

# Savage Redemption Bonus Scene: “What He Left Behind”

Copyright 2018 Liza Street. All Rights Reserved.

*This scene takes place eight months after the end of Savage Redemption, and it features Doug, Ben's twin brother.*

\*\*\*

Rather than pull into his driveway, Doug parked on the street. He and his twin had been playing a game of "gotcha" since they were boys. And since Ben had no idea Doug was back in town, this would be the most epic *gotcha* yet.

He climbed out of his truck and eased the door shut. The sun had fallen behind the mountains. Darkness would aid his sneak attack. On silent feet, he made his way through the trees next to their driveway.

It felt strange to be back in the Corona territory. Strange, and a little unnerving. He hadn't checked in with the alpha yet. He doubted she would be happy to see him and the feeling was mutual. Besides, he had no idea how he'd explain to her why he had left the Rock Creek Clan. Well, it wasn't any of her fucking business, anyway.

He stopped dead in his tracks when he got within sight of the house. There, in the driveway, were two SUVs. One red, one blue. Soccer mom vehicles? In his driveway?

What the fuck was going on? Where was Ben's truck? Doug liked that truck and he'd had designs on talking Ben into selling it to him in a couple years. Ben had always been better with his money than Doug.

Ben was the good twin. Doug had always had a little too much darkness, too much greed, too much mischief to amount to much.

Well, the game of *gotcha* must go on. He stayed in the shadows and slinked up to the front door. Quietly, oh so quietly, he unlocked the front door and let himself inside.

He heard sounds in the kitchen. Probably Ben cooking. Another point in Ben's favor. Being domestic and making food, doing that good deed bullshit because he felt guilty about things that had gone down before. Doug felt his lip curl. *Fuck penance*, he had told Ben. And he stood by that. Life was too damn short to feel bad about what happened before. The sooner Ben figured that out, the happier he'd be. Yeah, maybe Ben was the good brother, but Doug was a whole lot happier.

Doug sneaked through the darkened living room, careful not to make a sound. Then, with the growl, he leapt into the kitchen and yelled, "Gotcha!"

A woman screamed and grabbed a kitchen towel to hold over her chest.

It took a full minute for Doug to process what he was seeing. The woman was naked, leaning forward over the counter facing him. Ben was standing behind her, his shirt off, and if Doug wasn't mistaken, it looked like they had been—

"Are you fucking?" Doug asked. "In my kitchen?"

"What the fuck, Doug?" Ben's amber eyes flashed with anger.

Getting over his surprise, Doug leaned against the wall and folded his arms across his chest. "I gotta say, this is the best *gotcha* to date."

He didn't bother hiding his admiration of the hot-as-fuck woman who now stood behind his brother and hurried to pull on a shirt. She had straight blond hair and sleeves of tattoos running up her arms. Her cheeks were flushed an attractive pink in embarrassment.

"Get. Out," Ben snarled.

Doug held up his hands in a *no harm* gesture, then backed out of the kitchen. He'd leave the room, but not the house. No way was his brother scaring him out of the house they shared. This was Doug's place, too. Still, Doug wasn't a total asshole and he'd give them some privacy. He ambled down the hall to his bedroom, where he would wait until Ben and Blondie finished up their shenanigans in the kitchen.

When he opened his bedroom door, he felt his mouth fall open. Even in the dim light, he could see that the walls were a different color. Pastel green? Why have they painted his room green? And that wasn't the only thing that was different. His bed was gone. He thought of shouting for Ben to come explain, but he would get to the bottom of this on his own.

A rocking chair was set up in one corner, and up against the other wall, there now stood a crib.

"The fuck?" He looked closer.

In the crib was a baby.

A freaking *baby*.

He scrambled back, away from the creature. This had to be a nightmare. He was hallucinating—and it was all because of Ella and the reason he had left Idaho.

Holy fuck, he had to get out of here.

The baby's eyes were open.

He could no longer scramble backward; his feet were rooted to the floor and he was helpless to move. Horrified, he watched as the baby sat up, staring at him the entire time. She slowly hefted herself up along the side of the crib and then leaned against the railing, her arms held out.

A powerful, insidious force twisted itself through Doug's heart.

The baby lifted her arms up and down and said, "Dada?"

Doug slumped to his knees. His heart felt raw and hollow. He stared at the child, speechless, wondering what he had left behind.

\*\*\*