

# SAVING SORROW

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RESCUE ME  
BOOK ONE

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

*Dedicated to the ones who've always believed in me. To my husband who always reads what I write even when he doesn't read.*

*To my sister, Jade who gave me my very first tablet so I could start writing my stories. For always believing in me when I didn't believe in myself.*

*And to BookTok that gave me the courage to put my books out there even if no one reads them. I still have those who've gotten me to this point.*

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*Thank You!*

*KY*

## PROLOGUE

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*THREE MONTHS ago*

SORROW

THIS IS the last place I expected to be, surrounded by four concrete walls with metal bars caging me in. Yet here I was, in a goddamn jail cell... again. "Fuck," I mutter under my breath bracing my forearms on my thighs. I bowed my head and took in several deep breaths, counting silently in my head. I was hardly to *three* when the doors to the holding area opened. I glance up slightly and curse. Of course, it's the last people I'd want to see who walked through the door.

"Fancy seeing you here," a sarcastic voice said, drawing my attention to the two men who were staring me down like an errant teenager. I didn't respond.

"So you have nothing to say for yourself?" I can see Spencer crossing his arms over his chest from the corner of my eye. I shrug again. What was there to say? Nothing.

“You put a man in the hospital for fuck’s sake, Sorrow,” Sam bursts out. I glanced up and Sam stared me down, running a distressed hand over his cropped curly black hair. He was glaring at me as if he wished that his eyes alone could eviscerate me on the spot. Not that I’d mind. Anything, even certain death was better than sitting behind these bars with the walls closing in on me.

With a sigh I closed my eyes and said, “He swung at me first.” Well, that was a dumbass excuse if I’ve ever heard one. The truth is, I wanted to fight. I craved it. I wanted to feel the bones of the man’s face crushing under my fist. Hell, even if it was my own bones crushing, it was better than nothing. I look down at my split and swollen knuckles and flex my hand, taking a slight pleasure in the pain that still lingered. It shows me that I could feel something, anything other than being hollow. I wanted to feel the pain when my fist connected with his jaw, I wanted to see the blood as it poured from his nose. Call me a sadist, and in ways I probably was, but I needed that as a reminder to myself that I’m alive. Granted, I didn’t exactly want to be, but hey, here I am.

My only real regret was the fact that no matter how much I punished myself, no matter what I did, or how many fights I got in, how many women I fuck, it wouldn’t change what happened. Those memories, the scars that were embedded inside of me and the scars that littered my body would be there until the day I died.

“Sorrow!” I’m dragged from my thoughts and I focus on Spencer as he glares at me, his face red with frustration. “Are you even listening to us?” he snapped.

“No.” At least I can be honest about that—this seemed to be the one thing I could be honest about these days.

Sam scoffed and walked closer to the bars. “Sorrow, I love you man. I really do,” I wince slightly but he ignores it, “but you’re fucking yourself up at every single turn. Doing reck-

less shit all the goddamn time. When will this end?" I swallow hard and I turn away from them. I knew these men, they're my brothers, maybe not by blood but they are my brothers; people I went through hell with. So I knew they cared for me, I'd never doubt that especially not after everything we went through. But I didn't understand it. Why they care about me, yet they did. And in my own fucked up twisted way I cared for them too, but I just couldn't show it. I could hardly be around them anymore.

"You're going to therapy," Spencer announced, leaning against the wall, his black rimmed glasses hung low on his nose as he stared at me with a bored expression. I didn't fully register what he said until it finally sunk in. My head snapped to the side and I glared at him. Therapy? Of all things he could say he chose therapy?

"I'm not going to therapy, Spence," I responded through gritted teeth.

Spencer shrugs and replies, "It's either that or we keep your ass in jail... and we both know you wouldn't last a night here." I stood and walked up to the bars, irritated that he knew how much I detested being in such a confined space. The very thought of being stuck in this cell had me breaking out in a cold sweat. It makes my heart race and panic begins to set in. Yeah, no, I couldn't do that.

Spencer looked at me with sympathetic brown eyes but he held firm. "You have three months to pull your shit together. Three. That's all, Sorrow. We came here to start our company, we have the offices and contracts already piling higher than before. How are you going to work if you're out fucking anything and everything and getting thrown into jail?" Spencer shakes his head, "This is becoming too much, Sorrow, and you know it. We can't stand by and watch you self-destruct like this."

I clench my jaw, irritation coursing through me. I had to

keep calm or it would lead me nowhere. A pounding in my temples was distracting me from my thoughts, from this conversation but I gave a clipped nod, not bothering with a verbal response.

Spencer clapped his hands and gave a self-satisfied nod. “Good, it’s decided. The therapist I found, who takes your insurance, is named Anderson. Your paperwork takes a few months to process and has to be verified before you can be seen so we need to get on that ASAP. You can mentally prepare or whatever the hell you do.”

“You really need to get it together, Sorrow. If you won’t talk to us, then at least try with this therapist,” Sam muttered. I nod again, feeling numb to this whole situation. With a sigh Sam tapped the bars with his hand as Spencer went to the desk, “I’ll be outside while Spencer does your release papers.” He turns on his heels leaving me in the cell.

I press my forehead to the cool bars and take a gulp of air. I shake my head snorting under my breath. “Fucking hell,” I whisper. Therapy. God, I fucking hate that word. But I’ll do it. At least I’ll try to.

## SORROW

*SCREAMS, there were so many screams surrounding me. The screams were so loud that I couldn't tell who was screaming. It was almost deafening and painful to hear. Was I the one screaming, or was it one of the others? I couldn't tell anymore, the world around me was utter chaos. The smell of burning flesh hung heavily in the air, suffocating me. Fuck, it was too much. It was all too much. The sounds of gunfire ricocheting off the metal was like an echo in my ears, drowning out the screams. My eyes closed of their own accord and I counted.*

*What I counted for, I didn't know. It could be counting down the seconds until death, or the minutes until we were rescued. Another round of gunfire surrounded me and I could barely register what was happening when a fly away piece of shrapnel flew towards me and embedded into my side. I rolled backwards cursing as I pressed my hand to my side.*

*"You're okay. I've got you," a deep voice said beside me, pushing my hand away from my side.*



*I glance up blurrily and see Caden. He was still alive. But what about Max and Drew? I pushed to stand but he held me down.*

*“Don’t move. You’re bleeding everywhere, if you move you’ll make it worse.” I hear the static of his radio as he calls for the others but he got no answer. He cursed pressing against me causing me to wince. God, I really was bleeding everywhere. It was coating my skin, filling my nose with its pungent stench that I feared I’d never get the smell off of me. I gagged and Caden quickly rolled me to my side and I emptied what little contents I had in my stomach.*

*Caden tightened his hands on my arms. “You’re okay.” Were we? Or were we as fucked as it felt?*



“SORROW!” a voice shouted. I sat up in bed quickly, the gun I kept under my pillow was raised and pointing forward. Spencer’s hands went into the air, showing me he wasn’t armed. My heart was pounding so fast, I feared it was going to explode.

“Are you going to put the gun down? I’d really rather not get shot, this is a new shirt,” Spencer said sarcastically. I glance around the room before slowly lowering the weapon. I tuck it back under my pillow before pulling my knees to my chest to be able to take deep breaths. It’s been a while since I’ve had a nightmare like this. I hear rustling and I watch as Spencer moves at a steady pace towards my bathroom, as if he’s afraid I’ll pull my gun out again and actually shoot him if he makes one wrong move.

The sound of the sink turning on was the only sound in my house, just a loud stream that echoed off the barren walls. Spencer cut off the water and walked back into the room holding a wet cloth that he handed me.

“You hit yourself in your sleep again.” I took the cloth with a curt ‘thanks’ and pressed it to my busted mouth. “Do

you want to talk about it?" I shook my head willing the nausea to roll through me and go away taking the remnants of my nightmare with it. I can feel Spencer looking at me from across the room as he leaned against the wall, his arms crossed over his chest, studying me intently. It made me uncomfortable to have people staring at me. I straightened my legs and pushed the blanket off of me so I could stand, uncaring that I was naked, and walked to the bathroom.

"What's up, Spence?" I ask as I lean over to turn my shower on to the highest setting before I turn to the mirror. Hell, I looked like straight hell. I clench my fingers on the edge of the counter so hard that all color leaches from them. I could hardly recognize the man staring back at me with jaded brown eyes. I had stubble growing on my cheeks, which I usually kept cleanly shaved, but I just stopped caring. With a self-deprecating laugh, I toss the bloodied rag into the sink and climb into the shower, letting the scalding hot water run over my overly tense muscles.

With a groan I lean on the shower wall, sighing as the water washed away the dirt and grime which seemed to be coating my skin. It was too much, the nightmares. I thought they were gone, but they were back in full force. The sight of blood was forever imprinted in my head, as was seeing the sunken faces and taut skin of those three men. The three men and families we failed. I hit the palm of my hand against the tiles and cursed. God, the way life drained out of them, leaving them shells of their former selves, that shit was stuck in my head.

"Fuck." I hit the wall again cursing under my breath. My heart was racing again and the blood rushed to my eyes, it was so loud I had to turn my face up to the water as I tried to erase the images from my mind. It wasn't working. *Breathe. Just breathe and you'll be okay,* I repeated in my head over and

over again until the words sunk in and I finally began to believe it.

With deep shuddering breaths I pushed myself off the wall and quickly began to wash my body and hair before I stepped out. I grabbed my towel off the rack to wrap it around my waist.

“What time is it?” I finally ask. Spencer arched a black brow at me, looking into my eyes before sighing and glancing at his watch.

“It’s a quarter after twelve. I want to go over a few contracts before heading to the club.” I stop in my tracks, staring at him skeptically. If anyone hated going to clubs it was Spencer. Not that I blamed him, they were awful, the smell of sweat and alcohol filling the small space of a dance floor, yeah. It’s not appealing. At all.

“You hate clubs,” I point out. With a sheepish look, Spencer tucks his hands in his pockets and turns away, raising my alarms instantly. “Spencer?” I snap.

With a resigned sigh Spencer threw his hands up. “Don’t be mad.”

I scoff as I walk into my closet to dress. “When someone says, ‘don’t be mad’, there’s a chance that they’ll get mad. So spit it out, we don’t have all day.”

He cleared his throat. “All right then. Max and Caden are back. As in to stay here,” Spencer pauses before adding, “in Houston. And Max will be working with us starting next week.” I don’t reply as I grab a long sleeve black shirt off a hanger and throw it on and try to school my features. Which was easier said than done.

“And Drew?” I ask.

“No. Drew isn’t with them. He’s just in the wind, you know how he is, Sorrow. This isn’t new behavior for him.” I knew that, of course I did. But a part of me, that douchey part of me, resented Drew for it. Hell, I envied the man.

Caden and Max too. They somehow found a way around their shit, but I was stuck in it. Stuck with these demons I surrounded myself with. They rested on my back in the form of a tattoo, it was like a hot brand that gave me a daily reminder of what I did.

I walk out of the closet muttering under my breath, “Lucky bastards.” I stop short when I see Spencer though. He’s usually a little more chatty, cracking jokes as I dressed but now he looked in the distance, a faraway look on his face. “There’s something else. What is it?”

Spencer’s shoulders sag. “Do you remember when we got back from that mission? The one that went off the deep end?” I nod, sitting on the edge of the bed so I can pull my boots on. “Well, you and Sam said I had a one night stand.”

“Yeah. Some crazy woman. What the hell was her name? It started with a T or something. The one with the dyed blonde hair?”

“I honestly can’t remember her, or that night. It’s all a blur to me,” he says and runs a hand through his hair, shrugging. “She emailed me.” I opened my mouth to speak but Spencer stopped me when he held up his hand. “And before you ask, no, her name wasn’t on the email nor could it be tracked. I had Sam track it but he came up with nothing.”

My brows furrow as I look at the man I consider a brother. “Okay,” I start slowly. “So what did she want?”

“She said she had my kid.”

I stared up at him gaping. A kid? Spencer had a kid? How was that possible? I clear my throat. “Are you sure? It’s been nearly three, maybe four years now. If she was pregnant then she would’ve said something before now.”

Spencer scoffed, throwing his hands up in agitation. “You’d fucking think that, but no. She does it now. And for the fucking life of me I can’t remember her goddamn name, or what she looks like. It’s just a blank space.”

“You’re getting a DNA test?” I asked, causing Spencer to glare at me in a *‘what do you think?’* type of way. But to be fair, it was a valid question. Especially when a random woman was claiming that Spencer was the father of her child.

“I’m not an idiot, Sorrow. Of course I’m getting a DNA test.”

I shrug and stand, grabbing my keys off of my night stand. “Someone has to make sure you don’t do something stupid.” I motioned Spencer to go forward before stopping him. “We’ll figure it out, Spence. You know that.”

Spencer nods and pulls his keys from his pocket before opening the front door. “See you at the office. Try not to be late, you know I hate when people are late.” I roll my eyes not bothering with a response. What was there to say? I had no idea how to deal with a kid to be of any help to Spencer. With another long suffering sigh I make my way outside to my truck and head to the office.



LEANING BACK against my desk I stared at Max. I haven’t seen him in years, and this wasn’t how I expected it to play out. I figured I’d be calm and collected but my mind had its own plans.



*“WE NEED TO CALM DOWN,” Drew said, his breathing labored. His green eyes were red rimmed from lack of sleep. Blood covered his face allowing sand to stick to his skin.*

*“Yes, because we can sit here for hours on end with Sorrow bleeding out like a stuck pig,” Caden snapped back. I didn’t say a word, just lowered my head to my forearm and took deep breaths.*

*In. Out. In. Out. That's been my mantra for the past ten minutes. It distracted me from what's to come.*

*"You ready?" Max asked beside me. Was I ready? Hell no. Would I go through with it? Yes. Because there was no other choice, it was either this or death. I nod. Drew covered my mouth with a hand, muffling my grunts and Caden held me down so I wouldn't fight or move.*

*"I'm sorry," Max whispered. His glove-covered hands grabbed onto the slippery metal embedded into my side, grasping it in a hard fist. Without preamble, Max ripped it out. I screamed against Drew's hand and jerked but the two men held fast. Tears formed in my eyes making it more difficult to see, especially when it was mixing with the blood coating my face. I squeezed my eyes shut when Max applied pressure to the wound.*

*With one hand Max opened the small first aid kit, they had in each pack, so he could treat my side, stopping an infection before it started. But I think I'd rather take that opposed to this. Max used a disinfecting alcohol wipe to clean the area and fuck the burn was almost as bad as the removal. When he started stitching I blessedly blacked out.*



MAX TURNED AWAY from me and I saw how haunted his eyes were. They were devoid of any emotion. Max's blue eyes took in every detail around him, staring at the barren offices, the setup of the computers. I took a breath. I needed to get away from everything. Away from all of it. Max was an imposing sight, he had red hair and was covered head to toe in tattoos. One tattoo I knew for a fact he had was one on his back, the same one I have inked into my skin.

A human heart with four swords stuck inside of it. Caden and Drew had the same one. It was a reminder of what we did, of what we survived. I don't know what possessed us to

get it, maybe it was a way to prove we still lived, or some shit, but it was there forever.

“Sorrow are you even listening?” Sam demanded, drawing me out of my thoughts.

“To what?” I ask, finally tuning into the conversation. I hardly listened to what was said around me. I didn’t particularly care either. Sam rolled his eyes and tossed a document on my desk, pointing at it as if I should know what it is.

I raised my eyebrow in question, turning to the men in front of me.

“We are going to Houston. There’s going to be a wedding held at the Astorian. It apparently has over two hundred guests which made them want to hire us as security,” Spencer explained.

“A wedding? We’re working a wedding?” I asked incredulously. I figured we’d be doing different types of work. Something like we did when we were sent out on missions. Not be essentially rent-a-cops. Spencer nods and I lift up the contract to read it over. I read it over before stopping at the payment. My eyes widened. “Is this the right price?”

“Yeah. We decided on that price over a two day period. They wanted to lowball us.” Sam straddled his chair and pointed to the paper in my hands. “They want us to wear suits too.” I roll my eyes. Of course they did. When hiring security for a wedding, you might as well dress the part. With a scoff I moved behind my desk to get the paperwork filed before I set up a schedule to go see the venue later in the week.

After a few hours of preparation, Spencer stood up. “All right, gentlemen. Let’s get this out of the way.”

“Do we have to go? Like is it a requirement?” I ask, leaning back in my chair, folding my hands on my stomach.

Spencer scoffed, “Considering the only time you leave

your house is to go to a bar for a quick fuck. Yeah. I think it'll be good for you."

I glance at him. "To clarify, you want me to go to a club, where I could potentially find a quick fuck?"

My sarcasm caused Spencer to shrug. "You know how Ravi is. We go with it. Now put on your big girl panties and get up so we can go."

I stood with a sigh before making my way to the door. Stepping out into the cool September night brought a wave of relief. And I needed relief. Desperately.