

Prologue
Quinn

Quinn, age ten

"We can't move her again; it's the middle of the school year."

Mommy was arguing with daddy again, and I closed my eyes tiredly as I listened to their raised voices. They always seemed to be angry these days. Sitting on my bed, I looked at my shoes, black patent Mary Janes, and white socks with a frilled edge. I glared at my shoes and socks. I hated socks, and these shiny black shoes were for another girl. I liked my feet bare. My feet needed to breathe. Like the rest of me.

I flinched when I heard the door bang, and a few minutes later, the sound of the car engine and then silence. Daddy was gone, no doubt returning to base. To the navy yard where he got to yell at people all day long and order them around.

I waited patiently, and then there was a soft knock on the door.

"Hey, little girl, want to go for ice cream?"

Looking up at my mommy, I nodded once. Her face looked tired, the dark circles under her eyes were getting blacker, and the sparkle in her warm chocolate brown eyes was gone. Something was wrong with my mommy. Daddy didn't see it, or if he did, he wasn't talking about it.

"Is daddy coming?" I asked as I stood and straightened my white dress.

"No, baby, he's got to work."

The two of us headed to the front door, and I reached for mommy's hand. "Are we moving again?"

I felt the soft squeeze of her hand as mommy opened the front door, letting me through it before she turned to lock it. "Yeah, baby, I think so."

"I don't like it here anyway," I said to her as I skipped to mom's car. It was true, I didn't like this base. There were hardly any girls to play with, only boys. Boys were dirty.

Mom waited until my seat belt was on before she pressed a quick kiss to my head. As she started the car, she looked at me over her shoulder. "You sure you don't mind moving, Quinn?"

"No, mommy, if we have to move, we have to move. Daddy's work's important." I grinned at her as I pulled my pigtails. "He protects us all."

My mom turned to face forward, but I saw her sad smile as we drove away from the house. "He does, my sweet girl, he does."

Quinn, age eleven

"You're a girl?"

I looked at the dark-haired boy staring at me with confusion. His hair was long, *hippie long* as daddy called it. His blue eyes stood out against his tanned, golden skin. He had skinny shoulders, but his hands were large. Glancing at his feet, I saw he had big feet too. When I was five or six, we had a dog called Buster. When he was a puppy, he had huge paws, and daddy said he would grow into them. That's what this boy reminded me of, Buster. Waiting to grow into his paws.

"You're a boy," I sassed back at him.

"Where's your brother?" he asked me as he walked towards me, looking over my shoulder as if expecting someone else.

"It's just me."

His face scrunched up, and he looked back towards the big house that sat beside ours. "But they said there was a boy...a new student."

"What's his name?" I asked as I stepped towards him. Maybe he was lost, he looked lost.

"Quinn."

"That's me," I told him with a happy smile. He wasn't lost, he was confused. People always thought my name meant I was a boy.

"But you're a girl."

Maybe he was dumb? "Well, what's your name?" I asked him impatiently.

"Jett."

I laughed. "Like the plane?"

"No. Like the colour."

"What colour?"

"Black."

"You're named after the colour black?" That was even worse than my name. He nodded. "Oh. Well, it could be worse, you could be called purple."

"Or puce."

"What's puce?" I asked him curiously.

"Pink...I think." He grinned at me, and I started to giggle.

"I think Jett suits you."

He scratched his head and looked back towards his house. "We're playing in the pool. Do you want to come?"

"I can't swim."

His eyes rounded in shock. "My brother and cousin are there; we will help keep you up." A large hand extended towards me. "Come on, I won't let them drown you."

"Are there girls?" I asked cautiously as I stepped closer to him.

"No!" Jett looked horrified. "Girls suck."

"But *I'm* a girl."

Jett looked me over before he grinned again. "Nah, you have a boy's name," he said as he grabbed my arm. "Come on, Quinn, let's teach you how to swim."

"I need a bathing suit!" I protested as he pulled me along behind him as I looked down at my shorts and T-shirt.

"You're fine."

When we got to the big house that sat back from ours, half surrounded by trees, I stared up at it as he pulled me along the fence until we were in a back courtyard with decking, chairs and a large pool. Tearing my attention from the grand house, I saw two boys playing in the water. One looked so much like Jett he had to be his brother, and the other one was bigger but looked like them too. Both stopped playing and stared at me.

"Where's her brother?" the one who looked like Jett asked.

"This is Quinn," Jett said before he jumped into the water. When he surfaced, he shook his wet hair out of his face. "She can't swim."

"Then why is she here?" the other boy asked.

"So we can teach her how to swim." Jett swam over to the end of the pool and got out. His shorts and T-shirt stuck to him, and as he looked down at his clothes, he looked back up at me and smiled. "See, you don't need a swimsuit," he told me confidently.

"I don't want to teach her to swim," the boy who looked like Jett said.

"Okay. Ash and I can do it," he told him as he walked towards me before adding, "you can sit and sulk like a girl."

I watched the boy glare at his brother as the other boy, Ash, laughed.

"You're called Ash?" I asked him. He nodded. "What's your name?" I asked the other boy.

"That's my twin, Gray," Jett told me. "I'm older."

"You all have strange names."

"They all mean dark or black," Jett said as he reached me. "Our older brother is Onyx."

"Oh, my name doesn't mean anything like that."

"How old are you?" Ash asked curiously.

"I'm eleven," I told them. I saw Ash and Gray exchange looks. "What is it?"

"Are you stupid?" Gray asked. "That why you're older but in our class?"

"No! My dad's in the navy, we move around a lot." The boys exchanged looks again, and I knew they didn't believe me. "I'm not stupid!" I almost stamped my foot in temper.

"Want to come into the water?" Jett asked me as he waited patiently.

Shaking my head, I took a step backwards. "No."

"She's stupid *and* chicken."

I glared at Gray as he bobbed in the water, smirking at me. "Am not."

"Then get in," he said as he nodded at the pool edge.

"I can't swim," I repeated his brother's earlier words.

"Not going to learn standing on the deck though, are you?"

"I don't want to learn."

"See? Stupid." He laughed as he looked over at his cousin. "She's nothing but a chicken."

Ash started to laugh, and Gray made clucking sounds like a chicken. Jett tried to hide his smile, but his brother was now flapping his hands about like wings. His challenging glare was making me angry, and to show him I wasn't a chicken, I jumped into the water.

And I sank like a stone.

My arms scrambled frantically, and I took a huge breath as the water rushed into my mouth, and I screamed, which only caused me to swallow more.

Hands grabbed my arms, and then my head was out of the water. Clumsily and painfully, the boys dragged me to the end of the pool where I coughed and choked out the water that I'd swallowed. I was crying, but I didn't care that they were going to make fun of me.

A big white towel was wrapped around me as a hand rubbed my back, and I looked up at Gray as he watched me with concern.

"Didn't say drink the pool," he said softly. "Thought you said you weren't stupid?"

"You okay?" Ash asked me as he watched me with wide eyes.

"I think so." Scrubbing my nose, I looked at all three of them. "That was a bit stu...silly," I admitted.

"I think you were brave."

Looking at Gray, I felt a flutter in my tummy. He thought that I was brave? "Really?"

"You can't swim, and you jumped into the water anyway," he said as he nodded. "You're a daredevil. Like us."

"Reckless," Jett murmured in agreement as he sat beside me. "You want to try again?"

No, but as I looked at the three of them, I found myself nodding. "Maybe in the shallow end?"

The three boys laughed and were soon hauling me up to my feet and throwing the towel onto the lounge chair.

"C'mon, we're going to teach you how to be a *real* Devil."

Quinn, age twelve

"Hi," I greeted as I walked around the side of the pool towards the three of them.

Jett stood and came over to me, grabbing my hand. "We thought you would want to be alone."

"Why? You never let me be alone any other time."

"Mom said you'd want to sleep," Gray told me as he watched me.

"I close my eyes, and all I see is her in the coffin."

"Want to play Call of Duty?" Ash asked as he came to stand beside Jett and me.

"Okay," I agreed and followed the three Santo boys into the house, away from my home, where the people were crowding our front room and eating small plates of finger food as they watched me with sad faces.

"Quinn, sweetheart, why are you here?" Sable Santo rushed over to me and wrapped her arms around me.

"Dad's got people to look after. No one will be looking for me," I assured her. I met Gray's eyes, and he nodded once in understanding as he walked over to his mom and took my arm.

"She's with us, mom, she's fine," he told his mom as he pulled me away.

"But..." Sable looked at all of us as she watched the boys form a semi-circle around me. "Okay, I'll tell your dad. I was going back over anyway."

We went to the den, and we played video games, and we never spoke about the fact that I buried my mom today.

They were my best friends.

Quinn, age fifteen

As I walked around the pool in the dark, I could see the darker shadow as he lay out on the lounge chair. Gray ignored me as I approached and remained silent as I lay down on the lounge chair beside his.

"Thought you were on a date?" he asked me softly.

"I was." I stared up at the star-filled sky. "He asked her to marry him."

Gray grunted but said nothing.

"It's only been three years since mom died."

"You think it's too soon?" he asked.

"Don't you?"

"Dunno." I heard him move slightly, and then he was on his side, facing me. "It will always be too soon for you; she was your mom."

Shifting, I faced him. "He said he loved my mom more than life itself."

"Why do you think that's changed?"

"Because he's *marrying* someone else."

"So? You think he should be alone? And unhappy?"

"I'm not saying that!" I argued back.

"What are you saying?"

I turned so I was on my back again. "You turn everything into an argument."

"You just don't like hearing the truth." I said nothing. We lay in silence for a while longer until Gray spoke again.

"So...the date?"

“He kissed me.” My heart was racing as I waited for his reaction.

“Where?”

Despite myself, I laughed. “On the lips.”

“Which ones?”

“Gray!”

I heard him snigger as he turned to lie on his back again.

“He wants to go out again.”

“Tell him you’re busy.”

“Why?” The silence stretched, and I was sure he wouldn’t answer before I heard him move as he was sitting up.

“Because I told you to.” Gray stood and walked away from me. At the edge of the pool, I saw him looking back at me. “Just do it.” He couldn’t see me clearly in the shadows, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t waiting.

“Okay.” My voice floated across the decking, no more than a whisper, but he heard it. I saw his head jerk in a nod once before he disappeared into his house. Staring up at the night sky, I wondered why I agreed before I closed my eyes, too afraid to question myself further, knowing that unlike the stars, the answer wasn’t that far out of reach.

Quinn, age sixteen

“Jett, I need to talk to you.” I watched him finish his push-ups, his toned golden skin on display—he never cared that he walked around shirtless in front of me. To Jett, I was no more than another member of his family. I liked that about him. Actually, I loved that about him.

“So, talk.” He grunted as he started doing sit-ups.

“Didn’t you do all of this already?” I demanded as I watched him effortlessly go through his exercises.

“Yeah, but I need to be fitter.”

“You’re going to burn out,” I chided as I slipped down onto the floor and held his feet. “What?” I asked when I saw his raised eyebrows. “I always help.”

“You do always help, Queeny.” He grinned as he resumed his workout. “What’s going on under that mass of black hair?” he teased me.

My hair had always been wild and untamed, but when we hit high school, I knew I had to put more effort into my appearance. The boys were easy—they grew into their looks—but I needed to exfoliate, buff, wax and straighten my hair to look as effortless as they did. “Ash kissed me.”

Jett stopped his sit-ups and leaned back on his hands as he considered my words. “You kiss him back?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

I stared at him. I didn’t have an answer. Ash kissed me, and I kissed him back. “I dunno. ’Cause I thought he wanted me to?”

“Don’t be stupid, Quinn. A guy kisses you, does *anything* with you that you don’t want, you knee his balls, kick his face in and then tell *us*, and we’ll beat the fuck out of him.”

“You going to beat Ash up?” I asked him mockingly.

“Do I need to?” Jett stood and wiped his neck with a towel and waited until I shook my head. “So, you wanted him to kiss you?”

I bit my lip. Ash had started paying more and more attention to me. I couldn’t say that I didn’t like it. I saw the way they were with girls, and had been envious. They weren’t like that with me, of course—I was their friend—but it stung when I heard them say pretty things to girls who didn’t deserve it. *I* deserved it. Jett had already had sex with two different girls, and Ash almost had sex with Carlie at a party the other week, but she chickened out and only gave him a hand job. Is that why he kissed me? He thought I was more of a sure thing than Carlie?

“I don’t know,” I admitted.

Jett stared at me and then rolled his eyes. “Queeny, I can’t tell you who to suck face with—just make sure whoever it is, you *want* to be doing it.”

“What about us?” I asked him in a whisper. “The Devils?”

“The group?” Jett shrugged. “We’re friends, it’ll be weird, but it won’t change anything between me and you, at least.”

“You’ll still be my bestie?” I asked playfully, hoping he didn’t see the need I had to make sure he would never leave me.

“Always. There isn’t anything you could do to change it. C’mon, I’m starving.” Jett punched my shoulder as he passed me, and I grinned as I followed him to the kitchen.

Quinn, age sixteen

"How much longer you going to string him along?" Gray asked me, his hard stare boring into mine.

"I'm not stringing him along," I snapped back at him. Why did he have to be so close to me? All I could smell was *him*.

"Yes, you are, you're being a prick tease. He wants to fuck you; do you want him to fuck you?"

"I'm not being a prick tease!" I shoved at his chest to get him to stand back. "Fuck you, Gray. What happens between *me* and Ash is between me and Ash."

"What happens between you and my cousin happens to *all* of us. Why the fuck are you playing with him?" Gray moved back into my space, and I stared up at him. I was almost five eight now, but Gray was still taller.

"I'm not *playing*, I like him," I told him defensively even as my heart raced as he stepped closer to me.

"Yeah, you *like* him?" Gray's eyes narrowed as he smirked at me. "That why you let him stick his fingers in your cunt last week?"

Gasping at his vulgarity, I stepped back and hit the wall behind me. "Don't be such a dick," I hissed at him as my eyes filled with tears.

"Gonna spread your legs for Ash, *Queen*?" Gray pushed his chest into mine as he glared down at me. "That what you want, so desperate to be a *Devil* you'll let him fuck you?"

My hand stung, and I realised it was because I slapped him. Slowly his head turned back to face me, revealing my handprint on his face, and I chewed my inner cheek as my body stilled, waiting for the eruption.

Jett was fiery but fair. Ash was lighthearted and laid-back with a temper that rarely let loose. Gray...Gray was *fury*. He always seemed to be moving, as if he could barely contain the wild energy inside him. The smallest thing would set him off, and usually Jett or Ash needed to haul him back.

"That was stupid," Gray murmured as he dipped his head. "Always knew you were stupid."

"I'm not stupid, you fucking dick, I just don't fucking like you when you're being a prick."

"*Liar*."

My retort was swallowed when he kissed me. Not soft and gentle like Ash had kissed me. Gray was unrestrained, his mouth dominated mine, his kiss was savage like him, and his tongue tasted every inch inside my mouth. Hazily, I realised I was kissing him back just as eagerly. His hand was tight in my hair, his other hand already cupping my sex as he ground his palm against the small bundle of nerves that throbbed for him.

As quickly as it began, it was over. Gray pushed me away from him as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Fucking make up your mind, but stop being a fucking liar," he snarled at me before he turned and walked away from me.

I was still crying when Jett found me, and then *he* got pissed off when I refused to tell him why I was crying, which only made me cry more.

Quinn, age seventeen

"I don't want to go to the movie," I snapped angrily as I looked at Ash. He'd had his another growth spurt over the summer and now was standing proud at six four. My own height had stopped at five ten, much to my disgust. I'd been hoping to be closer to six feet so I didn't have to always look up to the Devils, but my DNA had other ideas, and instead of filling me upwards, I had filled outwards. Last summer, my boobs became more generous than they had been before, a fact my boyfriend, Ash, was very grateful for. My once stick thin legs now had shape to them, and my hips were intent on keeping any morsel of food that I put in my mouth straight on them.

I watched the guys devour any food in front of them like a swarm of locusts and still look like needles. I looked at the amount of carbs they ate, and I could feel my stomach bloating. But I ran with them in the morning, I worked out with them in the evening, and I kept myself fit and healthy, at first so I could keep up with them and then because I genuinely enjoyed it.

"I don't mind staying in, if you want," Ash said with a grin as he lay back on my bed, his hands tucked beneath his head as he watched me with expectation.

"I'm not in the mood," I told him as I pulled on a long sweater over my T-shirt, covering me completely and sitting mid-thigh over my leggings.

"Ugh, you're never in the fucking mood," he grumbled as he got off the bed and headed to my bedroom door. "I don't know what's wrong, and you won't talk to me, so tell Jett, he'll tell me, and we can move on. Okay?"

He was an idiot. Jett would never tell him, and *that's* why Jett was my best friend. I heard the front door bang and knew he was gone. I counted in my head, and then my stepmom poked her head around the door.

"Trouble in paradise?"

"No, Anne, all good here," I lied as I forced the smile. She was a nice enough lady, she just wasn't my mom, and although our relationship was a good one, I knew she wanted it to be more.

"We can talk about it if you want?" she said as she took a step further into the room.

"No, honestly, it's just Ash. He gets riled up during the season."

"Okay, sweetie, but I'm downstairs if you want to talk."

I nodded and she left me alone. Hours later, I was in the den, in the dark, with only the light of the TV illuminating the room. Ash had sent a few texts, and I'd replied. He was with Gray and Jett hanging out at the stadium. Probably doing the stupid shit that they did when they were bored and idle. I knew they wouldn't be alone—girls *and* guys hung off them like bad smells. I had no fear he would cheat on me, though sometimes I wished he would.

"Why you in the dark?"

I yelped in fright as I turned to look at Gray as he closed the den door firmly behind him.

"Watching TV, why you freaking me the fuck out?" I snapped at him as I flicked the lamp on. I watched as he dropped his body onto the couch and gasped when he turned to look at me.

"What happened?" I was on my feet, crossing the room and leaning over him, inspecting his bruised cheek and blackening eye.

"Dick pissed me off."

"The world pisses you off," I told him dryly.

Gray huffed out a laugh as he turned his face away from me and my probing fingers. "Can see down your top," he muttered as he leaned over and turned the lamp off.

I felt the familiar swoosh in my tummy when he glanced at me quickly before he straightened in his seat.

"I don't mind you looking." The words were low and husky and scared the shit out of me that I said them out loud.

Gray's eyes met mine. He had only ever kissed me once, before I started dating Ash, and I still remembered his lips on mine. "Don't." His voice was soft, almost too quiet, but I heard the plea in it.

I wished that I had been drinking so I could blame my next actions on alcohol, but I had no excuse. My hands trembled as I pulled the sweater and T-shirt over my head, revealing my plain white bra to him. Gray's eyes widened, but he said nothing. His eyes travelled down my body as I pushed my leggings down, and then I was in front of him in only my panties and bra.

With hands shaking, I reached for him as I moved closer, picking up his hand and placing it on my breast. Gray licked his lips but said nothing as his hand rested there, not even squeezing.

"Touch me," I whispered as I lowered myself over his legs and straddled him.

"Quinn, I..." His words stopped when I picked up his other hand and pulled it high onto my thigh.

"Do it," I encouraged him. His hand moved slightly, and I inhaled sharply. Slowly his thumb made a circle on my bare leg. "I need you to touch me," I whispered in the quiet of the room, the light from the TV casting shadows over his face.

"If I touch you, I may not stop."

I had never heard Gray unsure about anything in his life. His eyes never left mine, and his hands didn't stray from where I had placed them. "Then don't stop."

I watched as his eyes closed, and I saw him clench his jaw as he tipped his head back, and I felt the shiver that ran through his body. When he looked at me again, his eyes were alive and wild, and my body erupted in

goose bumps at the intensity of his stare. Firm solid hands circled my waist, and he lifted me off of him and onto the couch. Swiftly Gray stood, and then he was bending over me.

"I would fuck you, Quinn, I would fuck you so hard you would never remember having another man's dick in you, but I won't fuck you for two reasons."

My heart was racing so fast I was scared I was going to pass out. "What reasons?"

"You're not mine." He straightened, and I grabbed for my sweater to cover myself, my embarrassment suddenly washing over me. Sobering me. Gray snatched the sweater and tossed it behind him. "I like seeing you laid out like this before me. Isn't *this* what you wanted?" His words were cruel, mocking. "Don't get shy now. Why don't you spread those legs for me so I can see what I'm passing up on?"

"Don't," I whispered back his earlier plea as I stared up at him, feeling completely exposed, and his mouth twisted into a sneer.

"Break it off with Ash, it's time to end the charade. Once and for all." Gray strode to the door in anger.

"Gray!" I called him back, and he stilled, his head half turning as he waited. "What's the other reason?"

I heard his grunt as he opened the door. "I don't fucking want you."

Quinn, age eighteen (two weeks later)

The tears spilled over as I watched Ash throw the chair across the room. His rage was real, and I felt miserable as I watched him rip his hurt out as he destroyed the classroom.

Gray was silent in the corner, watching me, with narrowed eyes. He hadn't spoken a word. Jett was torn between Ash and me. He kept looking at me, the question in his eyes, but he hadn't asked.

"Who the fuck was it?" Ash demanded as he crossed the room and grabbed me. Jett was beside him, his hands on his to stop him from shaking me. "Get off me, I won't fucking hurt her," Ash growled at him. Dark blue angry eyes glared at me with hate. "Who the fuck did you let fuck you?"

I said nothing as he pushed me back, away from him. Jett grabbed my arm to stop my stumble. I flinched when Ash kicked the table and sent it crashing into a wall.

"You fucking *bitch*, I *trusted* you."

"I know." I wiped my eyes as he turned to look at me. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" Ash looked at me as he gave a startled laugh. "You're *sorry*?" He glanced at Gray, who remained silent. "I don't give a shit if you're sorry, tell me who you let fuck you."

I said nothing, and then he was in front of me again. All the anger seemed to drain out of him. "Why?" he asked me, and I wished he had hit me rather than look so broken.

Ash's head dropped into his hands as he yelled out his frustration at my silence. My eyes once again flicked to Gray's, and I felt my heart rip in two as he merely watched, cold and distant.

"Please, Quinn, tell me why?" Ash asked me softly as he looked up at me, and I fought back the words that would destroy us all.

"It was either going to be me or you," I told him instead, wiping my eyes quickly as I pulled myself up straighter. "We both know we didn't really work; I just made the first move to end it."

"Quinn," Jett's voice was quiet, but I heard his surprise at my words.

"What?" I looked them all over, one too pained to look at me, one who wasn't sure he was hearing my words properly, and one who saw right through me. "We're Devils. We fuck who we want, when we want. That doesn't change just because I'm a girl."

"You're a bitch."

I looked at Ash, and I inclined my head. "I didn't think you would be this upset," I told him as I swallowed past the lump in my throat. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

I turned and left the classroom, hurrying past the students who took the chance to see into the devastation of the classroom as I ran to the girls' bathroom to get away from the stares and the whispers. Inside, I washed my face and let out a few tears as I screamed internally at the damage I'd done.

As I wiped my face with coarse paper towels, I looked up and jumped when I saw Gray leaning against the door, his hand on the lock.

"You happy now?" I asked him angrily. "Is that what you wanted?"

Idly, he flipped the lock and advanced towards me. A large hand wrapped around my throat as he brought his lips down almost on mine.

"No." His lips crushed mine, and I opened for him as his hands tugged at my shirt and his cold hands travelled over my skin. Gray pushed me until I was almost sitting on a sink, and then his hand was under my skirt, his fingers pushing my panties aside before sliding two inside me. "Open wider."

I spread my legs, not caring he was so rough, not caring I had just broken his cousin's heart, not caring he was going to fuck me in the school bathrooms. I bit his shoulder when he pushed inside me to stop my scream, and then he was slamming into me. Angry eyes glared at me as one hand dug into my thigh and the other squeezed my throat. My hands clutched at his shoulders as he pushed inside over and over until I was falling over the edge, and I heard his answering grunt as he emptied himself inside me. As his breathing returned to normal, he pulled out of me and fixed his pants.

Without a word, he turned away from me, but as he stopped to check his phone, he turned back to me. "This didn't happen."

“Because you don’t *want* me?” I mocked him as he unlocked the door. His cold laughter echoed in the bathroom as the door closed behind him.

Quinn, age eighteen

The party was boring. A few months had passed since Ash and I had broken up, and I was still adjusting to life as a non-Devil. They’d shut me out. I expected it of two of them, but Jett’s silence stung. He told me that he wouldn’t let it interfere with our friendship, but I guess me saying I’d cheated on his cousin was a line that even Jett Santo wouldn’t cross.

The students at our rival high school didn’t care I was no longer a Devil; they didn’t care that I had once been the *queen* of Cardinal Saints High School. Well, they had, until they saw that I no longer cared; maybe I never had.

One of the basketball team had sucked my neck earlier as I gave him a half-hearted hand job, and now he was drunk, and I was bored and fed up with fighting off his clumsy hands. I couldn’t remember whose party this was, but I was on the balcony, which was accessed from their parents’ bedroom. Parents who weren’t here.

Parents were never there when they were needed.

Curling my legs under me, I stared down at the pool and to the party still going strong. Some girls had opted to lose their bikini tops as they played and teased in the pool. Guys were either drooling over them or were playing a drunken game of basketball. Others were shacked up in dark corners where low moans could be heard over the noise, even from where I was.

I watched Elise and her bitch friends cross the lawn like they were something. *Sluts*. Ash had fucked all of them in one night, one after the other, not realising it was a different girl, and not one of them had any self-respect to point out his mistake.

Ash had slept with almost every girl in school now to let me know he didn’t care about me. It hurt. It hurt because he was going to realise one day, he really didn’t care that way about me, and he was going to feel like shit. I knew this because I was already there.

Suddenly, I saw the three of them in the shadows, black bandanas over their faces, hoodies up. It made me sit up and pay attention. This was a rival school; they were going to get their asses kicked if they were caught. Like shadows, they melted into the darkness, but I knew them, I knew what they were doing.

Mayhem.

The lights went out. The music cut off. Screams and splashes came from the pool, and then I heard the whisper racing through the darkness.

Run.

I was leaning over the balcony now, looking for any telltale signs of them, but it was too dark. I felt the wide smile, and I realised I hadn’t grinned like this in weeks. Hearing the door to the bedroom open, I spun quickly.

He was in front of me. Tall, broad, the bandana covering his face, the hood drawn low. He tossed something to me, and I caught it deftly.

"Let them know who was here," Gray whispered, and then he turned and was gone again.

With a smile and lighter step, I left the bedroom, the spray can of paint in my hand. This party needed to know the Devils had been here.

I had been fooling myself. I would *always* be a Devil. I just needed to remind *them* of that. *All* of them.