

The alley behind the Killer Queen had seen many different types of violence over the years.

Last year, it had seen a swath of fights during New Years' celebrations.

In 2017, Azrael Goeren had been beaten down by a then-unknown assailant.

In 2013, Mikhail Kreuz, the Killer Queen's head of security, had taken joy in beating the shit out of an idiot who thought stalking one of their dancers was a good idea.

In 2010, Jada Kaine had been dragged out back by a group of drunks she'd humiliated in the bar just after closing and was beaten badly enough to cause a miscarriage of what would have been her daughter with Osbourne Kilminster.

Tonight?

Tonight, the violence was being doled out by none other than Josh Kaine and he was *thoroughly* enjoying it. It wasn't often he frequented the bar to have a few drinks, but after going toe to toe with X-Calibur and losing...he was *restless*. No amount of time in the gym and no distance he could run could compare with the release of a good fight.

One of the local self-absorbed, brainless gym rats had taken it upon himself to feel up one of the dancers during a private set and threatened her with violence if she said a word. The security team had descended on him quickly enough, dragging the struggling behemoth to the back door and pushing him out into the alley. He smacked into the brick wall across from the back door, only to have his head smashed into the bricks by the frustrated predator waiting there.

Mikhail had seen the look on Josh Kaine's face at the bar, four shots deep and itching to spill some blood. It was an expression he'd seen all too often on Jada's face during her active years of competition. There was rage and frustration there, barely held back by whatever emotional dam was in place and threatening to spill over.

["Fuckin' stupid to try and pull that shit here, you fuckin' moron."](#)

Josh growled down at the fallen muscle-bound beast, grabbing the front of the man's shirt and pulling him up just enough to deliver another blow to his face. His knuckles were busted and bloody, a bit of his own and the rest from this would-be assailant. He released his grip on the torn shirt, letting the beaten and now unconscious idiot fall to the pavement.

He fell back against the bricks, chest heaving with every breath to restore the oxygen to his system. There was some blood splattered on his face, sweat beaded across his brow. It was a side of him that the diminutive war lady standing in the doorway of the back entrance to the Killer Queen hadn't seen in a very long time. Not since the few months before the EWA closed, when Josh had turned his back on his teammates and joined up with HATE.

“Hey, Lou.” He heard her clearing her throat and looked up, the same satisfied smile his mother wore all too often on his face. “Been a little while. You’re still lookin’ like a million bucks.”

“You got something on your face there, bud.” She was dressed down (for her, anyway) in a cropped Motorhead T-shirt with the collar and sleeves cut to expose more skin than most would deem appropriate, and a pair of scandalously short Daisy Dukes over a pair of knee-high Chuck Taylors. “I’d heard somebody was in need of some adjustment, but, uh, looks like you got all the fun.”

She stepped out into the alley, looking down at the man, now resembling something more akin to ground beef. “Damn, you really *did* have fun.”

He laughed softly, grabbing the hem of his t-shirt to wipe at his face. Josh’s smile was from ear to ear. He was always happy when Lou came around. She never expected too much of him, nor him of her. They could exist in the same space and enjoy whatever lust or bloodshed came their way.

“Ain’t never had a problem gettin’ dirty.” The son of Jada Kaine sucked in a deep breath, grimacing for a moment. The now unconscious gym rat had got a few decent shots in at his ribs. He would be fine after some ibuprofen before bed. “Mick said I looked like I needed a good fight. Dunno if I’d call this *good*, but helped take the edge off. What’re you doin’ out here?”

“You mean my home away from home? There’s hot naked girls and Mick keeps me centered. Unless you mean the alley, in which case, you already handled it.”

She slowly walked toward him, standing on her tiptoes and wiping a tiny speck of blood off of his cheek with her thumb. She rubbed it between her fingers before wiping her thumb off on her shorts. “I thought I had you all figured out, Joshie. But you still find ways to surprise me. Come back in, let’s get your hands cleaned up a little.”

She pushed the door open with a smile, holding it for him. “I am pretty glad I ran into you, though. I feel like we need to catch up a little.”

He nodded his thanks to her for holding the door, stepping in first before grabbing the waistband of her shorts and yanking her against him. Josh had to bend down a bit, but he pressed a somewhat chaste kiss to her temple and inhaled the scent of her hair. The back door wasn’t too far from the stairs that led up to Jada’s office. He motioned for her to follow, yanking his keys out as he reached the landing and opened the door.

“Ma’s office has a little powder room off it I can use.” Josh closed the door after her and one eyebrow went up curiously. “Been feelin’ outta sorts since Revolution. Tired of gettin’ whooped. Frustrated as hell with Miss Laura not wantin’ to fight back. Fuckin’ X broke her arm and she’s tellin’ me to rein it in.”

He heaved a long-suffering sigh as she turned on the water in the bathroom sink for him.

“Wait--What’re you all surprised by? You seen me get all bad and bloody before now.”

She sat down on the toilet seat, crossing her legs and smiling up at him. “That was a long time ago, and in a much different time. Kinda thought you'd put that behind you, trying to keep in the straight and narrow.”

Her smile faded a little. “Trust me, I know how hard it can be to stop once you push past that line.”

She slapped her hands on her knees and brightened up again. “But! I think I can help out with at least a little bit of your frustration. I had a feeling Laura was gonna try to keep you on a tight leash.”

With a little tilt of her head and shoulders, she waited for him to respond. She also subconsciously made it so he could see down her shirt. Josh made no effort to hide the fact that he was looking down her shirt as he cleaned the blood from his hands. His knuckles would be swollen for a few days, but he could ice them down when he got home.

“Truth be told, Lou...I’m doin’ my best to walk the straight’n narrow for the public but there ain’t a damn thing I can do to let that bad and bloody part of me go entirely.” He shut the water off, grabbing a towel to dry off his hands and wipe the rest of the grime from his face. Josh turned to face her, letting his taller frame lean against the sink. “Ma and Miss Laura are best friends...and you know I don’t fuckin’ put up with bullies. Just thought it was the right thing to do, steppin’ up to help her out. Wouldn’t join up with Breedlove, regardless. Don’t like smug pieces of shit like him.”

He crossed his arms over his chest, head tilted to the side giving the Deathmatch Debutante a curious look.

“I know you know what it’s like--gettin’ so pent up with all this...this...I dunno how to fuckin’ describe it. Jada always just told me when the restless feelin’ gets to where I feel like I’m gonna explode to go pick a fight or fuck someone into the mattress. Miss Laura’s a great lady...we work real good together and hell she even spent the night a while back. Just dunno why she don’t wanna let me bleed ‘em out. She’s the world champ, but she ain’t fightin’ for herself like I thought she would.”

“Well, then I have a suggestion.” She stood up, sauntering past him and planting herself on the edge of the office desk. “We both know that you guys can’t play defense forever. That’s a losing strategy, and Breedlove’s just got more people on his side. I know you’re just dying to even the odds. So let’s do that. You’ve got 3 people in your back pocket that aren’t exactly fans of the Empire, but also aren’t really on their radar. And maybe Laura will be mad at us for doing something, but shit, if I worried about people being mad at me, I wouldn’t be here, would I?”

She smiled. "I think it's time to let the Wild Ones... well, run wild. What do you think?"

"Long as you let me run wild too, I'm down."

There was no way in hell Josh would turn her down. They needed to even the odds and if that meant encouraging one of the most hellacious tag teams he'd ever seen to wreak some havoc, he was willing. Josh moved to the couch in Jada's office, flopping down with little grace. "HATE was a bunch of bastards, but it was *fun* bein' their attack dog. Even if I got folks to look after now and more'n one reason to walk the line, it don't make it easy to stamp down the urge to fight till I can't stand no more."

"There's always room for one more, handsome, and I'd say it's high time we knock them down a peg or two. But we gotta do it right. No callouts, no posturing, just quick and dirty. Pick 'em off as best we can."

She hopped off the desk and walked straight to him, straddling his lap and matching his gaze with her smiling face.

"It's time we remind them, and all of SHOOT, that there are people who aren't going to just bend the knee without a fight. And that we're willing to bring the fight to their little ivory tower."

"Ain't bendin' no knee, 'less I'm bendin' someone else's knee in a way it ain't meant to bend."

His breath briefly hitched in his throat as she positioned herself across his lap. Josh let his hands come to rest on her hips, his thumbs gently stroking the bare skin. "Dunno what I'd do here without ya, Lou. Seems like whenever I hit a crossroads, you're right there to kick my ass in the best direction."

There was another, more contented sigh.

"I don't just wanna take 'em down a peg. I wanna take 'em out at the knees. Then take a baseball bat and give their spines a few good whacks."

"Let's start small. The rest will come in due time. Once we've got them off balance, then we can start planning the real party. And hey, maybe by then Laura will have come around to our way of thinking."

Josh Kaine's smile turned to a wicked grin, his hands moving around to grab her ass. She might smack him (highly doubt it), but it would be worth it either way. He liked it when she got vicious with him.

"Oh, she'll be ready long before then...even if I have to drag her kickin' and screamin'."

“Atta boy. Now enough work talk. You got your fighting in... what was that other thing Jada said would help?” She smiled, her tongue poking through her teeth a little, a learned mannerism from spending so much time with a certain J Walsh.

“You don’t gotta tell me twice.”

He was quick to pull her up just enough to get the tiny shorts off before he stood up, trading places with her. As Lou reclined, Josh dropped to his knees between her thighs and went to work. He needed this, and she’d been with him enough already to know that he *loved* it when she threaded those slim digits through his sable mohawk and gripped tightly. He was a sucker for older women, after all.

This was Josh Kaine’s favorite place to be, at least outside of a wrestling ring.