







# Stone (Carrera Family #1)

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**Category:** Action&Adventure

**Description:** They gave her to another. Now Im taking her back

Stone

My very existence was created on a lie. The man I believed I was doesn't exist.

The only thing real in my life is her.

My sister.

When my obsession is about to be discovered, she's taken from me and gifted to another.

I question my family's loyalty and find it shrouded in secrets and lies.

What if they're not my family after all? What if they're the enemy?

I have a side to choose, and once again, I find myself not knowing who I am.

All I know is, I choose her.

Sienna

I've loved him from the moment I set eyes on him.

My family called him Stone because he was unfeeling, yet I saw beyond his solid structure and broke down his stone walls until he crumbled.

They stole me away from him, all in the name of La Familia.

But what if his very existence is shrouded in secrets and lies?

What if he's not the man we know him to be?

What if he isn't my brother after all?

Secrets have a way of surfacing. They can tear you apart from the inside out—break and destroy you—but secrets can also set you free.

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

Stone

The mind-numbing beeping and the muffled voices contribute to the pain radiating through my head. Taking a deep breath, I try but fail to open my eyes, feeling trapped in my broken body. I don't know what happened, when, or how. I have accepted my being trapped in hell and am no longer even sure of my own existence. A bystander in a world I can't see or participate in.

There are snippets of conversations I remember, but nothing else.

It's simply blank.

Nothing.

A world of emptiness.

"Do you think he will get his memory back?" a gruff yet familiar voice rumbles. My mind swims as I try to place a face to the tone, but fail.

"No. He was starved of oxygen for too long. I doubt he will make a recovery at all."

"But if he does, will he remember what happened?"

"Sir, I've never seen anyone recover from these types of injuries. Ever."

I want to scream I can hear them, that my brain works enough to understand every damn word they're saying despite not having a clue of who I even am, and I can still

feel. The fear of not knowing is overtaking my soul, and I know with no doubt that I've never felt this terror before.

Never.

My memories are lost, but my soul lives on. It's made of stone. I know it. I just need them to see it too.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

### Chapter One

#### Stone

#### Present Day

I'm conflicted when I'm summoned to my father's home, Casa Forte. The place makes my fucking skin crawl and stomach churn, but then there's her—Sienna, the most beautiful woman I've ever set eyes on.

The one woman I can't have.

My sister.

Her green eyes are unlike our brothers' dark ones and unlike my bright-blue ones. When I asked my oldest brother, Azrael, about our differences, he scoffed and told me it's because our lineage isn't pure, that our father fucked so many women we're all different, but not them. Azrael and Czar are a mirror image of one another, and Sienna is pretty fucking close, with her straight pitch-black hair and bronze skin. Only, her sparkling green eyes match her mother's photos that adorn the foyer walls like prized possessions.

Azrael once told me our father has a multitude of bastard children, and I'm the only fortunate one he allows into his life, so I should be grateful.

I don't feel very grateful, but without the recognition, I wouldn't have her. I would have nothing.

My trainers, Vector and Don, were sadistic bastards who taught me how to be heartless, merciless, and cruel. They said I was weak and an embarrassment to the Carrera name. That's why they pushed me so hard. To test my limits and redeem myself. That's why I welcomed their forms of torture like therapy. They allowed me to repent my sins and bask in my downfalls so I could become deserving of my family, deserving of her.

They created the man I am today.

A man who embraces torture, cares for no one, delivers savagery at its rawest, and delights in it.

They created someone made of stone.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

I chew on my fingernail as I pace my bedroom for the hundredth time. My bare feet leave marks in the fluffy cream carpet, but I don't have it in me to care.

Not today, at least.

Stone comes home this evening, and my body is once again ignited with sparks of allurements usually missing from the coldness that is Casa Forte, my home.

Despite the luxury, comfort doesn't exist here. It's all a facade—a show of entitlement and wealth created from the underworld of society. One that poignant figures choose to ignore, as it suits them. The don of our family—my father, Benito Carrera—has ambitions to be a legend in our familia history. Albeit an evil one.

My father has been on tenterhooks and extra irrational for the past week, and he hasn't been like this since the mysterious death of his best friend, Don. The man who my father insisted I call Uncle and used to make my skin crawl. Relief filled me upon his death, knowing I would not be pawned off to marry the man who was older than my father and looked at me like I was a piece of meat. He was also a well-known sadist who delighted in the demise of innocent women and, most likely, children. Honestly, I would put nothing past the man with the cruel gleam in his murky gray eyes.

He was simply a monster.

The way he treated Stone and spoke about him caused hatred and sickness to churn inside me. Every time Stone's name left Don's lips, I became lightheaded at knowing I wouldn't like what he'd say.

He and my father's right-hand man, Vector, ridiculed and hurt Stone. They did not hide their contempt toward him, and my father made no attempts to stop it. It's almost as if he delighted in Stone's torment.

They're cruel and evil, and I will hate them for it until the day I die.

My father speaks openly in front of me, so I'm well aware of the business he deals in. The trafficking of humans is one of them, and my stomach lurches every time it's discussed, as if those innocent people don't matter, as if the training compounds they keep them in are something to be proud of.

They talk about them like they're prized cattle. Who is valuable and unique? Who is worth the most money? Who will go to auction? Then they spend their evening smoking Cuban cigars and gloating about how they intend on breaking their victims.

My brothers Azrael and Czar have been raised to take over my father's legacy, and that sickens me more than anything else. They're more than this sadistic world we live in, so much more. I have hope deep in my heart that they will see it one day and, more importantly, believe it.

We know that our half-brother Stone will not be an heir to our father's fortune. We've all been told often enough that he's not worth shit, despite my rebuttals.

Our father believes his bastard children owe him a debt for allowing them to live outside of wedlock, and he sure knows how to punish them for his downfalls.

Stone is covered in scars from what my father calls his repentance. The moment I set eyes on him as a teenager, I fell for his bright-blue eyes in a way no sister should think about her brother.

My heart raced, butterflies swirled in my stomach, and my vision became dreamy

when my eyes locked with his. I saw past his bandages, his scars, his repentance. I saw past it all and only saw him—the lost boy. The boy with no memory, no mother and an absent father, and I loved him instantly when nobody else would.

I promised myself to keep my feelings for him hidden, knowing how wrong they were, how society would claim them as sickening; maybe I'm not so different from my father.

Because I failed miserably.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

### Chapter Two

#### Stone

With our father speaking, I keep my head down and concentrate on delivering my spoon to my mouth without spilling the soup. Something I learned not to do early on when I was invited to his home for dinner. Spilling soup on the tablecloth as a nervous teenager resulted in me having my fingers broken with a hammer while being restrained at the ankles and ass-fucked by my trainer for his sadistic pleasure. All the while, the men in the room laughed at my downfall and pain. Nope, definitely not spilling the soup.

My cheeks blaze at Sienna's gaze on me. It makes my thick hands tremble whenever I'm around her, and today is no exception. I almost want to tell her to leave me alone, but I like her attention on me, even though I shouldn't.

"Sienna," Azrael hisses, pulling my attention to him and away from my spoon hovering midair.

She glares in his direction, raising her chin in that defiant way that makes me want to draw her pouty lips to my mouth and tug on them. "What? He hasn't even greeted me," she snaps.

Azrael's eyes narrow as I place the spoon in my mouth and try to gauge if the soup is tomato flavored or not. It's difficult to tell when you've bitten through the organ so many times you've lost sensation and taste.

She fidgets in her chair, and for the first time in weeks, I allow myself to drink her in, and my heart stutters. She's delicate, slender, yet her modest summer dress fits her figure to perfection. Her back is ramrod straight, thanks to her training, and her hair is in a sleek ponytail, elongating her unmarked neck, and I close my eyes upon imagining it stained by my touch.

Then I snap my eyes open and mentally chastise myself. I can't allow my inner thoughts to be discovered. Not only are they wrong because she's my sister, but they're also sick too.

My usually dead cock thickens with need, and I place my spoon in the bowl, incapable of feeding myself without receiving a punishment for it.

"Is there a problem with the food?" My father's sinister voice cuts through the air as he wipes his mouth with the napkin and stares down the table to where I sit at the opposite end. A reminder of my place, not with the family at the head of the table, but at the end, alone.

Unwanted.

I clear my throat. "No, sir." I quickly avert my gaze to avoid the sneer of disgust he always greets me with when speaking to me.

"Then why the fuck aren't you eating it?" he booms. Sienna winces, and Azrael and Czar jump, and I want to wring the old fucker's neck for it, but I remain seated and unmoving. Something tells me it's because I'm told I only have partial hearing that I barely flinch at his dark tone, but I became accustomed to the loud, angry voices while living in the training compound he part-owns.

"Probably can still smell the burning flesh on his hands from the job this morning, am I right?" Czar jokes, and I side-eye him. He's trying to help me out, so I nod. The less

I say, the better. Nothing I say will appease the man who loathes the ground I walk on. Not for the first time, I ask myself why he didn't just kill me instead of condemning me to a lifetime of misery, but that's what Benito Carrera does; he refuses to let you die when you can live at his mercy.

Our father throws his head back on a demonic laugh—the same laugh that has haunted me for years—that forces the hairs on my entire body to stand on end.

“I bet the fuckers squealed like bitches.” He grins, taunting me with his broken front tooth he never cared to rebuild. Each time I see it is a reminder of the last time I tried to fight back.

“Still, you're an ungrateful bastard when I allow you to sit at the table with us as if you're worthy.” He points his spoon toward me, and I remain stoic, knowing any movement will give him cause for me to receive a punishment. His smile broadens, as if pleased by my lack of response. “You used to shovel food in your mouth like a fucking greedy pig. No wonder it took me so long to allow you to sit at our family table. You were nothing more than an animal living in a cesspit.” He instigates me, and I remain impassive, even though I would love nothing more than to point out I'd been starved for days on end before each family meal I could attend. “Now eat!” When he bangs his fist on the table, I pick up the spoon and eat as my ears burn with embarrassment at being controlled so easily.

“The shipment is due in tonight.” Azrael's business voice filters through my senses as I push the spoon into my mouth, and a memory flashes before me just when I need it the most. She's there for me.

“You need to eat, to keep your strength up.” Her green eyes sparkle with jest as she holds the spoon toward me, and I want nothing more than to shake my head and refuse it, but how the hell am I meant to refuse her? She's so damn pretty. She makes my head hurt each time I think of her.

My mouth falls slack, and she smiles, then pushes the spoon into my mouth to slurp up the watery substance. Tomato and basil with a hint of garlic sets my tastebuds alight, and before I know what I'm doing, I'm taking another mouthful. "My mom taught me the recipe."

"Did she teach me too?" My voice is scratchy, and I hate it.

Her face falls, and I wish I could kick myself for taking the shine out of her eyes.

"No. Don't you remember? We don't have the same mother, Stone."

"Just the same father," I state, as if on command.

"That's right. Or so I'm told." She chews on her lip, contemplating something.

My eyebrows furrow, and I wince from the pain it causes.

"Are you hurting?"

I want to shake my head, but I know that will only emphasize it. "No," I grunt.

She giggles, and my blood pumps with warmth at the sound. "You're a lousy liar. You swallow really hard when you lie to me."

My lip twitches. "Just to you?"

"Yes. It's like a code thing, and the best part is, you don't even realize you're doing it."

I roll my eyes, and her laughter grows. Her innocence radiates from her, and I wish I could bottle it up and keep her like this forever because beyond this room is a hell not

worth living in, and she's yet to discover it. I'll do anything in my power to protect her from it, even if that means I destroy anything good left inside me to achieve it.

"Stone. You moron! Jesus, what a slow fucker! Are you listening? Did I bust your ears up too good last time?" His evil chuckle snaps me out of my mind, and I stare back at him with alert eyes. "Ahh, with me now, aren't you? See, this is why we don't let the bastards sit with us often. Can't even hold a proper conversation with the fuckers." His dark eyes brighten, and I know he's only getting started. "I said..." He slows his speech down as if he's talking to an idiot, and my hand tightens on my spoon to refrain from lashing out at his patronizing tone. "I want you at the warehouse as muscle for the next week."

I nod, knowing when to speak and when not to.

"Are you prepped for the fight this weekend?" Czar asks as he leans forward with excitement in his dark eyes, his entire face lit up like the Fourth of July.

My brother enjoys coming to watch me fight, mainly for the willing women who feed off the men throwing their money around like candy. At least he enjoys willing women. I'm not so sure about Azrael; he keeps his private life very private, but he attends the auctions our father hosts to sell off the trafficked women, and I know he likes submissives too. I once went to his house, and a girl was tied to his kitchen table with a leash attached to a collar on her neck. There's evil that lurks in Azrael's eyes that projects the darkness within him.

I'm thankful my strength has allowed me to become an incredible MMA fighter, a lucrative income for my family, but it also allows illegal money to be filtered through the venues we use. In making me the man I am today, it's rare I feel pain. I've become the perfect stone structure, a tower of strength and resilience, bringing with it a force to be reckoned with.

I nod in Czar's direction, and his grin turns sinister, a look that should turn my stomach, but it doesn't. As sadistic as Czar is, he's never been a threat to me, only our enemies. Do I trust him? No. Do I trust any of my family? Absolutely not.

For the thousandth time, I take in the man I know to be my brother. Even I can admit he's good-looking, with a sharp, perfect jawline and free of dimples. His jet-black hair is slicked back, and he sits in his pristine white shirt and pressed black pants, with a carefree attitude, looking every part the Mafia man I wish I could be. Instead, I'm broad shouldered from years of vigorous muscle building, almost twice the width of Czar, and slightly taller than Azrael at six-foot-five inches. I'd give everything to look like the man before me. He doesn't have a crooked nose from being broken too many times to remember or scars on his face he has no recollection of receiving, and his torso isn't tattered and torn after being ripped apart and sewn back together, leaving ugliness in the needle's wake. Then there are the burns that coat my lower body, a reminder of my father's hatred. One particular organ took the brunt of his hate the day I lashed out and broke his tooth.

I can feel Sienna's eyes on me, and when I turn to face her, a soft, proud smile plays on her lips, and my heart swells with a longing I shouldn't feel.

"You need to keep your head in the game." Azrael's stern voice cuts through the haze I have whenever I'm in Sienna's proximity. Her very being is like a forbidden siren hypnotizing me. She's the glimmer of light in my pitch black, the goodness in a world of cruelty, and the innocence in the corruption. She's the hope when I have none and my sole purpose for survival.

I snap my gaze toward Azrael. His assessing eyes flick from me to Sienna, never missing a trick, never missing a stolen glance or look of endearment. Panic sets in, and terror at being discovered burns my blood, triggering the vein on my forehead to pulsate. I'm unable to hold the wince inside when I'm struck with a shock of what feels like electrical currents, causing tremors to vibrate down one side of my head.

My grip on the spoon tightens until I feel the metal bend, but I can't function to disguise the fact.

"I have an important matter to discuss with you, if you'd grant me the privacy of your office." Azrael's voice plays out as an echo.

"I haven't eaten dinner yet. It'll have to wait until after," my father states.

"It's regarding the O'Connells."

My father's cutlery clangs to the table, and he pushes back in his chair with an irritated huff. I'm unfamiliar with the name Azrael used as a decoy tactic to help disguise my struggle, but I'm grateful, nonetheless.

He storms toward the dining-room door, throws it open, then leaves the room yelling expletives while Azrael casually pushes back on his chair and walks over to me until he's directly in front of me and leans down. "Get your shit together; you're going to get yourself killed," he hisses into my ear. "Her too." He nods toward Sienna, and my heart skips a beat at his savage words as my throat becomes impossibly dry.

I can't allow her to suffer because of me, so I know I've no choice but to push her away, ripping my heart to shreds in the process. If Azrael is able to pick up on her being my weakness, then others may realize it too.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

### Chapter Three

#### Sienna

I wait until Azrael leaves the room with my father, then tilt my head toward the door at Czar. He releases a loud huff and rolls his eyes before vacating his seat and exiting the dining room, leaving Stone and me alone.

Stone's spine straightens as the door clicks shut, and I force down the hurt him being uncomfortable around me brings. Then I lick my lips, push back on my chair, and round the table, taking measured steps of confidence toward him I don't necessarily feel. A need to reassure him during our father's tirade had my skin prickling with irritation, and I was desperate for some time alone with him to help ease the visible pain on his handsome face.

His cheeks burn brighter as I approach, and when I kneel beside him, he doesn't so much as turn to give me his attention. He simply stares ahead as if I don't exist.

"Where are you hurting?" I whisper from my position. My head doesn't so much as reach his bicep, and I can't help but love the fact that he's so huge in comparison to me.

His jaw tightens, but he remains unmoving.

A heavy sigh I had no intention of releasing escapes my lips, and I reach over the table and slowly uncurl the firm grip his fingers have on the damaged spoon.

“Sienna,” he growls without facing me.

I place the crooked spoon down, and without warning, I cup his handsome face. It’s littered with jagged scars that aren’t from a MMA fighter, and I glide my palm over his cheek to where his dimples remain hidden. Without thinking, he turns into my touch, and jubilation floods me, a sense of happiness from providing him with comfort he rarely has. “Are you still in pain?” I whisper to my broken giant of a man.

“Not anymore.” His smooth words send a rush of arousal through me, and I don’t have it in me to care how wrong society thinks this attraction is that I have toward him.

We live in the underbelly of evil, an upbringing based on cruelty and control. Is there really any wonder why we find solace in one another?

His hand moves quicker than my racing heart to push my palm away from his face, and he finally turns to give me his attention, but gone is the softness he so easily bestows on me. In its place is the mask he’s been forced to wear.

“Don’t fucking touch me.”

His words shouldn’t sting; they shouldn’t slice through my heart like a well-crafted blade intent on causing severe pain.

Tears spring to my eyes at the despondent look in his. He’s becoming exactly who they want him to be, and I hate it for him. All I want is for him to be himself, but I know deep in my heart that he isn’t Stone.

He isn’t the man they carefully crafted as a puppet for their sick games, and I also know he can’t be my brother, because God wouldn’t have been so cruel to gift me with a love that’s unable to be reciprocated.

I stumble back at the realization that the love I feel from him may one day die too. The look of awe in his eyes I've loved from the first moment I saw him will one day be gone too. The thought of never being able to act on that love before it gets stolen has my lungs burning against my chest as I rise to my feet and rush toward the door.

The inevitable is happening, and there's nothing I can do to stop it.

Nothing we can do.

Maybe he was always destined to be Stone.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

She scurries from the room with her head bowed, and I drop mine into my palms. “Fuck.” The look of hurt on her pretty face flashes in front of me. I want to tell her I’m sorry, that this is for the best and she’s better off not touching me because I don’t think I can control myself around her, and my actions will get us both killed, or worse, tortured.

My veins simmer with guilt. She’s the only person to ever show me affection, and I push her away at every opportunity, but only to protect her. Fuck me, would I like to give in to her and her tender touch just once.

When my eyes latch onto the spoon, I notice it’s straight, so I glance around the table until they land on Azrael’s bent spoon. I wonder when she switched them out. She knows our father wouldn’t create an issue with the damage if it was Azrael who caused it, and just like that, I stand, ignoring the voice in my head that tells me to leave her alone. How can I when she looked so hurt and is always so determined to protect me?

With fierce determination, I blow out a deep breath and stride toward the door, pull it open, and take an immediate left past the guards lining the foyer.

I can feel Vector’s eyes trained on me, and I’d love nothing more than to slam my fist into the fucker’s face. He’s the head of security, my father’s lapdog and right-hand man, and he hates me with a passion, but sure loves to torture me.

Out of all the savage men I’ve encountered, he is by far the worst. He seems to get a twisted kick out of creating the worst punishments for me, determined to break me and watch me crumble, but I refuse to. I won’t give the fucker the satisfaction of

knowing he's the demon in my nightmares. His time will come one day; I live in the hope of that.

The change in the décor is instantaneous. The dreary dark walls almost have a sinister vibe to them, unlike the elaborate gold wallpaper the rest of the house embodies. I push open the door to the kitchen and head down the stone staircase, then my nostrils are filled with the fragrance of her cooking, and a sense of fulfillment washes over me. The staff raise their heads, then scurry out of the room while I lean against the wall and watch her. She's in her element here. It's her comfort zone. She enjoys cooking her mother's and grandmother's recipes and has a close relationship with the staff who assist her.

Ignoring me, she clangs the pots around the kitchen like a wildcat, and I want so badly to feel those claws dig into my back and tear away the scars, forming new and welcomed ones.

My cock thickens, so I shift my feet, willing it to stop.

There's something wrong with a man who can only get hard for the one person he can't have.

She breezes through the kitchen, pretending I don't exist, and every time I open my mouth to speak, I'm rendered speechless by her beauty. How can someone so pure thrive in a world of evil?

"Tomato and basil," I rasp out. "Bit of garlic in there too." Her eyes snap to mine, and a reluctant smile tugs at her lips, causing mine to twitch at the change in her demeanor.

"You remembered? Do you remember anything else?" She chews on her bottom lip, with hope sparkling in her eyes, and the last thing I want to do is extinguish it, so I

shrug.

“The soup was good.” She tilts her head as she scans me, causing electricity to spark through my body, bringing life to every dead cell within me, and encouraging me to continue with my praise. “Really fucking good. Great.”

Her shoulders relax, and she wipes her hands on the apron. “What about the woman with the kind eyes? Did you see her again?”

She’s referring to the dream I have. Where a woman is smiling at me. I swear it’s my mother, but I can’t be certain and, according to my father, she’s dead, despite Sienna insisting she could still be alive.

I shake my head. “I remember you feeding me soup.”

“But what about before that? Do you remember anything before that?”

I grit my teeth. She clears her throat and flicks her gaze away before bringing it back to me. Sympathy lines her face, and I hate it. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to push you.”

“Yes, you did. Don’t lie to me, Sienna.” With my tone dark, I’m pissed she even tried to.

Then she raises her chin, plastering that adorable pout back on her face. “You’re right. I wanted to push you to remember because nobody else does.”

“Nobody else cares,” I state.

“Well, that might be so. But I care.” Her gaze holds mine, and my cock stands to attention, so I step around the counter to disguise its desperation to get out of my pants.

“You shouldn’t.” My voice is firm and assertive, and I mean every damn word. She shouldn’t care. It would be so much easier for us both if she didn’t.

She steps toward me, and I sidestep to avoid her. “Well, I do.”

“Sienna,” I warn.

Her lip curls into a sly smile. “Yes?”

“I thought I’d find you down here.” I turn my head to find Czar leaning against the doorframe and watching our exchange with a smug smile. “Azrael is looking for you.” He lifts his chin in my direction, and my muscles tighten, pulling my white shirt to capacity at the warning in his tone.

Without sparing Sienna a glance, I head out of the room and up the stone steps, hearing part of their conversation. Since the doctor declared me partially deaf, nobody knows I can hear perfectly fine, apart from her.

“You’re going to get yourself killed, you know that?”

“Maybe I think he’s worth dying for.”

I wish she didn’t think I was worth dying for, but I love her all the more for it. Warmth and hope spread through me. In this life, it’s the only thing I have, so I take it, embrace it, and fucking cherish it.

Sienna Carrera may be my greatest downfall, but she’s also my savior.

I just wish she wasn’t my sister.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

### Chapter Four

#### Stone

I knock on the office door and wait for him to grant me entry. As usual, I'm standing there like an idiot, wondering if he heard me and whether I should knock again, but with the eyes of his security staff on me, I choose not to. I refuse to let them see me as anything less, how he wants them to—below him and those who live in his household, staff included.

Eventually, the door is pulled open by Azrael. His angry eyes bore into mine, and he gestures for me to step inside.

“We didn't hear you knocking. You should have knocked again.” My father swivels in his chair with a cigar hanging between his fingers and a smug expression on his face. He's trying to coax me into an argument that will turn violent, and I won't let that happen. It's been a while since I've endured his wrath, and I intend on keeping it that way.

Azrael glares at me, so I heed his warning and do what I must. I bow my head, with my hands behind my back, like some fucking submissive Azrael uses.

“My apologies, sir. I will knock louder next time.” My voice is almost robotic to my own ears, but it's what he wants to hear.

I lift my gaze but not my head, and his grin spreads over his face like a Cheshire cat. “Probably your shit hearing too, huh?”

“Yes, sir.”

“This is why you don’t have bastards. They’re thick fuckers that can’t even knock on a damn door properly.”

Lifting my head slightly, I stare at Azrael from beneath my lashes and fight back the fury bubbling inside me. I want to point out it was him who made me ‘deaf’ by beating me, but I choose to remain silent, then lower my head again when Azrael’s dark eyes drill into me further.

“Sit.” Our father waves his hand toward the spare seat beside the one Azrael has taken, and I drop into it. “Dumb cunt even needs instructed to sit.” He throws his head back on a deep chuckle that neither me nor Azrael reciprocate. When his gaze finally lands on me again, I try not to fidget under his scrutiny.

“The gym you’ve been training in, in New Jersey.” I nod and hate how he licks his lips, as if thrilled at whatever idea he has. “When are you next over that way?”

I clear my dry throat, hoping I don’t give away the nerves swimming inside me. “I have a fight there at the end of the month.”

He drags one of his fat fingers over his lip, then flicks some of the cigar ash onto the floor. The man I stare at is an older, broader version of Azrael and Czar and not a damn thing like me. Our skin tone isn’t the same, and I don’t have the sharp, chiseled jawline they have. My build is different too. Their mannerisms align, but mine are different. Our accents are not the same, either, though that could be because I was brought up in one of the training compounds and they were brought up here. Father says it’s because I can’t string a sentence together due to the brain injury I incurred—and have no recollection of how I sustained. Nor do I know why I woke up in the basement of this house with multiple gunshot wounds when I was a teenager before being transferred to the training compound infirmary. I don’t tell the family I

can remember that part. I'm unsure why, just a feeling inside me tells me I should keep it to myself.

When I came around, I was told my time in the infirmary was because of one trainer going too far on a punishment. I had no memory and underwent surgery on my head. Don once told me he should have let me die, and if it wasn't for her, I would have agreed with him, because what came after that day was so much worse.

My nightmares might have started when I lost my memories, but I was already drowning in hell.

"I have a job for you." He sits forward in his chair and holds my gaze. The intensity behind his violent eyes makes my pulse rush. "You need to prove yourself and complete the job."

My eyebrows furrow. Prove myself? Have I not already done enough to prove myself? It's somewhat of an odd statement, but I simply nod.

He pulls open a drawer at his desk.

"Are you sure about this?" Azrael asks, and our father holds his hand up, forcing him to clamp his mouth shut with a twist of his lips.

"This man needs assassinated." Upon unfolding an image of a man, he places it before me. The man has a stern face, with serious bright-blue eyes, black hair, and an air of authority about him. I'm intrigued, but I know better than to ask who he is and what he does, so I lift my chin and gift our father with a nod.

"You don't recognize him?" Azrael interjects.

My father tilts his head and scrutinizes me.

“No.”

My father throws his head back on a loud chuckle that's full of ridicule, yet I'm unsure why. Still, goosebumps break out over my skin, and dread lines my stomach. It feels like I'm picking up half a conversation, that I should know something, but it's always been this way, and I made peace with the fact a long time ago that I will always be kept in the dark. My gaze flicks between them as I try to make sense of the breadcrumbs.

Always on the outside looking in.

“Dumb fucker,” he grumbles, making me grind my teeth.

“I'll have Vector send you the details.”

“Yes, sir.”

“You can leave.” He waves toward the door, so I push to my feet and head to it. “And Stone?”

I turn to face him.

“Don't let me down.” As he glowers at me, my throat turns dry at the insinuation behind it.

“Yes, sir,” I say with a confidence I don't feel. Something tells me I should have recognized that man on the paper and I'm being led into a trap I've no way of escaping, but I walk away uncaring to his ploy because none of it matters.

I don't matter.

I never have.

### Chapter Five

#### Sienna

I have no business being down here, but I know he will need me. He always does. What he doesn't realize is I need him too. So, I creep down the stairs at 1:30 a.m. My father is at an auction that has him gone overnight, and Azrael left earlier today to go back to his house. When my feet reach the bottom of the stairs, I take a deep breath at no security around, which means they will be outside playing cards and smoking cheap cigars. Who can blame them? As long as my father's fortress is secure in his absence, there's really no need to man their positions.

I head toward the staff quarters and take an immediate left, and the hair on my arms stand on end as I approach Stone's bedroom. It's bullshit how he's forced to live in the basement, demeaning him even further. My father doesn't think it's appropriate to have bastard children sleep on the same level as us. They're beneath him, therefore beneath us. A smile crosses my lips when I consider what he would think of his only daughter preferring to sleep down here rather than upstairs in her lavish bedroom.

My heart seizes when his moans come through the solid wood door, then another small part of me dies inside at knowing my father put his pain and anguish there. My hand trembles as I press down on the door handle and slip inside.

The room is bathed in darkness, apart from the sliver of moonlight filtering through the thin drapes, allowing me to see the silhouette of Stone writhing in agony in his deep sleep, being taunted by the nightmares that plague him.

My feet move as quickly as my racing heart, and I lift the sheet to slip into his bed beside him. The heat from his body and the scent of his cologne wrap around me, causing warmth to spread through me, but when he mumbles, my blood turns to ice. Stilling my breath, I wait to hear more of the torture he endured, taking with it a part of my heart. My beautiful, muscular giant of a man is hurting, and it pains me to witness.

“I swear I don’t remember. Please stop.” The quiver in his voice slices through my soul, stealing my breath so harshly that my lungs seize up with excruciating pain. My eyes mist at knowing what he must have endured growing up, which leads me to believe no god could exist, not in a world so evil.

“I don’t remember. I wish I did...” He doesn’t remember what they want him to. I often wonder if he’s been conditioned not to remember, but then I internally battle with that outcome too.

Is it best he doesn’t remember? Would his memories take him away from me?

It’s incredibly selfish, I know, but from the moment I saw him, he stole my heart, and the truth is, I never want it returned, not when he keeps it so safe on his own.

He rolls onto his side away from me and into a ball, and I move quickly to spoon him. “Stone?” I gently graze his thick bicep, and my pulse quickens at the heat of his bare skin. “Stone? It’s okay. It’s me, Sienna.”

He freezes, and I use the opportunity to glide my hand down his arm, essentially wrapping my arm around him.

Eventually, he exhales. “What the fuck are you doing, Sienna?” he hisses, as I inhale his scent from his neck, and my lips twitch to kiss him there.

An unbelievable need to do just that overcomes me. What would it be like to touch him? Really touch him and him touch me too.

Would he look me in the eye as pleasure takes over him, or would they be forced closed because of the intensity?

Wetness gathers between my legs, and I want to rub myself on him, over him. I want to feel the roughness of his skin and the heat of his touch.

I want him.

Trepidation builds in my veins; can I do this? Can I push him like I've never pushed him before? I want to. "I came to see if you were okay," I whisper.

"You know I'm not fucking okay," he snarls.

"That's why I'm here," I snap, then slam my mouth shut.

He shakes his head against his pillow. "You shouldn't be."

My hold on him tightens despite my struggle to embrace him properly because of our size difference.

"You shouldn't be here," he repeats, with less conviction this time.

"I want to," I whisper, and place a kiss on the nape of his neck without thinking, then I smile when he shudders beneath my touch. "We both know you sleep better with me by your side."

He huffs loudly and my smile grows; I'm winning him over. "You should leave." I roll my eyes. I'm not going anywhere.

“Mmm, I know.” Slowly, I sit up, and with a confidence I’ve never felt before, I slip the straps of my camisole top down, exposing my breasts, then I slink back into position with my tits flush against this solid back.

“What the...” He gulps, letting me know how affected he is. “Ar-are you naked?” His ragged breaths send a wave of arousal through me, and I’m throbbing with need. My nipples pressed against his back heighten my wanton need for him, a need for him to touch me.

The air surrounding us thickens. A line is drawn.

Will he touch me?

Can he give in to this desire we have for one another?

Can we cross the line we will never come back from?

All I know is, the line disappeared a long time ago for me. But not for Stone. He’s always kept it, with good reason too. Our family would not just kill him, they’d destroy him bit by bit in the most brutal of ways.

Doubt lingers in the forefront of my mind as I push myself harder against him.

Just one touch , I tell myself.

I swallow hard. “Just my top half. I want to feel your bare skin against mine.” My voice comes out silky, high on desire. I wrap my arm over him again, clinging to his forearm with a viselike grip. Every muscle in his body is coiled tight, and I wish he would relax and embrace my touch as I am him.

He shakes his head but doesn’t ask me to cover up. “This is so fucking wrong,” he

chokes out.

“But it feels so right, Stone,” I whisper.

“It shouldn’t.”

“It shouldn’t.”

We lie there in silence, my heart beating against his tattered back, and my fingers wrapped around his arm as I hug him close.

“Are you hard?” I whisper.

I wait for what feels like a lifetime for his response, but when it comes, I’m elated.

“Yeah.”

My breasts ache, and my core throbs at the thought of me turning him on.

Our family has ridiculed Stone’s lack of sexual promiscuity, and my father once suggested it was due to him being unable to perform, but I know differently. He’s perfectly capable of becoming hard. I’ve witnessed it countless times, even when he thinks I’m unaware.

They think he’s broken, but Stone was meant to withstand the greatest of destruction.

“Does it hurt?” I place another kiss on the base of his neck, and he groans.

“Like you wouldn’t fucking believe.”

Warmth and hope build inside me as I smile into his back. “Make yourself feel better,” I whisper, so turned on I want nothing more than to mount him and fuck him

senseless, but we both know that can never happen. My virginity needs to stay intact.

“Sienna.” His tone is full of warning, and I rejoice in it.

“I want you to. Don’t you see? I need you to, Stone,” I whine. “My nipples are hard; can you feel them?” I lean away, then push myself into his back again, encouraging the tips of my nipples to brush against his skin.

“Fuck,” he grunts, thrusting his hips like he’s unable to control them. “Fuck.”

“Take it out, Stone. Take it out and fuck your hand. I know you want to.” I don’t know what the hell has come over me, but I’m going with this while I can.

“Jesus,” he grits out.

The arm I hold on to jerks, and I imagine him freeing his solid cock from his boxers. Then his hand moves, and his bicep contracts with each jerk. My fingers twitch to touch him, to feel his length in my hand, but I know that will be too far for him. In all honesty, I’m scared to push for more. I’m worried I’ll push him away, so I delight in each movement and grunt of pleasure as his hips move in time with his hand and my breasts bounce at his back.

“I wish I could touch you. I wish I could feel you come undone in my hand too.”

“Fuck. Fuck,” he chants as his movements become wild, and wetness pools in my panties. “I want that, baby; I want that so fucking bad.” The way he calls me baby so easily causes me to whimper.

Is that what he would call me as he fucks me?

“You want to cover me with your cum?”

He thrusts harder. “Fuck yes. I want you to choke on it.” My fingernails dig into his skin, no doubt leaving marks of my arousal.

“Oh god,” I moan at the depiction he leaves in my mind. The thoughts of his warm cum shooting from the tip of his cock and marking me as his, make me want to slip my fingers inside me. An image of me struggling to take him while he forces his cock inside my mouth flashes before me, and when he finally erupts, it spills from my lips, leaving me a dripping mess.

“You want that, huh?” he rasps. “You want to swallow my cum?”

“Please,” I whine.

“Do you think you could take it all? All this big cock in your little pouty mouth, Sienna?”

The sound of his fist pumping his cock fills the air, and I can only imagine he has pleasure dripping from him. My mouth waters at the thought, and my clit aches for relief.

“No,” I breathe out on a ragged breath.

The sheets rustling at the speed of his movements become an erotic sound among his heavy pants, and I crave to help him. My fingernails dig deeper in his flesh, and he groans, the sound animalistic, like I’m torturing him. Really, he’s the one torturing me.

“I’d have to force myself inside you.” Oh, sweet Jesus, I want that. “Then I’d spill my cum all over you, leaving you a fucking mess. Is that what you want, baby?” His body trembles against mine.

“Oh, fuck.” His movements stutter, then he stills. The cords on his neck are wrung taut, and I place a kiss there. He flinches against my touch, then exhales before relaxing into the mattress. “Fuck.”

I can feel him wiping the cum onto his bedsheet, then he rummages with what I can only imagine is him tucking his spent cock away.

“Put your tits away,” he fires over his shoulder without giving me eye contact, and I huff, then sit up and slip my straps back into place.

“Did you make a mess?” I ask.

He chuckles. “Yeah, Sienna. I made a fucking mess. Satisfied?”

“Not exactly,” I shoot back, and wait for his response.

He turns onto his back, then his gaze travels over me, settling on my lips before staring ahead at the bare wall.

“I can’t touch you, Sienna. You know that.” There’s pain behind his eyes, pain I wish more than anything I could take away.

“But you want to?”

His eyes meet mine. “You know I do.”

“Ma-maybe I can just lay on you and move or something.” I cast my eyes down at my hands as vulnerability slices through me.

His head shoots off the pillow, and I meet his eyes as his eyebrows knit together.

“Lay on me?”

Please say yes. This ache, this throb inside me, needs satiated, and I only want him to do it.

“Y-yes. On your...” I motion toward his thick thigh.

His Adam’s apple slowly slides down his throat, and he nods as understanding crosses over his face. “You wanna fuck my leg?” He swallows harshly, and I’m thankful for the dim lighting as my cheeks turn beet red. “You want to rub your little pussy on me to get off?”

I nod and bite into my lip.

“Slide your panties off, Sienna. Let me feel your pussy drip for me.”

I move quickly so he doesn’t change his mind, then do as he instructed. He lifts his arm for me to straddle him, and I drape one leg over his huge one while I rest my head on his chest, then his thick hand tangles in my hair.

“Take what you need from me, beautiful girl,” he whispers. “Show me how you’d ride my thick cock.”

Wetness slips between my legs as I slowly rub myself over his thick quad muscle, stroking my aching bud until I whimper.

“Fuck. I don’t know how I’m going to keep my hands off you when you make those sounds, Princess.”

The hair on his leg adds friction between my thighs as I rock back and forth, and he holds me firmer against him. “I can feel your wet pussy dripping on me.”

My chest rises as tingles of ecstasy zip up my spine, the throb increasing with the

friction.

“Coat my leg in your cum, beautiful.” I move faster, riding his leg. “Fuck, that’s it. I want my leg coated in your pleasure.” Sliding down his thigh, I grind back up again with ease. “Make me nice and wet.” The sound of his heart thudding against my ear lets me know how much he’s enjoying this, and I place a kiss there, loving how his grip on me tightens when my lips meet his pec. My pants grow heavier, and my lips fall open. “That’s it. Fuck, that’s it. Soak my leg in your pussy juice.” Vision blurring, I’m hit with pure, unadulterated rapture. “Fuck. That’s it.” The sound of his voice trails off as I float in the splendor of his warmth. With his arms banded around me and his heart beating against me, I’ve never felt so safe and loved in my entire life. I moan in bliss while my eyes flutter closed.

“Why do I only find solace in your embrace, Sienna?” He places a soft kiss to my head. “I wish I could keep you,” he whispers as I sink into the abyss.

### Chapter Six

#### Sienna

The last couple of days have been quiet, and it makes me nervous. As much as I hate my father's presence in the house, when he's away for an auction, I know someone is suffering, and the nausea I feel because of this is making me clumsy. The guilt keeps me awake at night, and knowing what torture Stone has suffered only adds to my nightmares.

"That's the third egg you've broken this morning. What's wrong?" Evelyn, the housekeeper's eighteen-year-old granddaughter, eyes me over her schoolwork. She's beautiful, intelligent, and deserves better than living in this house during her summer break. Her grandparents' roles in our family home allow them to send Evelyn to a private boarding school, so she hasn't been around our family long enough to know we're not good people.

Since her mother died a year ago, she spends her school breaks here. Her grandmother is one of our housekeepers, and her grandfather was head of grounds until he became sick recently. They live in a small duplex attached to our home, but Evelyn spends a lot of her free time in the kitchen with her grandmother.

She knows not to go upstairs, and I don't think she'd ever push those boundaries because she's not stupid. The girl has big dreams outside of these four evil walls that stole mine, and a tiny part of me is envious of her and those dreams.

"I'm anxious." I chew on my lip.

“Why?” She tilts her head as she speaks, then her gaze sharpens. “Did someone hurt you?”

I rear back with a gasp. “Why would you think that?”

She releases a low chuckle. “You kind of give off the abused-woman vibe, Sienna. All skittish and locked up tight with secrets you don’t want to share.” Her tone turns playful, and I relax. She’s not trying to pry or gossip; she’s only being a friend.

A genuine friend.

“Our house isn’t safe. That’s all you need to know. Just be mindful of that,” I state as I punch the dough and turn away from her assessing eyes.

“My grandmother told me that. She didn’t want me to come stay again this summer. Don’t worry, I won’t go anywhere I’m not meant to.”

I knew she wouldn’t, but her saying it instills my belief in her. My father has never stepped foot down the stairs of those beneath him, so there’s no risk of him coming across her. Maybe that’s why I enjoy it down here so much.

“You should be a chef, you know? You organize everyone in this kitchen, and your meals are sublime.” She makes a chef’s-kiss gesture with her fingers, and I giggle at her action.

“I’m not allowed to work. It’s beneath me.” I roll my eyes, and she scoffs, causing me to laugh.

“Can I ask you something?” She chews on her lip, and my eyes narrow.

“You can, but I don’t know if I’ll answer.” I shrug while my heart thunders. I’d love

nothing more than to spill my secrets to Evelyn, to have a loyal friend like the girls on television, but I'm not dumb enough to put either of us at risk.

"Have you met your fiancé?"

Her question has my heart skipping a beat, causing me to suck in a sharp breath in order to breathe once again. I shake my head, and tendrils of hair fall from my loose bun.

I swallow past the lump in my throat. "Not yet. He's been difficult." I wince.

She wrinkles her nose. "Difficult how?"

Blowing out a deep breath, I say, "Apparently, he doesn't want an arranged marriage either." I lift a shoulder. "My family wants the connection to his business, and his family wants that too."

"Dumbass. Anyone would be lucky to marry you," she quips, and I chuckle.

As soon as my laugh dies down, her words stir up emotion I try to tamp down. "Maybe his heart is somewhere else."

I shrug, and she stares back at me as if seeing every truth I keep hidden inside.

"You're doomed." She points her pen at me.

"Thanks." I roll my eyes. I'm pleased she turned the conversation into something lighter so the heavy weight of emotion can't creep out.

"Sienna." Czar's sharp voice cuts through the room, and I snap my head up to find him staring at Evelyn with a promising gleam in his eyes. The atmosphere turns icy in

those split moments as they stare at one another. Then he licks his lips like a predator, and I want to throat-punch him for looking at her like a piece of meat.

“What do you want, Czar?” I snap, and he slowly turns his head to face me. The warning behind his gaze has me swallowing. “I’m sorry.” I clear my throat, aware I overstepped, and plaster on a sweet smile. “Did you want me for something?”

Evelyn doesn’t pay attention to our exchange; wise girl. Instead, she keeps her head down and continues to write in her notebook like we don’t exist.

“Father’s moving the wedding forward.”

His glare holds me in place as my throat becomes dry and my hands tighten into fists on the counter.

My tongue thickens and a bead of sweat trickles down my spine. “When?”

“At the end of the month.”

My blood flow becomes rapid, and flurries of butterflies and nervousness take flight in my stomach. My planned future is rushing closer than ever before, and I want nothing more than to protest. To scream and cry and demand a life of my choosing. A man of my choosing. But it’s pointless. My family would never allow it, and the man I want is the man I can’t have.

I’m being forced into an arranged marriage based on another family’s wealth. A family I know nothing about and have never met. All I know is, Azrael has been dealing with this agreement and my time is finally ending. At almost twenty-one, I should have been married off, but some hold up on my fiancé’s part restricted the possibility.

The thought of another man becoming my first of everything makes sickness well inside me, and a whimper leaves my lips as it threatens to boil over.

What if this man is old? My mind goes to Stone; he's only a few years older than me at almost twenty-four, and I thank my lucky stars that he hasn't been put in a position where he has to marry someone of our father's choosing, but that would mean acknowledging him as a son and not a bastard child. Besides, he has mine and Czar's marriages lined up.

"I think it's best if this is kept between us," Czar says, yet it sounds hazy to my ears, like a white noise in the background of the buzzing in my head. "Father doesn't know I'm giving you the heads-up." Of course he doesn't. He'd be livid if he knew Czar spoke so willingly about business in front of me, in front of Evelyn too. Then my eyes dart to hers.

"She won't say a thing." Czar stares at me with confidence, and I know there's more to his statement than what meets the eye. When I glance at her again, I don't miss the way her cheeks burn as she attempts to bury her head into her schoolwork.

He shouldn't be messing around with a nice, innocent schoolgirl like Evelyn. She has a future outside of this, and he has a future mapped out for him, just as I do.

Still, I bite my tongue, knowing my place as a perfect Mafia princess, and tell him what he wants to hear.

"Understood."

Nodding, he turns on his heel to leave the kitchen.

He knows I would never tell Stone about the marriage. Why would I want to break his heart and mine in the process?

I'll protect him, always.

But I can't help the fear that creeps up my spine at the thought of how he will react when he finds out. It will destroy him, and that feeling is worse than anything else.

### Chapter Seven

#### Stone

I deliver another spinning kick to Elijah, my trainer, and he drops to the floor. I've been coming to this gym for as long as I remember, which isn't all that long, truth be told, but it sure as hell feels like it.

Elijah is an ex-boxer turned mixed martial arts trainer, and we hit it off from the moment Don left me here in his capable hands.

"Fuck me, that was a good one." The kid outside the ring claps, then hoots and hollers, pulling my attention away from Elijah.

"Jesus, Stone. Did you have to go in so hard?" Elijah grumbles, and exhales dramatically as he gets back on his feet, rubbing his back. There's no way in hell that hurt him, but every now and again, he pulls the old-man card.

I chuckle at his theatrics. Apart from being around Sienna, this is the only place I'm comfortable enough to be myself and let my true personality come out instead of the stoic, controlled, and contained animal my family like me to be.

My scars are on display for everyone to see here, and it doesn't bother me. They don't berate me for them. If anything, they fear the darkness in mine. I've faced evil head-on, and I remain standing, scars and all. They see me as unbreakable, made of stone, and I want them to. If only they knew it would only take a small woman for me to crumble, then they wouldn't see me as strong at all.

“When I grow up, I wanna be just like you.” The kid, who can’t be a day over sixteen, smiles gleefully, and I sneer in his direction, forcing him to stumble backward. Fucking dumb-ass comment.

He doesn’t realize that means being tortured, belittled, and raped. It sure as hell is a kick in the teeth to hear him think that me fighting is a simple thing to achieve.

“Kid doesn’t know what he’s talking about,” Elijah declares, then he slaps me on the back, and I stiffen. The only person I allow to touch me is her. He chuckles, garnering my attention. “You’re going to win this weekend. What do you want your prize to be?” His eyebrows wiggle in jest.

My mind whirls with the prizes he’s presented to me like a proud father. He’s the only man who has ever come close to showing me any sign of affection. The prizes he gifts me are minor items, ones I treasure. Like a keyring with my name engraved on one side and “Let your heart be your guide” on the other. It’s corny as hell, but it’s the first gift I remember receiving. A bank card in his name that I have free access to despite never using it, but knowing I have access to money outside of my family’s control is reassuring. He once gifted me a spare key to the gym and told me I could use it any time I needed somewhere to get away. That act alone made me feel something I only ever felt toward Sienna, but I just as quickly shot it down and pocketed the key with a swift nod while averting my gaze.

He also never pushes the women, who prowl the arena looking for a champion to fuck, on me. If anything, he bats them away, protecting me from them.

I’m not sure what he sees in me, nor do I know what he knows about me, but I can tell he knows something, and while I’ve considered asking him, I’m also scared of the repercussions of the answers and the fallout that would inevitably follow.

“Go clean the changing rooms, kid.” He shoos the grumbling kid, but with one glare

from me, he scampers toward the changing room door.

Elijah throws me a towel, and I wipe the sweat from my forehead and crack my neck from side to side, hating the way my body aches so much after a training session. It's like a comedown from the exertion I've just put my body through, but also a reminder of my past and future. The pain radiates from me, exaggerated with the way my body has been abused over the years. But it's also a stark reminder I'm not getting any younger and my body will only regress further.

Then what will happen to me once I can't fight anymore?

"Czar has a lot riding on you tomorrow," he states, unwrapping his hand.

"I won't let him down."

"I know you won't. You never do." He watches me from the corner of his eye as I rip the tape from my own hands. "And you have another fight at the end of the month." It's a statement, not a question, so I don't answer. Years of training to know when to use my tongue and when not to, leave me silent a majority of the time. "In New Jersey, right?" He side-eyes me, as if awaiting a response.

"Right."

"Why over there? LA is the bigger scene, right here in California."

"They have an excellent set of trainers there." I shrug. "Not old men like you," I jibe, with a grin tugging on my lips.

"Just want you to be careful, kid." His tone turns flat, as if defeated.

"It's just a fight," I quip in a lame attempt to reassure him. Yet I know damn well it's

more than that. Does he realize it too? The feeling in my gut tells me he does, but I refuse to delve deeper.

“Maybe there’s a bigger picture. You just need to look hard enough to find it. Sometimes, we have to search inside us and follow the beat of our heart. If you listen hard enough, it can guide us home.” I can feel him watching me, waiting for me to ask questions and dig deeper into the conversation, but I don’t. I won’t. Maybe it’s because I’m scared of what I’ll find, but mostly, I’m scared of it taking me away from Sienna.

Slowly, my father’s ruse slips into place. They have me over there to fight, but also, I’m taking out the guy with the serious expression. Almost as if my repeated training sessions and fights in New Jersey have been leading up to the end of the month.

There’s more at play here than the obvious, and something tells me I should know, yet, as frustrating as it is, I have no fucking clue and no way to find out without getting myself killed.

“It’s just a fight,” I repeat.

I swallow back the growing knot and shake my head. Whatever they want to happen will happen. I’m just along for the fucking ride. A puppet attached to their sick strings.

“Is it?” Elijah voices my concern with his tone, and I finally open my mouth to ask him what he knows, but the door to the gym opens, and Slavi, one of my father’s goons, steps inside, glancing at his watch.

“Time’s up, big guy. Let’s go.”

Turning away from Elijah, I leap over the ropes and dip down to grab my bag. Then I

head outside, all while feeling Elijah's eyes on me, and a creeping sense of foreboding ripples up my spine as his words ring out in my mind.

"Maybe there's a bigger picture. You just need to look hard enough to find it. Sometimes, we have to search inside us and follow the beat of our heart. If you listen hard enough, it can guide us home." Screw that, I just want to survive it.

Besides, she's my home.

"Just want you to be careful, kid." Nobody gives a damn about me but Elijah, and I'm left wondering what the hell I'll walk into at the end of the month.

### Chapter Eight

Sienna

Every time Stone is in town and has a fight, I become restless from knowing he's getting hurt and wondering if he's okay.

People say he's made of stone, but I worry one day he will crumble. I know it's inevitable, but I hope when that day comes, I will be the one to piece him back together, as always.

The women who throw themselves at him put me on edge. It shouldn't bother me, but it does. Czar always comes back from fighting with tales of the sexcapades he indulges in, and it makes my insides burn with jealousy at the thought of Stone taking part or even witnessing some of those acts.

I chew on my nails as I stalk the staff quarters hallway like a creeper, but my ears prick up and my breath stills when I hear movement down the corridor.

I slink back into the shadows, my heart thundering so loud I can hear it in my ears. If security catches me down here, they will be asking me questions, so my mind races with a logical story to give. Maybe I can just say I was hungry and went to the kitchen for a midnight snack? Yes, I'll do that. Nothing wrong with that, and totally plausible.

"Shit," a feminine voice mumbles, and I relax as I step away from the wall and into the kitchen. The light from the extractor fills the room.

“Evelyn?”

She startles, with her hand on the French doors, then she slowly spins to face me. Wow! My mouth falls open at the girl before me.

Her red hair is straightened in a high, glossy ponytail that touches her ass. She wears a tight black dress that molds her body perfectly and amplifies her boobs, pushing them up and making her appear older than she is. Her makeup is impeccable, with cat-eye eyeliner and bright-red lips, and I’m instantly envious of her appearance.

She’s beautiful, modern, and carefree.

I stare down at my nightdress, a drab white slip that would suit someone who’s in their seventies. How can I be sexy in this thing? And how the hell can I order something more appropriate for my age? I don’t even have free access to the internet, and while my day clothes aren’t the same standard as my boring night clothes, I fidget, knowing the girl before me is a few years younger and much more worldly than I could ever be.

My father has always made sure I appear flawless, with amazing designers from around the world flown in to accommodate me. My diet has been controlled from the moment I was born, and I have had the best education money can buy despite it being a waste. A woman in my position is used for one thing—breeding.

The successful man who won the bidding? I know nothing about him and won’t be privy to that information until my father deems it necessary, possibly not until my wedding day.

“You’re sneaking out?” I whisper-yell, unable to disguise the curiosity in my tone.

Her eyes widen as she gives me her full attention, then she chews on her painted

bottom lip and finally exhales and relaxes her shoulders as if no longer deeming me a threat.

“I am.” She pulls her shoulders back, and as my gaze travels over her, I look at her a little differently. She’s a confident, striking young woman, not an innocent girl.

Color me intrigued.

“Where are you going?”

She clears her throat and stands taller on her high heels. “To the fight.”

My eyes bug out, and my pulse jumps. “At my brother’s club?”

Her cheeks pinken as she nods, and I realize she’s sneaking out to see Czar. Worry lances through my chest with what they get up to there. “Evelyn, I don’t think that’s a good idea. The things that happen there—”

She holds her hand up and shakes her head. “Maybe I need to see it for myself. To stop this.” Her solemn voice hits me square in the chest, and it’s in that moment I realize how much she cares for him. The look in her eyes freezes me. Holy shit, she loves him. “Maybe I need closure.” She shrugs, and there’s not a doubt in my mind that she will get it tonight. She’s going to be utterly heartbroken.

But maybe she’s right, maybe she needs to see what this world truly entails.

I’ve never been to a fight before, and suddenly, I want nothing more than to be there and see Stone in action.

“I’m coming with you,” I declare, and her jaw drops.

“Sienna, no.” She shakes her head furiously.

Determination sets in my veins. Maybe I need closure too. “Yes.” I raise my chin.

She drops her head back to look at the ceiling, then slowly brings it down. “We’re going to be in so much fucking trouble,” she says with a smirk.

Excitement vibrates through me as adrenaline whips up my spine at the prospect of a night of freedom. “Not if we don’t get caught.” I wink with feigned confidence.

### Chapter Nine

#### Sienna

After quickly changing into one of Evelyn's dresses and applying a layer of lip gloss, I walked with her out of the house under strict instructions to follow her lead. She smiled at one of the security guards and gave him a wave, then took my hand in hers as we teetered on high heels toward her car. His eyes never left my ass to survey my face, and Evelyn reassured me that the darkness would blanket my identity.

Apparently, this is something she's done before, and I wonder where the hell the meek and mild girl I thought I knew has been hiding this version of herself.

We drive toward the venue in a comfortable silence, listening to Rhianna as she follows the satnav. Her car is old and not something I've ever been in before, but I've never felt so comfortable and free at the same time.

No security, no control. Just us and the open road. I close my eyes and relish the breeze coming through the window and smile as I imagine Stone and me driving like this, without a care in the world and no threats of violence.

The constraints of our lives severed, bringing with it a future together. In this moment, I allow myself to believe it's a possibility. My body thrums with happiness, and I indulge in the feeling of freedom.

"This is it." My eyes snap open, and I take in the building as her car comes to a spluttering halt. Not quite what I expected, so I scrunch up my nose at the dilapidated

warehouse.

“Is it safe?”

Evelyn scoffs a laugh. “You’re seriously asking me if it’s safe?”

She’s right. I live in the Mafia. Nothing is safe.

Before I second-guess myself, she’s hopping out the car. “Come on.”

The floor vibrates with the roar of the crowd as my eyes remain locked on the man in the cage. His scarred back flexes with each calculated swing of his arm as sweat drips from him and blood pours from his opponent, who wobbles with the impact of each punch.

“Jesus, he’s a machine!” Evelyn gasps from beside me as we’re transfixed on Stone’s match.

He’s fierce, raw, confident, and assertive, moving with ease around his opponent. Like a lion circling its prey, he’s in complete control, and I wonder if he’s just as commanding in the bedroom. I shift from foot to foot as my panties become slick, and the ache between my legs intensifies.

As if there’s an invisible force, his head snaps to the side and his gaze locks with mine. Time and my heart stop as his eyes narrow before awareness crosses over his face, and his opponent uses the opportunity to hit him in the jaw, and our gazes disconnect. The sound of the punch resonates through my bones, and I whimper on his behalf as he stumbles slightly, and guilt rushes through me.

“Oh, shit.” Evelyn jolts, and I follow her focus, where dark eyes glare in our direction, then Czar jumps to his feet and storms toward us. He’s never appeared so

furious as he is right now, and for the first time in my life, my brother's anger terrifies me.

"M-maybe we should leave?" Evelyn grabs her purse from the floor, and I nod.

"Maybe you shouldn't have fucking come!" he booms. Just how the hell did he get through the crowd so quickly?

Fury burns on each one of his handsome features. His face is red as he glares at Evelyn and me. Then he jerks us by our arms, and my jaw drops at his roughness.

The crowd parts as if on his command, and he marches us toward a door, but my feet struggle to keep up with his powerful strides.

"I can't fucking believe this. Do you realize how much money you just cost me because that son of a bitch got a hit in?" he sneers.

"I'm sure I can't begin to imagine." Evelyn rolls her eyes, and my eyes bug out at her words. Nobody speaks to Czar like this. Nobody.

"Keep that smart mouth of yours shut!" he snaps as he leads us down a dark corridor with a group of his men following swiftly behind us.

She scoffs. "You normally want it open, and now you want it shut. Make up your damn mind, Czar." Holy shit. Who the hell is she? My eyes flare with outrage and awe.

He throws open the door, shoves us inside what appears to be an office, then slams the door behind us, making me jump.

Evelyn seems completely unperturbed at his outburst, and I have to wonder what life

she must lead to not be bothered by his volatile behavior.

“We were having a good night.” She stares down at her nails as if fascinated by them, and truthfully, I’m gobsmacked at her nonchalant behavior.

“Good fucking night?!” Czar looks fit to burst as he tears open the top button of his white button-down shirt and paces the room. “That punch he got in just cost me millions, Evelyn. Have you any idea how my father’s going to react to that loss?”

A flash of fear ripples through me, and I struggle to suck in air, my chest constricting with each attempt. I know exactly who will get the blame for that loss. Czar’s eyes meet mine, and an understanding crosses between us, then his shoulders sag. “You shouldn’t have been here, Si—” He’s cut off by the office door being thrown open.

“What the fuck is she doing here?” Stone’s stormy eyes land on me, guilt swimming in them.

His presence sends butterflies fluttering through my stomach, and I gasp sharply, surprised at how intoxicating his presence is to me. He looks away while I take in every inch of his solid, muscular frame.

Sweat pours off him, and my mouth waters to sample it. His knuckles drip with blood, and I have a sudden urge to kiss his wounds, giving him the affection he craves.

“Take her home. I want to speak with Evelyn,” Czar says, his gaze locked on Stone as he leans against his desk. It’s like Evelyn and I no longer exist while they stare at one another and have a secret conversation.

Finally, Stone nods, then turns, not giving me eye contact, and opens the office door. “Follow me.”

As I chance a glance at Evelyn, she is looking everywhere except at Czar, and my lip quirks. “Will you be okay?” I ask her.

“Stone,” Czar barks out, causing me to jolt, and Stone grips my arm and pulls me through the doorway. His touch burns through me as he rushes us down the corridor.

“Don’t know what the fuck you’re playing at, Sienna,” he says through clenched teeth. The venom in his tone causes me to whimper as he marches us down the corridor. Then he pushes open a door, pulls me inside, and slams it behind us, and the lock engaging has me spinning to face him.

My heart thunders in my chest as nervousness overcomes me. His gaze seethes with hatred, forcing my throat to lock up tight. I step back, and he follows me until I’m flush with the lockers. Then he places his hands above me, caging me in. His thick arms twitch with unadulterated rage beside my head, and anger radiates from him in suffocating waves.

What the hell have I done?

What the hell are they going to do to him? A strangled whine leaves my throat, and I hate myself for showing weakness when he is always so strong.

My eyes latch onto the tattoo on his bicep, and I’m hit with a memory that reinforced his strength in my mind.

### Chapter Ten

Sienna

Once again, I tilt my head, trying to figure out who he looks like. He must look like his mother. The young man they say is my father's offspring sounds and looks nothing like us.

And why does he have so many scars and bandages around him? The nurse said he had burns and that it would have been kinder if he'd died, and the thought alone feels like someone is tearing out my heart.

The cruelty he's obviously endured has been ongoing for a long time. Some of the scars I've trailed my fingertips over are old, as is the ink they've used to disguise them. Then the new one on his bicep is new but seems to cover an older piece.

"It used to be a wolf," he mumbles, and my finger stills on the new ink—a reaper.

"Why did you cover it?" I whisper before following the pattern.

"It taunted me."

My movement stops, and I turn to face him. His swollen eyes study me as much as I am him. I can feel the heat rising to my cheeks, but I ignore it, determined to see my line of questioning through. He's far too intriguing for me to become so distracted.

"How?"

“I can’t remember having it and what it stands for. Don said it was a reminder of who I used to be, so until I remembered who that was, it had to stay.”

“He wanted you to remember.” I dip my head in understanding. Interesting.

His eyebrows furrow. “He was willing me to.”

“Then why did you change it? If you couldn’t remember.”

“Because I knew if I remembered, it would change everything. Change this.” His bright-blue eyes implore mine. He doesn’t want to lose the connection we have. My stomach swirls with a foreign feeling of happiness.

I lick my lip, and his eyes follow the action. “What do you mean, exactly?”

His cheeks turn red, and his gaze snaps away, staring at the white walls of what doubles up as an infirmary and his bedroom in the staff quarters. I get the distinct feeling he’s talking about me, and I bite my lip to stop myself from smiling.

Then he fidgets from side to side. “Don told me he was going to burn off my tattoo. Probably worried I’d finally remember something important, so might as well wipe the reminder from me.”

My breathing stills.

“I went out and got the tattoo covered, figured I could choose it myself. If he burned it off after, so be it.” He shrugs.

I trail my finger over it again. “He let you keep it.”

He laughs, but it lacks humor, and my blood runs cold.

“He did.”

I trail my finger over the scythe. “Does it have a meaning to you?”

“Yeah.” He clears his throat. “I should have died a thousand deaths by now, Sienna.” Nausea ripples through me. “Death keeps trying to claim me, but I’m still here.”

I bend and place a kiss on the reaper, and he flinches at my touch, but I ignore him and lift my head to meet his eyes. “I’m grateful you are.”

“Pretty sure he took my soul, Princess.” His lip twitches, but I see in his despondent eyes that he believes it, and I hate that he does.

“You’re wrong, Stone. It wasn’t taken by the reaper. I took it, and I’m going to keep it safe for you.” I want to tell him I’m keeping it safe for us, but I don’t want to push him away when I’m making such progress with him.

“You keep my soul, and I’ll keep your heart. That way, we’ll always have a part of each other, no matter what.” His ragged breaths become shallow as his eyes fall closed.

“You have every part of me, Stone,” I whisper.

“What did Don do to you for having the tattoo?”

His gaze narrows on me as sweat drips from his forehead. His body is coiled tight as he stares down at me with pinched eyebrows.

He slowly licks his lips as if gauging what to say. “You really want to know, Si?” His warm breath fans over my face as he leans down, and I melt against the locker with a need to crash my lips against his.

“Y-yes ...”

His mouth moves toward my ear, and the closeness of his bare chest sends a flurry of goosebumps down my spine. “He chained me to the floor, burned me, and laughed while he rubbed salt on my wounds. Then you know what he did?” I shake my head as I stare back at him in horror. “He used a cattle prod to stun me, but I welcomed it. You know why?” I shake my head. “Because it didn’t hurt as much as when he fucked my ass.” He chuckles sadistically, and my heart twists with the brutal methods our uncle would use to torture him. My blood runs cold, my heart stutters, and I whimper as tears fill my eyes.

“I’m sorry.” My lip trembles at the thought of him enduring the agony his life has been, and I hate myself for knowing the truth. Sobs rack through me. “I’m so sorry.”

He shakes his head beside mine, then breathes in my hair. “Don’t be sorry, baby. It meant I got to spend time with you.”

My mind whirls with his words, and my vision becomes hazy as I slowly realize the meaning behind them.

He endured torture to spend time with me.

Realization hits me as his words ring out in my mind. “Don’t be sorry, baby. It meant I got to spend time with you.” Did he do things in order to receive punishments? Punishments that brought him closer to me.

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*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

I know the moment she realizes what my words meant because her body trembles against mine and a soft cry leaves her throat, yet her pity brings me no pleasure. I simply don't want it. I never have. All I have ever wanted is her close to me, in whatever capacity.

As long as I have her, I have everything.

Did I do things wrong to get punished? Not always, but sometimes, most of the time, it meant having to go into the infirmary and being bed bound in the room she would sneak into.

Then she straightens, and I pull back, but only enough to see her sparkling green eyes that haunt me in the best way possible.

She rolls her lips, and the gloss on them has me wanting to coat my own lips with it. Just a taste. A little taste.

“?”

My gaze snaps to hers.

“I want you to...” She swallows hard, then she opens her mouth again. “I want you to fuck my ass.”

I rock back on my heels, stunned, and every cell inside me becomes rigid. Out of all the things she could say, I never imagined it would be that.

My cock leaks against the waistband of my boxers, having been rock hard since the moment I touched her in the office, yet I still can't come to terms with what came out of her mouth.

She clears her throat and stands straighter. "Did you hear me?"

I remain frozen and stare down at her, searching her face for the truth.

Then she steps forward and grinds her hips against mine, and I pull back enough to still be caging her in but not touching her.

"I said—"

"I heard what you fucking said, Sienna," I growl, and my hands ball into fists above her head.

"I want you to." She licks her lips again, and I don't think she's aware how fucking seductive that move is, and fuck me if my cock doesn't appreciate the action. My balls become unbearably tight as pre-cum pulsates out of the tip, wetting my abs.

I shake my head, my mind and body at war with one another as my blood pumps rapidly and my fingers twitch to meet her demands.

"I want to feel what it's like to have you inside me," she whispers.

"Not like that, Sienna." As much as it pains me to reject her, I won't hurt her. I refuse to.

"Maybe. Maybe you could do it a little." She chews into her bottom lip, and it takes everything in me not to snag it between my teeth.

“A little?” I repeat her words like an idiot.

The heat from her cheeks radiates from her, and I long to bask in her warmth, to nuzzle into her neck and place feathery kisses over her bare skin. She nods coyly. “Just so I can feel you against me and you can put some of your cum inside me.”

I swear my heart skips a fucking beat. Jesus fucking Christ, is she trying to kill me?

My jaw falls lax at the thought of my cock touching her soft body, breaching her hole, and my cum coating her smooth, unblemished skin, marking her as mine. I’ve never felt so feral, and a need so strong to have her, any part of her, makes me feel like my veins will combust with the way my blood boils with eagerness.

“Pl-please, . I want to feel you.” Her green eyes plead with me, and her lips part as she waits for my response.

“Can’t fuck you, Sienna,” I hiss out as I clamp my teeth together. She knows she needs to remain a virgin for whatever sham of a marriage her family has planned for her, and as much as it pains me, I came to terms with the fact a long time ago. I’ve always known she would be someone else’s.

“I know that,” she snaps. Then she exhales and leans toward my ear. “I want you to take my ass. Even if it’s a little.”

Fuck, does she even know what she’s asking?

Her hand moves to rest over my solid cock. “I want to give you this. I want this.” She squeezes me. “It’s my choice to want you.”

A roar escapes me and, in a flash, I spin her around to face the lockers. She gasps as my rough hands dig into her hips, then I step forward and grind my solid cock into

her ass.

This is wrong, so fucking wrong, but I'm beyond caring.

We can't be related.

We can't.

How can I have endured such hell for me not to be allowed a taste of heaven?

"Are you sure you want this?" I breathe against her ear, and she shudders. Fucking shudders.

"Yes, please."

"Lift your dress." I stroke my cock through my gym shorts and stare down at her shimmying the tight little number above her ass.

Her bare ass cheeks come into view, and my movements still. "You didn't wear panties?" I choke out.

She looks over her shoulder. Those green eyes of hers clash with mine, and they're full of sparkle and mischief. "I don't have any sexy ones."

Sexy ones? Does she not understand any panties on her are sexy?

"I should spank your ass so hard you can't sit down," I bite out.

"Or you could fuck it?" She chews on her bottom lip, stifling the smile that threatens to spread.

I groan at her words and nuzzle into her hair to inhale her clean scent. Then I flick my tongue over her ear, and a whimper leaves her. “Put your hands above your head.”

She trembles and does as I asked, and I take her delicate wrists in mine and hold them against the wall.

“Oh god,” she mumbles.

“You backing out?” I check, although I want nothing more than to ram my cock deep inside her. “You don’t want my thick cock in your tight ass anymore, Sienna?” I ask while burying my face into her hair, committing her comforting scent to memory.

“I want it.” She juts her ass out for emphasis.

My throat becomes dry, but I’m able to praise her and give her exactly what she wants. “Good girl.” Then, with my free hand, I lower my shorts, letting my cock spring free. The angry head is leaking pre-cum, and I’ve never been so turned on in my entire life. I pull her hips into position so she’s slightly bent over. It allows me to see her hole, and my mouth waters.

I’m going to fuck her. I’m finally going to fuck her.

Then I drop my head and spit on the tip of my cock. Along with the pre-cum, I have enough lube to slide the head inside her.

“Gonna hurt.” I fist my cock between her cheeks, delighting in the way her ass shakes from side to side with the force.

“I want it.” Her heavy pants and reddened cheeks are an indicator of her arousal, and I swear I can smell her pussy, but I don’t dare touch it. If I do, I won’t be able to control myself, and there’s no coming back from that, and something tells me Sienna

knows it too.

That's why she offered me her ass.

Her brother.

So instead, I concentrate on giving her what she asked for.

My fist works quickly as I line my cock up with her puckered hole. "Just gonna put the head in, baby." I swallow back the excitable lump in my throat. "Just the head, okay?"

"I want you to come inside me," she pants, and my pace picks up. The slapping of skin as I fist myself, and our heavy breathing fills the otherwise empty locker room.

"I can do it like this," I bite out as I fight the need to push deep inside her, branding her as mine.

The head of my cock breaches her muscles as I jerk myself faster and faster. She winces when I push in and steps up on her tiptoes, then her muscles coil tight. "Oh god," she mumbles.

I stare down at the tip of my cock stretching her. "You want it?"

"Yes."

I push another inch inside her, hissing through my teeth while her puckered hole acts as a vise around my cock head.

Her body becomes tight. "It hurt?" I slow my progress.

“It burns. But don’t stop,” she pants. “More. Just please, . I want to feel you.”

“Fuck,” I grunt, conflicted with adoring this foreign feeling of pleasure, but hating the fact I could hurt her.

“I want all of you,” she says, as if hearing my thoughts. “I want to feel you come deep inside me. I need to feel it’s you doing it to me.”

The thought of anyone else touching her like this makes me murderous.

Jesus.

I lean forward and lick a trail up her neck and can’t help the groan that escapes me when I taste her sweet scent on my tender tongue. “I fucking own you, Sienna. You’re mine.”

“Yes. I’m yours,” she cries out with strangled glee as I slide in deeper.

I stare down at my cock widening her hole, and my balls draw up as I push farther inside. Her ass stretches around my thickness, and I’ve never witnessed something so incredibly hot in my entire life.

“I own this ass. You hear me, Sienna? Me!” I push all the way inside, and a scream rips from deep within her, forcing me to clamp my hand over her mouth. Knowing someone might hear her only adds to my need to possess her.

“These sounds of pleasure are mine. You hear me?”

She attempts to nod, and my balls draw up at her submission. Fuck me, she’s amazing. Every goddamn inch of her.

My hips smack against her ass cheeks as I settle my cock deep inside her.

Then I rear back and slam back in again and again.

With each whimper she makes, my pace picks up, and I try to ignore the thrill zipping through me, making me feel more in control and alive than ever.

The possession rushing through my veins is an aphrodisiac to my tortured soul, and I vow to keep her. At this moment, she's mine and nobody else's. I own her.

She mumbles against my hand and pushes back against me. I don't know whether it's pleasure or pain causing her to react, but I want them both.

I pull out to the tip of my cock, then thrust to the hilt, causing my eyes to roll at the sensation of her warm grip. "Fuck yes," I grunt.

She pants against my hand, and I take pleasure in it.

"No one can hear you. Nobody can hear your brother fucking your ass." My words pour from me, and her body coils tightly beneath mine. "I bet your little pussy is dripping, begging to be fucked like I'm taking your ass."

I thrust harder and harder, owning her ass, fucking it hard and fast while she lets me use her for my pleasure.

"Fucking mine," I roar as my cock swells, and my movements stutter as stars flash before my eyes with each thick spurt of my cum. I continue to bury my cock deep inside her stretched hole, willing this moment to never end.

I stare down at where we're joined and bask in the glory of it.

As my cum trickles out of her swollen asshole, I wish it was her pussy I'd flooded with my seed, ensuring she was truly mine forever.

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I wince as Stone pulls out of my ass, already missing the feeling of fullness his thickness brings.

I'm not going to lie. The burn was excruciating, but a fervor of arousal swirled inside me with each thrust of his powerful hips. The pain coupled with knowing how much he was enjoying it and how much he unraveled for me was like nothing I've ever felt before. At that moment, I controlled him, and I brought him to orgasm.

We had sex, and the euphoria of that sends a wave of possession through me. The tight grip on my wrists loosens, and he drops my hands.

His cum trickles down my thighs, and I glance over my shoulder to find him staring at my ass.

"I've never seen anything so fucking incredible." His lips are parted in wonderment, and his intense gaze heats me. When I glance down toward his cock, my body sinks when he's already tucked himself away. Then I lift my head to face him, and he stares back at me with awe. Something catalytic passes between us, and in this moment, gazing into his blue eyes and into his soul, I see the real man he is. He's never done this before. I gave him a first, like he gave me.

"Have you ever ..."

He shakes his head, then clears his throat and averts his eyes until they finally land back on me. "Not that I can remember, anyway." His ears burn bright red, but his eyes remain locked on mine, and he swallows thickly. "My body calls to yours, . It shouldn't, but it does. I only want you."

“I only want you too,” I whisper. With tears swimming in my eyes, I know I can never have him, not how I want him, at least.

He uses his thumb to swipe a tear from my cheek before sucking it into his mouth.

“Let me rub my cum into you.”

His huge palms spread over my ass cheeks, and he gently massages them before using two fingers to paint me with his thick warmth.

“Do you ache?” he asks with a rasp.

My mouth turns to cotton at his question. He means my clit, and I nod. “Yes.”

His lip curls into a satisfied smile, then he removes his hands and drops my dress over my ass cheeks, causing my shoulders to slump, and I groan in disappointment.

“Good.” He grins, exposing the dimples he rarely shows, and I want to kick him in the balls for not taking away the ache between my legs. “Let’s get you home, and we’ll see what we can do about it.” Suddenly, I want nothing more than to return to the hell of Casa Forte. My body burns with anticipation of his promise.

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### Chapter Eleven

Sienna

My body is riddled with expectation as we head through the streets of California and back toward my home. The usual feeling of dread is missing. Knowing my father isn't home and Stone has something in mind has me excited like never before.

After he covered me, he quickly threw on a hoodie and some sneakers, then grabbed his gym bag, and we headed through a back exit and to his SUV.

There's something uniquely hot about a hulk of a man in a black hoodie with tattooed hands driving one handed, and I practically groan at the thought of him towering over me and taking what he wants.

His gaze shifts from the road to mine, then just as quickly back again.

"You said you haven't done that before?" I chew on my lip, waiting for his answer as he stares ahead.

"Fucked someone's ass?"

I nod.

"No, Sienna. I haven't." His eyes sparkle with mirth as they meet mine again. "You like that, Princess? My cock's only ever been inside you?"

My eyes widen at his admittance. “Only me? You haven’t?” I swallow harshly.  
“What about other stuff?”

“Fucked someone’s pussy?”

I nod at his crudeness.

He scrubs a hand over his neck and shifts uncomfortably. “Not that I can remember.”  
Butterflies take flight in my belly.

“Wish I could own all of you.” His tone has turned solemn, and his eyes go back to the road, narrowing, and his grip tightens on the steering wheel.

“Me too,” I murmur, and mean every word. “Me too.”

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

I park the car in the staff quarters and help her out of the SUV. More than anything, I want to entwine my hand with hers, but I refrain from doing so since there are security cameras on the premises. Something Czar will be on the warpath about tomorrow when he investigates how the girls left the property in the first place.

We head toward the staff entrance, and I scan my hand over the door and push it open to give us access. I follow her inside, then she stops, making my lip twitch at the submissive way she waits for my instruction.

“My room.” I jut my chin toward my bedroom, and a smile spreads over her face. She practically bounces on those ridiculously high heels as she sways her hips. Then she stops outside my door and waits for me to unlock it.

The excitement thrumming through my veins has me scrambling to retrieve my key and unlock the door, then I push it open, and she steps inside. She goes to the small desk lamp beside my bed and turns it on, spinning to face me.

“What now?”

“Now I want you to show me how you pleasure yourself.”

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

“Now I want you to show me how you pleasure yourself.”

My body flushes, and my clit pulsates. Holy shit. Can I do this?

“Take your dress off for me, . Let me see my girl lying on my bed.” His words rush through my body, and a tsunami of desire floods between my legs. I don’t think I’ve ever been so turned on in my entire life.

He whips his hoodie over his head and throws it to the corner of the room, and his pupils dilate as his gaze zeros in on me. I straighten my spine and feign confidence, then kick off my heels and slowly pull my dress over my head, baring myself to him. My breasts bounce, and his heated stare roams over them as he licks his lips.

I ogle the man I love, the one who owns my heart and, in truth, my body too. He just can’t act on it. Guilt flickers through me at the many scars and marks littering his body like a canvas of torture, and I hate the fact I know I contributed to his pain. His muscles flex under my scrutiny, and my core flushes brighter than the stars lining the sky, desperate to be seen. I spin on the balls of my feet and sway toward his bed. His scent encompasses me, and the wetness slips between my legs, coating my thighs, with his cum coating my ass.

“Fuck,” he grunts, and I glance over my shoulder to see him stroking his solid cock over his gym shorts.

“Are you going to get naked too?” I climb onto his single bed and roll onto my back with my head on his pillow and breathe him in. He’s all around me, and I wish for nothing more than for him to be inside me, to feel the weight of his solid body

covering me, pinning me down, and forcing me full of him.

He shakes his head, and disappointment lances through my chest, but I try not to show it. I haven't seen his cock even though I've felt the thickness of it in my ass, and I want to. God, do I want to.

"Touch yourself." His voice is gravelly, and the dark edge to it has me complying in an instant.

Spreading my legs to give him a show, I open them wide, and a thrill zips up my spine when a hiss leaves him. Then I use the pad of my fingers to swipe through the wetness coating them. The deep ache in my ass only adds to my need, and slowly, I brush over my clit, circling it longer on each stroke as my confidence grows from the control I have over him. How his hand disappears into his shorts to fist himself frantically and the way his muscles have become taut with need, have desire seeping from me.

"Fuck, I want to touch you so bad," he pants out. "So fucking bad."

I throw my head back against the pillow, desperately willing him to do just that. "Please. Do it."

The mattress creaks and dips, and I dart my head up in shock at him mounting the bed.

Holy shit.

Holy shit. He's getting on the bed with me. My breath catches in my throat, and I continue swirling my fingers over my clit, but not too fast. Too fast and I'll come with his body nestled between my legs, and I want to savor this moment for as long as I can. I want it to last forever.

“Fuck, I can smell you from here, . I can smell your pussy dripping for me.”

“Yes.” I press harder and arch my back with the shockwaves rippling through me. Oh god, I’m almost there. “Touch me. Please touch me.”

His thick hand tightens on my open thigh, and I moan at his touch. It sears into me, branding me with his ownership.

His Adam’s apple slides slowly down his throat as he stares at the apex of my thighs, then I almost combust when he licks his lips and works his fist faster. “Fuck, I’m going to come.”

“Please touch me.” I try again.

His hand slides off my thigh, and he uses his thick fingers to part my folds.

Oh god. His touch sends a wave of glorious bliss through me. He’s finally touching me how I’ve always wanted.

“Where do you want me to touch?” His eyes dart up to mine, and my heart skips a beat at the intensity behind them. It’s almost like he’s asking me what to do, and my heart swells at the thought.

“Can you put your finger inside me?” I bite on my lip, wondering if he’s willing to go that far. “Push it in and out? Just a little?” My body involuntarily bucks beneath him as if willing him to do it, and when his thick finger moves to my entrance, my finger stills, waiting to feel him there.

“You’re so wet, Princess. Is all this for me?”

“Yes. Always for you.” I circle my clit again and moan loudly when his finger

breaches my hole.

“Fuck. Fuck, that’s good.” He licks his lips as he stares down with his jaw slack.

Slowly, agonizingly slowly, he slides inside me until he stops.

“I can feel your barrier,” he whispers, and I freeze. We stare at one another as he touches me, and I can feel it deep inside as he strokes over the one thing he can never have, and he knows it too. The sadness in his eyes makes an appearance before he quickly masks it.

Then he slides his finger out and back in, gaining a steady rhythm as my finger assaults my clit again.

“I’m fucking you, baby. I’m using my thick finger to fuck your tiny pussy. You’re stretching around me, you’re so goddamn small, .”

“Oh god.” I pant at his filthy words.

“Fuck, you look so damn good with your tits bouncing while I finger-fuck you, Si.”

“Yesss. Don’t stop. Please don’t stop,” I beg, then my orgasm hits me, and my walls pulsate around him.

My head falls back against the pillow, and I can hear his fist working while he fucks my pussy in time with his cock.

“Fuck. Fuck,” he chants, and my pussy clamps around him. A warm splash of cum hits my fingers, coating my pussy with his seed.

Slowly, I come down from my orgasm and sit up on my elbows to find him

withdrawing his finger. The blush travels down my cheeks and over my chest as he coats his fingers in his cum, then slowly pushes it inside me. I can feel him touching my walls and painting them with his arousal.

“Do you think you could get pregnant like this?” he asks, darting his eyes up to mine with his finger still lodged inside me.

“I-I don’t know.” I bite into my lip.

His shoulders sag, and mine droop too when he slides his finger from me.

I scan his body, and again, I’m hit with the fact he tucked his cock away before I could see it, almost as if he’s purposely keeping it from me, and I hate it. He’s probably allowed other women to see him naked, touch him. Anger and jealousy unleash within me like an atomic bomb set for destruction.

“Has anyone ever touched you?” I snipe.

His gaze slowly rises to mine, then his eyes widen and his lips part, but nothing comes out of his mouth, so I rephrase the question.

“Have any women ever touched you?”

“No,” he says immediately, and my anger dissipates just as quickly.

“Never?”

“Not from what I can remember, no.”

“Have you ever touched a woman?”

He fidgets from side to side, and his chest rises.

I chew on my lower lip, hoping above all hope that he's never touched someone like he just touched me.

Then his eyes find mine. "No. Only you."

Happiness flows, settling in my bloodstream like an antidote.

He clears his throat. "I've only ever wanted to touch you." His eyes hold mine as we stare at each other.

Then he glances away before quickly looking back at me, as if scared I would move.

His focus locks on to my tits, and a flurry of jubilation simmers my blood at the desire in his bright-blue eyes.

"You can touch them if you want," I whisper.

He moves to lie beside me, his head on the pillow and his large frame dwarfing me as he settles on his side. Love seeps from his eyes as he takes me in, and his thick fingers brush a tendril of my hair, the softness of his actions a contrast to the hulk of a man he is.

Something settles between us, an unspoken longing, a forbidden action neither of us can deny, nor would we want to, no matter how devastating the consequences.

I shift, positioning myself higher than him and my breasts in line with his face, then I lean forward and, with a hand on my breast, offer my nipple to his waiting mouth. His hot breath flutters over the peak before he takes my hand away, replacing it with his, and a surge of need pulsates down to my core when he suckles on my nipple and

a groan rumbles in his throat.

He caresses my breast as his tongue toys with my nipple, then he pops off. “You’re so much softer than I imagined.”

I wish I could bottle up the sensation and meaning behind his words as his eyes glint with wonder. Then I take a mental snapshot of this intimate moment we’re experiencing, stripped of our names and connection and allowing each other to be ourselves.

I settle back into the pillow while Stone sucks on me, and I stroke over his shaved head and down his thick neck and back up again. The tips of my fingers dance over his scarred skin delicately as he takes what he needs from me. I offer him the tenderness he deserves, and he grants me the attention I crave.

My heart wills this to be my future, but my future intends to destroy my heart. For tonight, I will embrace it and keep it locked up tight. Another secret to add to the lies. Another reason for a punishment to be delivered, however much I hate it.

### Chapter Twelve

Stone

I woke to an empty bed, and if I couldn't smell her cherry scent on my pillows and her sweet pussy on my fingers, I never would have thought last night happened at all, but my cock stirs as I remember it.

Whenever Sienna would sneak into my room, she would always be gone by the morning, as if she was never there, and I push away the hurt I feel at her absence.

After triple-checking my sparse room for any sign of her presence, I grab a towel and head to the staff showers.

Not having my own bathroom is a pain in the ass, but my father always looks for a reason to make sure I'm below him, and me not having my own facilities when many of the staff do is one of them.

I head upstairs after throwing on a white shirt and black pants, knowing my father hates me dressed in anything other than something deemed acceptable, which is a joke, given I'm anything but acceptable in his life.

Pushing open the kitchen door, I grin when I see Meredith, one of the cooks, taking fresh croissants from the oven.

"You're wanted upstairs. Azrael is expecting you for breakfast," she snaps, pointing toward the door.

My steps falter. “Is he?” My mind whirls with the conversations we’ve recently had, and not one of them mentions breakfast with him.

“Now. Go!” Her voice rises, and the panic is because she will have received the venom from Azrael’s spiteful tongue for my absence.

I turn and head upstairs to the dining room, bypassing the security who line the corridors once again.

Then I knock and wait to be granted entry.

“This better be Stone,” he barks out.

“It is,” I grunt as I push open the door.

My breath is stolen from my lungs at the beauty of her, and my footing falters as I will my feet to move and not give anything away.

I take my position at the end of the table and raise my head to find Azrael’s and Czar’s eyes on me. The heat of their stares have sweat gathering on my forehead, but I force myself to remain calm. Do they know?

“Thank you for bringing Sienna home last night,” Azrael says, then takes a spoonful of his granola.

“It’s fine.”

“She shouldn’t have been there in the first fucking place,” Czar snarls, and I couldn’t agree more. Still, after the pleasure we both received last night, I’m also very fucking grateful she was. “You do realize how much you cost me, right?” He glares at Sienna, and she calmly dabs the corners of her precious lips, then places the napkin on her lap

and lifts her gaze to Czar's ruthless glare.

"Millions?"

"Damn fucking right." Czar slams his fist on the table. "Millions, and do you know who's going to receive punishment for that loss?"

All eyes fall on me, and I feel Sienna's hurt radiating from her, penetrating my soul, so I gift them with a shrug. "It's fine."

"It's not fucking fine, Stone. She needs to grow the hell up. What were you even thinking?" he admonishes.

Her eyes narrow and her jaw sets, and I rub my forehead, waiting for the onslaught. Something that would never happen if her father was present.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I wanted to have some fun for once in my life before you marry me off to some guy I don't even know." Hearing the words sends a rush of jealousy and possession to heat my blood, and I grit my teeth and clench my jaw to keep my mouth shut. My fingers dig into my palm beneath the table as I stare stoically ahead, trying to block out her words.

Azrael's hand snaps out, and he grips her by the throat. "Stop acting like a fucking brat before I punish you like one!" Her eyes bulge, but there's not a single part of me that believes Azrael would harm her. I itch to get out of my chair and punish him for touching what's mine, threatening what's mine, but I remain unmoving as much as it pains me to do so.

He releases her, and she slinks back into her chair, stroking over the column of her delicate neck. There's no mark there, but my fingers twitch to add one. How pretty she would look with my finger marks on her throat. Everyone would know she

belonged to me. I'd make sure of it.

"Or should I add another punishment to Stone?" His lip curls as he stares at her, and her eyes flicker to mine before she shakes her head.

"I'm sorry," she rushes out.

"Every action has a consequence, Sienna, and you need to remember that. You both do." He looks at me pointedly before turning his dark eyes toward hers. The sinister way he delivers the words sends a shiver of awareness down my spine, and I fight back the need to swallow. Instead, I attempt to remain calm, but his words ring out in my head like a warning.

"Every action has a consequence, Sienna, and you need to remember that. You both do."

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

We eat breakfast in silence, but I can feel Stone's eyes on me throughout, and I'm desperate to reciprocate the attention but refrain from doing so, knowing the agony it could cause. I'm barely able to eat the muesli placed in front of me. I don't enjoy it the best of days, let alone with the threat of violence aimed at Stone hanging over me like a dark cloud threatening a storm of brutality.

Czar clears his throat, and I snap my head up to face him. "Stone is leaving in two weeks." I turn my attention to Stone, who stares ahead, completely unfazed by this announcement. Was he even aware? "He has a big fight to prepare for on the East Coast."

"Where?" I ask, then mentally chastise myself for showing too much interest.

His eyes narrow on me, and I turn my attention back to my muesli, pushing it around the bowl in the hopes it will disappear. I'm not allowed to be excused from the table until every mouthful is eaten, per Father's orders.

"You pay too much attention to your brother, . Maybe you should concentrate on your own life. You are, after all, going to be married before long," Azrael gloats, but his focus doesn't leave Stone, and out of the corner of my eye, I see him straighten at Azrael's words.

When I turn to face him, his jaw is set, and I swear I hear him grind his teeth. His hands are balled into tight fists, which he quickly moves to beneath the table while staring down at his untouched food. "Not hungry?" Azrael asserts, making me want to kick him in the balls for being such a blatant dick toward Stone.

As each day passes, he sounds more like our father, and I hate it.

“No.” His deep voice is gruff.

“You’re normally starving the morning after a fight.” Azrael continues eating with a calculated calmness, but the implication of his words is clear: he knows something is off with him.

Stone’s eyes dart up, and he stares back at Azrael. “Maybe I had my fill last night.”

Every muscle in my body pulls tight, and I try my best not to choke on my muesli. My cheeks heat, and with the tension in the air, I lift my eyes to find Azrael and Stone staring at one another. The thick atmosphere becomes suffocating. Danger seeps from Stone’s eyes while Azrael’s have darkened so much it’s clear retribution is on his mind.

Does he know?

Surely, he doesn’t know. Right?

Azrael’s jaw grinds from side to side, then he cracks his neck. “You’re dismissed.” He waves a hand toward Stone, who pushes back in his chair so hard it falls to the floor, then he throws his napkin on the table and strides toward the door. I wince, expecting a slam, but it doesn’t come, and with the click of the door closing softly, relief floods me. Something clearly pissed Azrael off, and it will serve Stone right not to aggravate him further.

“Your wedding just got moved up. It’s probably best you don’t tell your brother.” My heart thuds heavily, making it difficult to breathe while Czar’s eyes ping-pong between us.

“I—”

Azrael holds his hand up, and his eyes slice to mine, the venom in them like a laser searing through me.

“Shut the fuck up and do as you’re goddamn told, and maybe everyone can survive.”

Tears spring to my eyes, but I won’t allow them to fall. Not for him.

He doesn’t deserve my tears.

When I reach my room, I will let them fall. I will cry until there’s nothing left in me for the man I can never have.

### Chapter Thirteen

#### Stone

My skin prickles with awareness, and when I lift my head from staring at my lap, I find Azrael's dark eyes trained on me. His eyebrows are furrowed, and his sharp features are etched in something akin to guilt. Realizing my attention is on him, his Adam's apple slides down his throat, then he slowly turns his head toward the city whizzing by. I drop my head once again and find solitude within myself. I'm well aware my coping mechanisms are somewhat odd to some, but they're mine.

Leisurely, I trail the tip of my finger over the lines on my palm, following the veins and grooves of my skin, reminding me I'm here and alive. It's one of the few parts of my body untouched and unscarred by evil, and with it comes a stark reminder of Sienna and her gentle touch, which provides a sanctuary to my heightened state of anxiety. It allows me to breathe and remain impassive as we make our way toward hell.

"I enjoy following the lines on your palm. They're a path to your future." She smiles as she does just that.

"Yeah? What's my future looking like?" I smirk.

"Happiness." She smiles wider, and I wish I could mirror it, but how can it be filled with happiness when it won't have her in it?

When we finally pull up outside the mansion, a chill ripples up my spine.

Fuck, I hate this place.

Absolutely. Fucking. Hate. It.

When the car comes to a stop, it feels like a blade is twisted into my heart, and I will the sins to bleed out among the sinners here tonight. I curse with frustration at being back here so soon and knowing no vengeance will come. Nobody can save the victims here tonight, least of all, me. “Fuck.” My disapproval comes louder than I intended, and Azrael’s attention slices to me. I run my sweaty palms over my head and take a breath. The vein in my temple twitches, and for once, I relish the bite of pain reverberating down the side of my face.

When we step out of the vehicle, I tug on the hem of my suit jacket, gathering the strength to step foot in here as if it’s a normal night out. As if young men and women are not being traded like cattle for the pleasure of others.

Our father’s loud chuckle is a testament to his giddiness as he slaps Vector on his back while they continue a private conversation in hushed voices. I glance over at the sprawling estate, trying and failing to figure out who some of these people are.

I spend my time doing this a lot, getting lost in faces, seeking familiarity, searching through a sea of people for her face. The woman in my dreams twisted with my nightmares.

We make our way up the stone steps of the grand house that holds the auction, and I pray to a god I no longer believe in that they help the poor soul my father’s evil claws sink into tonight. Death will be their haven, and I will it to come sooner rather than later for them.

Vector eyes me with a twisted gleam, and I straighten my shoulders to feign indifference, hating the way his hungry eyes unsettle me. Azrael steps in front of me

as if purposely blocking his view, and I seek my brother's back like a coward and lower my head before stepping inside.

The nostalgia of the place hits me like a crack of a whip slashing through tender skin, and I repress the sob catching in my throat when my eyes meet the cattle prod proudly displayed on the wall like a sick trophy.

"Fuck, I love this place," Vector declares, spinning on his heels to face us—to face me.

I lift my head, and his gray eyes drill into mine, cutting through me like butter. I fucking wish I was strong enough to hold his gaze, but I glance away, unwilling to give him a reaction. Not when I'm unable to act how I wish to. "The prod brings back such wonderful memories, wouldn't you agree, Stone?"

I freeze.

He's goading me, so I clamp my mouth shut, knowing my place. If I respond, I give him reason for retribution, and I won't do that.

My mind spirals with memories of Vector using the cattle prod on me. His twisted laugh caused a shiver of fear to spear through me, leaving me incapacitated and for his taking.

His words haunt me from one brutal punishment. "We need to make the pleasure last for as long as possible."

Taking a deep breath, unwilling to take that trip down memory lane, I turn toward Azrael and find his jaw tense, his teeth grinding hard and his focus glaring into a completely oblivious Vector. The bastard's focus is solely on me, awaiting my reaction, and I refuse to give him one.

“Cat got your tongue, Stone? You’ve chewed through it enough, huh?” His chuckle blends with our father’s, and I wonder if I’m the entertainment for tonight.

“I didn’t put you down as being into men, Vector. You’re sure showing a keen interest in my brother. You do realize the Mafia doesn’t tolerate gays, right?”

My eyes bulge, then I blink several times at Azrael’s words. It’s the first time he’s ever spoken out for me and acknowledged the abuse I suffered growing up despite being present during some of it.

A stare off settles between them. A line feels drawn, and it does nothing to appease the trepidation rushing through my veins as every warning light goes off in my brain.

They’re no longer allies. They’re enemies, and the thought is terrifying.

“Just a little fun, Azrael. Don’t be so accusing.” Our father laughs awkwardly, then slaps Azrael on the back as if trying to dispel the tension building between his son and right-hand man. “Besides, a tight ass is a tight ass, right? What’s it matter who it belongs to?” He chuckles to himself.

His words play on repeat in my mind as we make our way toward the viewing room, each step heavier with dread because worse than seeing the instruments used to brand, tarnish, and degrade innocent victims, is seeing the terror etched on their horror-stricken faces.

“Sirs, your table is reserved.” The soft voice of a collared girl pulls my gaze. Her eyes are trained on the floor, and I’m grateful for it. The last thing I need is to see the pleading in her eyes, especially after they no doubt mirror mine.

We all take our place, and I scan the table as our usual drinks are brought to us. Our father studies the faces of the auctioned victims displayed on the tablet with limited

information about their previous lives. Age, sex, characteristics and features, and I turn my head away when he begins his selection process.

Azrael stretches out his legs, looking as relaxed as ever, and I wonder what part my brother plays in these twisted games. How deep does his evil run?

I know he likes submissives, and I can only imagine how brutal he is with them. There's no way the savagery ingrained in his veins doesn't spill over into his sex life.

Vector stares at him, a calculated look on his face that sends my blood cold.

I'm not sure what Azrael was thinking. I've never known him to refute Vector, and the thought of him being in harm's way because of me sends a guilty tremor through me and the familiar pain lancing through my temple.

As if sensing my discomfort, Azrael glances my way, then toward Vector. Then a smirk plays on Azrael's lips, and he takes a casual swig of his brandy. "Show's about to start. Oh, and look, males are up first." He points toward the stage and grins into his glass. The accusation is clear, and I can feel the fury vibrating off Vector like a hurricane gathering momentum.

I don't know what game my brother is playing, but it's a deadly one.

Blowing out a deep breath, I down my drink and try to relax back into the winged-back chair.

The sooner this night is over with, the better. Too many memories are held here, and not a single one of them is good.

As the commentator announces the first tortured soul to the stage, I zone out and become lost in thoughts of Sienna. My fingertip finds the path of proof of life on my

palm instead of dwelling on the evil surrounding me.

### Chapter Fourteen

#### Stone

I'm not surprised to find the light to the gym on. I use the spare set of keys Elijah gifted me to open the door, but I know I'll find him here.

The scent of sweat belonging to willing fighters fills my nostrils, and a sense of comfort wraps around me. This is my safe place. Besides with Sienna, this is the only place I feel comfort, and it's as if Elijah knows I need it tonight. He's pulling on his training gloves when his crinkled eyes meet mine with mirth. "You're here earlier than I expected."

Smirking in his direction, I raise an eyebrow and throw off my suit jacket. Then I toe off the expensive loafers they insist on me wearing, followed by the Italian socks that make my skin itch with discomfort at the luxury. I roll my shoulders to ease the tension. "Some would say it's late. Should be past your bedtime, old man." I mock.

He wafts a hand toward me. "Meh. Sleeping is for when we're dead. Right?"

A loud chuckle is pulled from my lungs, dispelling the sinister dealings hanging over me only moments ago. I unbutton the collar of my shirt, allowing me to breathe once again. Without warning, I lunge forward with a swift punch to his glove, forcing him to stumble back.

"Rough night?"

I bounce on the balls of my feet. “You’ve no idea.”

Another blow causes him to fall back into the ropes before he rights himself.

“You wanna talk about it?” he questions, no doubt already knowing my answer.

“Not tonight.” It’s the same response I always give, and I hate the way his shoulders slump. The last thing I want is for Elijah to be disappointed in me, but what’s the alternative? To give him every sordid and twisted detail of my past and present? All that would ever do is put him in danger, and I refuse to take that chance.

He’s a good man who saw the harrowing despair of a kid needing strength, and he delivered it tenfold. Knowing he’s here is enough for me.

“Sometimes we have to let out the darkness trapped inside. That way, we let in the light. I’m ready when you are.” His soft eyes meet mine, and I wonder if he means he’s ready for another one of my heavy blows or for something more from me.

But Elijah should know better than to expect more from a man made of stone.

Not from me.

### Chapter Fifteen

Stone

It's been two weeks since the morning I was dismissed at breakfast, and I've not been requested to join meals since. I've barely seen Sienna, but I can still feel her. She's the reason my heart beats and my blood pumps. Her scent lingers in my room morning and night. Her cherry body wash freshens my pillow as if she'd only lain on it the night before. I smile to myself as I stuff the last of my T-shirts into my backpack, then glance at the pillow. Yeah, that's coming too.

The sooner I get this job done in New Jersey and the fight won, the better. As much as I hate living here, I hate being away from her more.

A knock on my bedroom door makes my spine snap straight. Nobody ever comes down here, and they sure as shit never come to my door. I turn toward it when it opens, and Czar steps inside. He stares at the wall behind me, and the lack of eye contact makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand up and my palms sweat.

"You leave in two hours," he states.

"I know. Don't worry, I'm all packed." I wave toward my backpack, and he nods despite not looking at it.

"I wish you luck, Stone."

The solemn way he speaks has my pulse racing.

What the fuck is happening? He clearly knows something I don't.

He turns and heads toward the door as I stare at him with a nervousness I've never felt around him before.

"Czar?"

He turns his head over his shoulder but looks straight past me. "Yeah?"

I drag my hand over the back of my neck, trying not to sound like a nervous idiot. "Is-is there something I should know?"

His gaze finally meets mine, and my heart pounds in my chest as he stares at me with a detachment I've never witnessed from my brother before. "No."

My shoulders sag. He's not going to tell me what the hell is going on. Why would he tell me anything now? I've never been allowed in the inner circle before, always on the outside looking in. The bastard child is never good enough to be a real family member.

"Sienna isn't coming to the party tonight. She isn't feeling well," he states.

I wasn't even aware there was a party somewhere, but again, why would I? It's not like I've ever been taken to one before. I'm only taken to the auctions. My eyebrows shoot up at him opening up to me.

He exhales loudly. "I told her to take a walk in the garden for some fresh air." There's something final in his tone, a hint of something I can't quite detect, but I'm pretty certain he's telling me to say goodbye to her before I leave.

Without another word, he exits, closing the door behind him and leaving me with a

million questions and not a single answer.

All I know is, they're keeping secrets from me, and secrets can feel like lies. I fucking hate liars.

### Chapter Sixteen

Sienna

When Czar told me to stay home and take a walk in the garden instead of joining them at some socialite's engagement party tonight, I rocked back on my feet. I never get to sit out of events. My father likes to parade me around like a prized pony ready for auction to the masses.

Stone is leaving for a fight tonight, and as I walk barefoot through the grass, I contemplate going to his room one last time, but something stops me. Maybe it's the knowledge of my impending marriage, or maybe it's the promise of his punishment hanging over me, but something tells me not to go and say goodbye.

My heart aches at the thought.

An emptiness takes over me. Is this what it will feel like without him in my life?

Giving myself over to another man when the only man I want is him feels like the worst punishment possible. I don't want another man's hands touching me, and the thought of touching them repulses me.

To Stone, my marriage will be a betrayal, but nothing can be bigger than the secret I already hold, and I know he'd hate me for it.

So instead of saying goodbye, I find comfort in the clear night sky and head toward the rose garden.

My feet come to a standstill when Stone's broad shoulders come into view, and I contemplate leaving altogether.

"I can smell you, Sienna." Heat travels through me at his gravelly voice, and I squirm on the spot, already feeling the wetness pool in my panties at his comment.

Why does my body crave him like this? Want him when I shouldn't.

He turns to face me, and the moonlight catches the blue in his eyes, making them sparkle. "You don't look sick." He nods toward me, and I blush under his gaze while wishing I was wearing something sexier, more enticing than the pale-blue summer dress that has me feeling like a young girl.

"I didn't feel like partying." I lift my chin.

A chuckle escapes him, and I wish I could bottle the sound of it up to keep it forever. A lump gathers in my throat at the thought of never hearing the sound again. Never seeing him look so handsome beneath the stars in his white T-shirt that stretches over his shoulders and his faded blue jeans that cling to his thick thighs.

To never explore him how I wish to.

"You're staring at me like you're going to miss me." His lip twitches at his joke, yet the truth stabs me through the heart and exposes me for what I am. A liar, the daughter of the devil and a thief, because I know I've stolen his heart with no intention of returning it. How can I when I need it to survive myself?

"Hey, I'll be back in a week." He steps in front of me, and the thick pad of his finger twirls a lock of my hair around while I stand frozen. I won't be here. I'll be lying in another's bed, next to my husband while my heart struggles to beat.

A sob lodges in my throat, and I can't help the hiccup as tears pool in my eyes. "I don't want you to go," I whisper.

His lips curl into a smile, and I'm grateful he doesn't realize the sincerity of my anxiousness. That he won't know the truth until it's too late, because knowing he will suffer in my absence is excruciating, like someone is pulling me apart bit by torturous bit.

"I need you," I mutter, and his finger stills in my hair.

He's going to reject me. I can feel it in my bones, so I step forward, finding the inner strength and boldness I've always longed for, and I take it.

This is the moment I take it all.

My hand wraps around the thickness of his jean-clad cock, and I stroke over it while he remains frozen, no doubt thrown off guard by my brazenness.

"Si..." He squeezes his eyes closed, but I ignore him and step forward with a new determination.

If I have to spend the rest of my life with a man I don't want, I want one night with the man I do.

The man who holds my heart in the palm of his hands deserves one night with me.

One night of deception to last us both a lifetime of memories.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

She continues to stroke me, and it sends a surge of pleasure through me. I've had no other woman touch me before, not from what I can remember, anyway. The only woman I've ever wanted has been her.

My forbidden secret.

I croak out, "Si...", but she pushes against me. Her soft body melts against my solid one and has my blood pumping with a fierce possession that heightens every cell in my body.

The memory of her nipple in my mouth and the way she caressed my head as I suckled her has a need to unleash roaring inside me.

"Mine." I crash my lips against hers in a messy, scorching kiss that comprises our teeth clashing and our tongues thrashing about in one another's mouths. It's ruthless and savage, and a symbol of how I feel about her.

Her fingers graze over my belt, and I clamp my hand around her wrist to stop her.

"I want you. Please let me have this," she repeats, her eyes imploring mine.

"I don't think this is a good idea." The words taste like poison on my tongue.

"Yes, you do. You know it is." She swallows hard. "You want to slide your thick cock inside me and take what belongs to you before anyone else does?" There's something in the way she speaks, but I can't decipher the hidden message. All I hear are her filthy words as my cock drips pre-cum with fervor.

She detaches herself from me, leaving me breathless and panting for more. Then she steps back and slowly lowers herself to the floor. I watch with wide eyes as she slips her panties off, lies on the grass, and opens her legs, exposing her glistening pussy to me beneath the moonlight.

“Can you see where I need you?” she asks, and her finger trails over the moisture gathered between her legs and down to her small hole.

Holy. Fucking. Shitballs.

Yes.

“I need you to stretch me here too. Just like you did with my...”

A haze of possession flashes through me. With no need for further convincing, I unbuckle my belt frantically.

I’m going to hell for this, but in this moment, she’s worth it all.

I’ll walk into the flames willingly. I’ll die another thousand deaths to take this part of her, the part she’s begged me to take.

She’s worth every ounce of pain and all that’s coming.

She always has been.

One beautiful memory can be enough to last a lifetime.

### Chapter Seventeen

Stone

I kneel between her spread legs; the smell of her arousal is like an aphrodisiac fueling my obsession with her. The wild animal inside me craves to mark her as mine. My desire is so strong that I worry about lasting long enough to perform.

This is what I want. What I've always wanted. Me and her with nothing between us.

So, as I settle over my girl, I block out the world, the promise of torture yet to come, and I take what I want. What we both want.

I lift my T-shirt over my head and throw it to the ground, then push her to lie back so she can't see what I don't want her to witness. My fingers fumble with my jeans, then I pull my cock from my boxers and swipe my engorged head up and down her wet pussy.

Fuck me, that's good.

My eyes roll as the heat and slickness from her pussy make me feral to claim her.

"Are you this wet all for me?" I pant out as her wetness seeps into my skin.

"Yes. Just you, Stone," she pants, and I believe every goddamn word.

"If I ever find out your pussy drips for anyone else, I'll kill them. Do you

understand?”

I stare at her pointedly, and her green orbs glow with equal possession. My words turn her on, and that only adds to my need to deliver.

“I’ll only ever drip for you. It’s you I crave, only you.”

I press the head of my cock at her entrance. “Are you sure about this, Princess?”

“Yes,” she breathes, and I slowly push inside her tightness, and my blood rushes with exhilaration.

“My girl wants her brother to fuck her pussy, huh?”

She pushes her head into the ground, and her body tenses at the intrusion. “Oh god.”

I continue to push inside her, inch by agonizing inch, while I deliver delicate kisses down the column of her throat and over the swell of her chest, and I revel in the way she clings to my shoulders. Her fingernails dig into me, scorching my skin, and I will them to leave permanent marks deeper than the ones residing there.

“Fuck. I don’t think I can fit.”

“Make it,” she demands like a wildcat. “Make it fit, Stone!”

Holy fuck, I’m trying my best not to hurt my girl, and she’s insisting I force myself inside her. Possession ravishes me, and I push deeper, clenching my teeth at the overwhelming sensation as her wet warmth encompasses me.

She winces as I stretch her, my cock barely a couple of inches inside. I know I’m big, and the last thing I want to do is hurt her. I want these memories to be cherished and

created with the love I feel for her.

“Does it hurt? Am I hurting you?” I say through my teeth as I place kisses up her neck and over her jawline. The need to bite, suck, and devour her like a crazed beast has me feeling like snapping. The control I have over myself is wavering.

She shakes her head furiously. “Don’t stop. Please don’t stop.”

I sink in farther and groan.

“Never,” I bite out as the tip of my cock touches her barrier. “I’m never fucking stopping.” Her walls grip me so fucking hard I still my movements to compose myself.

Staring down at my cock in her pussy hole, the urge to claim her becomes a necessity. “Gonna come inside you, Sienna. Gonna come so goddamn deep I knock you up.”

Her mouth falls open, and I take her bottom lip between my teeth and tug, then follow up the bite with a gentle lick.

“Fill you until your little pussy is flooded with my cum, beautiful girl.”

Then I slide my cock out of her tight hole before slamming back inside her so hard her eyes widen, and glory fills me at severing the tie to her innocence and filling her to the hilt. Her lips part on a silent scream, and her warmth hits me as the blood of her innocence coats the tip of my cock. I’ve no choice but to thrust inside her like a ruthless madman, determined to leave my impression on her like she has on me. Determined to impregnate her and have a part of me growing inside her, locking her to me.

It’s a dangerous thought, but at this moment, I don’t care. I want it. I want her and our

baby, and as much as that makes me an asshole for putting her in this position, I do nothing to stop it and will it to happen with each powerful surge.

Her back arches with each punishing thrust in and out of her, and her legs band around my back, anchoring me in position.

“You want this cock, don’t you?”

“Yes. Yes. Please don’t stop.”

“Fuck yes,” I grit out with each feral thrust. “Fuck, you feel amazing. My princess’s pussy is so tight for me.”

Her eyes fill with a heady concoction of tears and awe.

We’re doing this. I’m fucking my sister.

I will myself to last forever, but with her viselike grip around me and the years of pent-up frustration at containing myself around her, I lose control. I bite into the inside of my cheek as my orgasm zips up my spine like a bolt of lightning. “Fuck. I’m gonna come. I’m going to come inside you, Sienna.”

My slit opens as rope upon rope of cum floods her pussy, and I still as stars dance in front of my eyes.

“I love you, beautiful girl.”

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

“I love you, beautiful girl,” he whispers into my hair. His heavy pants fill the air, and tears cloud my vision at the sincerity in his tone. It’s everything I’ve ever wanted. He’s everything I’ve ever wanted.

I withdraw a hand from his broad back and take his chin into the palm of my hand, claiming ownership of him too. Then I bring his mouth to mine, and as our eyes connect, I bask in the love seeping from him. Thump, thump goes my heart.

This is what losing my virginity was meant to be like, with the man I love, not a stranger.

Slowly, our tongues dance with a gentle, passionate kiss that somehow steals my breath and provides me with oxygen. The way his tongue sweeps into my mouth with passion has sparks flaring inside me and threatening to combust at any second.

In this moment with the stars shining down on us and the love flowing from his eyes, his hips move again, the fire in my core igniting with an unbridled power of our love as I give him my heart, and he gives me his in return. I catalog each movement to memory, and emotion wells inside me. I only wish this night could last forever. With the man I love giving me his everything.

His perfect everything.

His hips work slower this time, stoking the flames of my desire, and my core clenches at his touch.

There’s nothing in this moment that could tear us apart. There’s no threat of violence,

no promise of betrayal, just the forbidden love of two star-crossed lovers wishing for a life they were never meant to lead.

Fingers digging into his chin, I hold him in place as my eyes bore into his, enabling me to deliver the truth that would destroy his heart, but I remain steadfast with our gazes locked and deliver him a promise that he will always be mine, even when I'm no longer his.

My eyes burn with each gentle thrust, each longing movement of the carefully crafted jerk of his hips that causes my clit to throb as I clench around him. This beautiful moment staring into one another's eyes will forever be held in my heart, ingrained in my memory, and scorched in my skin.

His breath fans my face when he pulls away from the kiss, and a heart-stopping smile crosses his face, exposing his dimples and gifting me with a glimpse of what my future could have been if things were different.

"I love you too," I whisper, and he clenches his teeth.

"Fuck!" he hisses when my tender walls clamp around him, willing him to coat me in his love. My mouth falls open as my orgasm rocks through me so strong the stars blur into a blinding light, and I imagine us both floating toward it together as one.

Into a future that only exists in my dreams.

I squeeze my eyes closed as a tear slips out of the corner of my eye. The reality is, my hell is just around the corner and, worse, I'm about to destroy the man I love.

### Chapter Eighteen

Stone

Five days later ...

Sweat beads on my forehead as the sun beats down on me while I wait for my target.

There's something off about today. I know it. I'm just too damn scared to question it and what it'll mean.

Taking Sienna's virginity was risky as hell, but I wouldn't change a damn thing about it. Who am I kidding? I'd last longer, that's for sure. But aren't first times meant to be quick? We both came. The passion and love were there, and it was every fucking thing I could wish for. How many other people can say they have such an incredible experience for their first time? That their soul mate just gave them a onetime gift that will replay in their mind and keep on giving for as long as they live.

Fuck, I need to find a way to keep her.

Thinking about her gets me hard all over again, which is a distraction from the task at hand. I'm standing outside an apartment block waiting for some dude with a permanent I'm dead inside expression so I can shoot him in the neck and send a photo as evidence to my father.

The cuts on my knuckles from the fight two nights ago are a lingering reminder of a match that didn't go to plan. My fists pounded into the guy so hard and fast I was

dragged out of the ring by my two trainers, Cole and Jace. Something inside me snapped, and all my pent-up aggression came out and was unleashed into the savage beast I struggle to control. It was a match I was supposed to play to my brother's tune, leaving it open for a rematch so they would gain more green, but after my performance and Czar's voice notes, I don't think my opponent will be ready for a rematch any time soon, if ever again.

A knot of anxiety sits in my stomach like a lead weight bringing me down. Everything about today is off, and I relate it back to Sienna somehow. My target isn't familiar to me, but I feel like he should be, that I'm missing something, a big something, and that feeling is only exacerbated with every moment that ticks by.

Nerves dance in my stomach, and I'm tempted to follow the path on my hand, the one that soothes me and brings me back to the here and now.

The sound of the door to the apartment block opening has me snapping out of my daze, and I slink back into the shadows. My throat becomes dry as he strolls toward his car without a care in the world.

What is it about this man that sends a responding shiver down my spine and causes my stomach to flip with a rare anxiousness I'm not used to? I step out from behind the wall and scan the parking lot. It's empty, and I have to wonder if this is some sort of setup. It couldn't possibly be this easy, could it?

Getting closer to him—something I rarely ever do—I take my gun from my waistband and stride across the parking lot with purpose.

Something inside me screams I'm making a huge mistake.

Don't do it.

It's not what you think.

You're going to regret it.

There's something familiar about him, yet not, but the pain in my head when I try to find clarity intensifies. I wish more than ever to get this job over with. To take the pain and confusion away.

Electric shocks hit my temple, and I rub my forehead. This always fucking happens when I try to dig deeper into my past than I should, and this is another reason I shouldn't, yet his walk is something I've witnessed before. I know it. It's straight, calculated. His entire demeanor has a familiar air of confidence and seriousness to it. Something I know I've seen before.

Why the fuck can't I remember more?

A haze forms in front of me, and my feet fumble as I feel like I'm unraveling at lightning speed.

This is wrong.

This entire job is wrong.

He slowly turns, and it's now or never. In the blink of an eye, I make the decision, one that could cost me my life but save his. I take aim, but instead of doing as instructed, I hit his shoulder because that voice inside of me is telling me I will regret killing him. It's telling me I need to remember.

Hitting the ground, his head bounces off the tarmac, causing me to wince on his behalf. Another red flag. I never show sympathy for my targets. Ever.

Why the fuck should I? They did us wrong, and I'm the man they send to make amends.

Until now.

Unable to help myself, I move closer and fight back the lump in my throat.

Bad idea, Stone. Terrible idea.

But something about him draws me in. I need to know; I need to see him for myself.

Bending down, I roll him onto his back. Blood oozes from the bullet wound on his shoulder, then his eyes flicker open and lock with mine, and I rear back on my heels.

Bright-blue eyes with a despondent look stare back at me. They widen, and his mouth falls open in what I can only describe as disbelief.

He knows me.

A flash of hurt lances through my chest at the thought of him knowing me when my memories are so absent, but I do know he's familiar, and the decision to not kill him was the right one to make.

His mobile phone sits beside him, out of reach, and without second-guessing myself, I grab it and shove it into his hand. I'm not sure what I expect him to do. His eyes have now rolled to the back of his head and his chest rises rapidly.

Should I help him?

I'm frozen to the spot, my brain short-circuiting, then I cut my eyes across the parking lot. Nobody is coming, nobody will save him.

“Fuck!” I drag a hand over my shaved head and stare down at him. Those bright-blue eyes are now lifeless, but they blend into those of a woman I only recognize in my dreams as her image flashes before me, making my heart freefall. I know what I have to do.

“Don’t make me regret this, motherfucker.” My heart thunders, so I take his phone and dial 911.

I’m about to save the man I was sent to kill, and that ball of dread inside me now sits heavier than ever before.

### Chapter Nineteen

Stone

I've not eaten for two days, and as the car winds up the driveway toward Casa Forte, I feel every turn in the pit of my stomach, and sickness wells inside me.

I've been summoned.

My punishment for my decision is about to be unleashed, and dread consumes me.

What's the worst that could happen? I've endured so much already, and I'm still here. I'm still standing.

Knowing Sienna will be there waiting for me at the end of my punishment makes it more bearable. Her eyes being on me when I wake from my hell is my saving grace. Her finger trailing over the ridges in my palm will stir me from unconsciousness, allowing me to dream of a future we can never have. Her presence will be my strength.

The car comes to a standstill, and my body trembles, so I breathe through my nostrils to control the raging storm inside me.

It's going to be bad; I can feel it in my bones and in my soul too.

The driver opens my door, and I force myself to tamp down the need to run. Where the hell would I go when she's my home.

Stepping out of the SUV, my eyes take in the foreboding mansion. The shadows that cover me are like demons pulling at my soul, tearing me apart bit by bit before the torture has even started.

Taking a deep breath, I straighten and swallow back the nervous ball lodged in my throat, then I head inside.

Vector steps forward immediately, and his taunting eyes drill through me as if he's eager to tear me apart. The hunger in them is sickening, and I'm forced to stuff my fists into my pant pockets to stop myself from lashing out and making the situation worse. A calculated smirk plays on his lips as he opens his mouth. "Azrael wants you to join him and Czar in his office before you meet with your father." I nod at his words and walk down the corridor toward his office, a room I've taken many a beating in before now and looks to be where I will take another.

I knock on the door and wait for him to call me in. "Enter." His deep voice doesn't send a chill down my spine like his father's does, but it puts me on high alert because I know the severity of this meeting.

Stepping inside, I find Azrael staring out of the window, his back to me. Czar leans against the wall opposite the door.

Odd.

This is odd.

Why aren't they seated? They're always seated.

"Sit," Azrael says, but doesn't turn to face me, and my throat becomes dry because I want to tell him no. But of course, I won't defy him. I've done that before and have the scars to prove it.

As soon as my ass hits the chair, Czar moves to lock the door, pocketing the key, and he leans against it with his head bowed, unable to give me eye contact. My heart thrums with awareness as my eyes flick between them.

“While you were away, there’s been some adjustments.” I nod even though I’ve no idea what I’m nodding at. I guess I’ve become accustomed to being obedient to their demands. Azrael clears his throat. “Sienna was married while you were gone.” His words strike me in the chest like a force of brutality so powerful it steals the energy from every cell in my body. He finally spins to face me. “Did you hear me? I said she’s married!” he grits out, and I stare back at him, unable to understand why he’s so angry when he helped orchestrate her marriage.

I drop my head into my hands as I replay his words. “While you were away, there’s been some adjustments.”

He helped orchestrate it all.

Slowly, everything falls into place.

My fight.

My absence.

Her marriage while I was gone. It was all planned, premeditated.

A betrayal.

They’ve given her to another man. Another man has touched what’s mine.

They took her from me.

The only thing I ever loved.

They took her from me.

A surge of fury unleashes inside me, and I fly up from my chair so quick he doesn't see it coming. "Bastards!" I roar as I throw myself over his desk to get to him, but Czar launches on my back.

"Easy. Take it fucking easy," Czar hisses in my ear while wringing his arms around my neck. He's no feat for me, and he knows it. I shrug him off, sending him and the computer crashing to the floor, and when I rise to strike again, hate riles inside me at their betrayal.

They took her from me.

My own brothers took the only thing I ever had from me.

The cold metal of a gun hits my temple, then the safety clicks.

"Enough." Azrael's voice is smooth and cold. He's in control and, as usual, I have none, not an ounce.

I'm a puppet on a string for them to control and create scenes they dictate. An emptiness wells inside me, a deep yearning for the girl and the future they stole from me. For the first time since the day I broke our father's tooth, a tear slips from my eye, and Azrael face falls briefly as it trickles down my cheek.

"Do it," I plead, meaning every damn word. Life without her isn't worth living, and knowing she's someone else's is the worst torture I could ever endure.

Someone else gets to hold her.

Someone else gets a future with her.

A life.

And now I have none.

I have nothing.

“Do it!” I repeat, louder this time, and tears fall freely down my face, uncaring of how much of a pussy I may appear.

I’m truly nothing without her.

I don’t want to live another moment without her in my life.

She was my reason for living, and without her, I have none.

My shoulders shake as a violent sob takes over me, and I stare back at my brother, begging him to put me out of my misery. Begging him to end my life once and for all.

“Please. Please do it.”

The gun wobbles as Azrael’s dark eyes burn into mine, and I see the guilt swimming in them, but he doesn’t waver in his stance. “I can’t,” he whispers, almost as broken as me, and I squeeze my eyes closed because he refuses to take away my pain, making my torture all the crueler.

“My life isn’t worth living without her.” I sniffle.

Azrael darts his eyes above my head. “Do it.” A sharp sting hits my neck, and I know the bastard’s injected me with something, the sting familiar. “Not too much. It can’t

be obvious,” he says as my taut muscles loosen and my mind becomes fuzzy.

Azrael tucks the gun into his waistband, and my body relaxes with whatever they injected me with. Then he snaps his fingers in front of me. “Listen to me.” His stern voice pulls my attention. Czar maneuvers my heavy arms behind my back, then my head whirls from the drug, and I struggle to stay upright. Azrael takes my chin roughly between his fingers. “Listen to me carefully. Our father is going to tell you about the marriage. You can’t act out like you just did in here. Do you hear me?”

My vision clouds, but I somehow nod.

He clenches his jaw. “You remain your normal, obedient self. You give nothing away; do you understand me?” Again, I nod like the puppet they created.

My tongue feels thick as I speak. “Punishment?”

Azrael licks his lips, and his eyes dart away from me, telling me he knows something. It’s a trait of his, a weak one. “I don’t know yet.” He lies with ease, like the viper I know him to be.

I slump back in the chair, and a bottle of water is thrust into my hand.

“Drink,” Czar demands, and, like a robot, I perform.

“I know you hate us, and while I don’t blame you, there’s a lot I can’t tell you, Stone. For your protection, as well as our own.”

Our own , he said. His words, not mine. Them against me, as always.

I nod like he expects, but inside, among the floaty feeling, is an inferno ready to erupt, a promise of devastation to follow, but I need a plan. One that will not see me

get maimed any further. A plan that brings her back where she belongs and destroys them in the process.

### Chapter Twenty

Stone

I somehow get my spoon to my mouth, but the usual pleasure of tasting her soup doesn't arrive. Of course it doesn't; she isn't here anymore.

This mansion they call home is a fortress of evil, and the devil himself sits opposite me with a gloating smile plastered on his pompous face.

I'm not too doped up that I don't feel the need to rip his head from his shoulders and douse him with my piss, after torturing the hell out of him first, of course.

"Your sister's wedding was a celebration for all the family." He smirks while Azrael's gaze slices to mine, then returns to our father's.

I nod and fight back the urge to be sick.

Every word and movement that come from my family is now amplified in my mind. "Your sister's wedding was a celebration for all the family" replays, then I wince at the sting in my chest at the lack of acknowledgment for me. Am I not family too?

He's never truly classed me as such, yet I've never let my mind wander any further than what I've been told. I've always accepted my predicament, however much it hurts.

The bastard child brought up in a trafficking compound and finally given a purpose

within the family.

Only, that purpose was to serve them all along.

Our father swipes his hands on the napkin. “I got a pretty penny for her too. Lord knows I needed the money after the fuckups you’ve made recently.” He’s implying it’s my fault she’s been sold to the highest bidder.

His words are like venom, poisoning my bloodstream as agony tears through me. My sweet, innocent girl being touched or hurt by someone else is too much to bear, yet I perform as Azrael demands and remain seated.

“Her marriage was organized before the fight fuckups,” Azrael asserts, and it’s his lame attempt at bringing me reassurance.

“Still, there needs to be retribution for his actions.” His eyes lock onto mine. “Wouldn’t you agree, son?” His use of an unfamiliar nickname for me has my blood freezing, and I narrow my eyes.

He’s never called me son before, always refusing to acknowledge our actual connection.

Then he throws his head back on a loud, sick chuckle that sends a harrowing chill down my spine. “Dumb fucker has no clue. You’re dismissed.” He waves toward the door, and I push back in my chair.

Czar’s eyes implore mine. For what, I don’t know, nor do I care, because as I make my way toward the door, it feels like insects have burrowed beneath my skin. I can’t wait to get out of here, to strip myself bare and crumble into a heap on the shower floor.

My hand is on the door handle. “Oh, and Stone?”

My blood stills as I turn to face him.

“Yes, sir?” The words feel like sawdust in my dry mouth.

“Head on over to the gym, it needs—” He dabs the corner of his mouth on the napkin, and a cruel smile plays on his lips. “Renovation.”

Why? The place has recently undergone investment. He knows this. A sense of eagerness washes over me, and when Azrael and Czar straighten, the eagerness becomes dread.

“Yes, sir,” I whisper casually, feeling anything but.

Then I leave and close the door behind me, my hands shaking as I do so.

Hysteria radiates from me as I enter the foyer. “Take me to Eli’s gym,” I instruct the first security detail I see, and his eyes flash with panic.

“Now!” I bark as I stride toward the door with a renewed purpose and, worse, a fear of what awaits me.

### Chapter Twenty-One

Stone

The SUV barely comes to a halt before my feet spring into action and I race toward the gym door and throw it open. The destruction is everywhere, and my heart skips a beat. Chaos ensued, for sure.

My eyes scan the scene. The gym equipment has been upturned, graffiti mars the walls, and the potent scent of smoke fills my nostrils.

Everything is destroyed.

Everything.

Panic slices through me at an alarming pace.

“Elijah?” I bark out, but deep inside, I know it’s futile.

I know.

The broken glass crunches beneath my boots as I head toward the office door with a lump gathered in my throat. “Elijah?”

Pain in my temple radiates down my face and my pulse speeds up as I move through the gym. My heart gallops, and my body trembles. “Elijah?” I say again, but the door is lodged shut. Something is wedged behind it, stopping it from opening farther. So,

using what force I have left in my weary body, I shoulder-barge it open. A scene of utter horror hits me square in the chest, and I stumble, unable to come to terms with what I'm seeing. Vomit rushes up my throat, burning it with its flaming venom, and I gag toward the floor, once again hating this cruel world I'm a prisoner to.

My vision swirls, and I fall to my knees to take the only man I've ever liked into my arms. I struggle to breathe as my lungs feel like they're caving in.

A bullet wound to the neck causes blood to coat my arms as I hug him close to me. My chin wobbles, and I fight back the tears at imagining the torture he endured. I should know, my father and Vector delivered me the very same. His lower half is naked, covered in tortuous burn marks, giving away their punishment, and I squeeze my eyes closed, desperate to block it all out. Hating that he endured this because of our connection. It's an evil taunt and a threat to me. I know exactly what instrument has been used to hurt the man who has only ever shown me kindness.

His bare body is riddled with violent scorches, the tips of his fingers missing, and blood trickles from his mouth. I imagine he bit into his tongue while they violated him.

Over and fucking over.

I shrug off my jacket and cover his lower body, hoping to give him a sliver of dignity I never received.

"I'm sorry. Fuck, I'm sorry I caused this." I swallow hard, finding it difficult to construct my words. "Jesus, I'm sorry I didn't protect you."

Then I squeeze my eyes closed when his words hit me. "I'm here when you need me."

Tears fall onto him as I keep my eyes squeezed tight, unable to see the trail of my pain falling on him again. “I wish I’d talked to you, old man. I wish I’d have told you everything.”

I don’t know how long it is until I’m able to open my eyes again, but when I do, it’s with a steely determination. “I don’t know what I did in my former life, but I’m going to find out.” It’s the truth, and it’s what all the questions in my head boil down to.

Who the fuck am I?

Where the hell did I come from?

And how did I become the son of a man who seems to be my enemy?

Placing a promising kiss on the old man’s head, I rest him on the floor and swipe away the snot dripping from my nose. “Sleep now, old man.” I wish I could tell him he was the reason for the change in me today, that this moment is a catalyst for my future. That his death will not be in vain but in vengeance. “Thank you for everything.”

I get to my feet and broaden my shoulders with a newfound focus, to find the truth Eli always encouraged me to search for. I just wish I’d had the courage to do it before now, so I swallow back the lump of regret in my throat, then walk around the desk and lower myself down to the safe stored behind his bookshelf. Then I send a silent thank you to Elijah for gifting me the access code.

My thick fingers press the keypad with a tremble, and I’m unsure if it’s because of the drugs, the knowledge of Sienna’s marriage, the betrayal of my brothers, or the slaughter of the only man who cared for me.

Opening the door, I retrieve his gun, a wad of cash, and his bank cards. I might have

my own, but something tells me I will need more. I slam it shut and stand taller, refusing to look at Elijah again. Instead, I head out the door and into my future.

### Chapter Twenty-Two

Stone

Two months later...

After leaving the gym, I stole Elijah's ride and dumped it outside of the city. I dug the computer chip out of my neck with a pair of tweezers at the nearest gas station.

I've been aware of its presence for as long as I can remember. After all, I bore witness to too many being implanted at the compound.

Then I spent the next few weeks bouncing from city to city, always looking over my shoulder but settling nowhere long enough to put down roots.

I needed a plan, and I was searching for something, but I wasn't sure what. I was lost, but at the same time felt free. However, a growing part of me always felt chained to my past, to her above all else. I wanted answers, but I feared what I might discover in search of them.

That day at Casa Forte did something to me. It destroyed a part of me I will never get back. The softness I had reserved solely for her had become swallowed up in a pit of venom as I searched my mind for answers, but as always, found none.

Since discovering Sienna's marriage it's become a significant turning point in my life, plaguing my every thought and consuming my nightmares.

They gave her to another, committing the ultimate act of betrayal. My stone walls crumbled but now it's time to rebuild them, making them stronger than ever before, making me a force to be reckoned with, one they won't see coming.

I'm taking back what they gave away so freely, and this time I'm keeping her. This time she's mine. I'm coming Sienna, and this time I'm never letting you go.

That's why I'm back in New Jersey, searching for something that might exist, but when all else fails, it's where my mind always comes back to despite knowing they've probably already looked at the gym for me. To her, the woman in my dreams with the bright-blue eyes.

### Chapter Twenty-Three

Stone

The biker bar I sit in makes me as relaxed as possible, given I'm probably being hunted. It's a tough concept to imagine, but I blend in well here. My body littered with tattoos and scars means I look much more MC than Mafia and being a nightly fixture at the bar helps with the illusion. So much so, the club hang-arounds have taken notice of me, which isn't a good thing, considering the MC's members' eyes continue to land on me as if I'm a threat to their nightly fuck routines.

"They want to know if you're bringing trouble with you." The blonde server places another beer down where I sit at the lone table. "That or wanting to steal their girls."

A scoff erupts from me. As fucking if. "I'm not." I shake my head.

"That's what I told them." She tilts her head toward a group of the men, and I quickly avert my gaze when their eyes narrow in on me. Crossing her arms over her chest, the movement forces her tits higher. "Are you a nomad?"

I stare straight ahead toward the wall. It doesn't feel right looking at another woman when I already have one of my own. "No what?"

"Nomad." She shakes her head and sighs. "Doesn't matter."

Taking a swig of the warm beer, I grimace, causing her to laugh. "You're definitely different."

“Yeah,” I grunt.

“So what’s your story?”

Jesus. I just want a drink in peace.

“They’re asking.” She throws her thumb over her shoulder, and my gaze follows before landing straight back at the wall in front of me.

“Just trying to figure shit out,” I mumble, uncomfortable with her prying.

“Like what?”

I scrub a hand over my head, feeling more and more anxious about her questioning, despite knowing it’s more than likely harmless.

“My past.”

She shifts on those ridiculously high heels, and I wonder how she doesn’t topple over. “Oh.” Then she clears her throat. “Well, if I were you, I’d go back to the start.” I want to roll my eyes and tell her I don’t know where the start is, but I take another drink instead. “Let your heart be your guide.” Her words are familiar, and a pang hits me square in the chest.

I tilt my head up to face her. “What did you say?”

“Let your heart be your guide. It’s on there.” She points to the keyring housing my car keys. “I agree. Sometimes our hearts can guide us home, ya know?” I blink at her, and the different yet familiar words ring out in my mind.

Pushing back in my chair, I stand, throw some bills on the table, and grab my car

keys, then head toward the door.

“Hey!”

I glance over my shoulder.

“I hope you find what you’re looking for,” she shouts as she collects the tip I threw down. After she stuffs it in her bra, I gift her a nod and push through the door into the night with new determination.

I’m following my heart.

### Chapter Twenty-Four

Stone

With a deep exhale, I push open the gym door, and the room falls silent. Cole and Jace freeze in the boxing ring and stare back at me as if they've seen a ghost. It's comical, really, and I chuckle at their awkwardness.

Jace clears his throat and steps forward first, scrubbing a hand over his already messy head. "Stone, I don't think you should be here, man." Their eyes cut toward one another's, then back to mine. They know something; every fucker knows something but me.

But not anymore.

Anger bubbles inside me like a volcano threatening to spill with violent aggression. Determination zips up my spine, and I stare at him head-on, my jaw clenching tight.

This time, I refuse to back down and accept what someone is telling me. I step forward, and he steps back while Cole remains unmoving. "I'm lost," I state. "I'm lost, and I need someone to help find me." Sympathy flashes over Cole's face, and I hate it, but right now, I'll take it. "I want answers," I grit out. "And up here"—I tap my forehead—"tells me I'm going to get those answers here." I stab my finger toward the floor.

"What if you're not ready?" Jace asks, then sighs heavily.

“Were you?” I snipe back, knowing his past is just as turbulent. When he discovered his long-lost girl was having a relationship with his foster brothers and was harboring dark secrets from her past, he had no choice but to be ready too.

“No,” he replies.

I stare back at him. “Do you regret it?”

He lifts his chin. “Never.” The determination in his eyes is full of his arrogant, confident self, and I smirk.

“Then help me,” I implore, holding his gaze.

He turns to face Cole and lifts his chin. “Make the call.”

### Chapter Twenty-Five

Stone

They say the truth will set you free, but will it really?

I rap my knuckles on the table nonchalantly, with my features schooled. I look the epitome of at ease, just the way I've been trained. While Cole and Jace study me intently with worry gleaming in their eyes, I push back on my chair enough to kick my feet up onto the table and chuckle at how quickly they both jump to their feet as if on guard.

“Chill the fuck out, you're making me angsty,” I admonish.

“Angsty? You've no fucking clue who is about to walk through that door, have you?” Jace rushes out as if he's been holding his tongue.

“No fucking clue.” I shrug. “Hence why I'm sitting here waiting for someone to tell me.”

Cole laughs. He's the joker of the two—or three, if you count the other guy in the equation with their little family setup.

“My girl has always been intrigued by you,” he says, and I narrow my eyes on him. “She said you're all mysterious and shit.”

I scoff.

Mysterious, my ass. I'm a mystery to myself, at least.

The outside door to the gym chimes, and the guys share a look while I settle back in my chair and place my hands behind my head, doing my best to act as cool as a cucumber when inside I'm boiling with a pent-up need to unleash hell on someone. I just need to direct it to the right person. At that point, the door opens and in walks the serious-looking guy I almost killed, and behind him, a giant of a man so tall he rivals me. Still, I remain seated and act unfazed despite knowing the chances of me getting out of here unharmed are slim, but what do I have to lose?

"You can leave us," Mr. Personality says, and my lip twitches at my new nickname for him.

Jace's gaze darts to mine, then back to Personality. He broadens his shoulders like a pitbull, one I could tear apart with one hand despite seeing his epic cage fighting skills. "You don't own this place, and we're doing you a favor. A thanks would be nice." He lifts his shoulder and gives a cocky smirk.

The guy behind Personality stares. I can feel those blue eyes studying me, but I feign knowing and stare ahead at the wall, like the dark spots of old blood splatter are more interesting than him.

"Thanks," Personality grits out like it killed him to admit it, and I smirk. He really is a jackass.

"No problem. Come on, Jace, let's go get drinks." Cole elbows Jace, then steers him toward the door.

"I'm not a fucking server." His grumbles can be heard as the door closes behind them, and my attention is drawn to the mountain of a man who pulls out a chair, swings it around to face me, then falls into it with a wince.

I eye him up and down. He has to be in his forties, with a short buzz cut similar to my own, and those haunting blue eyes I only now realize are also like mine.

My heart stops at the thought and my boots fall to the floor with a heavy thud as I stare back at a man I know I should know, yet I don't.

Pain slices across my forehead, and I try not to react.

He sits forward and places his hands on the table and steeples them, letting me know he's not a threat.

"Do you know who we are?" His gruff voice fills the room, authoritative and concise. He's used to being in control, a leader.

"No."

He glances at Mr. Personality.

"He's telling the truth." He speaks to his partner, but his gaze doesn't leave mine.

"You shot my brother."

So, they're brothers. I drag my finger over my lip. "I did."

"And you saved him."

I nod.

"Why?"

"Why what?"

“Why did you save him?” He tilts his head and narrows his eyes.

Slowly, I scrub a hand over my head, then I shrug, deciding to hit them with my honesty. “It felt right.”

“Why didn’t you kill him when you had the chance?” So, they know I could have killed him and chose not to.

My throat becomes dry, and I struggle to clear it. “It felt wrong.”

He drags his hand over his jaw, then nods toward his brother, who places a file down in front of me.

I stare at it blankly.

“Go ahead and open it.” He motions with his hand.

Sweat gathers on my forehead as heat spreads through my veins like wildfire.

Whatever is in here is the key to my past, and for the first time ever, I’m more terrified of that than my future.

I shake my head, and he sighs.

“Your name is Keenan O’Connell, the youngest of the O’Connell brothers.” My eyes ping-pong from one man to the other. “Our brother.”

I suck in a sharp breath.

“Then where the fuck have you been?” I snap and stand quickly, sending my chair backward as my muscles bunch tight to the point of pain. “Huh? Where the fuck have

you been?" My voice grows louder, and I unravel in a frenzy, pacing the room as I tug on my head. "Where?" I bellow.

"The important question is, where have you been?" Mr. Personality's words still me, and I turn to give them my attention. My quizzing glare encourages him to elaborate almost immediately. "Where have you been, Keenan?"

"My name's fucking Stone!" I jab my finger in my chest. "Stone! Say it!" I roar.

He swallows harshly and remains calm. "Where have you been, Stone?"

"I've been in literal hell, motherfuckers. Now, tell me everything I need to know," I demand, and my pulse pounds in my ears.

"When you were fifteen years old, you were shot at our family warehouse. You weren't meant to be there, and as far as we were aware, you were dead. We later discovered it was our uncle who shot you to cover up his"—he clears his throat before continuing on—"untoward behavior."

I scoff. Is this prick for real? "Untoward behavior? Seriously?"

"He was a trafficker who raped our sister-in-law and mother. He's a sick son of a bitch that died too quickly." My eyebrows raise at the hatred pouring from him. "His death should have been more excruciating and painful, and I wish every fucking day I could have made him pay." The leader speaks up, and my heart races at his admission.

"So, this uncle of yours wanted me dead, and I survived, huh?"

"Ours, you said uncle of yours. He was our uncle, yours too." His eyes hold mine, but I refuse to be drawn in.

I wave my hand. “What-the-fuck-ever. So why does my family want him dead?” I tilt my head toward his brother, then I right my chair and slide into it.

Personality holds his hand up. “We haven’t finished the topic we were discussing.”

I balk at his odd behavior, but he ignores me and continues. “Considering your refusal to accept the research I configured”—he motions toward the folder—“I’ll enlighten you further.” I roll my eyes, allowing him his moment to shine. “Don O’Connell must have been informed by emergency services that you were still alive. That message was never passed on to us. We grieved your death.” He steps forward, and his eyes analyze mine. “Our mother grieved the death of her youngest boy.” All I hear is the name like acid on his tongue.

“Did you say Don?”

He rears back.

“Yes. Our uncle. Ours and yours.”

“He was my uncle?”

“That is correct.”

“You killed him?”

“Not me personally, but one of my brothers.”

I sit forward, suddenly seeing these men in a different light. “Who did you say you were again?”

“Jesus Christ. I thought you said his medical records didn’t show too much brain

damage?” the leader chimes in.

“Don’t be so fucking obtuse; it’s a lot for him to take in,” he snides back.

“He has a lot to take in?” He wafts his hand out in front of him. “He’s fucking alive and sitting there and acting like he doesn’t know us.”

“He doesn’t,” Personality snaps back, and I want to high-five him for siding with me.

But I’m pissed because they’re talking about me as if I’m not here, just like they do. Like I’m meaningless and don’t exist.

“We’re the O’Connell family, descendants of an Irish Mafia family. This is Bren, your oldest brother and current don, and I’m Oscar, the intelligent one.”

I ignore all the other shit he said and latch onto the important part. “Mafia?”

“Yes. Much like the one you were taken to, but we aren’t...” He drags a calculated finger over his lip as he studies me.

“Sick sons of bitches that destroy innocent women and children,” the leader, Bren, finishes.

Personality’s jaw sets, and he closes his eyes, almost as if giving himself a timeout, then reopens them with a steely determination. “Thank you, Bren. What my brother is trying to say is, we’re a Mafia family who does not dabble in the skin trade.”

My eyebrows furrow. “You don’t do auctions?”

Bren’s face turns bright red, and I feel his anger radiating from him.

“No,” his brother answers for him.

“What about compounds?”

“What the fuck do you know about goddamn compounds?” he roars, forcing me to rear back.

Oscar leans over the table, and his blue eyes darken as they lock with mine. “Someone once told me to step out of the shadows and into the light. Let us be your light, brother. Let the light guide you home.” His words send an arctic chill through my bloodstream, rendering me speechless, and I’m powerless but nod in confirmation while his words play on repeat in my mind.

“Let us be your light, brother. Let the light guide you home.”

### Chapter Twenty-Six

Stone

Bren looks fit to burst as he leans over the table to intimidate me, but I remain unfazed. When you've faced off with a cattle prod naked, you can face off with a giant of a man with bare knuckles.

Clearly, the subjects of trafficking and compounds are a sore spot for him, and maybe, just maybe, if I can give him something he wants, then they can give me something I want too.

Her.

My lip curls, and a growl emits from Bren's throat as if pissed at my reaction. "I can tell you everything you need to know about them and where they are." I smirk.

Personality sits forward. "I'm listening."

"But you need to give me something first."

"What is it you want?"

I lick my lips. If I open up to him and he refuses me, then he knows my weakness, but right now, what choice do I have?

His blue eyes search mine. "I need you to know something, Stone."

I nod.

“We don’t need the compound locations.” My eyes dart to Bren’s, who looks fit to destroy his brother. “We don’t need them because all we need is you.”

I blink, and he continues on. “We thought we’d lost you. But now you’re found. What we want is to make you happy, so whatever you ask of us, we will do for you.”

Lies. All fucking lies.

I can trust no one.

“I know you don’t believe me. I know you feel let down and abandoned.”

What is this? Some fucking therapy? What kind of Mafia is this?

“You don’t know shit about how I feel,” I bite back.

“You’re right, I don’t. But we’ve been a family in mourning for years. Knowing we’re helping you—”

“Will ease your conscience?” I raise my eyebrow.

“We want to help,” he grits out.

I sit straighter and stare back at him. “Yeah? Then help me get what I want.”

His eyes never leave mine. “And what is it you want?”

“My girl back.”

“Done,” he says, with a confidence I don’t yet feel. All I know is, I’m closer to her now than I was before I walked into the gym, and I’ll take it.

I’m coming for you, Princess, and when I have you, nobody will take you from me again.

### Chapter Twenty-Seven

Stone

Three weeks later ...

This is the place, according to Personality, otherwise known as Oscar, she comes to on the last Sunday of every month, with her husband at 2:00 p.m. That gives me twenty minutes to go inside and find a spot she won't see me until I want her to.

The restaurant in Miami is the type she will have been brought up to dine in. She probably expects this standard now too, and I hate the thought of not being able to offer her what she wants and deserves. It's for sure out of my comfort zone. Hell, having a meal with them was a luxury, let alone at some fine-ass palace-looking place that probably serves steak on bone china.

I push off my car and head toward the door. Elijah's money has lasted me longer than I'd expected. I guess I grew accustomed to having none, so I became frugal when I did. Despite the O'Connell brothers issuing me credit cards, I've refused to use them. I don't need anything more from them than what I already asked for, and this is more than enough. This is everything.

A doorman opens the door as I approach, and I marvel at the little red carpet as I wander in with a smug smile on my face. My mind reels with how the other half live outside of a dank bedroom or torture chamber.

The room is large and open plan, with a wine bar straight ahead and dozens of

circular tables with odd-looking chandeliers above each one. The busyness allows me to slip in without being noticed, and I head straight to the bar, which is surprisingly full for a lunchtime. I pull up the only vacant bar stool, and the server comes straight to me.

“Yes, sir. What can I get you?”

I jolt, so used to referring to my father as sir, that someone using it for me is a shock to my system.

I clear my throat. “Scotch on the rocks.”

“Coming right up.”

I nod, and he goes about his task while I keep my back to the restaurant. He places the glass in front of me, and I scan my card to pay. “Keep it filled.”

“Yes, sir.” Again, with the fucking sir. I grit my teeth and knock the drink back, emptying the glass.

The door is pulled open, and a draft sweeps through the bar, then the hairs on my neck prickle with awareness. She’s here.

A burst of adrenaline floods my bloodstream as laughter fills the room, and I close my eyes at the pain that ripples through me at the sound of her happiness.

How dare she be so happy when I’ve been living in perpetual misery? Did I mean nothing to her at all? I grind my teeth so hard a dull ache splinters through my jaw, and I grimace, a stark reminder of the time my jaw was rewired.

My face throbs, and I will the tears not to fall. I don’t know what I did to deserve this

agony, but my father was really pissed that I fucked up last night's match. He had three guys pin me down, then stomped on my face.

But it was his words that crushed me, not the shoe that shattered the bones in my face. He said I was nothing, that nobody would miss me if he killed me, a worthless piece of shit only useful to make money and to let his men have their fun with.

Soft hands wrap around my hand, encompassing them with their own and bringing life back into my veins. Her fingers draw circles on my palms, and I delight in her tender touch.

"I made you some soup," she whispers.

I want to smile, really, I do, but the wire attached to my jaw prevents me from moving. "You're going to love this soup."

I turn in my chair to face her, and a savage bolt of fury hits me in the chest, turning my blood to poison as I stare at her and her husband making small talk with pompous pricks.

My eyes narrow in on the man my girl bats her eyes at. He's everything I'm not. Well put together, with a shirt and tie. I glance down at my white shirt and black pants, purposely chosen to get in this restaurant and totally not me. I've always dressed how others wanted me to, but I've found I'm most comfortable in jeans and a T-shirt. So, reverting to smart clothes was a difficult move for me today, a reminder of their control.

The prick is smaller than me, a lot smaller, maybe five-foot-seven. I scrub a hand over my shaved head while surveying his carefully styled hair, then I look over his hands, clear of tattoos, and his entire face clear of scars.

Nothing like me.

Nothing at all.

Is this what she likes? This clean-cut look. My mouth becomes dry, and I loathe myself, knowing I will never be like him, even if I wanted to be, which I would, for her.

As if sensing my gaze, her head snaps to the side, and her eyes lock with mine. Time stands still as we stare at one another, and my heart hammers. The glass she's holding slips through her fingers and shatters on the floor, distracting her long enough for me to make a quick exit.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

Jeremy opens the door to the restaurant, and I slip inside and plaster on the fake smile I'm accustomed to providing whenever needed.

"It's just a quick lunch, not a funeral," he jokes, and I laugh. "What? You know how much you love to hear about Jemma's latest puppy shopping experience." Jeremy continues with a playful chuckle, and I giggle at his comment. He knows damn well I hate every second of it.

Jeremy's business partner's wife is obsessed with taking her small dogs everywhere with her, and each time we meet, she tells me of their latest antics and purchases. I get lumbered with listening to her while Jeremy and Corbin talk business, and I hate it, but it's one of the things I do for my husband, one of many things.

Do I wish my life was different? Of course, but I make the most of a dangerous situation and, honestly, I'm grateful for that opportunity. So, I straighten my shoulders like I'm going to war and raise my chin as I sashay into the restaurant like I'm happy to be there.

Jemma screeches in the high-pitched excitable voice when we enter, "They're hereeee!"

"Oh, dear God, please make it quick," I grumble under my breath as we approach the beaming couple.

Jeremy takes me by the elbow and lowers his mouth to my ear. "Just smile and be polite."

Ugh, why is it so difficult to be a nice person sometimes?

“Oh, .” She tsks as she takes me into her arms, squeezing the life out of me. “If you would only let me take you to my designer, we could have you dressed in something much more elaborate.” I glance down at my strappy blue dress. It hugs me perfectly, and I love it. The color reminds me of his eyes.

My hair is curled and bouncy, and my blue high heels match my outfit and purse perfectly.

I feel good.

She throws the feather boa over her shoulder as she looks down her nose at me.

Corbin chuckles obnoxiously. His stomach looks fit to burst out of his shirt as he takes another sip of his wine. “Jem has amazing style, don’t you, munchkin?” He squeezes her ass cheek, and I scrunch up my nose and snatch a glass of water from off the nearby table.

“Let me tell you all about my babies’ trip down Rodeo Drive this week.” She talks about how her dogs received pedicures to match hers, how she purchased them diamond necklaces in a floral style, and how they ate at her favorite restaurant that caters to vegan dogs like hers. I zone out as she tells me about the elocution lessons her babies receive that allow them entry to such establishments.

A shiver rakes down my spine, and I swallow hard at the intensity behind it. A feeling of being watched overcomes me, and I search the room to find the culprit. Being brought up in the Carrera family, I know only too well what it feels like when there are eyes on me.

When my gaze locks onto familiar bright-blue eyes, my heart lurches, causing me to

gasp for air. It can't be him.

We stare at one another like we're the only people in the room while my blood races wildly through my body.

It's him.

Those bright-blue eyes drill into my own, and the next thing I know, the glass I'm holding slips through my fingers, the water splashes up to my legs, and the shattering of the crystal glass has me snapping out of my trance.

"Are you okay?" Jeremy rushes to my side as a server picks up the broken glass surrounding my feet.

My eyes instantly dart back to the space I saw him, and my stomach sinks. Thought I saw him.

He's not there.

Of course he's not.

I give my head a shake and glance down at the mess. "I'm sorry."

Jeremy's concerned eyes find mine. "Are you okay?"

My lips straighten into a tight smile. "Yes. It was just an accident. I'll go tidy up in the restroom."

He nods. "Okay." Then he glances down at my wet dress. "That's probably a good idea." Giving me a stern look, he turns back to his conversation with Corbin, essentially dismissing me.

My legs wobble as I head toward the restroom, completely unnerved by what I thought I saw or, more importantly, who.

### Chapter Twenty-Eight

Sienna

Splashing ice-cold water on my face, I douse myself in the chill. I don't care that what little makeup I'm wearing will be washed off; I need to freshen up, and what better way than to shock my body back into reality.

The click of the door lock has me raising my head, and when my gaze catches onto the mirror, I freeze and the hair on my arms stand on end as a deep sense of threat takes over me.

Every cell in my body becomes enamored by the figure before me.

Staring back at me are the bright-blue eyes that haunt me. Angry blue eyes, and that look alone guts me.

I blink slowly. He can't be here?

My pulse races as my heart rate skyrockets. "St-Stone?"

"That's right. Didn't think you'd see me again, huh?" There's venom in his tone, a snipe to his delivery so unlike him.

Tears spring to my eyes, but when he pushes his solid chest against my back and bends over me to grip the countertop and cage me in, heat floods me. His scent wraps around me like a cruel taunt, and my body becomes weak at his proximity, so my

footing wavers with the energy swirling around us.

“Pretty sure you need reminded who you belong to, Princess.” The sound of his belt buckle clinking has a wave of wetness pooling in my panties.

Holy shit, is he?

His zipper comes down while we stare at one another in the mirror, our gazes never wavering.

He’s as handsome as ever, his face just how I remember, and as I look him over, I’m pleased to discover no fresh scars or marks on his skin. Wherever he’s been, whatever he’s been doing, is not how his life played out in my mind, and that sends a rush of happiness through me, and my fingers twitch to rediscover him.

My dress is shoved up by his thick hands, and when he kicks my feet apart, I’m powerless to do anything but comply. He maneuvers me to suit him and, in shock, I allow it.

As my panties are pushed to the side, I delight in the warmth of his touch. Heat flows through me like wildfire and slickness gathers between my legs.

I shouldn’t do this, we shouldn’t do this, but my mouth can’t form the words.

His hand tangles in my hair, pinching my scalp, but I remain silent as he pushes my face into the counter and the head of his thick cock finds my soaked pussy.

“That’s it, drip for your brother .” He spits out the latter and slams inside me so hard I bite into my lip to disguise the cry of pain at my hips hitting the solid surface. The brutality of his words has the opposite effect, and the venom behind them has me just as eager for him. A gush of wetness coats his cock, and I know he feels it because a

deep groan erupts from his chest and his movements stutter for a split second.

His thickness stretching me to capacity, along with his powerful slam, has me holding on to the sink to remain standing as his thrusts hammer in and out of me. I remain a toy for him to use, yet I wouldn't have it any other way.

He pants heavily as his hips roll, then he rears back and slams them back and forth against me with ruthless violence.

Faster and faster, he moves, pounding into me like a wild animal.

My body throbs with need as I clench uncontrollably around his cock. I arch my back against him, then he pulls out, and I fall onto the sink, heaving for breath before he tugs me up by my arm and spins me around to face him. "Close your eyes," he spits out, and for a moment, I don't move. "Close your fucking eyes!" he booms, and I flinch at the spite in his tone, quickly shutting them.

He pushes me to the cold floor, and I wince at the bite of pain in my knees.

"You keep your eyes closed. Do you hear me?" he demands.

"Ye-yes." I tremble, feeling the fury in his words.

"Good girl." The softness of his tone has me relaxing, then his hand pushes into my hair, gentler this time. "Open those lips for me."

Oh god.

I open my mouth, and when the tip of his cock separates my lips, I whimper. I've never tasted him before, but I've wanted to. God, have I wanted to. My tongue darts out and licks over his head, and I preen at the hiss leaving him. When he pushes

inside, my mouth stretches to accommodate him, and a moan of pleasure rumbles in the back of my throat.

God, how I've wanted to taste him, to feel him, all of him.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck," he groans, and I swell with pride at the effect I'm having on him as much as he is on me. "Jesus." His tone is full of awe when I slide my tongue over the head of his cock. "It's— Fuck. It's incredible." He slides steadily in and out of my mouth as if savoring the moment, then he picks up speed, hitting the back of my throat, and I gag at the force. His hold on my head tightens, and he delivers harder thrusts. "Gonna come on your face, Princess. Keep your eyes closed." His warning comes just as he pulls out, and I gasp for air as his heavy pants fill the restroom with the sound of him pumping his cock. Moments later, his warmth floods my face, but I stay kneeling on the floor, awaiting his instruction.

The sound of his zipper has my eyes snapping open, then he leans down and uses two fingers to swipe through the cum coating my chin. "Open. Stick your tongue out."

I part my lips, and he shoves his fingers inside, and his pupils dilate when he wipes his cum onto my tongue.

Then he removes his fingers and rubs his cum into my cheeks. I'm dumbfounded by his actions, still reeling from the shock of him being here.

Reaching behind his back, he removes a gun, and my heart skips a beat. "Here's what's going to happen." He checks the safety of the gun. "You're going to go back out there and pretend nothing happened, then you're going to give that husband of yours a kiss with my cum soaked into your skin. He's going to smell me on you, and if you don't?" I feel the color drain from my face at his devastating words. "I'll blow a hole through his fucking head." As he smirks, dread lines my stomach.

Of course he knows I'm married, and the way he speaks leaves me with no doubt that he feels betrayed. Doesn't he see? I had no choice either.

I'd always choose him.

Always.

He offers me his hand, and anxiety ripples through me as he tugs me to my feet. All the while, my focus never leaves his sinister smile.

Something has changed in him. There's a darkness to his eyes that wasn't there before, a cruel gleam that has my stomach rolling. Has he become one of them?

A sob catches in my throat at the thought, but I push it aside. He wouldn't.

"Hurry, Princess, your husband will be waiting," he sneers, and my lip wobbles at the way he glares through me, not an ounce of love left in his eyes.

My legs shake as I head toward the door.

"Sienna?" I turn to face him, expecting something more tender. "I'll be watching."

He's not the same man I knew him to be, and what hurts the most, I'm not the same woman either.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

I watch her from the bar. A sense of ownership washes over me when she leans in and kisses the asshole on the cheek. He rears back and narrows his eyes before placing his arm around her and pulling her toward him. That single move alone just cost him a limb. My molars ache from clenching my jaw so hard.

She glances over her shoulder, chewing on her bottom lip, and I fucking love the panic on her face. The knowledge that she's bathed in my cum while playing happy families with the pompous prick and his friends, makes it even more rewarding.

I'll replay the scene repeatedly in my head for as long as I live, but hopefully, before long, I will have her all to myself and I'll finally be able to expel every sordid thought out of my mind and on to her delicate little body.

My phone vibrates, so I pull it out and unlock the screen with my thick fingers. Having never had the freedom of a cell phone until recently, I still find it difficult to navigate.

Mr. Personality: What the hell are you doing in Miami?

Me: Her.

Mr. Personality: Not yet. We agreed. NOT YET.

I smirk, imagining him all riled at my actions. The man struggles to remain calm in my presence, and who can blame him? I tried to kill him.

Me: She's mine.

Mr. Personality: We have a plan in place. You know this.

Me: So do I.

The three little dots that show when someone is typing take forever, and I glance back up. A flash of excitement thrums through my veins when I find her watching me. My cock stirs to life once again, and I lick my lips with the anticipation.

Mr. Personality: Their jet left an hour ago. They know where you are. They're coming.

Adrenaline zips up my spine as I push aside his concern.

My plans just moved up.

It's time to take back what they stole from me.

### Chapter Twenty-Nine

Sienna

“Are you feeling okay? You’re not acting yourself,” Jeremy asks, sparing me a glance from the corner of his eyes before looking back toward the road.

I shake my head, then remember he won’t see my reaction; he’s already looking straight ahead, blocking out my very existence.

“No. I have a headache.” I swallow back the lie and turn to look out the car window and into the dark skyline of the city as it whizzes past us.

I can’t believe he came to Miami. My breath stutters and my pulse skitters.

All this time and I finally see him again, but this time he’s bolder, more brash. The gleam in his eyes is malicious, a feeling I’m not accustomed to where Stone is concerned, and it unnerves me.

The scent of his cum is still on me, and I don’t have it in me to clean it from my skin. Knowing he marked me with his pleasure sends a wave of warmth rushing through me.

He wanted to mark me as his. He still wants me.

My stomach swirls with butterflies, a combination of excitement and nervousness. My entire being is consumed by him, and his cock filled me like only he knows how.

The magnetic pull we have was as catalytic as ever, the connection incomparable to anything I've ever felt before. Like he's the only person in the world for me, a soul mate destined for doom but prevails, nonetheless, and the hate and roughness behind him was something new.

I bite into my lip as I slowly work through the memory, as if cataloging it all to detail.

God, the roughness.

The depravity.

I've always seen it in his eyes, but it's the first time I've ever experienced it, and I wonder if he has used other women this way before. I close my eyes at the pain of thinking he's touched other women, experienced them when we were always meant to be.

They've experienced his touch and solace when I've had no choice but to endure my pain alone.

"I don't like your behavior tonight, Sienna," Jeremy seethes from beside me, snapping me out of my self-loathing and wayward thoughts.

"I'm sorry," I whisper like a chastised child while wringing my hands in my lap as worry ebbs beneath my skin.

He turns his head, but I don't have the courage to lift mine to face him. "Don't let it happen again," he snaps.

A sob catches in my throat at the prospect of letting him down, and I nod. "Of course."

I look up from beneath my lashes to find his smile has quickly encompassed his handsome face. “Good.” The car comes to a stop. “We’re home now. Why don’t you go upstairs and take a bath? I’ll be in bed shortly.” The giddiness behind his words isn’t lost on me.

And like that, my blood runs cold, but I feign the perfected smile of a happy wife in order to protect us.

All of us.

### Chapter Thirty

Stone

Jeremy Flanagan, a former chief executive of Flanagan's entertainment, part of the Flanagan family dynasty, and worth an estimated six billion dollars, until his inheritance is passed down to him, of course.

Mr. Personality did his research and gave me a summary of his findings. Sienna was sold off to the Flanagans for a tidy sum, and in return, they have a share in the Carrera family businesses. This could be anything from the casinos, nightclubs, fight clubs, and trafficking industry. But I'm guessing not the latter. Benito has always been careful about who he shares that portion of his empire with.

He's also spent years training Azrael to take over, so I doubt he'd ever risk a third party being involved, especially considering how lucrative human trafficking is.

Nope, there's no way in hell the Flanagans have a share in that. Besides, not everyone is okay with shit like that. The O'Connells certainly don't seem to be.

Me?

I've experienced the torture firsthand and would happily drop a nuke on the fuckers, but not before I take Sienna from them. The last thing I want is my girl being caught in the crossfire.

Then I can spend the rest of my life in bliss, punishing her tight little ass for betraying

me by marrying another man after promising never to love another.

Yet I saw the truth in her eyes tonight.

She's as much a liar as the rest of them, and I can't trust her even if I want to.

My mind wanders to how incredible she looked and felt, and I stiffen in my pants. Her tight ass cheeks bounced off my hips like she was crafted for me, and they jiggled with each pump delivered.

I wonder if Jeremy has had her ass?

The stabbing pain down the side of my face takes hold, and I squeeze my eyes closed, attempting to overcome the pressure that builds inside my head when this happens.

I focus on the here and now, and when I cast my eyes up toward the security, a sinister smile takes over my face.

Easy. Fucking. Peasy. I lick my lips as vengeance slithers beneath my skin. I can practically taste the glory.

My SUV rolls to a stop at the security gate. "Sir, Mr. Flanagan is not expecting any guests tonight." The dumb shit flicks through his clipboard, and I almost feel sorry for him, almost.

"Can you radio through? Tell him Stone is here."

"Stone?" His eyebrows furrow, and my gaze bores into his as he shifts from foot to foot. "I'll just call through." He points toward his gatehouse, and I nod.

The moment he turns his back, I withdraw my silencer and deliver a shot to the back

of his head. The splatter of blood is like fuel in my poisoned veins, and a surge of glee rushes through me.

Then I climb out of the SUV, drag the dumb fucker into the gatehouse, and press the button to open the gates.

The excitement of my actions almost makes me forget to swipe his ID card that announces me as security. I proudly clip it onto my jacket, then climb back into my SUV and creep up the driveway.

My hands tighten on the steering wheel. As I take in the mansion's beauty, it's everything I imagined Sienna embracing, and everything I'm not. Grandeur, elaborate, and wealthy, and with that thought in my mind, my stomach swirls with dread. I'm not good enough for her, but I'm determined to have her anyway.

I park the SUV at the side of the house and scan the property for the side door I know leads to the kitchen. Then I bend down and check my knife is in my leg holster, ready to wreak havoc on the pompous prick who dared to take what doesn't belong to him.

After removing the rucksack with my tools from the trunk, I swipe the card to access the house, then step inside. The fact I can smell her cooking doesn't bring me the same warmth it usually does, and a surge of jealousy engulfs my entire body.

She cooks for him.

My feet move quickly with the realization of just how much she has moved on. To live so freely and with happiness in her life while I've remained a prisoner of my nightmares, dwelled on a life that didn't exist, and worse, pined for a woman who was never mine to begin with.

As I step into the foyer, my head snaps toward a male voice coming from an open

door down the hallway, and I freeze. Nobody responds, leading me to believe the prick is on a call, giving me the perfect opportunity to head upstairs. I'll deal with him later. First, I need to get Sienna ready for our trip.

A combination of arousal and eagerness buzzes through me as I take each step until I reach the landing, and my eyes latch on to the double doors at the end of the hall.

The master suite.

Without dwelling on the prospect, I head straight for them, not even gentle when I shove open the door and take in the room covered in crystal and white furnishings. It's clean and fresh while I stand there in black clothes and heavy boots. Tattoos and scars cover my skin—a darkness in the light. But I'm beyond caring when my eyes latch onto Sienna lying in the center of their bed like an angel awaiting her avenger.

Her head pops up off the cotton white pillow, and she gasps, sending a rush of arousal through me. When her mouth falls open, I long to control it again, to force her on my cock until she chokes. To wrap my hand firmly around her slender throat and feel the assault I deliver until she's desperate for air and her throat is raw from my taking.

I drop the bag with a heavy thud, and her startled eyes dart to it. Then she sits up, watching me while I fumble for the tape, unable to take my attention away from her.

“Stone. You shouldn't be here.” She glances over my shoulder toward the door, then a wave of fury hits me in the chest, and a growl leaves me as I fly toward her.

The thought of her focus being on another man has me feral, so I grip her neck in the palm of my thick hand, causing her eyes to bulge, and I savor it.

“Do you remember what you said to me, Sienna? That you're mine.” The touch of her skin against mine has my pants tenting with desire.

She's able to nod slightly, and a tear slips from the corner of her eye. I tilt her head from side to side, trying to see if she wiped my cum from her pretty little face or not. "Are you still mine?" My voice is filled with lust and malice, a heady concoction destined for explosion.

"Yes," she murmurs, and my chest swells with pride.

"Good girl." I gift her with a sincere smile, then grab the tape. Before she has time to register or protest what is happening, I slap a portion of tape across her mouth and throw her onto her stomach, then pull her arms behind her back and bind them, careful not to make them too tight. I don't want my girl to hate me.

Her muffled sounds and her lame attempts to thrash beneath me have me chuckling, and when I stare down at her sexy nightdress that has ridden up over her bare ass, I see red. I'm kneeling between her parted legs and have the glorious view of her bare body reflecting at me, goading me into serenity.

The fact she was ready and waiting for his cock in their marital bed causes my vision to become hazy when my temper skyrockets and the pain in my temple pulsates.

"You had my cum tonight. Is that not enough for you, Sienna?" I spit out. "Have you turned into a slut for cock?" I taunt as I grip her ass cheek roughly in my palm, digging my fingertips into the soft, plump flesh. "I bet you beg him to fuck this little asshole. Don't you, Princess?" Her body freezes beneath me, and she shakes her head.

A sudden need to dispel my wayward thought slams into me, to make her remember everything she promised me and for her to feel the same consuming thoughts I've felt for as long as I can remember.

To feel me.

“I’m going to fuck this ass so goddamn hard that the only man you will remember being there will be me.”

A soft whimper leaves her lips, and I spring into action, throwing open my belt and lowering my zipper. I sigh a breath of relief when my cock is released.

I lean over Sienna and whisper against her ear, “Part your legs for me, Princess. Let’s see if we can get the tip wet in your pussy first.”

A flush travels over her cheeks, but she complies immediately, and I both love and hate her for it. So willing for me. Is she like this with him too?

I direct my cock to the entrance of her pussy and push in slightly, delighted to find her hole wet with arousal, and a smile tugs at my lips at her responding to me, despite knowing she shouldn’t.

No, my dutiful little toy is a not a good wife but a slut who likes to be fucked by evil men willing to conquer the world for a taste of her.

I just as quickly slide out of her slick pussy, then pull the lone condom from my pants pocket and stare at it for a moment. I’ve never used one before, but with the way I feel, I know I’m going to take both her ass and pussy tonight. I’ll own every part of her, and her body will feel it.

Biting into the corner of the packet, I tear the condom open and roll it down my thick length, then part her ass cheeks with both hands as I spit on her hole, and she jolts. Need lances through me, and with one hand on her hip and the other on my cock, I position the head at her asshole and push. She stills, and her eyes widen when I slowly slide inside her. I hiss between my teeth the tight sensation becomes almost too much to bear.

Fuck, I want to come. She's so small you would think she's never been breached here before, but I immediately shut the thought down because I've taken her ass, and the prick of a husband probably expected every part of her too.

I've spent years watching others have sex, in every position possible, with every combination of people involved, but nothing can prepare you for the depths of glory at filling what belongs to you.

Knowing the very reason you live is connected to you. That you couldn't be closer to them than you are right now in this very moment.

So fucking close.

Her body remains tense, and it takes every muscle inside me not to thrust her through the mattress.

My cock is only a couple of inches inside her before I withdraw and plunge inside again. Part of me wants to tear through her, but the other wants to savor the sensation. No part of me wants to hurt her or have her feel the hate for me that I feel toward her.

How could I when she's been the only person to ever show me love? When that's the one thing I want from her, and nobody else can give it.

So instead of ramming into her like the feral animal I am, I jerk my cock while inside her, determined to fill this hole with my cum. My chest heaves as I grunt out my pleasure, and I stare down at the head of my cock, pulling her tight little asshole open while I jerk faster and faster.

"Oh fuck. Fuck, Sienna." My hand works quicker, and I remove my other hand to deliver a sharp slap to her ass, which causes her eyes to flare with wonder. I repeat the action, and she tenses around my cock. Her moans are muffled, but fuck, are they

like a shot of adrenaline to my system. She likes it. My vision becomes blurry. “Fuck, gonna come.”

Then stars shoot before my eyes as my balls draw up, and I thrust my hips back and forth, the skin of my cock rubbing against her taut muscles as I erupt inside her. I’m not surprised when my cum spills out of the condom but, fuck me, it’s a pretty sight watching my pleasure seep so epically from her tight little asshole and into her glistening pussy.

### Chapter Thirty-One

Stone

My phone buzzes in my pants pocket, forcing me back to reality pretty fucking quickly, and while Sienna squeezes her eyes closed, I withdraw from her, throw the condom to the floor, tuck myself back into my pants, and buckle up my belt. My eyes remain locked on the cum leaking from her ass. Next time, I will fuck her without a condom and make it all fit. I'll fuck her so many goddamn times that she accepts every inch of me with ease.

Only me.

Her body slumps into the mattress as I climb off the bed and dig the phone from my pocket.

Mr. Personality: At least make your visit quick.

I smirk at his message. The fucker is some kind of tracker who seems to know everyone's movements, and if I had it in me to care, I would be pissed. As it stands, the only thing I have ever cared about is the woman who remains coated in my cum. The woman who betrayed me and married another when she promised me forever.

I shove the phone back in my pocket, aware Mr. Personality will be pissed at my lack of response. "It's time for me to handle your husband. I'll be right back." Sienna's eyes snap open, and terror rushes into them. The sight causes my heart to constrict, and for a split second, I wonder if this is the right move.

Is she aware of something I'm not?

I shake off the uneasy feeling and head toward the door, following the sound of not just one voice now, but two. Another female. Potentially a staff member.

I've never harmed a woman in my life, but I'm not opposed to it. After all, I'm trained to be indifferent. I'm made of nothing but stone.

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*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

My mind scrambles with fear and determination as I frantically inch toward the edge of the bed.

Stone isn't aware of what he's doing. He doesn't know how important Jeremy is in this dynamic, and my body becomes overrun with an anxious need to fix this before he ruins everything. I shuffle haphazardly toward the edge, then fall with a heavy slump onto the floor, causing me to wince.

My ass throbs, and I block out the cum oozing from it and shuffle toward the bathroom. He didn't even fully enter me this time, and the thought he held back to keep me from hurting when he was furious has my heart melting. Knowing the Stone I know and love is still in there protecting me as always, has me rushing to want to protect him too.

Screams and shouting penetrate the walls, and my heart rate picks up. Holy shit, he's going to kill him. I know it.

I move quicker toward the bathroom cupboard, then maneuver myself to stand, using the cupboard handle for help, then open it. With my hands restrained behind my back, I run through my mind at where my scissors are, and the moment my fingers graze my makeup bag, I breathe a sigh of relief and open the zipper.

I clasp my fingers over the metal, trying to calm my nerves and regain control as I saw through the tape bindings to stop this chaos before he makes matters worse.

For all of us.

### Chapter Thirty-Two

#### Stone

Without warning, I throw open the office door and aim my gun at the pretty blonde whose ass was about to move off her chair. Her startled eyes fill with horror, and I grin with triumph.

“Tape her to the chair!” I throw the tape at Jeremy, and the fuckwit almost drops it as wide eyes meet my gaze. His mouth opens to protest, but I shake my head, and he snaps it shut.

Slowly, his Adam’s apple works down his throat, and he moves toward the woman while I take in the piece of shit.

I’m nothing like him. He’s polished, perfect, and clearly a businessman. The aura of his being oozes from him in slick waves.

Right now, I bet he wishes he was me—the one in control, the demon in the dark reaping havoc on their perfected lives. The grim reaper vindicating his own self.

Betrayal and manipulation are at the forefront of my mind as Jeremy’s hands shake while he tapes the woman to the chair.

She sniffles, and tears spring from her eyes, but I ignore her and keep my eye on the prick.

I hadn't expected to have a spectator, but it does nothing to curb the growing anticipation of his downfall.

When he finally finishes, he turns to face me and stands to his full height, a mere five-seven compared to my giant self, and I smirk when he broadens his shoulders.

"Do you want money? Is that it?"

"No."

"The cars? You can take them. All of them." My eyebrows furrow. Why the fuck would I want his cars when he holds something much more precious close to him?

"No."

"Then what do you want?"

I lick my lips slowly. "Her."

Fear blanches his now-pale face. He glances over his shoulder toward the woman strapped to the chair. Before his eyes settle back on me, I slam a fist into his face, knocking him off his feet. Her scream ricochets off the walls, and the high pitch of it makes my head throb, which makes me respond more brutally to drone out the sound of her pleas.

I throw myself on top of him and deliver blow after blow, and blood coats my fist as he attempts to push me away. I yank his arm from its socket, and the howl of pain vibrating from him fills my bloodstream with victory.

"That's for touching what's mine, motherfucker."

“Ple—” His voice is muffled as I slam my fist into him again and again. He pathetically attempts to push me away, and when I learn the screams are also Sienna’s, it only heightens my cause for retribution.

“Stone. Stop. Please.”

Slam.

“I’m begging you.”

Slam.

She’s crying for him.

Slam.

“You don’t understand.”

Pleading for him.

Slam.

“You’re going to kill him!”

I lift my fist again, and his unmoving body becomes the target for my raw anger, as to dispel my hurt on someone other than her.

“Keenan. Stop!”

Ice freezes my veins and stills my movement.

The foreign sound of my birth name on her lips is a testament to her traitorous actions. A sneer slides from my lips as I slice my gaze toward her.

She stands there with the loose tape in her hand and tears streaming down her face. “You don’t understand. Let me make you understand.” It comes out as a plea, one I’m not ready for. Her betrayal has gone too far.

Just what the fuck does she know?

Did she know all along we weren’t related?

Was this all a part of an elaborate act to control me?

Manipulate and degrade me?

“He doesn’t love me. He never did,” she whispers, and I cast my eyes down to the piece of shit beneath me. “He loves her.” She tilts her head toward the woman in the chair. “I married him because he loves her.” Her eyes implore mine to understand. “It was an act, Stone. It was all an act.”

“All an act,” I repeat almost robotically, but she doesn’t miss the undertone of my words.

Shaking her head, she swipes away the fresh tears flowing down her pretty little face. So perfect yet so messy, and the sight of her has my cock stirring. “Not that. Never that.” She clutches at her heart as if it pains her to say it. “It’s only ever been you.” I shake my head, refusing to believe her. Why the fuck would I when she’s lied so much? When they’ve all lied so fucking much. My hands find my head, and I clutch it as pain surges through me.

“H-he loves her, S-Stone.” Her chest heaves. “He only ever wanted her, and I only

ever wanted you.” Snapping my eyes open, I take in the beauty of her standing in the doorway, so disheveled, but never has she looked so free, as if admitting her truth has finally redeemed her from her lies.

Well, good for her, but what about me?

Anger flares inside me so strong the pain in my head feels catalytic.

What about the lies, the deceit?

She let me live through hell, knowing I was never out of reach. That the thoughts twisting inside my gut were not so disgusting after all. I wasn’t a monster.

What about the torture, the trauma, the depths of hell I’ve been through?

The burns on my body feel as fresh as ever, like someone is pouring salt into those open wounds once again. Her compliance in this, her utter betrayal, feels like my heart that only beat for her has been torn from inside me, ravished so brutally that my vision blurs and my body trembles. “You lied to me.”

Her face pales.

“You lied to me!” I bellow louder.

All this time, I had a family; I had a life; I had hope, and she stood by and allowed me to be a prisoner for their cruel needs. They distorted my outlook on life and left me with nothing. Now I don’t even have her.

How can I?

I stumble forward, falling to my knees, unable to control the pain searing through my

body like wildfire.

Her soft hands try to pull my hands from my head, and when I let them fall at my side, I stare back into her emerald eyes, the ones I love, the very same ones that betrayed.

As I grip her throat, not an ounce of fear crosses her face, then I shove her away, and she falls in a heap on the floor. The bastard husband's blood coats her hands and nightdress, and fury rises through my body like a blazing inferno.

She scoots back, as if sensing my unraveling, and slides in the blood.

"Turn around." My voice comes out calm and collected, but inside, I'm anything but. She must see the meaning behind my words because her mouth opens, then closes like a fish before she spins onto all fours, practically presenting herself to me. Her body trembles as I unbuckle my pants once again, and my steel cock aches to fill her and bathe her in the treacherous blood as I fill her with my child.

"Beg me to fuck my baby into you," I growl when I line up my cock, her pussy still gleaming from earlier as she gasps at the realization of my intentions.

"Please," she whispers.

I snap my hips forward, and she slips in his blood and falls onto her stomach, then I pin her down at the hips, holding her in place as I mount her like a wild animal.

Harder.

I work my hips.

Deeper.

I surge inside her.

Faster.

“Fuck, yes. So beautiful covered in your husband’s blood while your brother fills you with his baby,” I grunt between savage thrusts.

Her moans and the slapping of our skin ring out in my ears as I delight in knowing I have an audience. I lock eyes with the blonde, who stares back at me in disgust. “She loves her brother fucking her.” I grin manically in satisfaction. “I’m filling this cunt with my baby. She’s mine.”

Sienna groans beneath me, and pleasure shoots up my spine. She was made for me.

“Mine!” I roar as my cum shoots spectacularly inside her, coating her womb with my seed.

Slowly, I slide out of Sienna and tuck my cock away, then I casually zip up my pants, as if I didn’t just fuck her ruthlessly and cover her in his demise in the process.

She rolls over to face me, and I try to ignore the guilt that churns in my stomach at the hurt in her eyes, but it freezes me in place, and I’m unable to look away.

My phone buzzes, somehow becoming my anchor in this nightmare, as the tension hangs heavily in the room.

Time is running out. I need to decide what to do, and with that thought in mind, I ignore the turmoil swirling inside me and cast a glance at the tear-streaked woman strapped to the chair. Then down at a blood-soaked Jeremy. He still has a chance to live, they still have a chance, and so do we.

It takes every ounce of strength inside me to swallow back my need for retribution, so I push up off the floor and stomp toward the blonde with a renewed vigor. Then, using my knife, I cut the tape, freeing her hands from the chair, and nod toward the phone on the desk. “Call for help as soon as we leave.” Her eyes widen and her lip wobbles as relief floods her face.

“We’re leaving,” I snap in Sienna’s direction, barely giving her a second glance as she stumbles to her feet.

“What? We can’t,” she begins her protests, and my fists tighten as I side-eye her, unwilling to give her my full attention.

She says she didn’t have a choice, but she chose this one. She let me believe we didn’t have a future despite promising it to me, then chose her freedom as I remained captive.

She had a choice, and she chose this.

If she thinks she didn’t have a choice before, she’s about to discover she doesn’t have one now either.

### Chapter Thirty-Three

Sienna

The vitriol rolls off Stone in unhealthy waves. I've never seen him like this, like he's battling to keep himself contained in my presence.

He knows I've lied to him, and he hates me for it, and who can blame him?

Loud voices slice through the foyer as I creep up the stone staircase from the kitchen. There's no security in sight, which means my father has sent them all outside, Vector included. My legs tremble and my heart hammers precariously as I inch toward the door.

I shouldn't do this. Sneaking around and listening in on conversations will get me punished and get him punished too.

At some point since Stone moved in here, they realized we have a connection, and it's been used to manipulate him ever since. Not only do they use that to make him comply, but to make me comply too. Azrael knows I will do anything to stop Stone from receiving punishment, so he takes great pleasure in taunting me to get me to do what he wants. Like keeping my impending marriage a secret, for one.

"What if he finds out he's not one of us?" Azrael asks. "What if he remembers where he came from?"

My heart skips a beat. Holy shit, what is he saying?

“Then we kill him.” My father’s evil tone slices through me. He’ll kill him. If Stone finds out he’s not one of us, he’ll kill him.

Sickness and panic wells in my stomach as my knees threaten to buckle.

He can never find out.

The man I love must always believe he’s my brother. It’s the only way to keep him alive, and in order for that to happen, I have to believe it too.

Stone’s hand scorches my skin, sending a tingling sensation between my legs and a flurry of goosebumps over my body. “Move,” he grunts as he tugs us toward the door.

“Stone, please?” I implore. “This is crazy.”

He ignores my whines as we head toward the kitchen. I’m barefoot and in my nightwear, but something tells me not to argue, not to push him further than he’s ever gone before.

“In!” he clips out toward the waiting SUV, and I open the car door with a combination of trepidation and excitement.

It’s everything I’ve ever dreamed of, being with him, yet the danger and circumstances are far from my dream. They’re a nightmare. The man I love hates me, my home life has been torn apart, and my family will not stop until Stone finally crumbles. A cry lodges in my throat as the car door slams shut behind me.

He won’t survive this; we won’t survive this.

We drive in silence. He occasionally glances in the mirror, but his gaze never settles

on me, and it's like a knife through my heart.

At some point, my heavy eyes gave way, but the jolt of the SUV stopping has them snapping open.

Stone slams the car door closed, then swings mine open. "Out!" He takes my arm, gentler than before, and helps me out of the car. My nightdress is coated in blood, and my stomach lurches at the devastation left behind us.

It's still night, or maybe early morning by now, and my footing wavers as I take in the rundown apartment building before me. I've heard of places like this but never seen one firsthand, nor have I ever stayed in one. Why would I? My entire family was born and bred into money; the purpose of procreating is to ensure the next generation of wealth.

Stone doesn't release my arm and marches us toward the apartment. He slides the key into the lock and opens the door while I glance around the empty parking lot. Then he pulls me inside, closing the door behind him, and the moment he slides the chain into place, bubbles of nervousness pop in the pit of my stomach.

He dwarfs the room and walks to the two-seater sofa, and I cast my gaze over the sparse space between us.

A kitchenette sits behind the sofa, along with a small table and two chairs, and an old CRT television with a VCR sits in the room's corner.

To my right is a door. I imagine it's the bedroom, and a thrill of arousal settles between my thighs at the prospect of spending a night with him. An actual night, the two of us.

Stone stares back at me, a look so full of contempt and longing. It's difficult to

decipher the two from one another.

“S-S-S-Stone?”

His heavy eyes swim with lust, and he peruses me as if not sure where to settle.

He clears his throat and stands to his full height, then glances toward the bedroom.

His blue gaze darkens with desire. “Bedroom.” When he tilts his head toward the door, I move.

The tenderness persists from the assault on my ass only hours ago, but still, I need more.

As I step into the room, I gasp at the meager furnishings, having never witnessed something so sparse other than Stone’s small bedroom back in our father’s house.

A double bed takes up the entire space. The covers are thin but clean, and there’s not even a closet, let alone a set of drawers. A lone mirror sits on the opposite wall, and I wonder if it’s covering something up or purposely placed there to witness the scenes acted out on the bed.

A wave of heat travels over my face at the thought, and I shift from foot to foot.

His breath whispers over my neck, so close, yet so far. “What’s the matter, Princess? Not good enough for you?” His words are a cruel taunt, delivered to cause me pain, but they’re not true despite his beliefs.

“Get on all fours,” he grits out as his finger trails down my neck.

“Stone. Can we talk?”

My gaze meets his in the mirror, where I remain rooted and breathless at the intensity of his stare.

“I don’t want to talk. I want to fuck.”

My heart skips a beat. Hurt and need slither through me as if my body is betraying me. I want that too, but I also want more than that. There’s so much to discuss, but I want him to fill me, to own me, to remind me I’m his and ultimately, he’s mine too.

I’ll do anything for him. Anything.

“I’m going to fuck my baby into you, Sienna. I’ll make sure you’re tied to me forever.” His hand collars my neck, then he presses the tips of his fingers into my skin. It’s a threat and a promise. “And nobody is going to take this away from me, do you hear?”

Shoulders dropping, I nod, and my eyes close on their own accord when his warm tongue sweeps up my neck, but then his touch is gone.

“Get on the fucking bed, and open those legs.”

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

Sienna climbs onto the bed, and the head of my cock stings at being squeezed by my waistband as her hips sashay onto the mattress. Fuck me, she's incredible. Every goddamn inch of her perfect body is incredible.

Nobody will take her from me again. Even if I have to sell my soul to the devil, nobody will take her.

I step up behind her, and the heavy clunk of the metal of my belt fills the air, then the sound of my zipper follows as she sucks in a sharp breath. I release my cock from my boxers, and my mouth waters at the thought of pushing inside her and her wet heat encompassing me once again.

My gaze latches onto her swollen asshole, and my chest swells with pride at the sight. Slowly, I trail a finger down her spine, delighting in the goosebumps that break out over her skin. The contrast of her softness against my tarnished skin will always be a wonderment I never want to change. I deliver a crack of my palm to her ass, and she gasps, causing me to chuckle, then I line the thick head of my cock up to her pussy and slowly slide inside.

Eyes rolling in splendor, I take a hold of her hips, the grip bruising. I bask in the tightness of her sweet pussy muscles as they pull me in as if needing me as much as I need her. They clench around me, hugging me so damn hard it's like a vise locking my cock in place, strangling it.

I buck my hips against her ass, bouncing off it as I thrust in and out of her. The fact her swollen asshole is still weeping my cum has me moving faster and faster.

The flimsy bed squeaks and creaks with each movement. The metal headboard hits the plaster with a heavy crack again and again, along with the sound of Sienna's moans as I fill her soft cunt with my solid length.

"Are you on birth control?" The thought of her trying to get pregnant with that prick's child has me murderous.

"N-no."

My nostrils flare. Anger and possession rush through me, and I slam inside her harder as punishment.

"I'm fucking my baby into you!" I roar. "Mine!"

Soft whimpers and whines escape her treacherous lips, and it adds to my desire to have her swollen and owned by me.

"Fuck. That's it. You take me so well, Sienna. You were fucking made for me. You hear me?"

"Yes. Oh god, yes," she moans and drops her head to the pillow.

I tangle my fingers in her hair and yank her up, uncaring of my heavy hand as I plow into her with a fierce determination.

"I'm going to fuck you so damn hard I'm going to get you pregnant, Sienna." I grit my teeth at my impending orgasm. My balls draw up, and my spine straightens. "Fuck!" My slit opens, and I hammer into her with vigor as my cum shoots inside her. Closing my eyes, I imagine her round with my baby. Everything I have is released into her. Every thought and feeling, every wish and hope. Every dream of a future I wish was obtainable is released deep inside her.

Slowly, my cock softens, and my heavy breaths stutter. The haze from my pleasure satiates me.

I drop her hips, and she falls to the mattress while I tuck my spent cock back into my boxers and push my jeans down onto the floor. Then I kick them to one side and pull my black T-shirt over my head and throw it onto the floor. As soon as I'm done, I roll her over, then slowly trail my eyes up her perfectly toned body. The blood-streaked nightdress is ruffled up toward her full tits. Her nipples are peaked and begging for attention, and my mouth waters to toy with them. I lift it over her head and throw it to the floor, desperate to have her laid bare for me. Wanting to taste her cunt, I push open her legs and lower myself toward her pussy. The scent of our combined pleasure has my cock stirring back to life.

Lifting my head, I meet her stare. Her green eyes have darkened and are filled with lust as I sweep my tongue through her slick folds, and I can't help the groan of satisfaction to rumble from my chest at tasting us together.

I keep her thighs parted with my tattooed hands and devour her, eating our pleasure from her cunt.

"Oh god," she moans as she lifts her hips in eagerness.

Using my fingers, I part her pussy lips and flatten my tongue, sweeping through her cunt one stroke after the next. Each one lingers over her swollen bud, but not for long enough to give her the pleasure she craves.

", please," she begs so beautifully.

"My pretty little liar," I admonish, and slap her pussy hard, forcing her mouth to drop open on a shallow whimper that sends adrenaline rushing through my bloodstream. "Such a lying little slut that likes her brother filling her pussy with his cum." The

taboo of my words has my cock swelling. “Do you like your brother eating your cunt, Sienna?”

Her chest rises, her cheeks blaze, and her eyelids become heavier under her thick lashes with each breath she takes.

“Tell me you like your brother’s lips on your cum-filled pussy. Tell me you like me eating my cum out of you.”

“I do,” she whispers.

“Tell me!” I bark and slap her bare cunt again.

“Please. I want my brother’s lips on me.” I stroke my tongue through her again, then roll the tip over her aching clit before swiping it away. “Please, .”

My tongue thrusts into her swollen pussy hole, and I bask in the fact I have a sufficient enough palate to taste her sweet pussy juice and my cum as it drips on to my tongue. Each time I groan, she clenches her thighs, and I smile.

“. Oh god, there.” I thrash my tongue from side to side, devouring her whole pussy as I suck, sweep, and eat at her cunt like a man possessed.

“I want you to taste us, Sienna. Taste us.” I gather our combined cum in my mouth, quickly push myself up to loom above her, then grip her jaw in my fingers, force her mouth open, and deliver a slow, long trail of our cum into her mouth. Our whiteness coats her tongue, and I smile at the way her pupils dilate. My girl looks as feral for me as I am her. She loves my rough, abrasive hand, and I long to appease her.

Slowly, I slide back down her body, but leave a hand wrapped around her slender throat. With each thrash of my tongue, I clamp my fingertips around her harder, then

release.

Again, and again.

As her spine arches, I make the last-minute decision to push my thumb into her ass while I glide my fingers through her sopping pussy. My grasp tightens on her throat, and when I release the grip, her scream ricochets off the wall and her body spasms as a flood of watery cum hits my face. My chest swells with euphoria. I've seen this happen a dozen times, but never have I felt it, never have I been the cause, and I want to beat my damn chest with pride because of it.

Her head falls back against the pillow, and her body sags as I slowly lift from between her legs. I smile at her and the soft sound of her sleeping form.

Did I seriously just force her to come so hard she fell asleep? A wicked grin crosses over my face, and I push my boxers down and position myself between her legs once again, lining my cock up to fill her, and delight in the sway of her tits as I power inside her pliable, naked body.

### Chapter Thirty-Four

Sienna

My head darts up off the scratchy pillow, and I whimper at the ache between my legs as memories of last night slam into me like a freight train.

I scramble up the bed and clutch my knees to my chest and take mental note of the chaos surrounding us.

The grimy room makes me want to scrub myself clean, but I don't relish the thoughts of using the facilities here either.

Stone's voice filters through the thin walls, and I flush at the thought of the other apartment guests hearing our antics through the night and into the morning.

Stone spent the night filling me with his cum while I fell in and out of sleep. He was so close, yet so far, and I hate it. Never feeling so alone as I do in this moment, I push myself off the bed and head into the small living space. I'm well aware I'm naked and on display for him, but something tells me he won't care, and right now, I don't have it in me to care either.

"You think I give a shit?" His gravelly, stern voice sends a shiver down my spine, and he scrubs a hand over his head. "How long? Fine, but Vector is mine." He ends the call and throws the phone onto the small table with a heavy sigh. Tension rolls from him, and I'd give anything to make him feel better and bring us back together.

Vector being mentioned causes a cry to lodge in my throat and pulls his attention toward me.

His bright-blue eyes travel over my naked body before resting on my face. “Come here.” My feet remain unmoving as I blink back at him. He dwarfs the chair he sits in, wearing only boxer shorts to cover his manhood, but I swear I can see the head of it peeking out above his boxers, and I lick my lips in appreciation.

“Sienna! Come.” He points to the floor between his legs, and I feel the need to reassure him, to submit every part of my body to him. He holds my heart in his hands, but I need to prove it. He thinks I betrayed him, manipulated him, and I want to prove to him I’m his. I’ve only ever been his, and I wouldn’t change that for the world.

I lower myself to the prickly carpet, the dirt sticking to my knees and hands as I do.

“Fuck,” he grunts, and shifts on the chair, then he strokes over his cock as if unable to help himself. “That’s it. Crawl for me, little cum whore.” His words are degrading, and in his mind, they’re true. He thinks I’ve been sleeping with my husband when, in reality, I never had to. Jeremy didn’t want me as much as I didn’t want him. It’s why he was so mad at me for making a move on him at the restaurant. We have an agreement between the three of us. Me, him, and his girlfriend; mistress, if you will. We only ever hold hands in public, and behind closed doors, I go to my bedroom and he goes to hers.

I listened to them making love at night, wishing that was me and Stone and, worse, knowing it never would be.

The room is small, and there’s barely enough space to move, but I’m able to find a path to crawl toward him, only stopping when I’m at his feet.

Hate swirls in my stomach, and I don’t know how to dispel it, so I try to please him

further, unsure of what I'm doing. Having never orchestrated this before, I feel exposed but determined, nonetheless.

His cock jumps beneath the fabric as I nuzzle into his crotch. The tip of his cock is leaking at his waistband, so I sweep my tongue over it. I open my lips wider to accommodate him, but his thick fingers tangle in my hair and tug my head back, forcing my neck to elongate. "No," he spits out.

Tears fill my eyes, and I squeeze them closed before opening them to find his lust-filled eyes boring into mine. He says no, but his body tells me otherwise.

He wants me. I can see it in the way his muscles are wrung tight, in the way his jaw tics and his fingers twitch in my hair.

He wants me as much as I want him.

"Please, Stone. I want to please you. I'm yours to use. Only yours."

His eyes flash with a possessive gleam, and he growls as I trail my fingers up his scarred legs and over his covered thighs.

"Only yours," I whisper, and a sob catches on my tongue. I will the truth to bleed from my eyes, hoping he can feel and see it.

"You want cock, that it?"

I shake my head. "Just yours."

A patronizing laugh glorified with malice rips from his chest as he throws his head back, and when his focus lands back on me, torment curls in the depths of my stomach. Insecurity, hurt, and self-loathing swim in his bright-blue eyes, and I blink

away the tears that cloud my vision. He's broken but solid, he's hurt yet prideful. His stone walls crumble as I tremble against him. He's showing this side of him, the side he keeps hidden, the side filled with secrets that allow me to keep my own lies covered.

"You want this, Sienna?" He grabs the solid length of his cock, and I nod as uncertainty seeps through my skin.

"Ye-yes. Please, I want all of it." I straighten my shoulders. "I want all of you."

"Then go right ahead and take it, Princess." I lean forward to grasp the waistband of his boxers, but he grips my wrist roughly in his thick hand. "Be warned, I'm going to choke you on your tears."

His words are an odd sentiment, no doubt laced in venom to scare me, but I refuse to cower. I need him to see I want every part of him. My hands shake as I slowly roll the fabric down his hips, then over his thick thighs. My movements stutter for a moment when I bear witness to the horror he's endured.

Burns mar his skin, lumps of fleshy disfigurement spread over his groin, and I want to recoil at what I've unearthed, but not because of the sight, because of the depths of his torture. When I have his boxers around his thighs, he pushes them to the ground and kicks them to the side while remaining impassive as my fingers take in the tarnished skin that wraps his solid cock. A strangled cry leaves my lips, and I hate myself for it, willing it back inside. While I lay in bed safe at night and desperate to keep him, he was receiving extreme torture.

My palms fan out on the tainted flesh, and tears flow freely down my face. When he gently caresses my head, I know he's trying to bring me comfort when I should be the one comforting him.

They tried to destroy him; they tried to break him down, to steal his very manhood, to crumble the man they made of stone, but they failed. He wears the consequences of their evil, daily, and as my hand attempts to circle the base of his cock, I vow with every breath I take, they will never hurt him again. They will never break my Stone.

### Chapter Thirty-Five

Stone

Her tears flow down her pretty cheeks so beautifully she leaves me stunned in silence. As much as it pains me to allow her to see what they did, her touch brings me comfort.

The burns, cattle prods, and raping used to create some of the most degrading forms of torture were by far the worst for me, and now I'm laid bare in front of her. She can see the whole truth. Like I can see hers.

The guilt rolls off her in waves, and it shouldn't make me happy. My cock shouldn't be getting harder by the second at seeing the pain on her face, but I am, and I can. I fucking revel in it!

Pre-cum drips down my shaft and into her small hand attempting to encompass my girth. I wrap my thick palm around her fingers, forcing her hand tighter as I pump myself harder, quicker. "Wrap your lips around my cock and cry for me." Heat springs to her cheeks, and I drag my tongue over my teeth as her mouth struggles to cover the head of my leaking cock. She gags when I thrust up, and my nostrils flare with desire at seeing her on her knees crying and pleading and desperate for me despite my scars. She has me feeling on top of the world. Ownership ravages through me as I thrust into her mouth. My ass lifts off the chair as I push inside her warmth. She bobs her head up and down, then I tighten my grip on her and unleash to fuck her face. She gargles and chokes and tries to push off my thighs, but I hold her in place. The softness of her unblemished skin against the distressed marks on my own is an

aphrodisiac. “You’re so fucking perfect, Sienna,” I coo, and stroke her head between each powerful thrust. “So perfect.”

The vibrations of her throat as I plunge into her mouth make my balls spasm. “I’m going to fill your mouth with my cum, Sienna. Then I’m going to use your little pussy to take what I want.” I deliver the words coolly, like I’m not unraveling inside with a torrent of need.

Her throat closes around my cock, pulling me in, and it forces my cum to shoot out with powerful aggression, leaving me dazed at the force.

After my heart rate settles and my cock slips from her swollen lips, I finally relax.

Her head falls onto my thigh, and her chest heaves with gasps of air while my fingers remain tangled in her locks. Only now do my strokes become slower.

With her head in my lap, I’m open and exposed, yet I’ve never felt so free.

### Chapter Thirty-Six

Stone

A loud pounding on the door has me jumping to my feet, forcing Sienna to scramble behind me. “Go into the bedroom and take a shower. Dress in my T-shirt.”

Hesitation flashes over her just-fucked face, and worry swims in her eyes as they flick back and forth toward me and the door. I use my thumb to trail over her bottom lip as it wobbles precariously. “Baby. You’re safe.”

Her small body relaxes on my words, and she gifts me with a serene smile. A familiar warmth I only feel around her seeps into my chest. “Okay,” she whispers, and glances back at the door before chewing on her lip and disappearing into the bedroom.

As soon as the door clicks shut, I pull on my boxers, then walk over to the door and slide the latch off, opening it wide to welcome in the men waiting on the other side.

Their don, Bren, steps inside first, and if I had to say which one I looked most like, it would be him. Mr. Personality follows behind, then the one I know to be Finn.

Finn sniffs the air like a greyhound. “Stinks of sex.” He grins and waggles his eyebrows.

“Jesus. This is a shithole. I told you I would provide funds. You just couldn’t wait, could you?” Mr. Personality spins on his perfectly polished heels while grimacing at the small room.

He rests his hands on his hips but remains standing while the other two take up the entire sofa. “I’m not sitting on that.” He points toward the chair, and I lift a shoulder and plonk myself on it.

It’s clear the jumped-up little prick was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. This is like fucking luxury compared to some hellholes I’ve slept in. This is better than the only bedroom I’ve ever known.

My mind instantly wanders to Sienna, and my gut twists, knowing this isn’t good enough for her.

“What happened to you?” Finn’s Adam’s apple bobs while he stares at my chest. His face pales as his eyes flit over the dozens of scars, from lashes, injections, burns, and bullet wounds. He freezes on my chest, no doubt taking in the iron mark over my nipple, and for the first time in my life, I feel discomfort in my body, besides Sienna seeing the worst of it, of course. “And remind me, why the fuck does he look like Bren on steroids?” His gaze slices to Mr. Personality with accusation, a sneer on his lips. “What the fuck has happened to him?” he demands, his tone rising.

Bren pinches the bridge of his nose, and I stifle a laugh at the scene playing out in front of me. Something familiar about it causes warmth to swell in my heart, but I refuse to acknowledge it. The unknown is easier to absorb.

These men may be my brothers, but I’ve yet to feel it. They’re a means to an end, and that end is to protect me and Sienna.

“I explained this already and, to be perfectly honest, it’s draining repeating myself. Bren, do the honors, will you?” Mr. Personality huffs and throws his hand out toward Finn. A mixture of anxiety and frustration rolls off him in waves, as if he’s unable to deal with Finn and his questions.

“Kid was in the compound.” Bren’s words are blunt and to the point. They’re simple, but the horror on Finn’s face tells me he knows just what compound he’s talking about, and he nods slowly.

“He was given supplements and additional hormones. An array of steroids and chemical enhancers,” Mr. Personality explains, unable to help himself, and my eyes volley between them, taking in their conversation as if I don’t exist.

“Well, what about the scars?” Finn’s voice is a broken whisper, and it makes me shift uncomfortably on the chair at knowing I’m affecting him so much.

“He was in a fucking compound used to torture people, Finn. What the fuck more do you want me to say?” Bren bellows, and even I flinch at his abrupt tone.

Finn paces. The way his chest rises and falls tells me he’s on the brink of a breakdown. “What the hell did they do to him?” Then he flicks open a penknife, closes it, and opens it again.

“Jesus. Here we go,” Bren grumbles.

“He’s having a meltdown,” Mr. Personality states the obvious, and I nod.

“I want a fucking name. I want a name!” Finn spins and pins his glare on Mr. Personality.

“I’m getting a fucking name,” he responds coolly, and I raise my eyebrows at just how controlled this man is.

“They do all kinds of shit in those compounds. They fucking torture you with instruments for their pleasure.” Finn’s face has turned bright red as he continues his tirade. “They do shit we’ve never even considered.” He turns to face me, then scans

me up and down.

“They hurt you?” His face pales. Then, as if he’s found the answer to his question when I didn’t so much as open my mouth, he continues. “They tortured you, didn’t they?” His solemn voice sends a chill through me, and I almost want to lie to protect him. What the fuck?

“Of course they did. You know the shit that goes on in there. You can see it with your damn eyes, Finn. Stop with the bullshit so we can progress. I have a hectic day, and you’re slowing me down,” Mr. Personality states with no emotion, and my eyebrows rise at his abrupt words.

Finn’s head drops forward, and he kicks the floor, and when he lifts his face, his focus lands on me.

“We’ll make them pay.” The sincerity in his tone stuns me, and out of nowhere, I open my mouth to admit my truth.

“And rape,” I rasp. Then I feel the burning of my ears as I clear my throat. “They rape you too.” Why the hell shouldn’t I admit that? They use it as a power play to demean and relinquish your rights. To make you feel lower than low. Something for them to use for fun while making you feel worthless. Why the fuck shouldn’t I own that, make it my own, and force people to see it for what it was?

The men stare back at me, their faces as white as a ghost.

“Vector. I want Vector.” My hands ball into fists as I glare at Oscar with intent, and understanding crosses his face.

“Vector is yours. But we can’t make a move on Benito.” He strokes a finger over his thin lip. “Not yet, at least.” I nod, appeased for now, despite everything he stole from

me. A family, a life, memories and all.

Your time will come, Benito, but for now, Vector will pay for the consequences of his actions.

The bedroom door opens, and their attention is drawn to it, to her. My blood boils with a jealous, possessive feeling and a need to protect her from everyone but me.

“Don’t fucking look at her!” I demand.

Their eyes immediately dart away from Sienna, and the tension in my coiled muscles fades at knowing she’s off their radar.

Her emerald eyes have widened, and I chuckle at her startled reaction. “Come here, baby. Let me introduce you to my brothers. My blood brothers.”

### Chapter Thirty-Seven

Sienna

We drive to one of the O'Connell's beachfront properties in a comfortable silence. Knowing Stone has the support and protection of his blood family helps ease my worries. The resemblance to his brothers is uncanny. They all have the same bright-blue eyes that penetrate your soul, burning deep inside and extracting your thoughts and feelings, leaving you stripped bare before them.

The head of the family, Bren, is the one who looks most like Stone, with cropped hair and a sharp jawline and broad muscular shoulders that stretch his shirt across his back. Oscar is leaner, with sharper features, and his dark hair has a wave to it. It reminds me of the first time I laid eyes on Stone in an infirmary bed in the basement of our house and ran my fingers through his silky locks before they whisked him away and returned him with a despondent look and the cropped haircut he wears now.

Finn is lean in stature and wears a leather jacket and untied combat boots, and a toothpick hangs from his mouth. He has a playful aura about him that makes you instantly warm toward him.

In the past hour of driving, I've decided I like Stone's blood family more than my own. They're at ease with one another, have no pretense, and their guards are down as if they trust each other. Their jovial antics have even had Stone stifling a smile. I reach out and entwine our fingers while resting them in his lap. He turns his head to face me. His eyes narrow as he scans over me, as if trying to determine what caused me to openly show him affection when we've always remained so guarded. I bite into

my lip as excitement at our potential future together bubbles inside me, threatening to spill over, and Stone's lip twitches as if hearing my thoughts. He lifts me onto his lap, and I yelp at the sudden movement before he wraps the seatbelt over me, keeping me in place.

The firm ridge of his cock rests between us, and my face reddens with the way my thoughts instantly spiral to being used as his willing recipient. He spoke about us having a baby, and now, with the O'Connells behind us, a future together could be on the horizon.

We just need to get past our family first.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

The O'Connell beach house is a magnificent property on the coast of New Jersey. Bren explained he bought the property for his ever-growing family, but it is under a false name to avoid detection; essentially, it's a safe house. When Sienna asked him how many kids he has, he replied with too many, making me grin at his bluntness.

Out of all my brothers, I seem to have the best connection with him. We're alike. It's clear, even though I'm the youngest of the family. Broody and stoic, I like to sit back and watch. Maybe that's in part because of my conditioning, but also, I enjoy watching people and taking in their reactions. That way, you can gauge their intent, witness the telltale signs of their behavior, and decide how you're going to deal with them before you actually need to.

Oscar is like this too, but to the extreme; it's pretty damn obvious the guy is on the spectrum.

I have two more brothers, Cal and Con. Con is the only one I haven't met yet and, apparently, it's because we were so close growing up that he took my death harder than the others. Therefore, they're protective of him.

There's not a flicker of recognition in my mind when I'm around them. No memories flood back to me like I've heard can happen in memory loss cases. And the truth is, I don't care.

I don't give a shit that I'm their brother who was presumed dead and now suddenly reappeared in their life. All I care about is Sienna and getting us some place safe so we can have a future together. If that means I have to play happy fucking families with the Mafia version of the damn Brady Bunch, then so be it.

In return for our safety, Oscar made me agree to meet with their mother, and although the entire scenario makes me angsty, I'll do what I have to do to get what I want.

Oscar informed me that he has trackers on Azrael's and Vector's vehicles, both of which are heading in this direction. He even spoke with a guy named Reece, who said he'd logged into all the street cameras to find only those two cars are making their way here.

I'm not surprised; Vector has always underestimated me, so they probably expect to find me alone with Sienna, not an army of men standing by my side.

In my haste to move in on Sienna quickly, I only have a rucksack with a change of clothes, and Sienna has nothing, barring my T-shirt. I drop the bag onto the bed in one of the suites and glance around the room as if something will jump out at me and provide me with an answer as to what she's going to wear. I scrub a hand over my head, realizing this part of my plan wasn't thought out at all.

"Why don't you go take a bath or something?"

She shifts from foot to foot while I avoid her eyes, despite wanting them on me more than anything. The knowledge of her being married to another man eats away at me. The betrayal has left a deep cavern in my core.

"Are they going to hurt Azrael?" she asks.

My spine snaps straight, and I give her my full attention. I could lie to her, of course, but I've never lied to her. She's the only person I could ever truly be myself with. I'm not about to change that now.

"I don't know."

Her lip wobbles. “It’s going to start a war, . One I’m not sure will have any winners. Do you really want to have found a brother only to lose another?” She’s referring to the shitstorm that’s about to go down if the O’Connells hurt Azrael, and as much as I’d like to say I don’t care, I do. I might be made of stone, but I don’t always feel it.

“There’s plenty of ’em.” I shrug with a sly smile, referring to the five O’Connell brothers.

She rolls her eyes and swats my arm, the playfulness something I love about her, as well as how her eyes sparkle when the smile she wears lights up her face.

I step forward and cup her cheeks in my thick palms. “I don’t know what the solution is, Sienna.”

Tears fill her eyes, and if I could banish them from existence, I would. They’re different tears from when I fuck her. They’re the tears that rip your heart out and shred it.

“The odd one might have a solution.”

“Odd one?” Her eyebrow rises and her nose crinkles.

“Yeah, Mr. Personality.”

“You mean Oscar?”

“Yeah.”

She exhales, and tenderness shines in her eyes as she tilts her head. “Do you not remember them at all?”

I drop my hands from her face. “Nope.”

“Well, I can tell that they love you,” she says with conviction.

I snort and raise an eyebrow at her as I hold her gaze.

“They wouldn’t be doing all of this if they didn’t.” She waves her hand toward the door. “Besides, I can see it in their eyes.”

“Don’t want you lookin’ in their fucking eyes, Sienna,” I bark.

She spins on the balls of her bare feet and heads toward what I am guessing is the bathroom. “Go and do Mafia things while I drown my sorrows in the gold tub.” Her tone holds mirth to it, but her words are almost haunting. I can’t imagine finding someone you love in a bathroom acting on their thoughts and words.

As I head out of the door, I try to calculate the chances of my blood brothers allowing my found brother to live.

Maybe if we give them some information worth knowing, that would encourage an unlikely truce.

### Chapter Thirty-Eight

#### Stone

The voile curtain covering the open patio doors blows in the evening breeze, and the soft classical music playing creates an eerie ambiance. Beneath that, my blood pumps with vengeance. Little does Vector and Azrael know they're about to walk into a carefully designed lair orchestrated with a promise of retribution.

My legs are spread as I sit in an armchair like a king, sipping the amber substance in my glass between swirling it around the ice. My exterior portrays me as cool, calm, and collected, but internally, I'm anything but. Doubt and anxiety ripple through me, combined with a surge of excitement at the thought of finally unleashing the years of horror and torment on Vector. Sure, he isn't the only perpetrator in my nightmares, but Don is dead, and Benito is untouchable... for now. So, with this in mind, I'll be able to rid myself of the venom ravishing my veins like poison, transferring it to the man who caused so much pain on my body I willed death to welcome me. I never truly wanted to die, too terrified to never see Sienna again, but I didn't want to live either. I was existing in a gray area of never truly living life, only I was a prisoner of it.

Footsteps vibrate the patio, and I sit up straighter, ready for action, and when the veil is pulled back to uncover my brother's face, a flash of guilt crosses it.

Azrael is many things; a sadist is at the top of a long list of his accolades, but I know he, like me, never had a choice. We were created to be the versions our so-called father wanted us to be. Azrael's family was connected to the O'Connells' uncle, an enemy, and when I uncovered an exchange as a teenager, I was shot and left for dead.

It was only when Don discovered I was showing signs of life that the medical team on his payroll informed him of it. Don came to the hospital on the premise of paying his respects only to unearth I had been starved of oxygen but showing signs of improvement; he kept my existence a secret, then he filled his family with lies. He took over my supposed funeral arrangements while placing me in the Carrera infirmary. Later, they decided what better way to control an enemy than to have their flesh and blood serve them as one of their own.

Of course, I was conditioned to believe what I was told. I was trained to become a killer, a man made of stone, willing to do anything to survive in a family of evil. I took their punishments and endured the pain because they inadvertently gave me reason to live and gave me Sienna. While I've spent years tormenting myself about my feelings toward her, hating how monstrous it made me feel, I never questioned them; I trusted them.

I trusted him.

"She's not my sister." It's a statement, not a question, and I grind it out with as much malice as I feel.

His shoulders sag as he steps into the room, a gun in one hand and his free hand twitching to release his knife, a tell I've mastered.

I tilt my head toward the bar, and his dark eyes follow my movement. He shakes his head, and the lines on his sharp face are etched in sorrow. He thinks this is the end of me, but he's wrong. This is only my beginning.

### Chapter Thirty-Nine

Stone

Azrael stares back at me as I raise the glass to my lips, then he swallows hard before he clears his throat. “I saw the way you looked at one another.”

I bite into the side of my cheek, refraining from speaking when I have so much to say.

He chuckles, but it lacks humor. “You were in love with her.” His eyes settle on mine. “And she you.” Heat fills my cheeks at hearing someone say they witnessed our intimate moments when I always thought we were being so careful. “You couldn’t be in love with your sister, Stone.”

Fury flares inside me, and the pain in the side of my temple causes me to react when I’ve always been so controlled. “She wasn’t my fucking sister!” I throw my glass at the wall.

Azrael remains unmoving. “She had to be. Don’t you fucking see?”

My heart hammers.

“She had to be. If we were anything else but your family, you were dead.” The stark realization of his words settles square in the chest. Of course, I knew this, but hearing it hits differently. “If you were taken away, then she had nothing to live for either.” He swallows harshly. “You brought my sister light. She fed off the darkness we were

born into because she had you. I didn't want to destroy her."

"You married her off," I sneer. "You married her off! You fucking took her from me." Then I shake my head as I try but fail to rid my heart of the pain that lances up my body into my forehead.

He steps forward. "I had no choice. None." His gruff voice is full of grit and anger, full of hate. "If I didn't marry her off to someone of my choosing, our father would have chosen. You think he would have picked someone as soft as Jeremy?" He crooks his eyebrow. "Huh? You think he would have picked someone capable of giving Sienna freedom? Would he have chosen someone with no interest in her at all, like she had no interest in him?"

His words startle me, and I reel back. "What?"

"You think I didn't pick him purposely, Stone?" He drags a hand through his hair, ruffling it. "I chose him because he didn't want her. It was the best chance she would have at being happy."

My anger ebbs and makes room for a new emotion. Gratitude?

"Have you asked her if she was forced to take part in the evening marital ceremony?" He's referring to the tradition of delivering the bloody virginal sheets after the wedding night. "Of course she didn't. It was a stipulation on Jeremy's part." Like a predator watching his prey, he eyes me carefully. "A suggested stipulation," he tacks on. Has she not slept with him at all?

He swallows hard again. "Where is she?"

I tip my head toward the foyer. "Upstairs."

He gives me a nod, and I know this is when he's going to kill me; I see it in his eyes. Guilt leaks from them, and he blinks, as if banishing the thoughts and allowing his training to take over. I'm no longer his brother. I'm his enemy. "I'll take care of her," he whispers, and raises his gun.

Before his gun points at my head, there's a soft click of one behind his. "Drop it," Finn whispers. Then a knife appears at Azrael's throat, and Azrael decides not to pull out his knife and drops his gun to the floor. It skitters along the marble tiles, out of his reach.

I stand to my full height while Finn restrains Azrael's hands behind his back, and the doors to the study burst open.

Bren throws a bloody Vector to the ground with a loud thud. His hands are restrained behind his back with cable ties, and when I cast my eyes toward Oscar, he's using a handkerchief to wipe blood from his face with a grimace. "They're all taken care of." His sharp voice cuts through the sounds of Vector struggling on the floor.

"Stone, what the fuck is happening?" Azrael snaps through bared teeth as Finn pushes him into a dining chair.

Then I smile brightly back at him, exposing my teeth, and his eyebrows furrow and his head rears back. I suppose it is odd to find me smiling, especially one with such confidence behind it.

"I'm introducing you to my family." I lean over him so our faces are only a breath away, with my blue eyes locked on his black ones. Realization takes over his face. "My real one."

His face pales as I pull back to loom over him. "The O'Connells," he whispers, the shock evident in his tone.

“Exactly.” I smirk.

“How? What?” he whispers in disbelief as his eyes ping-pong from one brother to the other.

A deep chuckle leaves Vector, and my blood runs cold at the familiar sound. The hairs on my back stand on end and discomfort filters through every cell in my body. It’s a cruel taunt, an act full of snide laced in awareness.

Azrael’s chest rises and his nostrils flare as his venomous glare lands on Vector.

The tension in my shoulders drops at knowing Azrael was unaware of who I was. Something I know he will be pissed about, if only because he wasn’t privy to all the knowledge. But that’s Benito all over. He only ever tells you what he wants you to know and, clearly, he didn’t want his heir to know.

Why is another question.

“Make him speak!” Azrael commands.

When Bren steps forward and grabs Azrael by his hair, forcing his head back, every dead cell in my body comes alive. Every part of me that was once defeated is now victorious. A fierce need to protect Azrael, who only moments ago was willing to kill me so freely, has me stepping forward.

“You don’t get to control things,” Bren seethes, his calm demeanor having vanished, and it has me more on edge than ever. I don’t know these men or what they’re capable of, their mannerisms or drive. But I know Azrael, and I know he won’t back down for anyone, even if that means he will die.

I lick my lips and shuffle uncomfortably from side to side, unsure how to play this.

“He’s right.” Oscar steps forward, relieving me from stepping in. He pushes glasses up his nose, looking like one of those computer geeks, and I smile as he glances toward his watch. “I’d really like things wrapped up before my children wake. I don’t like Paige participating in their morning routine. Quite frankly, she fucks it up.”

He has a family. I reel back on my heels: they have families, they all do, they have what was stolen from me. “You have kids?” I mumble, unable to imagine the carefully constructed guy let down his walls enough to have a family environment.

“We all do. You have a lot of nephews and nieces to meet, brother.” Finn slaps me on the back, and a flicker of something sparks inside of me. Hope maybe?

“Don.” Azrael’s voice slices through the air. “He did this, right?”

Vector’s face glows with mirth, and my hands ball into fists, desperate to eradicate his happiness piece by fucking piece.

“He did. He loved to fuck his little nephew too. Right, Stone? Or should I call you Keenan O’Connell?”

The use of my birth name on his taunting lips has me seeing red, but strong arms grip me, holding me in place.

“You’re going to destroy him. Do you hear me? You’re going to rip him apart while he squeals his apologies, then you’re going to dim the light in his eyes and take that as a lasting memory, knowing you killed the very evil that walked this earth. You’re going to do that, kid. But let us get what we need from him first, okay?” Bren’s words are whispered into my ear, his powerful hands banding my arms behind my back, holding me in place, and I allow him to hold me there. Why? I’m unsure, but in this moment, he grounds me when I could easily remove him from my touch.

“Okay,” I whisper back, and I hate how broken my tone sounds. When he releases my arms, I whirl around to face him. “I’m going to need a cattle prod.” His face scrunches, then it falls as if knowing.

“Take him into the basement.” He tips his chin toward Finn, who nods and takes hold of the rope behind Vector’s back, dragging him from the room as he lashes out.

Azrael’s eyes lift to meet mine and he shakes his head. “I only knew some of the secrets, not all of the lies.” He speaks as if they’re two different things. Is this how he justifies them in his head? Just how much did he know?

Most importantly, does it really matter now?

The sound of a chair moving draws my attention toward Oscar, and I take the seat I previously vacated.

Oscar’s smooth voice filters through the room opposite Azrael. “If you want to live, Azrael, I suggest you listen carefully. Here’s what I want from you.”

### Chapter Forty

#### Stone

Oscar spent almost an hour ironing out plans to allow Azrael to live and for us all to move forward.

I don't know what they saw in Azrael that made them decide not to kill him. Maybe it was my compassion toward him. Or maybe, ultimately, they didn't want a war. Whatever it was, I am grateful for it, and Azrael's compliance assures us all we can live safe, with the knowledge we're protecting one another.

Azrael gave up the location of the training compound I was imprisoned in, the one owned by Don, where the worst of my punishments took place, and the one close to Bren's heart for some reason too. I didn't miss the flash of anger he exhaled when we discussed how most people in the compounds were given colors and numbers as opposed to names. How both men and women were trained to please men sexually, then be sold on as whores or soldiers, neither of which had a choice in the matter. They were slaves in a trafficking ring, and in some cases, items in auctions.

Azrael agreed to the crafted events orchestrated by Oscar, in which I went on a rampage looking for Sienna. Azrael will relay I created havoc at her home during the invasion and Azrael and Vector combated my attempts by killing me, but not before I took out Vector.

Sienna was apparently so distraught that her husband was dead that she killed herself, but her husband lived to corroborate our story. Allowing him to live his life with the

closely guarded secret with his would-be mistress and soon to be wife.

Azrael, meanwhile, will travel home with his Vector's remains, along with another man's burned body, and later, DNA tests will prove it is me, thanks to Oscar's contacts. One of the poor souls who will have perished within the training compound will act as Sienna's body, allowing her and me a fresh start, and I can't help the sense of hopefulness blossoming in my chest when I imagine it.

For now, I let the eagerness penetrate me; my monster comes out, and I will finally get my hands on my tormentor and, hopefully, gain closure too.

Finally, with our freedom just around the corner, I embody the support of my brothers who stand by my side, both blood and found. As we make our way toward the basement, I can't help but wonder if this will be the last time we're all together, as enemies but as one.

Benito may get to live for now, but after today, I know his time is coming. I trust Oscar and his plans, and as much as it pains me, I trust Azrael. He may have evil inside him, but the way he protected Sienna and, ultimately, me too, I know there's good in him. He may be named after the angel of death, but I'm clinging on to hope that he's something more.

My name may be Stone, but as our feet hit the concrete steps of the basement, it's the first time I realize my heart isn't made of stone. It's carved out of love, yet forged in hate, creating a bittersweet reality. But without my past and my present, I wouldn't have the future with Sienna that I do, and for that, I am thankful.

"Sometimes, we have to search inside us and follow the beat of our heart. If you listen hard enough, it can guide us home."

### Chapter Forty-One

Stone

Finn has Vector strung up by chains, dangling and swinging from side to side.

“You’ve no idea how ridiculous the price of a cattle prod is to be transported here so quickly,” Mr. Personality grumbles, and I smirk while Finn rolls his eyes.

“At least it can be used again. Bren could use it to keep his kids in line, right, old man?”

The Mafia don grunts noncommittally, but my smirk falls, and my blood runs cold at his words. As if realizing something triggered me, his words come out rushed. “Fuck. I’m joking, kid.”

Vector lifts his head, his bloody face distorted, but his swollen eyes still land on me, causing me to jolt under his scrutiny. He spits blood and exposes his crooked teeth as he grins maniacally in my direction. “Is he going to use it to fuck them with it too?”

You could hear a pin drop as everyone stares back at him, unable to comprehend his words. But I can because I endured it myself and saw others endure it too, who were much younger than my teenage years.

My mouth is dry, but I lick my lips in a lame attempt to wet them.

“What the fuck did you say?” Finn steps forward, with a knife drawn. His voice is

deadly, and his eyes are even deadlier, but I lift my hand to stop his path.

I know enough and have witnessed enough of Vector and his actions to know his moves and motives. “He’s goading you, hoping you end him quickly.” Finn freezes, and his gaze flicks to Oscar, who gives him a sharp nod.

“No. You don’t get to escape this so easily, Vector. Not when you can plead and beg for your death. Not when you can cry for the pain to ease, and sure as fuck not when you will squeal like a pig while I tear you apart.” His head falls forward, and I grab him by his hair, forcing him to face me. “It’s repenting your sins, motherfucker, and I’m going to enjoy every damn minute of it.”

His breathing stutters as I glower at the monster who took pleasure in hurting me—one of dozens, hundreds even. As I turn and make my way over to the table of instruments used for torture, I know I will be bringing the world solace by killing a monster tonight. I’ll be freeing the world of evil and allowing the good to outlive the bad.

“Cut his clothes off him. I want him bare to me. I think we’ll start with his cock and balls. I know how much you like them.” As I give him a wink over my shoulder, he shudders, forcing a laugh to rumble from deep inside my chest.

Staring down at the table, I contemplate all the times I wished for this moment, always believing it would never be granted, but hoping one day it would.

The time he held me down and taunted me with the cattle prod, heating the end, then releasing it while laughing at the horror ravishing my body. Then, eventually, he held it to my balls until piss coated me.

The time as a young boy he pushed my head under freezing cold water while I had to beg him to stop burning me.

The time he held an iron to my chest, laughing that he was going to remove my nipple.

By the time I return to Vector, he's stripped naked and quaking. The usually arrogant and strong man looks nothing short of a coward.

"Y-you don't want to do this, Stone. Not really."

I practically choke on a chuckle at his half-assed attempt to stop me. "Oh, but I do, Vector." The first slash of my knife across his torso has him screaming out in agony, and I want to roll my eyes. We've barely even started.

When his dramatics settle, I wave the pliers in front of his eyes, and he attempts to push away from me, only causing him to swing. "Put the gag on him." I point toward the leather O-ring gag. That will allow me to shove the remnants of his cock in his mouth.

Finn moves with a spring in his step and a toothpick hanging from his smug mouth makes me realize my blood family are badasses, and the fact they're so against hurting innocents only makes me want to draw them closer. It's odd, given I've only ever wanted that from Sienna, but maybe this is the first step in some sort of twisted, fucked-up relationship with them.

Vector's eyes bulge, and he gargles around the gag, and when the door closes, I turn my head to see Oscar has left the room.

"Squeamish fucker. He always misses out on the fun part." Finn grins while wagging his eyebrows, and I laugh at his playfulness.

Next, I grab the blow torch and stride back toward Vector. His face crumples as I press the button to ignite the flame. "I hope you're ready to burn, motherfucker." I

grin and bring the flame to his chest.

Howls can be heard from behind the gag, and piss pours down his legs when I press the flame deeper into his skin, filling the room with the scent of burning flesh. Only when his wound is deep and gaping do I stop, then I step around his back and give his shoulder the same cruel treatment.

I turn toward Azrael and take him in. He's leaning against an operating table with his feet crossed at his ankles. Calm and in control, he stares back at me, then gives me a sharp nod that tells me everything I need to know.

You got this.

This is justice.

This is revenge.

This is a step into your future and beyond.

With the room's eyes on me, I clamp the tip of his cock between my pliers and slowly press down to draw out the pain for as long as possible.

He howls behind the gag, and drool and snot stream down his chin. "Pass me the salt." I hold my hand out to Bren, who whistles before turning to grab the bucket of salt. "This is going to be a long process. Isn't that right, Vector? Need to make the pleasure last for as long as possible."

Bren offers me a needle, the vial filled with a powerful adrenaline that will bring his body back to life and force his cock to stand to attention, making what I'm about to do more difficult and painful for him. I take the needle and slam it into Vector's neck. A flush of power takes over me, knowing I have all the control, all the freedom to

unleash on him.

A whimper gathers somewhere in his chest, and blood oozes down his torso from the first slash of my knife. I grab the bucket of salt from Bren and dip the end of Vector's cock in it, reveling in the howling sound he makes, only too aware of the pain it causes. There's so much more to come, so many fucked-up things I will do to him, and when I circle him and come to a standstill behind him, he freezes. "Mm, this ass is begging to be fucked." My voice comes out dark, but robotic, and given the way Bren's impassive face turns into a disgusted sneer, I'm sure he can read between the lines.

"Is the cattle prod charged up?" I ask to nobody in particular.

Finn grabs hold of it and presses the button. The surge of power ricochets off the walls of the dank basement. The sound of it forces me to repress a shiver.

Bending down, I slice through Vector's leg bindings and quickly move to place them in the ankle restraints attached to the floor. He kicks out, but it doesn't stop me. It's comical that he even tried because, in his new position, his ass is much more accessible.

Next, I grab the hammer from off the table and spin it so the handle is facing away from me. "Don't worry, Vector. I'll start you off small and build you up to the big fucker, and in-between time, we can pay some attention to that cock of yours."

His cock is no longer shriveled and is standing, and his sorrow-filled eyes meet mine to implore me to take it easy on him.

Not a chance, motherfucker.

Moving around him, I rest the hammer handle between his ass cheeks. He cries out

and fails miserably to move away from the inevitable. Slowly, I push it in until I meet the resistance of his asshole, then, with a sly grin on my face, I slam it inside him. Every cell in my body ignites with delight at the squeal that erupts from him and the way he thrashes about. I sit it inside his ass, as far as I can push it, giving him time to feel every fucking inch of it, then slowly, I withdraw it, letting him feel every splinter of wood as I pull it free. Blood coats it, along with what I can only imagine is muscle and possibly organ of some sort.

Vector pisses more when Finn sparks up the cattle prod again, illuminating Finn's bright-blue eyes that mirror my own. I know how painful this is going to be for Vector, having endured being covered in salt after they burned me so brutally. Karma is coming, and I fucking embrace the feeling of ecstasy that comes with the knowledge of it.

I repeat the action between taking another slice of his cock and forcing it down his throat with my bloody fingers. He vomits multiple times, and I'm hit with an image of having been forced to eat my vomit and, as if hearing my thoughts, Azrael steps up beside me, handing me a spoon.

Only as I turn to accept it, and our fingers meet, a memory of him previously handing me a spoon flickers through my mind like an old movie. Benito was watching over us, and Azrael asked if it was necessary. "Of course it is. You can't make a mess and not be willing to clear it up. Now, eat up, Stone. We don't want to have to starve you again, do we?"

Azrael cracks his neck from side to side, a giveaway of his when he is uncomfortable.

I take the spoon from his hand and deliver the vomit to Vector. Every fucking inch of his cock is forced down his throat, and Bren slaps Vector's shirt over the open wound along with tape to prolong his life and allow me to continue with my assault on his flailing body.

Staring down at his bloody ass, I motion toward the cattle prod, and Finn slips it into my hands. I never thought I would hold such an instrument used to cause agony in the most intense of ways, but I tilt it and push, surging inside Vector's gaping ass. His back arches, the sound coming from him is garbled and can only be described as the sound of hell, so when my finger hovers over the power button, I smile with vengeance, but also a promise.

"I'm going to burn you alive from the inside out, Vector, and I'm going to love every damn minute of it."

I press the power button, and finally, I feel free.

### Chapter Forty-Two

Sienna

“You didn’t fuck him?” Stone stands in the doorway to the ensuite scrubbing a towel over his wet face, then he tilts his head, allowing his eyes to roam over my T-shirt clad body.

Stretching my arms over my head, I smile at the sound of him sucking in a sharp breath. I don’t know what time he came upstairs, but judging by the sun streaming through the curtains, he missed sleeping.

Then I turn onto my side and raise an eyebrow. “Slept with who?”

“The prick you married.”

“Ah, my husband, Jeremy.” I smirk, but before my smile can fall, he has his hand wrapped around my throat.

“Don’t fucking push me, Sienna. It took everything in me to allow him to live.” He presses harder, and while the action should scare me, it doesn’t. Instead, wetness pools between my legs wantonly. “Now, answer the fucking question.”

“No. I didn’t sleep with him.”

His eyes flare with arousal, the blue in them deepening like the depths of a dark ocean, and I rejoice in the fact.

“I’ve only ever slept with you.”

His hold on me loosens, and his thumb lightly travels over my tongue, a tender touch that sends a wave of exhilaration through my body.

“It’s only ever been you,” I whisper.

His stare drills into me, causing me to shudder beneath his gentle touch and setting my skin ablaze. “I was rough with you.” His Adam’s apple slides down his throat, and his eyes swim with guilt. My soul dances with happiness at the tender tone of his gravelly voice, yet I find myself wanting to reassure him.

His thumb rests on my bottom lip, my breath flutters over it. Rolling my lip into my mouth allows me to suck his thumb inside. Then his body tenses as he watches me closely, and the towel wrapped around his waist tents.

“I’m going to make it up to you, Sienna.”

A flare of arousal hits me, causing my nipples to peak into tight buds, and he pushes me onto my back while I continue to suck his thumb harder, and he hisses a response. “I’m going to spend the rest of my life making it up to you, my beautiful girl.” He presses his thumb down on my tongue, forcing my mouth to fall open while he straddles my waist. “Let me spit inside this little mouth. Let me share myself with you.”

A moan lodges in my throat as he delivers his spittle into my waiting mouth. “Lick around my thumb, beautiful girl.” And I do, the act so hot I’m practically panting beneath him.

He removes his thumb on an audible pop, but his heavyweight remains, pinning me to the mattress, and when he moves down the bed, I’m shocked to find his thick fingers

tear at the T-shirt I wear, leaving it in pieces. I lift my head to watch him, and his gaze remains trained on mine, and the air surrounding us becomes full of promise. He repeats, “I’ll make it up to you,” causing moisture to seep from my pussy at the suggestion. “I’m going to devour this little pussy and show you who owns it, then I want you to beg me to feed it, filling it with so much cum your womb will have no choice but to create us a baby.”

I nod like a lovesick puppy, loving the feel of his rough hands along my smooth skin. His fingers toy with my nipples as he sweeps kisses down my torso, over my pubis, and along the slit of my pussy lips.

When his wet tongue darts out to lave me, I arch into his touch. Each stroke over my clit brings me closer to my orgasm, and moans and sounds of pleasure slip from my lips as I hold his head in place with one hand while curling my fingers of the other into the bedsheet. “Oh god, yes,” I whine, and his tongue works and devours me. “Please,” I whimper.

With one last stroke of his tongue, I combust, and he suctions his lips over my clit, lapping at it with fervor.

My heavy pants fill the room, then he stands and tugs off his towel, leaving him exposed to me. His scars, tattoos, and burn marks—his pain—on full display. His abs contract under my watchful eyes, and when he swallows hard, I realize all his insecurities are being laid bare. He’s exposing himself to me as an act of repentance.

“I need you to fill my pussy with your cum, Stone. I want you to give me your baby.” His eyes blaze with need, and when he pumps his thick cock, I lick my lips, eager to feel his solid length stretch me to capacity. Pre-cum leaks from the tip of his cock, and my mouth waters to feel him pump inside me. “Please fill me with your baby.” He groans deep in his throat, and my pussy clenches in appreciation. The tone of his growls is so feral and masculine I will myself to take every inch of his cock.

He kneels onto the bed, parting my legs farther. “Hold your legs up. I want to watch myself sink inside you.” I grab my knees and tug them back as far as I can, opening my pussy wide and pushing my tits together. His finger trails down my slit. “So fucking wet, baby. You made such a beautiful mess when you came.”

I whimper at his touch. The gravel of his voice is like a thousand matches being lit all at once, setting me ablaze until I’m about to combust. “Please.”

Taking pity on me, he strokes the thick head of his leaking cock up and down my silt. “Your little asshole is begging to be fucked, Sienna. Does my beautiful girl want her ass filled too?” My breath hitches. He crooks an eyebrow at me, and I whimper, remembering how roughly he fucked me. “I’ll be a good ‘brother’ and take it easy on you.” The delicious sound of his voice and the taboo element of his words send a flurry of excitement through me, and when his cock slides over the dripping opening of my pussy, I lift my ass, causing him to chuckle.

“My beautiful girl is needy, begging for my cum, all open and exposed, aren’t you, baby?”

I nod frantically. “Ye-yes, please.”

With one last stroke, he relents and surges inside me, and the force and bite of pain has my mouth falling open and my body jolting. In this position, I swear I feel him in my stomach, but before I can think further on it, he withdraws and plunges inside again. “I’m going to mark those tits with my mouth, Sienna. I’m going to own your body inside and out, baby.”

His words are dark and filled with possession. They’re a threat laced in a promise, and I will it to happen, beg for it even. “Please.” I want nothing more than to wear his mark. After spending years hiding our affection, I want more than anything to wear it freely, to be who we want to be. “Fuck me harder. Make me yours,” I beg. His body

vibrates above me, and every muscle becomes taut as sheer aggression takes over every feature. Then he rears back and powers inside me so strong, I lose the hold on my legs and the ability to think any coherent thoughts as I become his.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

I fuck her. I fuck her hard and ruthlessly. My hips work fast, as if determined to prove something, and I am. I'm proving she's mine.

Her pussy grips me so damn tight I know I can't hold on much longer. My balls draw up and my cock threatens to spill with each surge. Her fingernails claw my skin as if attempting to anchor herself to me, but the bite of pain against my scars only solidifies the intensity of my pleasure.

It's clear my trauma has desensitized me with pain, so when she lunges forward and bites the side of my pec over the iron mark, my eyes glaze over with a haze of euphoria.

Her pussy wraps around me like a velvet vise, determined to keep me inside on each stroke, and when she throws her head back on a loud scream that bounces off the walls of the bedroom, my vision darkens, my cock pulsates, and my cum shoots deep inside her as her pussy milks me dry.

"I love you, Sienna," I whisper against her ear, and bury my face in the crook of her neck, then my heavy breaths become subtle pants. "I'm going to spend the rest of my life proving to you how much I love you."

She takes my chin in her fingers and pulls me to face her. Our eyes lock with one another's. "I've loved you from the moment I laid eyes on you, and I've never wavered, not once." Her teary eyes implore mine, and I slam my lips against hers.

"Fuck," I breathe out with a grunt as I somehow continue to grind my hips against her compliant body, willing my cum to give us the gift of a life.

A life together where freedom knows no bounds.

Six months later ...

“Fuck. My ‘sister’ looks good filled with my baby.”

Her breath hitches as I band my arm around her waist.

“Shh, they might hear you!” she hisses.

I glance over my shoulder. “They’re not even here yet.”

She spins around to face me. The healthy glow in her cheeks has become a permanent fixture on her pretty face, and the thought makes my heart soar. “How do you know? You’ve spent the entire afternoon in here watching me cook.” She throws a kitchen towel over her shoulder and props a hand on her hip, emphasizing those delectable tits and her swollen stomach. At five months pregnant, she’s much bigger than predicted. The doctors have done repeat scans multiple times to be sure the dates were right, and until last week, we thought we only had one baby. Turns out, baby number two was hiding.

Twins.

I swear to Christ, I wanted a baby so much that I somehow managed to will two into play.

“I offered to help.” I shrug, and she swats at me playfully, and a loud chuckle rumbles from my chest.

“You’ve been ogling me all day.”

My lip twitches. “And filling you with my cum.”

Her cheeks glow and she nods. “And that.”

Car doors slamming have my body tightening—my family has arrived, my blood family.

“They’re here.” She releases a panicked breath, and I can’t help the laugh that escapes me. Sienna insisted on shutting the little café we run in a small village in Italy to accommodate my family visiting for the first time.

Oscar came through good with his promises. Our deaths will never be discovered, allowing us to be reborn into what we always should have been.

Using Eli’s money, I purchased us a small holding, complete with a little café on the Italian coast, a place full of local people and far enough away from tourists for me not to be worried about being seen. Oscar maintains our protection just in case suspicion is ever raised, and it allows Sienna to continue her passion in the kitchen. On days I don’t follow her around like a lost puppy, I hold boxing classes for troublesome kids at a local youth center, knowing the importance of having someone to look up to in your life, even if that is the local boxing coach.

She swipes her hands on the towel and straightens her top as she stares down at her stomach and edible tits. “Do I look big?”

“You’re pregnant.”

Her eyes narrow. “You’re not helping.”

I grin widely at her. “You’re hot. So fucking hot my cock is getting hard.” Then I place her hand on the swell of my jeans.

Eyes widening, she shakes her head. “Your mother is out there. We need to make a good impression.” She points toward the door, and I roll my eyes.

It’s not like I know the woman. I’m just following through on my promise to Oscar. I feel sure among the numerous paperwork for our new identity Mr. Personality had me sign a damn contract promising visitation rights to family in return to keeping us secret. Overbearing prick.

We head toward the door, and as we step out into the sun, I have no choice but to hold my hand up to stop the blinding light. Only when I lower my hand do I see her.

Her.

Her bright-blue eyes are full of unshed tears. Her lip wobbles and her body stills, rendering me powerless. When a choked sound comes from the man holding her hand, my gaze snaps to him.

Con.

My breath is stolen from me.

I grab onto the wall to steady my footing as my legs threaten to give way and, like a tsunami, memories hit me. One after the fucking other.

“Look, Da! Con made Keenan a boat outta wood.” Finn smiles.

“Did you draw this? It’s fucking amazing, Keenan.” Bren beams down at me.

“Look at those dimples. You’re going to break some hearts. Just like me.” Con winks.

Da turns toward Oscar and pats me on the head. “He’s as smart as you are already.”

Each memory is as brutally heart wrenching as the last.

Cal tips my chin up as a tear slides down my face. “You might be the youngest, Keenan, but you’re just as important as the oldest.”

Pain lances down my face as I struggle to comprehend the memories assaulting me.

“If you eat all your greens, you’re going to be big and strong like Bren and your da.” Ma smiles, her bright-blue eyes lighting up with pride.

“You’re a man now, you have the family insignia on you.” Da grins down at the tattoo on my bicep, and I beam back at him as my chest swells.

“So, where to once we get your wallet? I need food!” I joke toward Con, and he turns the SUV into the family warehouse.

The memory from the night I was shot has pain surging through my chest, and I stumble back, hitting the wall. My chest tightens and my vision clouds as I fall to the floor, desperately sucking in sharp breaths of air, but it’s futile. I feel like my lungs are caving in on me.

“Oh fuck, is he okay?” Footsteps race toward me, and the next thing I know, strong arms band around me, pulling me against a solid, warm chest. “Breathe. We’re here for you, brother, and we’re never letting you go. Never.” Con’s voice trembles against my ear, and I choke on emotion and a deep, harrowing sound leaves my throat. The beat of his heart against mine and his tight hold on me are feelings I never want to leave me. It feels like home.

My chest previously being crushed is now being given life again. “You’re our brother, Keenan and, fuck, we never stopped loving you.” He takes my face in his hands as we kneel on the ground and rests his forehead against mine. “A part of me died that day.” Tears spill from him openly, and his emotions bleed onto the concrete, crumbling my stone walls. “I’m sorry I let you down.” Tears stream down his reddened face. “I’m sorry I made you go into the warehouse.” He sniffles and shakes his head. “If I’d have known, I-I’d have never sent you in there to get my wallet. I swear it.” His desperate eyes search mine, imploring me with the truth.

My gut clenches at the thought of the weight of guilt he’s been carrying around with him, and I shake my head. “It’s not your fault.” I shake my head as I imagine how the course of those actions placed me right here. Where I was always meant to be, with Sienna by my side. “Don’t be sorry. I have everything I need right here. I have my family.”

He chokes and clears his throat, then swipes away the tears and snot, and looks at me with confidence oozing from him. “Today, you make us whole again, little brother. You make our family complete.”

Hearing the words I always wished for, to finally belong somewhere and feel it deep in my soul, has my mind whirling with possibilities. Or maybe they’re memories.

Our time together at a mansion.

Family dinners around a large table, with laughter filling the air.

We are all together.

As if unable to help himself, he pulls me against him until our chests collide. It’s clear I’m taller and broader than him, but in this moment, he feels like the strongest man in the world. Then he raises me up to stand beside him.

The familiar scent of my mother's perfume has me tilting my head to see the woman who appeared in my dreams, chasing away my nightmares and filling me with hope without realizing it.

Her features are older than I remember. There's nervousness in her eyes, more silver streaks in her signature bun, but there's comfort there too. There always was.

"Son?" Her soft hand grazes my cheek while the other clutches her heart, as if it pains her to do so, and tears stream down her face onto the gravel. I close my eyes at the force behind her gentle touch as it strikes me in the chest, rendering me breathless.

"I'll always help take away the pain, son," she whispers as she tenderly lays a Band-Aid on my torn-up knee.

"Is he okay?" Con peeks his head around the doorframe, guilt coating his features. He pushed the skateboard too hard, and I flew off, hitting the ground with a nasty thud.

Ma turns to face him, and she smiles softly, then ruffles his hair. "He'll be fine. He has his big brothers to protect him."

Con steps into the kitchen, widens his stance, and crosses his arms over his chest. "I'll never let anyone hurt him. Ever."

The memory twists in my stomach, knowing how they failed so miserably, and when I find the strength to reopen my eyes, her face is full of wonderment, and her bottom lip trembles. "You're here," she whispers in disbelief, and I can only nod in response.

I want to tell them I was hurt, and they never came. I want to tell them I was in pain and screaming for mercy, but I see the pain reflected in their eyes. I see it and embrace it, swallowing back my own. My family are good, caring people who mourned me, and ultimately, they want me.

My dry throat is scratchy, and I clear it to speak. “I’m here, Ma.” Relief. Her face floods with relief as if she was ready to be rejected, and I hate that. “I’m here. I’m not going anywhere.”

Calling her ma is familiar and natural to me, and reassurance spreads through me as my brothers create a circle around us. Their clear sign of support and protection encompasses me, creating a shudder. Her small hand entwines with mine, anchoring me with their strength.

Oscar was right; I can trust them. They’re here for me.

They’re family.

Every ounce of feeling like never belonging slips from me in the blink of an eye.

And like that, I’m home.

Their light has led me through the darkness, bringing us together.

The hell, the torture, every nightmare I ever endured, has brought me to this moment.

But as Sienna’s teary smile catches my eye, I know I wouldn’t change a damn thing about how I got here.

“Sometimes, we have to search inside us and follow the beat of our heart. If you listen hard enough, it can guide us home.”

THE END

Sienna

Creeping into the nursery, I smile to myself as Eli and Evie snuggle together. Stone adjusts their nightlight, and a smooth lullaby starts playing as the illuminated animals dance across their bedroom ceiling. Their soft, contented coos fill the room, their eyes become sleepy, and they nuzzle into one another, seeking comfort. They're seven weeks old now, and Eli dwarfs his little sister in the crib. He will become her biggest protector.

Stone's thick hand bands around my throat, and he tugs me back against his chest. "Look what beautiful babies we make, Sienna!"

A moan escapes me as I smile against his hold. I love this side of him, the dominant and controlling part of him that he tries to keep locked down but fails epically when it comes to sex. It's like his mind takes over his body, and he becomes feral in his need to consume me.

And I'm here for it. Jeez, am I here for it.

My panties pool with arousal, and he walks us backward toward the door. As soon as we're in the hallway, he spins me around to face him, and the gleam in his eyes is my undoing. I reach up on my tiptoes and crash my lips against his, then wrap my arms around his neck. He moves quickly, lifting my sundress over my head, and I unclip my nursing bra, desperate to feel him there too. The ache in my breasts to provide for him is as strong as it is for the babies. "Fuck, Si," he groans as he pops open his jeans and frees his cock from his boxers while I slide my panties down to the floor.

Then he lifts me up against the wall, and with no preparation, he slams me down on his length, causing my head to fall against the plaster on a whine. “Fuck, you’re so tight, Princess.”

“Oh god,” I moan wantonly, and he begins his assault on my pliant body.

“Give me your tit.” I lift my heavy breast to his open mouth, and he bends to meet me. Taking my nipple into his mouth, he sucks while I stroke his shaved head. “Fuck, yes.” He glances up, and his eyes meet mine, shining back at me with the same love I feel for him. Milk drips from the corner of his lips, and I whimper at the sight. He thrusts into me. “Fuck, such a good mama.” His tongue soothes over my aching nipple, then he sucks sharp pulls of milk into his mouth, and the vibrations cause me to clench around him.

My body is his now, his to use and control.

“I’m going to put a baby in you, Si.” My breath catches. This isn’t the first time he’s mentioned having more children, and as his hips work harder and his cock sinks deeper inside me, I know he means every word of it. I feel it in the power behind his movements.

“Oh god. I want you, Stone. All of you.”

He slams harder, and my eyes close involuntarily as elation surrounds me. “Fuck yes, Si. I’m giving you all of me, beautiful girl. Take it all.”

My body clenches around him, holding him in place and squeezing him for every ounce he can give me, and god, does he give it. As his cock sinks deeper than ever before, warm jets of cum pulsate inside me, sending my mind hazy with euphoria.

“You own every part of me, Si.” His breath comes out ragged against my breast, and

I caress his head. “Every fucking part.”

“Mmm, the reaper never claimed you, but I did.” I smile and open my eyes to stare down at my man.

“Damn fucking right, beautiful girl. You broke down my stone walls.” Smiling, he straightens but doesn’t pull out of me. He bands his arms around my ass and marches us into the bedroom.

He gently places me down on the bed, caging me in beneath him.

Running my finger over his dimples and along his scarred jawline, I relish in the shudder that escapes him. “I didn’t break you down, Stone. I built you up, and together, we’ll be invincible.”

His lips curve into a serene smile. “You have my soul, Si.”

I press a kiss against his lips and melt into his embrace. “And you have my heart.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:06 am*

Azrael

Shoving my hands into my pockets, I stand on the top of the hill and watch my brother, Stone, welcome his blood family into his home. It's a small coastal dwelling that doubles up as a café for locals, and an unfamiliar warmth spreads through me as I imagine Sienna offering her recipes as meals to her customers.

She beams toward her husband, and a lump forms in my throat when I see the large bump that reveals her with child.

They're safe. They're together, and they're building a life they previously only dreamed of. I'm proud of them. Both of them.

"You look like you're going to smile," Czar teases, and I throw him a glare, making him throw his head back on a dark chuckle that even I can admit sounds sadistic as fuck.

Sienna takes Stone by the hand and leads him inside, where the rest of his family follow suit.

"They look happy." Czar motions toward them.

"They do." I agree, but I can't admit the way my heart hammers and jealousy floods my bloodstream and slithers through my darkened veins like a poison.

The thought of being free from the restraints of our father's confines and La Familia has never looked so appealing, especially when I consider what I have waiting for me

at home, because what if I was free to do what I wanted too?

What if my slave was free?

Would she choose me?

“You look envious,” Czar asserts.

I turn my head over my shoulder to meet his eyes. “I am.”

His head rears back as his gaze slowly travels over me, as if looking at me for the first time. His eyes fill with sympathy, then he licks his lips. “You can’t have it.” He’s referring to freedom, of course, and I nod, my heart beating faster than ever. I can’t have it.

“Neither can you,” I bite back in reference to his impending arranged marriage, and he grimaces at the reminder.

“You’re the heir to the family, Azrael, and you’re literally named after the angel of death.” His feet shift from side to side, and he lowers his voice. “You’re born to be our leader when our father passes.”

“I know.” I hold his stare, and something passes between us. A silent conversation that acknowledges my time is coming soon. That our father can’t live for much longer, not when he’s so out of control. Not with the O’Connells so hellbent on revenge too.

What he doesn’t realize is, I may be named after the angel of death, but his name means ruler, emperor of the kingdom.

Czar was born to be the leader; I was born to make him it.