has me gasping, I do as I’m told.

Do I shoot him a glare and the middle finger over my shoulder?

Of fucking course I do.

But inside am I already bubbling with anticipation of what punishment I'll get for it?

Of fucking course I am.

That's what a partially reformed serial killer does when everything she's ever wanted has come true and she's loved beyond measure.

She lives.

Fucking. Happily. Ever. After.